

Rise

Lori V Woodward

Copyright © 2019 Lori V Woodward

All rights reserved.

ISBN: 9781794637771

An ALMOND DIGITAL TECHNOLOGIES PRINT

BRISBANE, QLD AUSTRALIA 2019

DEDICATION

For Matthew most of all

For Caelon, Meric and Truce, because you dared to ask.
Beware the 360 Helicopter.

Thank you to my Soul Family, and Kimmy and Annie. Love you much.
Lulu.

For all the team at Almond thank you for believing in me.

Belle: love you, keep believing in your dreams.

Casey, your Elf Godmother loves you heaps.

To all the Warriors at HOGD, Alpha & Omega, honoured to serve with
you, and Thank You.

LVX and Ave to All.

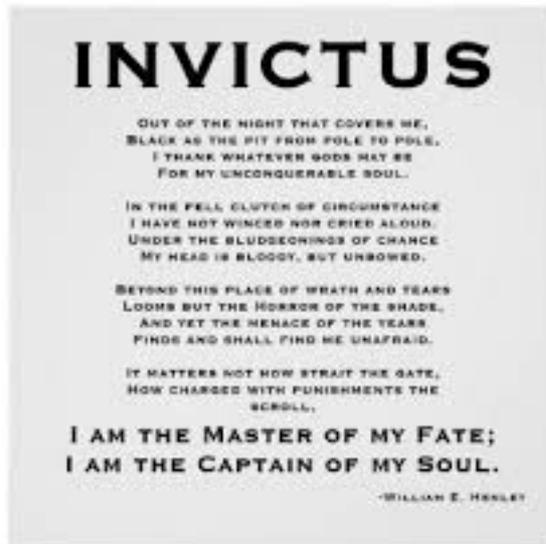
May the Halls of the Treasury of Light unveil Glory to the Multiverse.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Acknowledgement must go to the Master Richard, legendary Car Jedi. Look forward to adventures in more storytelling, and for the work you did on SuperStar Blue, without which this book would not have happened.

Acknowledgments to my ancestors, my family, and thanks to all who have shared my journey, Thank You.

Acknowledgements to my fans, I appreciate you.



1 PROLOGUE

Natasha arched her back over the bonnet of her blue WRX while Alejandro came up in front of her, his manhood throbbing through his jeans. His 501s could hardly hide the bulge of his member. His eyes surveyed her white belly as her shirt slid up around her rib cage and she moaned as he slid his hands under her shirt and around to the back of her red lace bra. He unhitched it as she turned slightly to one side. He then leaned in with his mouth, and pressed hard against her lips. His tongue swept briefly into her mouth, and then he swept across and nibbled at her ears. Her arms drew around his bottom, and she pulled him in close. She parted her legs, and then wrapped her legs around his bottom, while he unhitched his belt, and then unbuttoned his fly. His throbbing cock pulsed as Natasha stripped off her black leggings, and tossed them to one side of the car. The engine was still running while he gently swept his index finger across her clitoris, making Natasha wet and swollen. They held each other locked in passionate kisses. As they drew apart, Natasha lay back and put her fingers into

Alejandro's mouth, and he sucked at them hard and moaned. Alejandro tore off Natasha's shirt, and pulled her close into himself. Massive Attack's Unfinished Sympathy was playing over the subwoofers, and they had gotten completely lost in the moment. Alejandro cupped his hands over her breasts, softly twisting each nipple. Natasha moaned, and then propped herself up to lean in and whisper into his ear.

"Thrust me, baby, do it now..." her voice was low and raspy.

"I fucken love you baby," Alejandro had his mouth next to her ear and his voice was forceful and eager. He could feel the pulse in her vagina while he thrust her hard, slamming his cock deep into her.

"Alejandro!" she moaned as he moved his body against her, drawing his cock in and out of her like a sword, while her juices flowed over him, and slathered his penis with sweet honey like dew. His thrusting got harder and faster. She fingered her clitoris while he leaned in and kissed her passionately, their eyes both open and gazing deeply into each other. He pulled his cock out and ran it across her vagina, and across her clitoris, rubbing it up and down.

"Oh, Alejandro," she moaned.

"You like it baby?" he teased, and then thrust his cock back hard into her. She winced in pleasure.

They were located adjacent to an airfield, and it was near midnight. The stars were shining up overhead. It was mid-September and the air was mild. A plane was firing up on the runway, and Alejandro had parked the WRX at the end of the runway, and left the engine running so they would feel the purr while they fucked.

The plane was hurtling down the runway, and Alejandro nodded to his lover as her eyes widened in pleasure. She could feel the waves of orgasm about to happen. Alejandro drew himself out and then as the plane shot overhead and the engines roared the winds about them, Natasha lifted herself up, and then grasped him back, and he slammed his cock into her and pulsed it hard and fast, and then he moaned as he shot his load deep into her. As he emptied his juice deep into her, she felt overwhelming waves of orgasm pulsing centred within her. He pulled her close and kissed her neck.

“Be mine forever, baby,” Alejandro begged her.

“Mmmm, you’re delicious Alejandro,” she breathed across his chest.

The dawn sun started to rise, and Natasha grabbed a blanket, and Alejandro opened the car door, and they both sat in the back seat, half naked, entwined in each other’s arms, and fell asleep in post-coital bliss.

2 SPINNING WHEELS

The air conditioning stinks in the place, Alejandro noted as he leaned over for an anti-histamine, a sip of water and a tissue. His nose was dripping and the noise and rattle from the compressor of the window unit had kept him awake all night long. He was in a sour mood, having had some hiccups bringing his Nissan 300ZX on the back of a semi-trailer to Alice Springs. It was early September in the red-center of Australia. Stinking hot, and clearly air-conditioners were used all day, every

day. Alejandro loved to drive, but this was a trip that he refused to do. Driving inland *sucked*. He preferred coast roads and mountain passes where it was green and he was within eyesight of some kind of water. Inland felt dry and somehow barren. Except for the hot women in the bikini competitions and the cars, the place was otherwise a shithole. Alice Springs was the back arse end of the world. This was his first Red Center Nats. He had been tooling around with the suspension in his 300ZX, getting it ready for doing drag out here.

Last night he had phone sex with his regular hookup – Lacey – she had breathed hot and heavy while she fingered her clitoris. He had tooled away at his beast, gripping that monster hard while they both talked up the dirt about what they thought they might be doing. He was sure that he had seen her with another guy at a bar last weekend, so he thought he might fuck her once more and then ditch her. Focus on cars now. Chicks, they were so ... *frustrating*.

Alejandro looked at his Galaxy, and eyed the time. *Not fucken four a.m. again. Turd air conditioner. I should fix that motherfucker.* He rolled out of bed, and was suddenly craving a hit. He shook his head. *Done with that shit a long time ago.* A text message flashed up on his phone.

“Don’t get too much of a huer,” it read from Lacey.

“Stupid bitch. I bet you’re fucking that Rick guy I know from the hardware store,” Alejandro grunted as he put his hands into his pants. *Yuck.* Alejandro had a wet dream again. Needed a real woman, one who was loyal and not fooling around. Some of these nights were getting lonesome. He had a steady girlfriend a couple of years ago, but she had decided that she wanted to travel overseas when he had wanted to marry her and have children.

He then turned to being a player. He had a string of hookups who enjoyed being driven around the car circuit, and he enjoyed fucking them for a while, and then dumping them after he was bored. They didn’t seem to care, they were all the same kind of *blimbos* – bling covered bimbos who were more focused on their manicures than anything else particularly interesting – and they were a plenty.

He used to carry a suitcase full of black thigh high boots in several sizes, and some suspenders and corsets in three different sizes. His average fuck was a size 14 to 16.

He told them to go into the bathroom, and he told them to bring themselves some red lipstick and made sure they straightened their hair. They willingly complied, and then they would wear the vinyl corsets, black boots and he loved to play hypnosis games with them.

He would put a cigarette in their mouths, and make them cum on command. He used trigger words to get their pussies wet, and occasionally there would be two or three girls who would turn up at his north side apartment together, to be wined, dined and fucked. He liked to watch them kiss each other, and then he would put them in the bed, and fuck each one of them in turn.

They would giggle, and then disappear. Occasionally, one would become a regular hookup, and when she became too interested in a relationship, she would be conveniently deleted and blocked from his Galaxy phone. Occasionally he would see one at a bar when he went to play pool with the guys of a Friday afternoon, and she would be downing the hatch of a cock-sucking cowboy shot while her boyfriend ogled her breasts. He would then grin to himself as he shot the ball into the pocket, and nodded to Colin and Daniel, the two other regular pool players from the drug squad.

He still had a taste for crazy sex-capades, menage-et-trois, and hookups. As long as he could wine and dine them, he would have poon on tap. Lately though, he was feeling *empty*. He was starting to feel a little too attached to Lacey, and had thought briefly that he wanted something more, but then thought better of it when he saw her around a bar with that tool.

Cars were his escape, his therapy. When he had a shitty day at work, he would take his black 300ZX, connect his play list to the blue-tooth stereo, and head down the motorway to the Gold Coast. He would often get a hotel

room on the weekend near Greenmount Beach, and then walk backwards and forwards, kicking his feet around in the sand.

He would down four bottles of pinot noir, or perhaps half a carton of peroni. Depended what kind of mood he was in. Sometimes he took down shots of tequila or would mix a vodka and orange. Some of his friends probably thought vodka and orange was a little too feminine, but he didn't care, it went down well, and helped him forget about Veera. Veera had been his steady girlfriend for four years. She was commitment phobic apparently. He felt like such a loser after proposing to her in a restaurant and having the wine thrown all over him. He had been publicly humiliated, and she walked out and fairly much jumped on the next plane.

The dawn sun started to shine through the window, and Alejandro threw the blankets off him, tossing them in a heap at the end of the bed. He was bleary eyed, and slowly lowered his legs over the side of the bed. He stepped across the 3 star hotel room, and eyed a cockroach walking across the top of the wall above the miniature kitchen.

He shuddered as he reached for his rolled up newspaper and swatted it. It fell to the ground, and its legs kicked about while he slapped it twice more. He then grasped it into a tissue and flushed it into the toilet, dry-wretching. Alejandro walked back out to the kitchenette, and filled up the cheap white plastic kettle and switched it on. He pulled a cup and saucer out of the chipped and dented melamine cupboard, and ripped the top off an instant coffee sachet. He emptied it into the mug, and poured boiling water over it.

It was bitter and had a foul aftertaste, the coffee. He grimaced while he chugged it down. He then got another packet, and poured another cup of bitter black instant

cheap coffee. He shook his head briskly, and promised himself a decent double shot latte later on after he left this roach motel. He then went to go to the bathroom, pulled out his mint flavored toothpaste and brush. He flossed his teeth, and then scrubbed them quickly, and went back out to the main room and reached into his suitcase for his bottle of Smirnoff. He poured himself a shot, and went back to the bathroom. He swirled the vodka around his mouth, and then spat it out.

“Yuck, I think toothpaste is disgusting,” he muttered aloud. He loved the warmth of the vodka over his tongue. Smooth, like going down on a woman who was sweetly flavored. Veera, she tasted good, butter honey mango sweet. Some women were a bit foul, and it really depended on their diet. The girls with the fruit, vegetables and salad, they were the better tasting ones. He would often shout the girls to get a Brazilian so he didn't get pussy hair in his teeth. They didn't mind, he would often add a manicure to them bill. They were flattered, but he knew that he preferred the girls neat and tidy downstairs.

Alejandro hit the shower, and felt the three day growth around his chin. He liked three day growth, gave him more of a menacing look. He had brown wavy hair and blue eyes, and overly fair skin that freckled. He had to wear glasses, but he preferred contacts because the bridge often irritated his nose. He also didn't need to keep shoving it up his nose.

He decided not to bother to shave, and instead lathered himself up all over. He grabbed his cock, and stroked it. It stood to attention, and his mind drifted to the thought of the bikini babes he would be seeing that day. He slowly began, and then quickened his pace. The soap lubricated his skin, and he then shot his load down the plughole while he groaned.

“This is fucked up, got to get a real woman,” Alejandro grumbled. Alejandro used to try all kinds of sex positions with Veera, she was a certified nymphomaniac. He loved it when she sat on top of his cock, and he would play with her tits while she rode him backwards and forwards. He liked to do the spoon with her too, feeling her arse against his pelvis while he nibbled her neck and thrust her from behind. Her long hair used to run across his back, and he would draw in her Calvin Klein perfume. He would feel like he was in heaven. When she came she would tighten her vagina, and he would feel the strong muscles in her internals pulsing, and then he would come deep into her, and they would both moan each other’s names. Then they would curl up together in a dreamy bliss. In the morning she would fry him up bacon, eggs and banana pancakes.

Alejandro sighed. She was long gone. He had looked her up on Facebook, and she had ended up with some European guy and white picket fence and a couple of kids and a dog.

“Fuckin turd,” he spat while he finished washing his privates and the rest of his body. He splashed on his aftershave, and then stepped out of the shower.

“These towels are shite,” he rubbed himself down vigorously, wishing that he had brought the microfiber towel that he usually packed whenever he travelled.

Alejandro had ended up buying himself an apartment on the Gold Coast where he ended up partying frequently with his work associates and some prostitutes they they knew. It was a good escape from the heartbreak of Veera leaving, and the dawn of his hedonistic lifestyle.

He slipped on his black Bonds socks, his cotton boxers, a pair of charcoal pinstripe trousers, and a dark blue long sleeved linen Ben Sherman shirt. He then slipped

on his Windsor Smiths and headed out the door. He pulled his keys out of his pocket, and then inserted one into the door of his Nissan 300ZX, and fired up the engine. He pulled out of the dusty motel parking lot, and sped off towards the Red Centre Nats.

3 DIRT BARS

Alejandro strolled slowly across to the bar, scratching the itch on the end of his cock through his thick pants. He pulled another cigarette from the packet of Benson and Hedges subtle, and flicked his lighter to draw the smoke into his mouth. He hesitated, then drew his breath. He started to cough and sputter.

“Fuck this cuntin’g shite,” he spat it out and phlegm flew from his mouth.

Veera’s voice came into his head as he ground the cigarette into the dirt with his heel.

“You’ll have to give that crap up, or you won’t be able to get your cock up,” she sneered at him one night as she had tried to lick his flaccid penis after he’d come back from a night at the bars, and then got up in disgust.

“I’ll go get that herbal Viagra shit,” Alejandro had called to Veera while she washed out her mouth with peppermint vodka in the bathroom.

“Oh, fuck off Alejandro,” she started to dress herself, and went back into the bedroom, and started to collect her lip gloss and nail file, stashed them into her handbag, and

wiped her mouth with a tissue, spat into it and then sneered at Alejandro.

He drew the sheet over his cock, and turned his face to the side. A tear fell out of Alejandro's eye onto the pillow, and he looked at the white wall beside him as Veera walked out and slammed the door.

His mind drifted back to the present, and with that thought, he tossed the entire packet of cigarettes down to the ground.

The bar had several patrons; it was a temporary bar that had been set up at the races for carnival goers, drivers and other staff and entertainers that attended there. The barman was fat, bald and gnarly, and swilled the shot glasses with a rinse of hot water before he dumped a measure of spirits in there, as he was vehemently opposed to soapy tasting liquor.

Alejandro noticed a slender woman beside him, with auburn hair done up in a loose bun, and bright red lipstick. She had perfectly arched eyebrows and a navy dress with white polk-a-dots. Her heels were black pumps, and her lily white legs arched nicely into the hemline of her 1960s style party dress.

He ordered her another gin and tonic, and as an old Shaggy song blurted in the background, he grabbed her wrist, and placed the whiskey glass in her hand.

She almost fell backwards, and rebalanced herself on one heel, and he caught her as she set herself back.

"Who the fuck are you?" she looked at him over the top of her sunglasses and raised one eyebrow at him.

Alejandro ran a hand up her dress, and flicked at her labia. His mouth dropped open when he realized she was wearing no underwear.

“Wet cunt?” Alejandro winked at her in an ungainly, sexual lurid way, and then she responded by leaning over to him and grabbing his crotch.

“Are you on motherfucker? It’ll cost you ...” she responded glibly. Her finger went up to her mouth, and she playfully ran it around her lips. The moist red gloss over her lips and her teasing made Alejandro leak pre-cum from his cock.

“Oh, I got to pay eh?” Alejandro lifted one side of his mouth in a half-sneer. The barman snickered and took the cash as simultaneously Alejandro slid a \$20 note across the bar, and grabbed Natasha by the waist.

“You’re on then, wench,” Alejandro leaned into her and whispered into her ear.

She smiled and flicked at his nose, and pulled away from him, and reached into her wallet for a condom.

“Ok, asshole,” she placed it in his pocket.

Alejandro raised his eyebrows, and then hailed for another shot of vodka, and downed it, and felt a warmth overcome him.

Natasha started to walk away from him, and then spun around, facing him.

“Well?” she cocked her head to one side and shrugged her shoulders.

“Oh, my car is that way,” he pointed and headed towards her and then grabbed her hand and led her towards the car park.

“Ugh? Nissan? My vibrator has more zip than this piece of shit,” Natasha rolled her lip at his Nissan 300ZX, and screwed up her nose.

“Bitch, I like it,” he spanked her bottom, and she responded by pulling at his zipper.

“Back seat you fucking dipshit,” Natasha spat at him, “Now.”

“Feisty thing, eh?” Alejandro pressed the button to unlock his car, and Natasha pushed him down on the back seat, and his cock stood to attention through his fly.

“You want it sucked?” Natasha blurted out.

“Sure,” Alejandro hung his mouth, agasp.

“Five hundred bucks, *fuckfeatures*, credit card now,” she held out her smartphone, and her other hand.

Alejandro reached into his pocket, and pulled out his credit card, and she dutifully scanned it.

“Put this playlist on, *fuckface*,” she indicated to the stereo, assuming that he had Bluetooth, and thrust her smart phone at him.

“Oh, bitch, I like it, fucken woman with lots of attitude,” he pulled at her hair as she reached her mouth over his cock, and Pink started playing over his car stereo, thrashing out 18 Wheeler.

“Oh, baby, oh God, I want to fucking come already, the way you lick my fucking willy, you have got no idea,”

Natasha started to gag as she deep throated him.

“Filthy fucking guys, I hate you all,” Natasha pulled up and then stripped the top of his pants off, and slapped him across the face.

“Shut the fuck up, piece of shit,” Natasha blurted.

Alejandro was enjoying the verbal abuse, getting sexually aroused by it all very much so that he almost came when Natasha lifted herself onto his cock, and started grinding on him.

She pulled herself off when he started to moan really loudly, and then slipped a condom over his cock. She resettled over his hardness, and then he started bucking hard at her while she lay across his chest and made herself come. He shot his load into the prophylactic, and then she collapsed down onto him, and he started to feel sleepy and drift off.

“Am I that fucken good, eh?” Natasha spat at him, grabbed his laptop and wallet, and left his car keys on his chest, and slammed the car door behind her, and headed over to her blue 2002 Subaru WRX.

Alejandro lay snoozing in the back of his car in the red centre heat, with his window open and his cock hanging out with a used condom on it full of cum, and beads of sweat started to pour out of his skin. The bacteria on his skin started to eat at the sweat at him, and he started to reek of body odor.

Natasha started her engine, put her car into gear, and then switched her stereo on loud, Marvel Years blaring through her speakers. She pressed down on the accelerator, looked back at the Nissan 300ZX, and held a mild twang of guilt.

4 WHITE LINES

“You fucking love being a corrupt cop, don’t you?”

“Yeah *cuntstrap*, go get a fucken tranny to T-bone you,” Alejandro snorted a line of white powder off the glass top of the coffee table, as Lacey rubbed his shoulders, and her breasts fell over the top of his scalp. Jacob Whitfield, another detective from the narc branch, and their boss, Cecil Blowmank all sat around with rolls of \$100 notes, and white powder dusting around the tips of their noses.

A knock sounded on the door, and Lacey went to answer it, two prostitutes walked in. They were wigged and dressed in tight thigh high dresses, Enrique Iglesias *Tonight I’m Fucking You* played over the Marleys, and Jacob stood, went and grabbed one of the women on the arse, and took her into Alejandro’s bedroom.

“Same tonight, Jacob,” Lissandra (her name) huskily voiced his name, and pulled a condom out of her handbag, and grabbed his crotch. Jacob and Lissandra closed the door, and became noisy almost as soon as their clothes had been pulled off.

“Fuck this shit, I don’t want to hear you cunts moan,” Samantha looked at the older man, who had a bald spot that she hated, and a tacky looking goatee.

“Alejandro, where can I suck your boss off?” Samantha went over and poured herself a cognac from Alejandro’s bar, and grinned at Lacey, who was wearing just a pink lacy g-string.

Alejandro shrugged, and Cecil started to pass out, and Lacey tugged at the back of his shirt.

Alejandro growled, and then stood up.

“Fine, we’ll go for a drive, I’ll grab his car keys, just keep sucking his dick until you had enough, he’s fucken got no ability to keep that fucking ugly worm up, do what you like Sam,” Alejandro threw Lacey’s summer dress at her, and a pair of her sandals, and she slipped it over her bare breasts and g-string, and pulled her sandals onto her feet as Alejandro headed out to the corridor and pressed the call button on the elevator.

“He’s a piece of shit, Cecil, eh?” Lacey blurted.

“Fuck off, Lacey, shut up,” Alejandro cringed, but he knew the truth. He was being forced into a situation.

Cecil had found out about his and his partner Jacob’s cocaine habit and threatened to sack him unless he roped Cecil in on the deal to have regular crack parties with some hookers that had been busted using. Lacey had been friends with Lissandra and Samantha for about three years, she had been the barmaid at the stripper club called Frisk Out on the Gold Coast where they worked as dancers at night, and during the day would take private sex worker clients, and deal drugs from their pimp boss, Paul Natvieller.

Alejandro had been buying his crack off them, and supplying Jacob with the odd line, and ended up picking up Lacey as his regular booty call since Veera fucked off on him.

Lacey was happy to oblige, he was herpes free, and that meant some kind of safe convenience.

Jacob was in charge of the evidence room, and was able to get additional supplies. Jacob, Lissandra, Samantha and Lacey would regularly gather at Alejandro's one bedroom apartment and party once a week on their day off, and this arrangement occurred for about two years, until Sergeant Cecil Blowmank decided he needed to start auditing the evidence room as a top down suggestion.

It was reported from a whistleblower to Cecil that Jacob had been raiding the evidence room for two years, and had regular parties with Alejandro and some prostitutes.

Recently divorced from his French wife, Lolita, who ended up taking the family home and the poodle, and their 22 year old daughter taking up sole residence with her boyfriend who was a welfare recipient, Cecil turned to hedonism as a habit. He gave up hanging at nightclubs trying to pick up twenty year olds, and called Jacob in for questioning, and that was about six weeks prior to this night.

Cecil pulled Jacob through the inquisition, and threatened to sack him unless he allowed him in on it.

Jacob had gone to Alejandro, explained their predicament.

"Zero fucks given," had been Alejandro's wry response, and in turn he had been threatened with a redundancy from Cecil unless he complied.

So that is how their hoary older grayed boss found himself with his limp cock on Alejandro's couch, being blown by Samantha, and his red convertible Mazda being driven around by Alejandro and Lacey that evening.

Alejandro was smashed out on cocaine and giving Lacey cunnilingus in the back seat of Cecil's car when

Lacey answered the phone and started screaming at Alejandro.

He lifted his head in shock, and his eyes blinked.

“What the fuck?”

“Samantha’s having a fit, she’s overdosed!” Lacey was screaming, and she pushed Alejandro away, and kept shrieking.

“Good God!” Alejandro pulled himself together, and jumped back into the front seat, and threw the car into gear and sped back up the freeway from the small park at the back of Logan, and headed back to the Teneriffe apartment.

“Tell Lissandra to call the ambos,” Alejandro screamed at Lacey, “we got to clean that fucken shit up everywhere.”

The paramedics arrived at the Teneriffe apartment, finding an unconscious and convulsing woman, with panda eyes and cum dripping out of her mouth, a hazy and semi-conscious Cecil, and a shaking and terrified Jacob, and Lissandra trying to keep Jacob calm and herself in hysterics.

The paramedics took charge of the situation, injecting adrenalin straight into Samantha’s heart that had stopped, and put an oxygen mask on her. Police were called to the scene and were making their way up the elevator by the time the ambulance was taking Samantha out on a stretcher, and Cecil was loaded into another ambulance.

Alejandro’s heart sank when he saw the police sirens and ambulance being loaded at the bottom of the apartment complex. Lacey he told to take Cecil’s car and go home, and he wanted her to stay away from him for a month so she could stay off the radar. and then he hesitantly entered into the foyer of the building and police, looked at him, grabbed him and handcuffed him once they’d recognized him, and loaded him along with Lissandra and Jacob into the back of a paddy wagon.

5 RADIOACTIVE

Alejandro woke with a start, his mouth clogged with dried phlegm. He coughed as drool oozed from his mouth, and he jerked upwards. It was near dark. He could hear crows cawing, and one pecked at a dead lizard near the edge of car park, red dust swirling and spinnakers flying around as the sun started to set in the horizon. The gammy bartender made his way towards Alejandro's 300ZX, and carried with him Gatorade and ice water.

He banged on the outside of the Nissan, and reached in and tapped at Alejandro's head and he was grabbed instantly, almost slamming his body against the side door of the car.

"What the fuck are you doing?" the bartender screamed at Alejandro.

"I've come to give you something to drink you fucking shit!" the bartender shook himself free from the grip around his forearm, and Alejandro blinked and gasped.

"What?" Alejandro was completely startled.

“A drink you fecking tosser!” the bartender slipped into his Scottish accent, and held a fist up, shaking it at angrily at Alejandro.

The bartender threw the bottle of Gatorade through the car window that was partially opened, and Alejandro caught it. He held up the glass of ice water, and Alejandro was crestfallen, completely abashed about his reaction to a stranger offering him some kindness.

Natasha woke up and squinted her eyes. It was early in the morning, and she had a pounding headache. She curled her toes, and the alarm on her Samsung galaxy phone went off, indicating 5:30 a.m. She did some quick yoga stretches and a meditation, then went and took herself into the shower. She turned on her blue-tooth speaker and synched it to her phone and her playlist fire up.

Hot chocolate, You Sexy Thing Came onto the speakers. She pulled out her vibrator, and put it up against her lady parts, leaned up against the wall of the shower, and started to moan as the waves of pleasure started to overtake and overwhelm her. The sound of the music helped to cover her moans against the neighbours. She could hear them giggling, and they themselves started banging the bed against the wall as they fucked to the tune of Natasha's playlist.

Natasha came, and then sat down in the shower, half exhausted. She yawned, and then ran the argan oil shampoo through her hair and rinsed it out. She shaved her labia, and then threw the razor and vibrator out of the shower after shaving her legs. She then exfoliated herself, and then put on a deep moisturizing cream and a hair mask.

She then turned off the shower after rinsing out the mask and stepped out, pulling a towel around her, and then wrapped her hair in another towel. She yawned, and then walked back into the bedroom, and turned on the kettle. The instant coffee sachets were a reasonable brand and she emptied two into a small ceramic cup, with half a sachet of sugar, and two small UHT milk containers. Natasha yawned again.

Alejandro's laptop lay on the desk of the hotel room, and his wallet.

"Fucken cops," Natasha rolled her eyes as she opened her Macbook Air, and then dialed a number on her cellphone.

"Your WRX is due on the coast later this afternoon, Miss Petrov," the secretary for the mafia boss breathed down the phone.

"Da. Spaseebo," Natasha spoke back to her in Russian.

Svetlana, Mikhail Noborov's secretary grunted back at Natasha.

"Ty trakhnut bossa snova?"

"Da," she replied.

Mikhail has always got his cock in her whenever she is on the phone. Stupid boss. Stupid secretary. She rolled her eyes.

The plane had landed yesterday at Coolangatta airport, and a small limousine had picked her up and taken her to the Gold Coast Hilton. Svetlana had made the arrangements to bring back *Blue*, her WRX, and Natasha admitted that she was more than capable as her bosses' secretary, and also acted as Natasha's personal assistant.

Natasha booted into her TOR browser, and secured the connection to the VPN of CanaCom International, Mikhail Vasiliev's front cover organisation for coverage of his drug scamming and prostitution ring. Natasha's job was to recruit police officers to being on Mikhail's books in

order to keep the authorities off their backs and allow them to keep their operation profitable.

Mikhail had a whole lot of cops on his books, and it went right to the top. He was expanding from Sydney and Melbourne, and attempting to break into the Brisbane, Gold Coast and Queensland market, and had made contacts with some of the members of the Gold Coast mafia in order to help Natasha work out her next target.

Several weeks earlier, she had arrived from Melbourne, and spent a night in the casino, meeting with Ivanka Boronov, a stage singer working at the casino, who also ran messages and worked for one of the syndicate bosses from Japan and the Yakuza. Akiri Hamada was the boss of the Yakuza on the Gold Coast, and he was close friends with Mikhail. They were interested in working together for mutual benefit, and to also undercut the business of some of the other Gold Coast mafia operations, and so Natasha had been sent from Melbourne to make her way around Queensland, find a target and start setting things up so that their operation would be covered, and to fuck up all the competition.

Her cell phone rang.

“Hello?” Natasha spoke in a perfectly pronounced Victorian accent, with a touch of pomp, and she was shocked to hear Akiri on the other end of the phone.

“Natasha, Mikhail and I have purchased you a penthouse in the Brisbane CBD, you'll be picked up later this afternoon, and you will find your WRX there.” Click.

Although Natasha was living a life in absolute luxury, and could have whatever she wished for, she was forbidden from having her own freedom, and could not form attachments and relationships with those outside of her mafia life. The sex she had with Alejandro had left her wanting more, and as she plugged his laptop into hers, and

started to hack it, to download its contents to the servers, she watched all his photographs as they were sent over the network. Photographs of him holding and cuddling a beautiful woman started to make her cringe.

She wondered about this woman, and she drew the chair up to Alejandro's laptop screen, and sat sipping at her coffee as she read personal emails between himself and a woman called Veera.

Why did you leave me?

Alejandro

Alex, these messages have to stop. I am seeing somebody else. Let it go. I have to block you. Move on with your life. Stop contacting me.

Veera

Pages and pages of emails. Emotional poetry that he had written. Heartbreak and pain, songs that he had composed. Photos of two of them kissing. Videos of them having sex.

Natasha was envious. This man had his heart set on this woman, and she had completely emasculated him. Natasha had completely treated him like shit herself, and she was emotionally moved by the soul of this beautiful man. She had simply *fucked* him, and taken his wallet and laptop, in order to burn him, and pull him into the bondage of the mafiaso.

Natasha turned on the news. On the television, a news story flashed up from Melbourne.

'A man in red underwear has run down four pedestrians, and has just been arrested by police.'

Natasha shuddered when she recognized Matthias Neeson, one of her cohorts. He must have tried to get away from the *mafioso* so they would have captured him, injected him with ICE and then sent him off in a car in a hallucinating frenzy. They did vile things to those who were disloyal. Natasha shuddered. Alejandro's profile lay in a white manila folder on the desk beside her MacBook and she opened it.

His photographs were in there, and there were pictures of him as a small boy in primary school, and photographs of him winning an award at a concert after high school for playing the cello. He had played cello through university, and then graduated with law and forensic science. He had then completed a masters degree in criminal psychology before joining the police force as a detective. He was the middle child of Spanish immigrants,

Leon "Alejandro" De La Fuente was a passionate and committed man who had a string of awards in the police force, until he had been busted for doing drugs, and received professional admonition and "time off." As he had been so qualified, he had been sent on paid leave and therapy, because he was valued and high up, and also responsible for solving quite a number of cases and putting quite a few of the mafia and associated drug traders behind bars. He was a strong target for the mafioso, and both Akiri and Mikhail had hand picked him, and sent their finest hacker to go and train in Russia, her grandparent's homeland in order to learn more of the trade from former KGB agents.

Akiri and Mikhail had invested a lot of money into her education. Mikhail had picked her as a student halfway through her university degree in information technology at the University of Melbourne. She had been a broke student

living on Ramen noodles, sleeping in alleyways and stairwells, and occasionally couch surfing on her friends' sofas, and sleeping around in order to get a bed for the night and hopefully some breakfast. Her third cousin had allowed her to stay at his house for several months after she began university and he wanted some kind of “benefits” for using his internet, the provision of a laptop, money for textbooks and for food and housing.

Mikhail spotted her in a bar one night, looking for a man to seduce, in order to get away from her cruel cousin who used to take advantage of her sexually and he allowed her to go and fuck whoever she wanted to on the weekends, as long as her university assignments were on task, and she had all of her household chores done.

She'd head off on Friday night, and grimace as she felt dirty from her cousin's touches.

Mikhail walked up to her, and slammed a vodka shot in front of her.

“Hey, you looking for some work tonight?” he asked in his Russian-Australian accent,

“No, I am here to meet somebody to rescue me,” Natasha giggled as she downed the shot.

“Oh well, I could take you to a decent hotel room for the night, and yes I do use protection,” Mikhail could tell Natasha was desperate and penniless, as she was a little scrawny and her dress was a little shabby at the bottom.

A perfect target. Mikhail thought wryly to himself.

Natasha was taken back to his penthouse (not a hotel room) and he fucked her all night, and listened to her tell her sob story. In the morning, Mikhail told her that she wasn't going anywhere, and sent one of his stooges out to kill her cousin, and then collected all her belongings, and had them sent to an apartment in St Kilda.

“You can work for me, Natasha. You can fuck some guys for me, and I will collect on that, and you can then stop fucking them. You can graduate, I will pay all your bills, and then you can go and do what I tell you to do. You're under my protection, and you will get whatever you want, and I will pay you a decent wage until after you graduate, and then after you graduate, you can do what you need to get our targets procured.”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Well, have a look at this ...” Mikhail showed her a picture of her dead cousin, and her belongings sent in suitcases to an apartment in St Kilda.

“Women like you are ... rare, and I like you. You're smart and beautiful, and you give good fellatio. So let me take care of you. You may not like it, but you will have a better lifestyle,” Mikhail was standing over the stove, frying an omelette and mixing up a power shake in the blender, and seemed quite nonchalant about her dead cousin.

Natasha was white. She knew she didn't have a choice, and she didn't know what was worse, having to blow her cousin, or work as a whore for the mafia, and then graduate to go and acquire targets.

“Agree,” she said, and then she ran to the toilet off Mikhail's bedroom and vomited all over the floor.

That was the beginning of her sordid career, but she did graduate with honors, and planned to somehow exit away from the life that Mikhail had contracted her to.

Alejandro pulled his regular wallet out from under the compartment he had cut into the bottom of his car under the seat, and pulled out his tablet computer and spare set of keys, and \$2,500 cash. He was pissed off, and his headache was as throbbing as his penis.

She must have fucked me really hard without any lube on the condom, and used latex. Fuck I hate having latex allergy. As Alejandro put the key into his ignition and fired up his black 300ZX, he activated the GPS tracker on his laptop and rolled his eyes in disgust.

“Fucken bitch, I got you fixed. Gold Coast eh?” Alejandro cranked up his stereo and *Dave Dobbyn, Slice of Heaven* pumped through the speakers. He threw the cigarettes out the window in disgust, and chugged down the last of the Gatorade that the bartender had given him, and drove back towards the cockroach motel.

“Two cock whore bitch,” Alejandro was furious, “fucken amateur. I was expecting this sooner or later.”

He was glad he always had a wallet with his fake ID in it, and \$500 in cash, and a basic laptop that was easily targeted and stolen just in case he happened to be targeted by a Mafioso, as he knew that after being placed on leave that he would more statistically likely to be recruited for being a crooked cop and being put on the mafia payrolls.

He did admit that she was sexy, and the thought of her lily white thighs and wetness running down his groin and playing with her breasts while she rode him made him hard again.

He floored the accelerator, put his car in gear, and *The Divinyls, I Touch Myself* came on his playlist. He unzipped his fly, and started stroking his cock while he drove back towards his hotel room, thinking of Natasha.

“You’re a fucken good shag, you two cock whore,” he spat out as he came, as he pulled into the hotel parking lot, and then stumbled out of the 300ZX with his tablet and wallet, and cell phone, and punched the hotel room key into the slot, opening the door and headed to the bed. He booked a flight to Brisbane Domestic, and booked the

300ZX to be shipped via a trucking company to pick up at a warehouse in Brisbane.

Fuck driving back, I just want to fly. A dip in the ocean sounds like a plan. Alejandro thought about the plants on his balcony, wondering if they were dead. He had some orchids on there, and had left his housekeeper to take care of them and his pet Mexican fighting fish. He shrugged, stripped off his clothes, rolled them up, placed them into his suitcase, and went and had a shower. He pulled back his foreskin, and scrubbed it out, and fapped again, shooting his load into the shower drain, and then shampooed his hair.

He got out of the shower, put some paw paw butter on the grazes on his penis, and then got dressed into some light cotton boxers and put on his 501s that buttoned up and then placed on a check shirt and his vans, and then called a taxi after he packed his bag. He left the hotel room key on the bench, and checked his phone for the email confirming the debit from his credit card for his hotel room.

He opened the mini bar fridge, drank the mini bottle of scotch, and grabbed two bottles of water and a nut bar.

“I will come and fuck you again, two cock whore,” Alejandro was pissed. Somehow this bitch had bested him and he was out for revenge. Besides, he was bored not doing any work, and dealing with a little wench had a way of getting him off.

The taxi arrived, and Alejandro gave the keys to the 300ZX to the hotel room desk attendant, and then asked to be dropped off at the airport.

6 ENTRAPMENT

“Hey baby, I’ll take a martini,” Alejandro said to the beautiful woman with long flowing black hair and olive skin behind the bar at Jupiter’s Casino. She nodded, and Alejandro turned and scanned the bar. He spotted Natasha walking on the arm of a high roller, and she was looking spectacular with an updo and a long slinky dress and gorgeous black lashes and smokey eyes look.

Pink - Get the Party Started over the speakers near the main dance floor, and Alejandro chugged down the martini, stuck another nicotine patch on his chest, and strode across the floor towards Natasha. He tapped the short fat high roller on the shoulder, showed him his police badge, and the high roller back away quickly, and he grabbed Natasha by the arm, and took her to a far corner of the casino. He pressed her up against the wall, and pushed his mouth up against hers as he pinned her against the wall. His penis grew hard, and he pulled up her dress, and she unzipped his fly, pulling herself into him with zeal and absolute lust. Her body flushed and warmed, and he

slowly and discreetly thrust into her, making her cum, and then he shot his load deep into her.

“Fuck you, two cock whore,” he whispered into her ear huskily.

“You loved it, didn’t you?” she teased breathlessly in post-orgasmic bliss.

Alejandro was hooked.

“Come with me,” he urged as he took her by the arm, and out the main doors of the Casino, where the valet brought his 300ZX, and he opened the door for her, and then he drove her all the way up the M1 up to Teneriffe.

“Not to your Gold Coast apartment?”

“No, I have all my BDSM stuff at my Teneriffe place. You deserve some punishment, you fucken dirty wench, and you know you have wanted it since the first time I laid eyes on you,” he gave her a sordid look.

“How do you know I am into the scene?” she said back in faked nonchalance.

“Oh, I know girls like you ...” Alejandro grinned.

“Is that so?”

It was 2:00 am, and hardly any cars were about. He flicked his 300ZX into high gear, and flicked on his NOX injectors, and flew up the M1. The other police officers knew his car, and as he went past in the radar, they cancelled the alert on their computer screen.

“Ben, that was Alex,” the two junior traffic cops laughed as they knew Alejandro had a reputation, and somehow everyone had been told to “overlook” any of his “habits.” Natasha was thrown back in her seat, and her heart pounded in her chest.

“Oh baby, mmmm, how fucken” she turned to stare at Alejandro, who pulled out his penis, and he pointed to it, as Tone-Loc Funky Cold Medina cranked over the radio.

“Suck it bitch, do as you’re told,” Alejandro barked at her, and floored the accelerator.

“Ok, you’re on,” and Natasha applied more red lipstick, and as Alejandro hauled arse down the motorway in his black 300ZX, she blew his cock, and then swallowed his load of cum just as they pulled into the basement carpark of his Teneriffe apartment building.

“I’m impressed,” she wiped her lips with a makeup cloth from her handbag, and took a sip of water from her glass bottle. He grabbed her handbag, and pulled out all the condoms after rummaging through them, and then looked at her arm, and felt for the birth control rod in her upper arm.

“You don’t need these, they make my cock itch. I have no bugs. Been tested. I checked your medical records too, you been tested. I am going to pump my cum into all of your holes. It’s called revenge you little two cock whore,”

“Oh, so you must have looked me up on FetLife?” Natasha eyed him up with a grin.

“Mmmm, I am going to rock your world you nasty little bitch, I must admit you were well prepared. Did you see me on Fetlife? You have abduction fantasies, so this is it,” he smiled at her the most suave beautiful smile she had ever seen, and she curled her lip and started twisting the end of a loose tendril of hair as her eyes widened.

“Oh, goody,” she smirked.

“Yes, yes, that is where I saw you,” he grinned again as he pulled her into his apartment, and led her into his lounge room.

“Fuck this, take a seat while I get you and I a drink and I need a cigarette,” Alejandro pointed Natasha to a plush suede chaise longue, and pointed her towards the bathroom, “you can freshen up if you want. I have changes

of clothes and toiletries and so forth here if you want them.”

“Oh, a prepared gentleman, eh?”

Alejandro nodded, and Natasha smiled and went towards the bathroom. She could tell he was a dom, and she was happy to switch for this evening, obeying all of his commands. His profile on Fetlife had been Mr Incognito and they had been messaging backwards and forwards for a while, and she finally got hold of him. She had managed to track him down to Alice Springs, and he didn't recognise her until he remembered something she had something on her Fetlife profile, and he knew the perfect plan to seduce her.

“Alex, right? I thought we had met before somewhere?” she called out from the bathroom as she ran herself a bath, and put some epsom salts and essential oils into the water. Natasha was approving of the range of feminine toiletries he provided, and in the drawer was an assortment of women's underwear and a couple of changes of daytime clothing and several lots of shoes in different sizes. He must do this a fair bit, Natasha thought to herself.

He sat eagerly in the lounge room, waiting for her, playing with his cock, sipping on his martini, and smoking his cigarette.

Natasha emerged from the bedroom, dressed in a black vinyl corset, crotchless knickers, black suspenders and fishnet stockings.

Alejandro walked over with his hard cock towards his stereo, and put a vinyl record on.

The Sweet - Wig Wam Bam fired up over his pioneer speakers, and he pulled her down in front of him to give him fellatio. He then pulled her up, and then led her over to the suede green chaise longue.

She leaned across and took the cigarette from his mouth.

Putting it to her lips, she winked and pulled his wrist gently downward.

It found her wetness, for she was ripe. She gently writhed and made a small moan, her eyes dilating as she looked into his. A curled smile as she pulled the cigarette in her fingers towards his mouth. Blowing smoke all over him and landing it into his lips as he reclined and took it for himself. His fingers were now caressing and he drew back on the cigarette and she again moaned softly. He ran his other hand up her shiny black stiletto boot, starting at the heel and bringing his touch up to her thigh, still feeling the patent leather with his fingers as he proceeded to her tender skin, getting his hand closer to her wet place. So he now he had two hands where he wanted. She took the cigarette once again from him and he exhaled onto her breast, blue smoke licking at her nipples and beyond.

She was ecstatic and drew hard on the cigarette this time, her sounds of pure enjoyment spilling out of her. He had her now, exactly where he had wanted her for the last hour. She had fallen into the folds of the large cushions of the chaise longue, her body his.

He stood and removed his jeans to the floor, climbing back onto her and grabbing both her wrists in his hands and pulling them above her head as he pressed his mouth on hers, bringing himself into place and pushing slowly. She gasped and he withdrew the kiss and went deeper.

Another tender kiss and she felt him.

Her eyes closed and she felt a dazed dream feeling as he withdrew and came back again, large and in control of her desires.

He looked close into her eyes as they opened again and tilted his gaze suggestively towards the bedroom. He pulled

her gently from the couch and led her to his bed. Alejandro gave Natasha a sharp smack on the derriere. She grinned and clasped his hand as it made contact. He leaned his head across and his eyes focused on the walk in wardrobe at the end of the hall. As they slowly ebbed through the hall into the bedroom, Alejandro pulled a glass of cognac into his hands, pressed it to his lips and sipped it slowly.

“I want to dress up in something else for you tonight,” Natasha breathed slowly.

“I am going to make you dance for me after I have hypnotized you. You wet bitch,” his voice was deep and husky.

Natasha cooed softly as she reached for the cognac that Alejandro had made and left for her on the glass coffee table. Alejandro offered it freely and she sipped from the other side of the glass, leaving an imprint of red lipstick across the rim.

Natasha stepped through the threshold of the bedroom, the soft carpet underneath. Alejandro made his way to the stereo and switched it to some more erotic tunes - *Marvel Years* - streamed wirelessly over the stereo from his laptop. He then gently pulled Natasha’s wrist and led her into the walk in wardrobe which had an assortment of lingerie, costumes and women’s fetish shoes in various colors and sizes. Natasha ran her hand across the satin and lace dainties hanging in his wardrobe. She had never seen such exotic apparel.

She was pleased, and smiled at him in acknowledgement.

Natasha stepped back slowly to Alejandro, and he reached for the ties of her corset, and undid them, and let it fall to the floor. She left on the fishnet stockings. She collected an assortment of glamorous garb suitable for burlesque, and she slipped it on, then went to the laptop, and scheduled *Fergie - Glamorous* on the playlist. She

pointed Alejandro towards the bed, and then kissed his lower abdomen, and stroked the tip of his penis before making her way slowly backwards. He stayed on the bed to enjoy the scene.

Natasha slowly made her way to the pole, and she stepped up onto it. Alejandro's erection was in full display, and he wrapped his hands around his shaft as he sat on the bed and watched her dance for him.

Natasha writhed around the pole and gyrated in time to the music. Alejandro watched on as his stroked his cock, and she teased him sensually. A full vision of delight. He then invited her to come down and suck his cock.

Natasha knelt in front of him, and placed her lips around his shaft. Her big full lips engulfed his shaft, and one hand wrapped itself around his shaft while the other started to stroke his balls. She moved her mouth all over his cock and licked his shaft. She flicked the tip of her tongue across the end of his cock, and then he pulled her up and lay her gently upon the bed. He was highly aroused.

"I think it is time I hypnotized you, be my dirty little wet bitch," he said huskily.

Alejandro ran the tips of his fingers across Natasha's hip. She was bent over the bed with her arse pointed towards his pelvis. Her arms splayed across the bed. He leaned his hardness into her over her satin underwear. She was wearing a royal blue pair of lacy knickers with white polkadots and a matching lacy push up bra. Her cleavage filled it amply. He leaned over to her face and looked into her eyes. He had hypnotized her and her eyes were half open and dreamy. Her long eyelashes fluttered as he watched her pupils dilate. Her skin was flushed red, and he ran his tongue across her cheek and down into the nape of her neck and then nibbled gently at her ear. His fingertips unfastened the clips on her bra and then he removed it,

casting it down to the floor. The tip of his cock oozed with pre-ejaculatory fluid. He ran his hands around to her breasts, and then tickled gently at her nipples. Her nipples hardened and she moaned softly. Her eyelids fluttered again, and then he thrust two fingers into her vagina. She winced in pleasure as he stroked her inside, and she started to gush with wetness.

Her fluids smelled sweet and honey like, and he applied the dampness to the tip of his cock and stroked around the tip of his frenulum. He flipped Natasha onto her back, and she willingly complied, arching her back and raising her arms above her head in a state of sensual delight. He slipped off her panties, and ran his hands all over her chest and breasts. Her hands reached into his mouth, and he sucked her fingers briefly, then her fingers made her way to his nipples and then he dropped his jeans and parted her pussy lips, plunging his hardness into her.

She arched again in pleasure, and he moaned as he slid across her, writhing like a snake, gyrating around in her vagina. Her pelvis arched and rocked in rhythmic waves, and he buried his lips into her hair, whispering in his husky voice that he wanted her to come down on his cock. Her wet cunt started to tighten and she felt waves of pleasure deep within her, beginning to surface as she felt his foreskin rub against her g-spot. The pleasure built until it completely overtook her, and she was taken into some deep sexualized frenzy, and then he began to become highly aroused and he himself felt the need to release his edge, and he came hard, shooting his load deep into her. His eyes dilated around and looked like pools of stars. They then started to wind up into each other's arms in the post coital resolve.

7 SOFT BREEZES

Beyonce - Crazy in Love played softly over Alejandro's speakers, in the early morning he had woken up, and walked into the kitchen nude, and left Natasha sleeping softly curled up. She looked almost angelic while she was asleep, and he kissed her lightly on her forehead, and walked slowly out of the bedroom. He cooked himself breakfast of bacon, eggs, pancakes, and left some breakfast of fried mushrooms, tomatoes and pancakes for Natasha covered up on a plate in the fridge.

Alejandro went into his study, where his fitness equipment was set up, and started a run, and a gym workout. Natasha woke up, and sat up gently. She read a note beside her bed, and smiled. She wrapped herself in the sheet from the bed, and then headed out into the lounge room, her hair flowing freely down her back, tousled beautiful tendrils of curls. Alejandro caught a glimpse of her, and her milky white shoulders, and gasped in pleasure. He slowly walked behind her, and kissed the nape of her neck.

She smiled, and her hand made its way to his chin, caressing the five o'clock shadow underneath his goatee.

"I think you would look sexy with a hipster beard, Alex," she cooed softly.

"Oh, you're so beautiful," he kissed the top of her head, and then spun her around and pressed his lips into hers, lifted her up onto the kitchen bench and parted her thighs, and while he kissed her, started caressing her breasts and her feminine wetness between her legs, and tenderly, he pulled her forward, and then entered her, and she gasped as she leaned backwards on the bench, and he slowly leaned over, entering her fully, and pumping slowly while he ran his hands up and down her breasts and tummy, kissing her gently, melting her slowly while soft tunes pumped through the airwaves.

"Alex, what have you done to me?" Natasha bit her lip as a tear flowed down her cheek, and she started to cry as they both came together, and shockwaves flooded them both.

"Just let it flow softly, gorgeous dove," he moaned into her ear while he finally collapsed and he himself started to weep from the powerfully overcoming orgasm. Rare was it to come simultaneously, but the chemistry between them had begun to overtake them completely. Ripples of shocks and a flood of chemicals coursed through both their veins. They had been playing one another for the fool, but the fool's game had its final laugh with the karma of falling madly into the psychosis of being madly in love.

A soft breeze wafted in through the window, and outside, Cupid and Aphrodite giggled, and then flew away.

8 OCTANE AMPLIFIED

“Natasha, want to come street racing with me tonight?” Alejandro beckoned her softly as he watched her curled up on the sofa watching *Fast and Furious 7* on Netflix. She flicked her long luscious locks back and grinned at him. He handed her a lemon and honey water, and she sipped it graciously.

“You’re a bit domestic, Alejandro,” Natasha smiled again as he sat beside her and gently rubbed her shoulders.

“So, I will arrange for you to get your WRX here, if you hand me back my laptop and my wallet?” Alejandro nibbled at her ear.

“Oh gosh!”

“Yes, you didn’t think you were going to get away from this did you?” he laughed gently, and pulled her around onto his hardness. She laughed and gently rocked on top of him, letting the cotton sheet fall around the both of them and fall around them while they kissed and made passionate love.

“Oh, Alejandro, I think I am starting to have to hate you for being so nice, you’re fucking with my head,”

Natasha whispered into his ear, as she came gently, she moaned, and then he shot his load deep into her.

Natasha slowly slipped off him, and went to go and eat the breakfast he had reheated for her, and for far too long, she had forgotten the taste of delicious fresh food, and the flavours of the buttery sauce melted in her mouth, and he prepared her freshly brewed coffee and enjoyed sliding it in front of her while she licked her lips in sheer pleasure.

“You’re enjoying that aren’t you?”

“Oh, yes, I certainly am, Alejandro,” Natasha nodded, and then sipped the coffee slowly.

“Tell me more of your story, Natasha? How did this happen to you?” Alejandro spoke softly and pointed to the bruises on her lower back, and he winced.

She turned around, and touched her back, trying to hide it from Alejandro.

“Who the fuck hurt you?”

“I can’t tell you,” she pleaded as she turned her eyes away from him, and he touched her tenderly, and held her closely.

“I’m going to fuck him up,” he said angrily.

“I can’t tell you, Alejandro, can’t we just enjoy the weekend, I am expecting a call from my boss early Monday, I have the weekend, I just want to enjoy you and put everything else out of my head,” she avoided eye contact with Alejandro.

“Fuck me, it’s the guy you are working for. I have seen this tattoo before Natasha. Fucken Mikhail Vasiliev,” his face flushed with anger.

“Oh!” Natasha’s jaw dropped as she realised that Alejandro knew something about her now.

“How would you?”

“I saw this on some dead prostitutes in Melbourne on a case I was working on. I wanted to get that fucker for

what he did to those girls. Evidently you're special to him, because this tattoo has a sigil that indicates you're for his own personal entertainment when he wants it," Alejandro was abhorred by the tattoo on her.

"I ..." Natasha was shocked.

"You weren't expecting me to already to be acquainted with Mikhail Vasiliev?" I'm a detective Natasha, and I work for ASIO on the side. Mikhail is one of my deep cover cases. Now I have you here, you are not going anywhere until I can sort my head out on how to do this. You can get out of his ring and I can help you get under protection. I know he thinks he owns you. You're not the first girl he has tried to do this with, I have heard of others, and he puts this sigil on them. The regular girls get something else. If they fuck him over, then he does beastly things to them, he is a total fucken animal," Alejandro was furious.

"I, had no ... idea," Natasha started crying.

He held her by the chin, and looked deeply into her eyes.

"I will keep you safe, beautiful girl," Alejandro kissed her forehead gently.

She melted into him. He held her for a moment, and then released her, and walked over to **pick up his cell phone**. He dialed a laser tattoo removal service, and made an immediate appointment. He pointed to the ownership sigil, and as Natasha watched him she nodded.

"Ok, Natasha, let's hit the road, grab your handbag. You should find some clothes and shoes for yourself in your size and you can change into those so we can head out and get rid of that nasty thing," Alejandro nodded and Natasha slipped into the bathroom. She found a gold lame' top and a pair of black skin tight vinyl trousers with zippers on the sides. She slipped on a pair of ankle boots and slung

her handbag over her shoulder and joined Alejandro as he opened the door. They headed out into the hallway and Alejandro summoned the elevator.

“After you’ve got the tattoo removed I will take you out for a meal at a really nice place,” Alejandro grinned at Natasha, and grabbed her on the bottom and gave her a gentle little tap.

She responded by squeezing his hand, and they both entered into the elevator, down to the basement, and headed to the 300ZX. Alejandro opened the door for Natasha and she slid in, and then touched up her makeup in the mirror. Alejandro jumped into the other side, fired up the engine and then sped up out of the basement carpark to South Brisbane, to a cosmetic studio.

Natasha was booked into the studio, and Alejandro paid, and waited while the procedure was done. She was given a gentle cream to soothe the pain, and told to come back to have the procedure completed.

They headed back to the Nissan, and Alejandro took her to La Dolce Vita, a cafe in Milton, and helped her out of the car. A towering miniature replica of the Eiffel Tower stood over the restaurant, and a string quartet played softly in the background. It was mid-afternoon by the time they headed out, and Natasha was led to a table by the maitre-de. Alejandro accepted the menus, and then asked Natasha what she wanted for a drink.

“Soda with a twist of lime, please Alejandro,” she gently offered and then was escorted to a table where her chair was drawn out, and then she sat gently, and Alejandro sat opposite her. He sat himself, and a vodka and lime was delivered to the table, as well as a soda with a twist of lime.

A platter of tapas was set before them. Alejandro slid his hand up Natasha’s thigh, up her skirt. Under the table he slipped his shoe off, and then placed his foot over

hers, running his big toe across her foot. She felt wet between her thighs. She giggled softly as he started to play with her clitoris and rubbed its nub softly. He'd parted her panties to one side, and then put his fingers inside her as she became wetter. She bit her lip softly.

They slowly ate the food, and Alejandro made eyes at her, leaving his fingers from her wetness, and then placed the finger delicately inside his mouth and licked it slowly, making Natasha feel overwhelming desire.

After she had finished as much as she could, Alejandro paid for the bill, and then raised his eyebrow, and beckoned to her to follow him out the door. As she slid past him, he grabbed her gently on the bottom and then she ran her fingers down the length of his arm, and they walked back to the car, and Alejandro fired up the engine of his 300ZX and they sped off into the late afternoon.

Up at Mount Coot-tha, a few cars had gathered. There were Evos, WRXs, GTs, old Datsuns, and other Nissans and some Korean cars. It was a street race meet, and the prize was for \$25,000. Natasha's WRX was sitting there waiting for her, and she turned around, and kissed Alejandro.

After arranging some administrative details, Alejandro had signed both himself and Natasha into the race, and went over to a pop-up mini bar, and then got them both drinks. After the sun set, the racers were gathered, given the track route, and then instructed to get into their vehicles and fire up their engines.

The race starter stood with the flags at the start point, and Natasha was sitting in her WRX, Alejandro in the 300ZX, and they fired up their engines.

"Go!" the flags dropped, and a Mazda RX-8, and a Skyline flew off, and then Natasha dropped the clutch,

clicked her car into second, floored it, and then up into fourth, and hit the rev counter high. She spun her wheels, and then when critical grip struck, she propelled forward, burning her tyres into the street.

Alejandro followed behind. The police had been notified prior to the race, the road police department were paid \$50,000 to avoid the area for three hours, and conveniently made their way to other areas of the city.

They floored it past the Toowong cemetery after the descent from Mount Coot-tha, and ground their cornering around cars just driving past casually. Natasha pulled up into third in the race, and Alejandro had difficulty keeping up with her. The stretch of Milton Road came up fast, and they dragged up the river, about ten street race cars, drifting around past the other cars, and Natasha coming fast up behind the driver in the RX-8. The cars flew up into the north-west side of the city, up Roma Street, past the train station, around Turbot Street, left up into Spring Hill, and then around the Roma Street parklands. They screamed past the old windmill, and then down into George Street, then around Edward and into the edge of the city towards fortitude Valley from Ann Street. By then, crowds had become fixated with the street racers going past, and Alejandro had the hairs on the back of his neck stand up, watching Natasha screaming full bore up the back of the valley, and straight over the Storey Bridge. Over the bridge, Natasha kicked in her NOX, and flew up into front position. The race screamed around into South Brisbane, past the Mater Hospital and up into West End. They crossed back over the connection bridge, and left up into Coronation Drive, up past the river again. The race was to finish at Milton, where the Park Road cafes were. The race organisers were waiting outside La Dolce Vita, and Alejandro had managed to get in third place behind the

RX-8, followed by an Evolution. Natasha came in first, and then did a donut as she then slammed on the brakes, pulled up the hand brake and then got out of the car, she flicked her hair around, and then with beads of sweat from excitement and adrenalin leaned over in fits of laughter.

“My gosh!” Alejandro was both bemused and scared shitless by some of her driving maneuvers. The drivers from the other cars got out, and their eyes were wide.

“Fuck me! You’re Natasha From Melbourne?”

“Indeed!”

Alejandro walked over to Natasha, and placed his arm around her proudly.

“She’s pretty fucken awesome, you know she tuned this car herself?”

“Oh, high octane little bitch, eh?”

A dark shadowy figure stood in the back of the racing crowd, and grimaced. He knew the familiar curves and the curls in the long hair. The arch in her smile, the taste of her lips. He stubbed his cigarette into the ground, placed his hat down, and walked away. He walked down the hill, into the car park near La Dolce Vita, and slammed his car door of his FT-86, fired up the engine, and then sped past the celebration.

Natasha felt goosebumps run up and down her spine as she thought she noticed a familiar vehicle racing past.

“What is it?” Alejandro sensed her apprehension, and drew her close.

“Nothing,” she looked away.

“Natasha,” he lifted her chin to her, and kissed away a tear, “I know who it was. I am keeping you safe, ok?”

She shuddered as she melted into him.

9 JET ENGINES

Alejandro gently grasped Natasha and led her back to his 300ZX, and they drove off into the night. He arranged for her WRX to be taken back to the apartment at Teneriffe. Robbie Williams played softly over the car hi-fi, and Natasha stared out the window as the rain softly streaked down the windows. *Rudebox*, his electrofunk album flipped tracks over onto *Kiss Me*, and Alejandro gently placed his hand on Natasha's thigh, sliding up her dress. He noticed she had no panties on, and he changed gears, and then started to feel her wetness deep between her legs. She gasped gently and she placed her hand over hers. He skidded into the driveway of the apartment building, down the ramp, and into his park. He got straight out of the car, ran around the side of his car and opened her door. Alejandro scooped Natasha straight out of the car and into his arms, slammed the car shut, locked it and then carted her up into the lift, and into his apartment. He locked his lips into hers, and bit down hard on her bottom lip. The chemistry between them seized their bodies into a raging heat. Alejandro grabbed the remote for his stereo while

Natasha undid the buttons on his fly, and grabbed his hard cock. She pulled it from its confines, and it stood out hard and erect. His lips continued to search hers, and he reached around the back of her dress, unzipping its length to then slip it off her shoulders.

He dropped her dress to the floor, and then unhitched her bra, and pulled it off her arms. Her nipples were erect, and he gently nuzzled them with her fingers. The warmth of her honey tasting tongue burned him, and they kept kissing passionately, and allowed the chemistry to burn right through them like a hot coal from a fire straight into the heart of an iceberg. He reached around to her ear lobes, kissing and licking them gently, and *Love Spit Love - How Soon Is Now* played softly in the background. He turned her around, gently pulling her back into him, and played with her breasts while he kissed her neck. *Remy Zero - Save Me* started after the last track, and Natasha's hair spilled down over his neck as he pulled his hardness into her from behind while she stood, and she gasped as he pierced her like a sword, and his pelvic thrusts made the tip of his shaft glide gently along her Graffenberg spot, and her honey wetness oozed out over his manhood. They succumbed to the gentle rhythm of love-making, and then he pulled out before he came, and then he carried her to his bed, where he had a bowl of rose petals that he threw all over the bed, and then lifted her gently on there, and parted her legs, and moved his warm mouth towards the sweetness of her maidenhood. He used his fingers and hands to deftly tease, taunt and gently rub the hood of her clitoris, until she moaned in pleasure. As he moved his tongue slowly in and out of her conejo, and then he climbed up onto her and gently pressed his manhood into her warm luscious honey pot of a pussy.

She gasped as she ran her hands through his hair, and his body writhed on top of hers. His fingernails buried themselves deep into her bottom, as he pulled himself into her, and they bucked and thrust and moaned and grinded each other in tune to *Soul Ballet - Exotique*, and then *Romeo and Juliet - Toybox* made their pace quicken and their bodies started to bead with sweat. Natasha's skin wash flushed and warm to the touch, and her breathing was quickened. Alejandro panted as he entered her over and over.

Finally their arousal came to a peak, the muscles deep in Natasha's loins tightened around Alejandro's shaft, squeezing and milking him, and he came as the orgasm started to rise within her, in strong overwhelming waves, and completely engulfed her. She started to cry because she had felt a massive release of emotion, and he surged his energy deep into her, and then collapsed deeply into her, and they shuddered together in a massive eruption of emotional release, and a quake of passionate fire started to send them into the spin of yearning desire.

Garbage - Crush ebbed into the background, as Alejandro pulled her over onto him and held her close. A plane's heavy jet engines fired hard over the top of the building. The plane was low. It disguised the noise of Natasha's cell phone ringing. Alejandro picked it up and hurtled it across the room onto the chaise longue in the corner of his bedroom, and a voicemail notification dinged as he tucked the tendrils of Natasha's hair behind her ears. She stirred a little, and he pressed his fingers gently to her lips.

"It's nothing beautiful, everything is ok," he gently fell asleep, and just after midnight, and songbird came and sang an eerie tune at the window, and the moonlight streamed into the room a little brighter, and a little more intensely, but only for a moment.

10 OBSCOLESCENCE

The stereo kicked onto a playlist - a *Kylie* mix - *The One* - *Freemasons Club Mix* gently started to play in the background, and the alarm clock beside the bed slowly started to send a pattern of dancing lights into the room in blue, green and violet LED patterns. Alejandro stirred gently, and opened his eyes. The sunlight was gentle in the early morning, and he got up and peered through the curtains at the street below. Teneriffe was an older suburb full of warehouses that had been converted into apartment complexes and funky cafes. He yawned gently, and noticed that his cock was slightly sore. He grinned as he turned and looked at the beauty splayed across his bed, the tendrils of her hair across her face, and her dark lashes closed over her beautiful blue-green eyes. Her lips were partly gently, and he watched her chest rise and fall slowly. She moaned slightly and then turned over away from the lights, and pulled the sheet up over her head. The air-conditioning in Alejandro's bedroom had dried the air out a little, and Natasha smacked her lips together, and then after momentarily stirring, drifted back to sleep.

Alejandro scratched at his cock, adjusted his testicles, and then walked over to Natasha, kissed her gently on her erect nipple, and then her lips. A light smirk lifted in her mouth, and she squinted.

“Sleepy,” she mumbled to him.

“Mmm, wonder why?” Alejandro teased as he nibbled gently at her ear and his cock started to harden again.

“No baby, sore,” she said as she nudged him away with her knee gently and half giggled.

“Mmmmmkkkay, I will go and get a coffee babe,” Alejandro shook his bottom as *Kylie Minogue - Confide in Me* fired up in the lounge and the bedroom speakers cut out. Alejandro waltzed into the kitchen, fired up his percolator, and happy danced around in the lounge room, circling his cock around like a peacock in the lounge room.

“Fuck, you are so naughty, Alei,” Natasha giggled, and threw him a bathrobe.

“Mmmmm, come here and let me take you on the couch, naughty girl. Might have to tie you up like a bunny, or walk you around on my leash. Want to be my naughty slave?” Alejandro smiled his big enigmatic smile at her, and beckoned her gently with his finger as he opened an ottoman in his lounge, and she walked over and peered into. It was full of BDSM gear, leather costumes, soft cotton shibari rope and some paddles, feathers, pink fluffy cuffs, and a leather collar with “*Kitten*,” engraved on a small sterling silver medallion.

“Mmm, training collar huh? Are you into any Gorean philosophy? Do you want me to be your *kajira*?” she prompted gently.

“Mmm, you read all my naughty little fetish stories on *Fetlife* did you?” Alejandro raised an eyebrow at him.

“How many kajirae have worn this training collar? You man-slut you,” she giggled.

“I only do *Gorean* in the bedroom, Sweetness, and occasionally I feel like I need to switch,” he drew her closer, raised her chin towards him with the tips of his fingers as she came close to him, and then he kissed her forehead.

“Hmmm, so, you know I am a switch too?” Natasha grinned at him.

“Yes, I am quite an accommodating Dom,” he placed his mouth gently across hers, and the gentle *beep beep* of the coffee percolator sounded. Natasha grabbed his arse, dug her red lacquered nails into the flesh and he winced in pleasure, and she slowly stroked his cock, as it thickened and lengthened, and started to pulse in all its hard masculine glory. He placed his fingertips between her legs, gently parted her labia, and felt her wetness. He pulled her gently to the couch, where he sat, and she mounted him, and they bucked together, lip-locked until they both rasped into a powerfully explosive orgasm.

He almost started to weep from agony, so powerfully did he shoot his load deep into her, and she started to kiss his neck as she still continued to rock gently on him, milking every last drop of cum she could from deep within his manhood.

“Oh, oh, ohhh,” Alejandro lay his head back over the couch, in complete bliss.

“Mmmm, that good hey?” Natasha whispered gently in his ear, and then she gently pulled herself off him, watching the liquid glossy of creamy milk from his shaft ebb down her legs, and down the length of his shaft. He beckoned for a towel, and then she handed it to him, and walked into the kitchen, and poured herself a strong black espresso. She poured Alejandro the same, and sweetened his with a squeeze of honey, then added some cream.

“Mmmmm, perfect,” he nodded in pleasure as he sipped the first velvety mouthful of his favorite morning cup.

“I watched you make it last time,” she grinned and then started to walk back to the bedroom, a little frown making its way slightly across her forehead.

“Have you seen my phone, Alei?” she looked all about her, and went over to the side table beside the bed, and lifted through items in her handbag.

“Yes,” he walked into the bedroom, and picked up the phone from where he had thrown it, and frowned.

“Who called this late at night? I think it wasn’t supposed to be a very pleasant call Natasha,” Alejandro had a dark tone to his voice, urging and concerned.

Natasha’s eyes widened as she saw the number.

“Voicemail?” Alejandro queried her gently.

Natasha walked out of the room, and dialed her voicemail.

“получить свой гребаный себя здесь, чтобы Оксли теперь ты предатель сучку!” [Poluchit' svoy grebanyu sebya zdes', chtoby Oksli teper' ty predatel' suchku!"]

She understood the dark growling male voice, terrified.

Get yourself here now to Oxley, you traitor bitch. Immediately she deleted the voicemail, and started trembling. She tucked the phone into the bottom of her handbag after reading the text with the address, and then regained her composure.

“Natasha, what is it?” Alejandro tried to pry her out of her hard stance, gently placing a reassuring hand upon her shoulders as he walked up to her from behind and had noticed the tension that had built all across her body, and she had been holding her breath.

“Nothing,” she urged him, and turned and headed towards the shower.

“Natasha, it ...”

“Alei, please just leave it,” she pushed past him, and she had locked her phone with a fingerprint code, preventing him from opening it.

“Hmmm. I will go and get some croissants ready then sweetheart,” Alejandro backed out of the bedroom, and allowed her to go and run the shower and wash her by herself, mindful that she had obviously received some kind of communication from the dark figure that had been standing in the shadows in the back of the crowd last night.

Alejandro started to rub the five o’clock growth on his chin as he flung his MacBook Air open and started googling names.

His eyebrows raised as he recognised the same face as he saw last night. He had overheard the thick Russian accent barking down the phone, and he paled and started to shake.

“Oh, it really is ...” he trailed off. Their little illusion of a couple enjoying a weekend of fucking and writhing around in bed ended suddenly.

Natasha walked out of the bedroom, fully dressed. Her lips were stained a dark shade of red, and her smokey eye makeup and long thick lash mascara made him take his breath away. She had swept her hair up into a chignon, and she had done her best to make herself presentable despite her apparent pale complexion from a severe dose of anxiety.

“You’re going out, aren’t you ... the voicemail?” Alejandro shot her a look questioningly.

“It was my boss, Alei, I have to go and meet him. I have to go by myself. You arranged for my car to come here didn’t you?” Natasha bit her bottom lip as she looked

at the coffee table, and saw another set of keys besides Alejandro's 300ZX's keys.

Alejandro nodded.

"Understood," he pointed towards the keys, and she slinked over quietly in her heeled wedges, and black halter dress and picked up the keys. She slung her leather handbag over her shoulder, and waved gently as she headed out the door, and it slammed shut behind her.

Alejandro threw up in his mouth, and then went to the bathroom and kept gagging.

11 GRIND

The blue WRX pulled into the car yard at Oxley, and Natasha turned off the ignition, put the car in park, and yanked the handbrake. She bit her lip as she watched around for signs of her boss, Mikhail Noborov. Sometimes he drove a black Audi R8 Coupe and she eyed it parked near the rear of the property. The second hand car yard had a large eight foot high fence around it, and people were charged entry fees to go in and look at the vehicles. It was like the Costco of second hand vehicles in the south-west of Brisbane.

“Natasha,” Svetlana met her at the gate of the property, and led her through around the back of the office of the car yard, and into a rear shed.

Mikhail was waiting inside, sitting on an old plastic chair, next to a tree-grinding machine. The rest of the place was deserted, and a closed sign had been put out the front, dissuading any potential customers from coming onto the property.

“So, Natasha? Have you done anything to acquire this Alejandro De Leon onto our books, other than fuck him?” he raised one eyebrow at Natasha accusingly. Svetlana poured Mikhail a glass of pinot noir, and he

sipped at it. From his coat pocket, he pulled out a small pistol.

Natasha's pallor started to go totally white.

"What are you doing with the tree grinder?" Natasha asked slowly, cautiously.

"Maintenance work, I need to demonstrate to you, how seriously I take my job and to make sure all my staff stay in line with their duties and job descriptions," Mikhail was flustered, and spoke thickly in broken English with a heavy Russian dialect.

Svetlana started backing away from Mikhail, as he pointed the pistol towards her, and she turned to run, and Natasha held her breath as Mikhail shot his secretary in the leg, and then proceeded to drag her while she screamed, and he fired up the tree grinder.

"Mikhail! No!" Svetlana screamed a wailing, piercing scream.

"She has been fucking another man, Natasha. I take disloyalty seriously," Mikhail pulled Svetlana by the hair, and shot her again in the back, and she shrieked and gasped and choked on blood as it spurting from her torso and out of her mouth. Natasha wretched, and shook violently with fear. Mikhail pulled a knife to Svetlana's throat, slit it, and then heaved her body up into the tree grinder, and it emptied out into a trailer where mulch had been emptied. Blood and ground up bone and entrails flew out of the tree grinder, and Natasha passed out. Mikhail grabbed her unconscious body, and dragged her into the office, and dumped her onto the floor.

He took a swig of vodka out of his canteen, and lit himself a joint. He watched Natasha breathe slowly in and out, and at one stage, he kicked at her with his foot to try to rouse her.

She started to blink, and her eyes were blurry, and as she woke, Mikhail stood over her.

“So, you understand the serious gravity of this situation?”

“Yes, Mikhail,” Natasha’s bottom lip quivered.

“Then you need to go and get Alejandro De Leon onto our books,” Mikhail handed her a briefcase with another dossier, and a tablet computer inside, opened it out and showed her.

“Everything you need to give him is in here,” he said, and then threw her car keys at her, and walked out.

“Mikhail?” Natasha called out after him.

“You are being watched, Natasha, ensure you do your job,” his voice trailed off, and she pulled herself to the floor, grabbed the briefcase, and ran out the front and back to her Subaru, unlocked it, and then started sobbing as she floored the car out of the driveway of the car yard.

12 LURE

Alejandro wiped his mouth with a hand towel, and then swirled his mouth out with mint flavoured mouthwash, thinking that his head was probably a little more giddy than he needed it to be. He had been expecting to hear from Natasha, but couldn't wrap his head around a few things. He had been her pen pal for months, and a seemingly coincidental meeting at Alice Springs had thrown him into a head spin. All those conversations ... the backwards and forwards ... getting to know somebody, deepening a connection.

Fuck you. The stab in his heart drove deep. A tightening in his chest made him grimace with agonizing pain. The thought of Natasha maybe betraying him led to a sinking thought. He had let his heart freeze over, maybe that it was not the right time or person, but somehow she had pulled her to him. She was emotionally cold at times, but also a sweetheart. Now, her absence had left a chill in the air and Alejandro shuddered. He hadn't heard from her for several hours, and then he lay quietly on the couch, wondering.

He closed his eyes, and then felt himself slowly drift off in a tortured sleep. Abruptly his cell phone rang, its shrill

tone jerking him awake, he sat up, and recognized the number.

“Aleí?” the voice was soft and somehow distant.

“Natasha ... let me come to you, where are you now?”

“I am at the Casino at Broadbeach, I think I will book a flight to Sydney and then get out of here,” she was trailing off.

He sensed impending danger but knew that he had to pull himself together out of his anxious stupor and get a hold of her before she disappeared out of his life again. He knew something sinister happened in the hours previous, and he dared not utter his reasonings.

“I will come to you, ok?”

“Ok,” she was far away in her voice.

The phone went quiet, and Alejandro went back to the bathroom, ran a comb through his hair and wondered where his head was at.

He put his wallet in his back pocket, and picked up the keys to his car, and slammed the door to his apartment behind him.

The elevators opened and he strode across to his black 300ZX, opened the doors and slipped into his bucket seat, turned on the ignition and then put his car in gear, and accelerated out of the underground carpark, and headed out over the south east side of the city towards the Storey Bridge, and then down the motorway to the Gold Coast.

Natasha stood at the bar, with a dossier. She had a Vespa Martini prepared, and started sipping at it mildly. She had taken a valium, and booked a hotel room upstairs.

A man in pants and a vest walked towards her, and rolled up his shirt cuffs as he leaned his elbows on the bar. He ordered a shot of straight scotch on the rocks.

“Miss?”

“Can I help you?”

“I was hoping to buy you a drink ...”

“Oh, no. I am waiting for somebody,” Natasha kept staring at her dossier, and the tendrils of her hair fell out of her bun and onto the pages of the dossier. The man peered over her shoulder, and saw photographs of Alejandro that had been taken by paparazzi.

“Boyfriend?” his curiosity burned into the back of Natasha’s neck, and she felt the warmth of his breath a little too closely for comfort. She pulled her neck down and away, and gave him a gentle nudge away with her elbow. He grabbed her wrist, and then slipped behind her, urging his hard penis beneath the fabric of his pants into the crack in her bottom.

“Shhhh,” he warned.

Striding up behind him Alejandro had a singular purpose in mind. He grabbed the man around the neck, struck him off balance, and then punched him in the jawline. The security team started scrambling towards Alejandro, and then he flashed his police badge to them, and they backed right off. Alejandro kicked the man in the shins as he tried to get up, and Natasha drew back across the bar, white.

“You get the fuck away from her, Damian. You are a fucking freak,” Alejandro warned him away.

“Mm, so it was you I saw her with in the city?”

“What of it, just fucking go and leave us alone,” Alejandro picked up the dossier, and started grabbing at Natasha’s wrist, pulling her away from Damian Carlos, a curly headed fuck who was once on the police force, but got kicked off for sexually harassing women on the force.

“I might have already fucked her in Melbourne, dickwad,” Damian called from the floor, red faced and brutal.

“You what?” Alejandro turned around and stared him down a death stare, infuriated.

“I fucked your woman, paid the dirty little bitch though,” Damian again smiled wryly at him, and got to his feet, rubbing his fingers along his hard cock shaft in his pants.

“You fuckbag, I am going to fucking ...” Alejandro walked across to him, grabbed him by the shirt collar, and punched him repeatedly, over and over and over until his face was mush. Bruised bleeding, and a tooth knocked out, he dropped to the floor.

Natasha was still in shock and kept walking out the door, having grabbed the dossier, and summoned an elevator.

“Natasha,” Alejandro called after her, and left the security guards deal with Damian Carlos, who go slumped onto an ambulance stretcher.

Her head hung low, and he turned her around, and pushed her up against the wall, pressing his lips to hers, and her tension dropped, and then she melted into him.

He cupped her arse, and pulled her right her into him.

“Upstairs?” he mumbled through longing sweet probing kisses on her mouth.

“Mmmm,” she moaned gently as she became wet underneath the folds of her dark grey flip skirt.

The elevator dinged, and they both went in, and then Alejandro pressed the stop button on the elevator. He had gained the elevator keys from security, and then he knelt down, stripped down her red lace panties, and ran his hands up her legs and then in between her thighs, and then he drew her forward and then started to probe her wetness with his tongue. Natasha let her hair out of her messy bun, and it spilled in tendrils down her back, and as she started to moan, he worked his tongue and his fingers in her

wetness, deeply pleasuring and teasing her until she begged him to rise to his feet, and then he unzipped his penis from his pants. It was hard and erect, and dripping with precum. He slipped himself inside her, and pulled her hips onto his, gently bouncing her onto his hard cock.

Up, down, slow gentle rotation as they buried themselves in each others' mouths, neck, hands working through hair, gentle tugging at earlobes, moaning and as they were both about to cum, Alejandro pressed the button on the elevator, and it continued its journey up the the top floor. Alejandro had upgraded Natasha to the penthouse, and ordered flowers to be put over the bed. Just as they came, the elevator doors opened and then he lifted her, carried her out, and then placed her across the bed. Her nipples were erect, and she started to stroke his half erect penis, then placed it into her mouth. She gently used the tips of her fingers up and down his shaft and his balls, and then he became erect again, and they both stripped off completely, writhed all over each other's nakedness and then he entered her, hard. He bucked her gently, and her hips moved into a splendid and warm rhythm, until he peaked her again.

"I want you always, Natasha," he whispered into her ear as he unloaded his cum deep into her while she moaned.

13 REALITY SPARK

Alejandro woke at four a.m. with a pain in the side of his neck. He could feel a strain ... it was stress induced, and he had slept at a peculiar angle. He stood, and pulled the sheet back over Natasha, and walked across to the desk containing the dossier. A chill came over him as he lightly brushed his fingers across the top of it. He flipped the cover open, and saw his photograph and personal details splayed across the pages. Beads of sweat started forming on his brow, and he wiped them off with the back of his hand. He put on his reading glasses, and picked it up, turning one page after the next. In it were all his police employment records, his run-ins with the internal bureau, his disciplining, and then Natasha's directive: *ensure he gets on our payroll to enable our distribution and expansion of our network in Brisbane and the Gold Coast.*

He cringed, and then dropped the folder back onto the top of the desk, and switched on the jug for a cup of coffee. He dug through the cupboard in the kitchenette, finding some instant coffee, and some sachets of sugar. He ripped off the tops, emptied them into a small cup, and then poured boiling water about halfway, then topped it off with UHT milk from containers in the refrigerator.

He stirred it, and then drank it down in several gulps. He pulled the chair out from the desk, sat, and then wanted to open the folder and read it again, but he suddenly stood. He walked into the bathroom, turned on the shower and then adjusted the heat to a reasonable temperature.

“I’ll just fap myself off, I can’t handle this stress ...” he grabbed at his cock, flipped it around a bit until his shaft was hard, and then started tugging at it vigorously to relieve his stress. He peaked and then shot his load down the drain, and then shampooed his hair and scrubbed his ballsack and penis, and all of the parts of his body with the lime scented body wash that was supplied by the hotel.

Tears started welling up in his eyes, and he fell to the floor in the shower, and started to weep bitterly.

Natasha, why?

The sting of betrayal from a beautiful woman was quite like no other pain. He let the water rush over him, and his tears mingled with the soft warm water in the shower.

When Alejandro had composed himself, he stood, turned the taps off, and reached for towel. He slowly dried himself, his movements carefully composed.

He walked out and saw Natasha sitting poised over the edge of the bed, and brushing her hair slowly.

“Natasha?”

“You saw the dossier, didn’t you?” she responded softly.

“I want to get you away from this ...” Alejandro was gentle in his urgings.

“I have to get you on their backs Alejandro, or they are going to kill me,” Natasha dropped the brush, and then her eyes darted to the floor away from him.

“Dove,” Alejandro sat beside her, and then placed his hand gently on her shoulder.

“I can get you out of this,” his touch was gently reassuring.

She stiffened, trying to push him away, and started to weep bitterly.

“I am sorry ...” she sobbed, and he pulled her close, and she fell apart in his arms. He pulled into his inner reserve of strength. A deep well he never knew that he had, and he knew that he loved her like nothing else, and to rescue her from this hell was his only reason for living.

He buried himself in her hair, and tear welled up from his eyes, and fell into her.

“I will ... fix this, my love. I swear,” she had torn him apart emotionally, and he had fallen for her. This broken beauty. He too was broken, but in pulling her from a hell, he would restore his own strength, and the spark in his soul started set a fire that yearned to unleash the fire of a thousand suns of vengeance, the fury of a deep love and desire to protect something precious.

14 COLLISION

Natasha came out of the bathroom with her makeup perfectly applied. Alejandro had Katy Perry softly playing over the Bluetooth speaker. He was pouring himself a sparkling water.

“Panda eyes are all gone, eh?” Alejandro asked her softly.

She nodded.

“I have to go and make a few phone calls, Natasha, I am going to organise us some things to get you away from all of this craziness,” he pointed towards the coffee that he had made her, and she went and sat quietly, staring at her iPhone and sipping the coffee.

“Ok, sure, I will just stay here, there are a few things I need to look over my notes on,” Natasha nodded and smiled slightly at Alejandro, and looked away, so he would not see the grimace on her face.

Alejandro walked over to her, cupped her head gently in his hands, and then kissed her forehead. He then picked up his car keys, grabbed his laptop bag, and headed out the door. He was making arrangements to get out of the country with Natasha.

Natasha read a text on her iPhone that just came through and sent off a notification. A chill went down her spine. She responded with a brief *no*.

You know the consequences. The response came back after she saw the bubbles flash across the messaging screen, and she went white with horror.

“I have to get out of here,” she uttered her thoughts out loud and then stood, starting to hurriedly pack everything into her suitcase. She grabbed her keys, tied her hair up in a French Chignon, and then slammed the door behind her.

Her WRX was brought into the hotel drop zone by the valet, and she took the keys, and slid into the seat. Tears started flowing down her face as she fired up the engine, and it roared in response as she shifted into gear, and tore down the Pacific Motorway towards Sydney.

She had a small one bedroom apartment there that she had kept as a secret, on Bondi Beach, and she had no idea what she would do after she got there, only perhaps to hole herself up there, and change her identity, lay low for a while and then hope that she didn't get jumped and drugged one day, and her body end up floating on the shores of North Sydney after being dragged around in the boot of a mafia car.

Nothing made sense, she was just simply getting around now in survival mode. Somehow Alejandro had got himself into her cold aloof iciness, and it hurt.

Now she could escape the pain, walled up in her own little prison, and allow the solitude to work its ebbs and flows.

As the WRX disappeared over the border, at the same time, Alejandro had made his way across the highway, and sat in a cafe waiting for one of his contacts.

He slid into the booth, and peered over his dark glasses at Alejandro.

“So, welcome to the dark side eh?” Thom Galston, one of his childhood friends now ran a detective agency and did a few ‘questionable’ jobs as his side hustle.

“Shut it, Thom, I need to get down to business,” Alejandro pushed across a double shot macchiato across the table towards Thom, and then slapped the dossier across to him, and a pile of papers. He opened up his laptop, and logged into the cafe’s free Wi-Fi and logged into his banking account.

“How much?”

“What? Now?” Thom was shocked, Alejandro had talked to him before about having an escape plan from Australia should anything go seriously wrong, and he knew Thom could help him, as he had studied some of the criminal activities of people smugglers and helped him break into some illegal prostitution and drug rings. Thom was one of his informants, and now he finally wanted to bail, Thom was utterly stunned.

“I have met somebody, her,” Alejandro pointed at her photograph in the dossier, and placed the general directive right under Thom’s nose.

“Oh, my, Alex,” Thom’s face was white.

“You are really in the fuck off zone now aren’t you?”

“Yep, let’s just get this done. You make the plans, I need to go and get her, and we will wait until you tell us

what you have worked out,” Alejandro was in hard core mode, urgency in his voice.

“Do you still have the villa in Noumea?”

“Yes, I do,” Alejandro nodded.

“Good, let me work something out with that,” he scanned over some of Alejandro’s other papers.

“It is going to cost you \$100,000,” Thom said quietly.

“Fuck Thom? What the fuck?” Alejandro thumped his fist down on the table angrily.

“You want me involved, that will cost. I have to cover my own arse from these angry Russian motherfuckers, still have a business to run, and this is really going to the dark side,” Thom responded defensively.

“Fine, whatever. I will wire it to you now. What is your bank details?” Alejandro had opened up his TOR browser and logged into his virtual private network which accessed a foreign bank account where he stored emergency funds. His parents had left him a sizeable trust fund and he knew that he should only access it if things went entirely to shit in Australia.

“Here’s my bank details, I want it in Ethereum. You should be able to run it through that dark pool in Indonesia,” Thom nodded while he sipped his strong coffee ever so slowly, then added more sugar to the bitter brew.

“Fuck, as if you ain’t getting this more complicated,” Alejandro pushed transactions from his foreign Austrian account, into the Cryptocurrency Dark Trading Pool in Jakarta, and pulled out a sizeable sum of Ethereum, and then added it to Thom Galston’s Coinjar.

“I just received notification of a deposit. Good. Here is an iPhone, it has no trace to you, and I will call you on it with the details once I have got everything set up,” he added a couple more numbers into it, including Natashas as

he pulled Alejandro's iPhone 5S away from him, and checked his recent calls.

"What are you going to do with that one?" Alejandro stared at his phone.

"This fucker is going to get smashed and then disappear in the drink, say goodbye to your old life Alex," Thom grinned, and then tucked Alex's iPhone 5 into his satchel bag and then stood up, and started heading out of the cafe.

Beads of sweat formed on Alex's brow, and he felt nauseous after his toasted chicken Turkish bread with avocado.

"A bit green are you Sir?" the cashier behind the counter took his credit card and hovered it over the Paywave machine, and it accepted the transaction.

"Might I recommend some ginger tea from the Asian store across the way?"

"Sure," Alex tucked his credit card back in his wallet and then headed out into the shopping mall, looking for an Asian health food store.

He hadn't heard from Natasha, assumed she had gone back to sleep.

There was an elderly Chinese woman behind the counter.

"Mmmm, I know you. Here is letter for you, very important," the grey haired woman handed him an envelope with Alex simply written across the front.

He recognised the handwriting, and went white as a ghost.

15 CHANNELING QI

Ning Ning from the Chinese Herb Shop had scowled at Alejandro, and reached her hand under the counter. She slid a subcompact glock across the counter, aimed at Alejandro's stomach.

"You leave, get fuck out," Ning Ning spat at him while he stepped back from the counter. An old man slipped through a curtain behind her, bringing a large cane knife to her throat.

"Old girl, not understand. She be shit cunt, understand?"

"What in the fuck is she point a gun at me for Chaoxing?" Alejandro was trembling behind the shop counter.

"Russian mafia, want nothing to do with, fucked eh? Understand?" Chaoxing put the cane knife back into his robes. He turned around back onto the shelves and reached for several terracotta jars.

“Put out your tongue, eh?”

Alejandro frowned.

“What you need, herb?”

“Oh, Chinese herbs, you need these to realign your Qi,” Chaoxing turned and looked as an old man walked past with a cantor that was resonant of a race horse.

“See him, old man Kerry?” Alejandro stood and stared at an old man walking past the outside of the shop from behind. He jumped into a Maserati GranTurismo. He walked with a swagger, with a long pony tail and a long beard. He looked like an ascended master of the martial arts, but European.

“Story Teller, his name,” Chaoxing explained.

“What are you talking about,” Alejandro looked confused as he peered out through the doors of the shop, and watched the Storyteller throw the Maserati into high gear and whipped it around the corner and then sped off down the Gold Coast Highway near the Casino.

“He use herbs, man is 2000 years old,” Chaoxing nodded.

“Fuck off Chow, you’re full of shit,” Alejandro screwed up his nose, and then turned to walk out of the shop.

“Watch where you go, Alejandro, danger,” Chioxiang’s voice trailed off and he vanished, and then as Alejandro walked out into the back of the alleyway, and then appearing in front of him like a ghost, Chaoxing manifested.

“You come back here, Alejandro,” I fix your energy. Remember this. He pressed his finger to Alejandro’s forehead, and then Alejandro felt he had been hit with a huge plank and blacked out.

16 VIOLATION

Alejandro awoke, groggy. His anus hurt a thousand times over and he found himself splayed out on a bed in a room with blackout curtains. His head was thudding, and there was vomit on the blankets beside him. Used needles were disposed of on the shag rug beside the ensemble bed, and the stained sateen bedspread wreaked of stale body fluid like cum, mixed with lubricant and bourbon. Alejandro wretched as he weakly put his hand around to his thighs, sensing his clothing had been torn.

He heard the door unlatch, and a shadowy figure came in, large and smelling of old chuff. He stumbled forward, onto the bed, thinking Alejandro was still passed out. His erection fell from his trousers, and he tried to mount himself onto Alejandro's back. Alejandro pushed himself back up off the bed, summoning whatever inner fire he had, thinking of Natasha.

“Fucker,” Alejandro saw a glass bong on the floor, and some white lines beside him, reached over quickly, took a snort, then swiftly grabbed the bong, smashed it against the wall, and felt the surge into his body. The cut glass etched itself into his hands, and then he swung over as the stinking figure urged his cock near Alejandro’s arse. He stabbed the figure in the side, rolled off the bed, then stumbled as bloody streams spat around the room, and a scream let itself out from the figure on the bed.

A woman swinging a mattock came down the hallway toward Alejandro as he slammed the bedroom door behind him, and he looked out through an arched entry, sighting his keys and wallet on a coffee table.

“What in the serious fuck?”

A woman was hung over the couch, her legs splayed in the air, a vibrator pulsing its LED lights as her eyes rolled back in her head, and a woman licked at one nipple, and a man sat, stroking his cock and urging it into her throat.

Alejandro ducked out of the way while the woman with the axe tripped over a passed out man in the hallway. Three people were heaped together in the doorway of one bedroom, moaning softly. They were clearly drug fucked, and it was the aftermath of a crack and meth filled orgy.

Alejandro watched as the woman stumbled and the axe fell from her hand, lodging itself into the wall, and an apparition flashed into the hallway. The old man, “Story Teller,” that had been at the Chinese herb shop pointed to a glock on the dining table, and mouthed ‘get out now,’ to Alejandro who was white with fright.

He tripped over the bodies, the woman who had stumbled and lodged the axe into the wall, ran for the dining table, stuffed the glock into his leather jacket pocket, and then ripped off his torn jeans, pulled another pair onto

him that had been thrown across the floor, and then lurched across back into the lounge for his wallet and keys.

Alejandro had no idea where he was, but a heavy knock rapped at the front door, followed by yelling in a European language. The apparition appeared in the kitchen door, beckoning Alejandro to run to there, and then pointed to a back door, and he reeled it open, and found a car with the keys in the ignition, a Ford XR8, out in a driveway behind the house. He swung the door open, then slid into the driver's seat, threw the ignition switch, dropped the clutch reeled the car into gear, then hauled out of the driveway at full pelt.

The tyres spun as Alejandro braked, then he yanked the steering wheel around, threw the car into third, and it crunched and smoked up the street, a shrill noise coming as the motor sparked and a belt rattled. Alejandro floored the accelerator and in the rear view mirror he saw a gang of black leather and denim clad tattooed thugs unloading some bullets over past the house and chasing up the street with shotguns, firing at him as he sped away. He recognised the accent of the men behind the door in the house as possibly Ukraine, so he didn't want to hang around.

About four kilometres away from the house, Alejandro figured was somewhere in Inala, the Ford XR8 finally gave out. It sputtered to a halt and died, the check engine light flashing, and a ticking noise coming out of the bonnet as the vehicle lost power.

"Mother-fucker!" Alejandro spat as he threw open the driver's door. He noticed a jerry can in the tray of the ute, and he lifted it out, emptied the fuel all over the vehicle, then popped open the bonnet, tipping fuel over the engine bay. He entered back into the cabin of the vehicle, pulling a zippo lighter from the console, then turned on the ignition, opened the fuel door, and unloaded several bullets from

the glock into the tank. It lit on fire slowly, and Alejandro walked around slowly to the engine bay, and fired another couple of rounds at the battery and the radiator, and then the coil array above the motor. It went up with a huge *whump* sound, and Alejandro stumbled backwards as the car went up into a huge fireball.

17 SNITCH

The Chinese medicine man had left a note for Alejandro in the events that led up to the fireball in a suburban street in Logan. Alejandro recalled waking up in a hotel room, groggy. He'd had nightmares about Natasha, and beside him on the bed in the shabby dimly lit studio room was the letter he'd received from her from the lady at the Chinese shop. He reached across, his head thumping, and wondered how the fuck he had gotten where he was. Trauma had that kind of habit, blacking out blocks of your memory so you simply get about on automatic pilot, vaguely remembering events in between. He'd thumbed down a ride, gotten back to the Chinese shop, found his car, and then slid into it, and then headed down the Pacific Highway towards Sydney. He pulled into some small town called Ballina, then booked into a motel. He then woke up, after inducing himself into a drug and alcohol fueled semi-comatose state.

“What in the fuck?” he reached around and grabbed his arse, a smattering of blood leaked from his sore anus. He started to weep as he made his way into the shower. As the water rushed over him, salty tears mingled with blood, and he eyed off bruises and cuts on his body.

“Sick fucking perverts,” he muttered.

The letter from Natasha explained that she had to go missing, that she could give him no answers. Alex had made contact with a member of the drug task force, searching for answers about where some snitches might be located around the Gold Coast. He bribed a snitch he found at a nightclub, and in exchange for a night of sex and a shooting up of some methamphetamine from the evidence room, and several grand in cash, one of the Russian mafia escorts let him in on a safe house for the prostitutes, pimps and dealers out the south-west of Logan.

Alex went back to the evidence room, dropped more cash to the room supervisor and promptly loaded up with a pump action shot gun and bags of weed. He'd thrown it in the boot of an impounded car and gone on a gear-filled bender to the safe house.

“откройте чертову дверь, у меня есть наркотики, КОТОРЫХ ВЫ КУСАЕТЕ,” Alex shouted at the safe house front door in Russian *to open the fucking front door you cunts, I have drugs*. A woman dressed only in a G-String promptly threw open the door, and invited him in. People were draped in gimp masks, there were lines of crack on the glass coffee table, and bongs left beside the couch. Bottles of vodka were half empty in the study and stubbed out stale cigarettes left the air with a pungent stench of tobacco.

“Mikhail, weed drop?”

“Da?” a bearded Russian came through into the lounge room, and two prostitutes followed behind him, chained

with leather collars around their necks to a belt around his penis which hung out from his leather pants.

“Alejandro, I am,” Alex threw the bags of weed on the table, and held up the pump action shotgun. He pointed it towards Mikhail, and Mikhail waved his hand so that Alex withdrew the gun.

“You want information, da?”

“Yes, one of the girls who works for your boss,” Alex blurted.

“Mmmm, the hacker, she tell me you might show up for her here,” Mikhail winced.

Alex pushed his hand across to the weed, and opened it up.

“Premium grade, will pull you some good cash,”

“Mmmm, I will tell you, but you have to be my bitch first,” Mikhail stepped back as two of his thugs came into the lounge room, and then a woman walked towards Alex with a biro and proceeded to write an address in Sydney on his thigh.

“My boss will expect me to have tortured and fucked you up, or I have to die along with your brother, right?” Mikhail grabbed at his beard twisting it.

Alex winced as a needle was jabbed into him from behind, and he started to feel groggy, he'd been given a cocktail of a hallucinogen, sedative and anaesthetic. While he was being arse raped by Mikhail, he'd at least be tripping. He then passed out.

He came back to his senses in the shower, when he heard a knock on the door. He turned off the shower, wrapped a towel around himself, and then strode across to the window, pulled back the curtain. An old man he recognised who had driven off in the Maserati stood outside his door with a small duffle bag.

“Alejandro, it's ok.”

Alex pulled the handle on the door open, and The Storyteller handed the duffle bag into the door, and then vanished again. The duffle bag Alex carried across to the bed, and inside it was clothing and a note. It was from the Chinese medicine man.

‘Drink the tea, the suffering will go,’ the note read. Alex found a box of Chinese tea, and then turned on the kettle. Inside the fridge, he opened to find a platter of fruit that wasn’t there before, and some other light refreshments.

“I don’t know what the fuck is going on,”

A ghost appeared, shadowy in the mirror, like a cloud of smoke.

“We are helping you, Alejandro,” and then disappeared yet again.

A chill went down Alex’s spine, and he had recalled some moments from his childhood. His mother had always been slightly superstitious, and he recalled his grandmother, a Russian gypsy telling him stories about faeries, goblins, elementals and djinn who were summoned to help him and protect him. His mother had been somewhat dismissive of her mother’s belief in these things, but nevertheless respected her mother’s traditions and allowed Alex to participate with his grandmother in some of the offerings and petitions made to the elementals, family protectors and other spirit guardians. Today, he felt that anything was possible, his mind felt so distorted and the offering of clothing, tea and food although it seemed solid and mundane was also etheric as he slowly tasted of its texture, sweetness and flavour, and then he felt a cascade of warmth over him, and then faded yet again into the sweet bliss of sleep.

“Dream, Grandson, dream,” he heard a gentle voice and the ringing of bells, and the smell of incense from his childhood. A happy place of long ago, and heard the

crackling of a fire in a hearth. The smell of cinnamon and bliss.

18 TERROR

Natasha put the key into the door of her one bedroom apartment, it smelled musty and it was dark. A thin film of dust covered most of the furniture, and the air currents from the opening of the door stirred up a fine whoosh of particles into the sunlight that was filtered through the curtains on the patio. She strolled quietly over to the curtains, and pulled one open gently, slowly unlocking the door. The door rolled back on its tracks with a slight clackety clack, and she let the sea breeze from the northern beaches of Sydney ebb its way into the musty half-dark of dawn. It seemed all her life, that her totem had haunted her. The red fox, with its constant drive for survival. Keeping little caches of treasures here and there hidden. Keeping a den of security located somewhere. It all had to make sense. Her plan of escape. Was there any real life of escape though after you'd been owned by the Russian mafia?

She felt sick with the thought that she'd gone against all her programming, fucked up all those twisted cold protocols. Like the Black Widow from the Avengers, who'd had her uterus removed, she was at that point, but without the surgical intervention. Her soul had been taunted by the people in masks, tortured till every last shred of emotion had left her body. In the mafia, as a prostitute, she had been so sickened by her treatment of men that she'd been led to hate them. But she served. Knowing deep down, like those people long ago, the Jews in the concentration camps of Nazi Germany, that hope was a persistent currency.

Hope was the thing that could drive you when nothing else seemed to. It was the trade of mental stamina and resilience. One day, she knew she would overcome. She'd been milking the system for a long time, leading a double, at times even triple life. Playing the mafia at their own game, fucking them over. Then she had to fuck someone else over, Alejandro, and then her heart started to melt.

"Fuck this," she said quietly as she dug around in her kitchen drawer looking for a knife. She started to run the edge ever so slightly along her inner thigh. The razor sharp blade started to draw blood, like a cutlass. She wanted to feel pain, such as the agony she had inside that she'd completely gone numb. Desiring to feel, anything. The edge of the blade made her momentarily come to grips with the fact that she wasn't a ghost in the mirror. She could bleed, could feel pain, could feel alive. Other places on her body, she has quietly cut herself. Not her arms or her wrists, lest others discover her sick self hate.

And now, she'd started to have something lurch forward from the darkness that was the bitter void in her soul. Alejandro had awakened something in her. She was scared of her ability to feel. It had been programmed out, in favour of the will to survive, and the will to be bent over

to the masters. In time, some earned some degree of freedom, like she did. She had been able to graduate from having to have her legs opened, and men cutting into her with their large shafts, sometimes two at a time, making her bleed. So torn up she had been, that several surgeries had been done to repair some of the damage.

One boss finally saw some sense, noticing that Natasha had some potential smarts, and she was offered a ticket out of the prostitution lot, enabled to go to college, but in return, her services were required. She was indentured for life. Her tattoo was her branding for service. A life of hell in the mafia.

In the bordellos in South Melbourne, she'd heard whispers of some who had gotten away. They'd managed to get interstate. If they were able to migrate overseas, on fake passports somehow they'd gotten messages of hope to the other women. If they'd been just gliding around interstate, there was a high likelihood of being caught. The ones who were caught, they ended up floating around in the sea, their bodies being washed up on the shore, or somehow found in suburban parks, with mentally ill people set up to have evidence planted of them raping them, and thus going backwards and forwards to maximum security on a forensic order.

Natasha was brilliant though, and she believed in her totem. Her red fox made her adaptable, able to shapeshift into whatever she wanted. She remember a line from Bruce Lee: "be like water, water becomes what it is poured into," and with that, she knew that she could become whatever she needed to in order to enact her own survival.

And thus, to college she went, learned skills in networking and security, and software development through Deakin University in Melbourne, and developed valuable skills for being indispensable to her boss. She was

also an incredible chameleon, and superb at disappearing in amongst the shadows.

Natasha had spent the last several years working relentlessly, keeping low in her plans. She'd sworn herself to the utmost secrecy. She'd managed to squirrel away enough of her pay to be able to buy a studio on Bondi, and to be able to send money to an offshore bank account. This enabled her to be able to start planning her getaway. She also looked into getting plastic surgery to change her appearance, so that she would eventually be able to leave the country, and to set up her life elsewhere.

The craziness and the insanity of her life just made her crave the quiet. She walked quietly across to her bookshelf, covered in dusty volumes. Georgette Heyer, Jean Plaidy, the Bronte Sisters, Anne Rice Vampire Chronicle novels and other assorted paperbacks she had read throughout the years, she had kept here. She went to go read her set of Fairy Oracle cards, and put out a spread while she boiled the kettle for some earl grey tea. She'd managed to make a quick entry into a 7-11 Store on her way to her studio apartment, craving a cup of tea, some biscuits, a tin of tomato soup and some bread and butter. Basic simple nourishment, her go-to comfort food.

What was normal? If anyone really tried to masquerade as such, she'd found that they were more into crazy deviances and being covert as their lives were about being mostly in the closet about their peculiar fetishes. Some liked to wear adult diapers and be bottle fed, and these were barristers. Others like to be spanked gently, and others again tied up and pegged while wearing gimp masks. It was all very very obscure, particularly in the professional world.

Life as a prostitute really could be quite edgy, and she'd been forced to have an open mind. She was wary of so

called white collar business professionals and other sundry seeming traditional mundane workers from office buildings, as they were known to wear lacy underwear and carry around ben-wa balls in their ass during meetings.

Sometimes she had been called to lunchtime business gatherings, in order to be the centre of a round of bukkake. The underground entertainment of the Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and Gold Coast elite crowd was as exclusive as it was lucrative for the many mafia pimps who ran the show, introducing their high end clients to even more crazy kink. Some women were “retired” after being seriously upset from being cut and violated, and just couldn’t handle the site of another penis, let alone the mere suggestion. They usually ended up as the maids and cooks for the brothels where the younger girls were stationed.

Her Oracle Cards suggested that she would be going on a trip soon, that she should relax and focus on what she could control, and to let go of the past, and release all grudges from people.

“Hmmm, a fresh start after a holiday, well I am happy to spend a bit of time here while I sort a few things out,” Natasha was pleased with her reading, but it indicated what she was feeling deep inside. Oracle cards were a way of tuning into the subconscious. Natasha remembered something about her mother being a fortune teller, and how when she was small any and sundry would come to her mother’s house to have the fortunes read, and to receive some gypsy cures, herbs and other types of traditional medicines.

Her mother had moved to Australia to meet an Australian man, under the guise of him wanting a life partner, and she had gained her citizenship, along with Natasha’s when she was a very tiny girl. Her mother’s partner passed away, and her cousin and his parents offered

to look after Natasha and her mother. In the years leading up to Natasha attending university, her mother had taken ill with breast cancer, and despite several lots of chemotherapy, she passed away, leaving Natasha with her cousin when his parents moved to the country around the hills of Adelaide.

Yuri was a cunt of a man, the epitome of sado-masochist, and a closet pervert. He wasn't into the usual BDSM but the more hard core beatings, forced raping and abduction fantasies. He had an account on Fetlife, and had a string of subs that used to visit, and Natasha could hear being tortured in the room next to hers. Yuri and Natasha's family were from Russia, and he had originally been doing a lot of mechanical repair work, while helping to support his parents, but then edged more and more into the world of BDSM after becoming involved with a group of drug dealers.

Natasha simply wanted to survive. She had a long time of suffering, and she had thought that Mikhail had offered her a simple way out of her predicament, but she still had years of a fucked up mind and cruel pigs forcing their fantasies onto the girls branded as owned by the Russian Mafia. To escape to a life of simplicity was all that the women would think about.

When her cards showed up as her needing to rest, she giggled slightly to herself, *sorry darling Fae, but I hate to point out that it is quite obvious I need to rest!* A strange eclectic mix of damage, intelligence, beauty, pain and kindness was Natasha's expression of her soul. She felt like she was just energetically whirling through life, and the holes and the voids she felt in the times where she was numb, she attempted to fill up through cutting of herself, and maybe being able to feel ... feel something.

Now, after a therapeutic mixture of tea, bandaging and soothing the cut marks she had just given herself, and reading her Oracle cards, she felt self-same satisfied and able to progress to a hot shower, and then into bed with a girlish novel. She selected a paperback, *The Vampire Lestat*, and went and tossed it into her room. It seemed quite vanilla, this treacherous gothic novel about blood suckers and New Orleans life, compared to her stifling reality. Perhaps, though, as time progressed, it would seem as though it were completely another lifetime.

Her life had been able to be simply summed up in one word: terror.

19 FOUND

Mikhail had his secretary bent over the desk, his balls slapping up against her thighs as he pushed deep into her. She was fully ripped on a cone, and half out to it, when Nikolas LaMer came into his boss's room, completely oblivious to Mikhail with his cock pumping in and out of the secretary. Her bosom bobbed up and down on the desk, her hard nipples erect over the top of her blouse. She had red fishnets on, and cum had been seeping down her legs as Mikhail had taken another illegally imported generic viagra and hardened his fat up again. Deep in he went, lubricated by his own man secretions. He had done a couple of lines, so he was in a fucked up frame of mind.

“Mmm, slutty secretary.”

Nikolas nodded to his boss, while Mikhail picked up the cigar off his ash tray, and took a deep long toke, eyes half glazed.

“Da? What you want motherfucker?”

“I think we have found Natasha,” Nikolas walked over to the crystal whiskey decanter, poured himself a shot of Starward Whiskey, and let it slide down his throat. Another went down as quickly as the first, then he moved to the desk, picked up the \$100 bill and sniffed up a line of freshly cut crack.

Nikolas’ eyes rolled back in his head, and he moaned as a sudden high smashed his body and consciousness. “Fuck, good shit, motherfucker,” Nikolas then leaned over towards Mikhail, who was still pumping his secretary across the desk.

“On your back, slut,” Mikhail smacked her bottom, manhandled her hips so that they rotated and she flipped onto her back. He heaved his hard cock into several cock rings, tore off the secretary’s shirt, and licked at her nipples.

“Mmm, business time slut, I have to cum, you get the fuck out,” Mikhail pumped her hard, then ejaculated another load into her. She groaned slightly then he pushed her away, and smacked her arse, then she gathered her shirt, and headed out the door.

“Business, yeah?”

“Mmmm, time for that shit later,” Mikhail grimaced, raising an eyebrow towards the door.

“Alright you fucking pervert, tell me about what you have found?” Mikhail dragged his leather chair towards the large wooden desk and sat down, pulling right up to it, and resting his elbows on the top while he took another toke of his stogie.

“So, we have a corrupt fucktard in the traffic division, who had to pull a few strings to be able to access some of the highway cameras in New South Wales and Queensland, as there were no records of Natasha travelling by air, or other public transport.”

“Yeah, well I don’t think she has enough to get a private jet, or fucking walk, so go figure,” Mikhail responded to Nikolas.

“Well, we found her number plate in Sydney, so we have located the general area where she is, and the tech team have installed some camera taps around the area where she was last seen driving,” Nikolas continued.

“Good work, fucker,” Mikhail nodded in pleasure, “so now, we get on with it. Pour yourself another drink.”

Nikolas poured himself another shot of whiskey, and topped up Mikhail’s glass, and they toasted to the demise of Natasha.

Natasha awoke to the sound of a police siren whirring outside her apartment. It was just before five a.m. and she straightened her eye mask, and crinkled her nose.

“Mmmm, fucken police,” she murmured.

Natasha checked her phone, she found several notifications for her fake instagram account under the name of Rose McMadsen, with messages of men asking to see her breasts. She used it to keep an eye on several people that she knew, hoping to avoid them. Natasha kept several fake accounts, and swapped regularly between all of them. In order to keep an eye on people she had known and if she needed to, contact or keep track of.

A bang suddenly thudded at her front door, and she jolted up in bed. Before she could start to become aware of the surrounding activities, two men and one woman in balaclavas rushed into her room with a bag containing duct tape, sedative, and a mask. The woman pulled out a needle, squirt liquid out of the top of it to release air bubbles, and then the men jumped onto Natasha to hold her down.

The woman grabbed Natasha's arse, and injected the needle into the upper quadrant near her hip, and as Natasha startled while the pain seared hot through her body, she slumped into unconsciousness.

20 HARD COCK

Alejandro dug into the duffle bag, time seemed to be stilled around him in the early hours of the morning, and as the room phased out of the ethereal type of ghost hour, everything normalised. The duffle bag was still there, but mysteriously the food and evidence of something else had completely dissipated. He looked around his room, and the sudden emptiness hit him. There was a large machete in the duffle bag, a round of ammunition, and a an uzi.

Alejandro grasped the handle of the uzi, and loaded his weapon. He was tanked on a line of cocaine and several shots of vodka after drinking the strange elixir. He went into his bathroom, and looked on the floor where Natasha

had dropped a delicate pink G-string. He remembered her riding him hard in the shower. First she sucked his cock, and then bent right over while he fingered her nub, he then flipped her around, her hard nipples rubbing effortlessly against his chest as the water ran over their bodies.

Her mouth had found his, her hot wet tongue caressing his. She had ran her fingers through his hair, then through the five o'clock shadow on his face, and she started biting at his top lip. The thought of Natasha's wet poonani sent pulses through his nervous system, and his penis stood to erection. He jumped into the shower, completely drug fucked, and craving. He dropped his pants, and let the water just flow over the top of him, imagining her being lifted onto his hips as she did that night, fully engulfing his member. He slid in and out of her in his mind, his hand grasping his shaft, slowly stroking it. The water covered his tears, and he started to howl with the need of her.

"I will fucking find you Natasha, you will not escape me," and his crave turned into abandoned relentless obsession. He came into his left hand, and then washed it slowly down the drain of the shower, then exited. He looked in the mirror, seeing a ghost of who he was, and knowing what he could possibly be if he exited this fucked up moron of a existential shithole, and made his way of escape, but only with her at his side.

Towelling off, his phone started buzzing. Alejandro walked out to the lounge room of his Teneriffe apartment, and lifted his phone off the elmwood dining table. His decor was masculine, and reminiscent of a Melbourne St Kilda warehouse style. It was a loft apartment, and his office upstairs overlooked the Brisbane river.

A URL was sent from an unknown number, and he clicked on the link. The link opened up a video to a secure website, and it automatically logged in once it had detected

Alejandro's phone number. A woman sat in a chair, with a blue singlet, and nothing else. He watched in disbelief as the woman had a man who was dressed in a gimp mask come and taser her with a cattle prod in the vagina, and her muffled shrieks and screams through the ball gag seemed oddly familiar.

"Fuck me, what the hell?" Alejandro muttered. He was into kink but this was extreme in the sickest most misogynistic way. The tone of the screams seemed oddly familiar, and Nine Inch Nails Closer formed the soundtrack in the background. A voiceover came onto the video:

"Wanna know what the fuck is going on, Alejandro?"

Alejandro shook his head, grimaced and felt sick.

"I did warn you, fuckface, *рeмeнь*," and a man walked over to the other one in the gimp masked, shoved him out of the way, and then tore off the black sack from the top of the woman's head. The familiar face with eyes wide open, and skin white with terror bore straight into Alejandro's soul. It was Natasha. Mikhail proceeded to take off his own balaclava, and then pulled Natasha off the chair, and then threw her to the floor. Her head thudded to the ground, where her face then received a laceration, and blood started slowly streaming from the cut. Mikhail then proceeded to strap on a rubber cock ring, and plunged himself into her, making her shriek, and tears streamed down her face.

"I found her, and now my hard dick is in her, da?"

Mikhail raised his eyebrow towards the camera, and then the video footage of the torture scene stopped. White text then flashed onto the screen:

This bitch was my wife, and look what happened to her. Now I don't give a fuck too much about Natasha, but if you refuse to join us, she will be demoted from being my fuck slave to the same fate as my former wife ...

The video then showed camera footage of a black and white security film, where Alejandro could see Natasha screaming as Mikhail loaded his wife into a tree grinder, and the sound of the bones and flesh grinding and being spat out the other side into the room made Natasha hysterical. Alejandro wretched.

Call this number in three days, and you will be given further instructions. For now, I am enjoying my toy. Understand?

The video then ended, and the link was severed as the website automatically went offline.

“You’re a fucking dead man, Mikhail,” Alejandro reached for the uzi, and rubbed the tip of it along his several day growth. He then threw it back into the duffle back, pulled on some Levis, a shirt and his Doc Martens, grasped his keys into his hand, and then headed downstairs to the car garage of the apartment building.

21 RUCKSACK

“Violet, fucken answer your phone,” Alejandro cursed at his iPhone just before dawn, and honked loudly on his Nissan 300ZX outside the Balmoral apartment block. He cranked up John Lennon on full volume on his subwoofers, and Power to the People blasted throughout the neighbourhood.

“Shut the fuck up cunt,” a grisly tenant screeched from the apartment building.

A woman stumbled out of a ground floor apartment, located off Riding Road, and her hair was pulled into a messy ponytail, her blonde hair loose around her face.

“Fuck off Alejandro, are you here for more pussy?”

“Oh, bitch, you’re awake ...” Alejandro pushed the passenger door open, and beckoned her in.

“Can’t be good, it’s you after all,” she turned her nose up at him, and shook her head gently in disdain.

“Oh, come here,” he kissed her gently on her lips, parting them, and then exploring the wetness of her mouth with his damning kisses. They sent you straight to romantic hell those kisses of his, charming fuckboy he was. His cock started to harden, and then Violet undid his jeans, and then slid herself over, and then up onto his cock. She started bucking him, grinding her hips deep into him as her nipples hardened, and he fondled her with his fingertips, making her lusciously wet.

She jerked her up and down on his cock, his mouth parted as he explored more deeply into her mouth, she completely lost control as he took her somewhere else. Then he nuzzled into her neck with his tongue and his teeth, and she moaned. As she started to peak, he realised that he was unloading into someone he no longer cared about, and like a lightning bolt, Natasha’s screams burned into his heart. He starting to tear up, and his sobs became louder as Violet finally collapsed onto him, and she cupped his face in her hands, looked deeply into his eyes as tears streamed down his face.

“I have to save her, Violet, please help me, so help me God I have really fallen in love,” his bottom lip quivered. That beautiful, vulnerable part of him make her waiver in her ice maiden stance, and then he sobbed again. She kissed him gently on the forehead.

“Come inside, tea, yeah? Fuck you Alex. Come in,” Violet slipped off him, and then got back out of the car, with Alejandro trailing behind her into the ground floor apartment, and she switched on her electric kettle, and pulled out some teabags of earl grey from the cupboard.

22 CRESCENDO

Natasha woke, her head ached like a machete had been punched through her skull. She had duct tape around her mouth, and her hands were cuffed behind her back. She was lying in her own urine, on a concrete floor in a darkened room. There was nothing in there, just bare concrete, and a drain that looked like some blood had been hosed in there.

‘*OMG, I am in a wet room,*’ she thought to herself. She started to moan, and kicked against the door across from her. Her mouth was dry, and her lips blistered.

The door slowly crept open and a small framed woman entered gently. She whispered quietly in Russian, and Natasha shook her head.

“Are you thirsty?” the raven hair woman with gentle dark eyes looked at Natasha with compassion, and bent over to remove the duct tape from her mouth.

“I am so sorry this is happening, I will come back with some things for you,” she pressed a finger to Natasha’s lips.

Natasha started to cry, she knew she had to stay silent as this woman was helping her and would not be permitted to do so. A wet room was where the Russians placed people who betrayed them, torture them, record it, and then murder them. Once they were dead, they would remove the body in a body bag, destroyed in an incinerator, then the room hosed out and the blood would wash down the drain. They were often used for snuff films for women who had tried to get themselves out of the sex trafficking work, and had failed. The videos were then sold via the Darknet to twisted perverts.

It could also cost several million to perform in the snuff film themselves, and Natasha knew this. She’d helped facilitate the secure connections and transactions and watched the bank transfers across the money laundering online. She had cringed all the time she had done this, and all she wanted to do was to get away from this shit storm of hell. Maybe now, things had been so bad and she was so weighed down with guilt of facilitating the transactions to happen, that maybe the ending of her life was just karma for reaping from these. She was still holding onto some hope that maybe something would happen. Right now she welcomed death, to be free of the living nightmare of this tortured existence. But maybe ... Alejandro would find a way.

The door opened slowly, and the woman walked back in quietly with a glass of water, and a plate of a light broth. She knelt down in front of Natasha. She also had a small bag in which she had placed some wash cloths and a pair of fresh underwear.

“My name is Anya,” she gently brought the glass of water to Natasha’s lips, and helped her sip it slowly. The water dripped gently over Natasha’s full blush pink lips, and almost stung her throat as she had been dehydrated.

“I have added some electrolytes to it, shouldn’t be too sweet, sip slowly,” Anya paused, and then dipped a teaspoon into the broth soup and lifted it gently to Natasha to sup.

A tear ran down Natasha’s face as she moaned in pain. A searing tearing pain went up from between her thighs and up into her spine. Anya noticed that Natasha had blood stains around her dress. She frowned in concern.

“Oh God, what have they done to you?” Anya cringed as she pulled out the wash cloth. She then removed a bottle of colloidal silver from the bag, and gave Natasha a teaspoon of it.

“You know all about this don’t you?” Anya started to cry quietly, as she often had to clean up the women who had survived the monstrous torture of being filmed rape while unconscious, but she had been told to leave Natasha where she was. She had defied the men in charge, and went to assist Natasha. The men were asleep after injecting themselves with methamphetamine and heroin, and then having an orgy with some of their regular female workers, and then had fallen unconscious in a splayed mess of hellish perversion in the office in the upstairs of the warehouse disguised as a transport business.

The wet rooms were at the back of the warehouse, and some contracts for delivery were carried out in order to maintain the appearance of legitimacy, but the storage facility was used for filming torture and snuff. Natasha had been tortured and raped while she was comatose on the floor of the wet room, and her anus and vagina looked bruised and bleeding. She had been forced into quite

violently, and right now Natasha was cleaning up her gently, and the colloidal silver would prevent systemic infections.

Anya cringed as Natasha cried in pain as she was cleaned up.

“Oh, Natasha, I am so, so sorry. God I hope you know someone who can get you out of this,” Anya gently stroked Natasha’s face after she put some sterile dressings on her wounds, then offered her more sustenance.

Shouting started occurring in the distance, and then Anya turned white and suddenly threw everything back in the bag and exited the room after reapplying the duct tape to Natasha’s face.

The door slammed and Natasha stayed in the darkness, now more fully comprehending where she was. She again passed out from shock.

Alejandro sat across from Violet. He cupped the mug in his hand, the tag on the teabag swinging gingerly on the outer of it as he tipped it to his lips, and gently sipped. He sighed, placed the mug back on the coffee table, then stood up and went to the toilet. He unzipped his fly, and the sound of piss hitting water in the toilet bowl made Violet roll her eyes.

“Good God, Alex, shut the fucking door,” Violet hollered.

“Fuck you, slut,” Alex cursed back at her with a stifled laugh.

“Mmm, same old, same old,” Violet giggled.

She lay on the couch, a silk robe gently draped around her, parting at the point where her breasts peeked out revealing a nipple, and her moist vagina was visible if one walked past and inadvertently glanced a sideways glance.

Alex should his penis, then wiped it. He flushed the toilet, then cleaned his hands, and went back out and sat across from Violet.

“So, you’re so in love with her, and fucking me? What the hell is with that?” Violet pursed her lips and blinked in dismay.

“Don’t give me a hard time, I pictured her the whole fucking time and you know it happens,” Alejandro retorted and grinned, then flipped her the finger.

“Bah, want a shot?” Violet poured herself a shot of vodka, and then offered a shot glass to Alex. He willingly took it, and then they imbibed several shots in a row. The warmth of the alcohol started to make Alex feel fuzzy, and then he started to cry.

“Violet, something bad has happened to Natasha, I need your help to get her back,” Alejandro pushed his phone across the coffee table to Violet, and opened up the link for her to view.

“Oh my God! Russian fucking mafia! What the hell are you doing getting your emotions all caught up with her for? Do you have a death wish Alejandro?” Violet turned white as she watched the scene, horrified. Nausea gripped her intestines, and she ran to the bathroom, ejecting her stomach contents.

Alejandro had tears streaming down his face, and he had stopped the video link, and put his phone away. Violet came back out from the bathroom, and sat across from Alejandro and held his hand. She gently squeezed them in reassurance.

“I will help you get her back Alex, whatever it takes,” she spoke softly, as Alex started sobbing violently.

23 RESOLVE

Violet made a phone call, and after she had thrown some sundry personal belongings into her duffle bag, Alex opened the front door, and they both stepped out as the sun shone brightly overhead.

“Take us down the M1, Alex, full throttle, I’ve set a beacon for your plates to all the highway patrol officers, so they back the fuck off,” Violet grinned as she pulled her door shut, and Alex fired up the Nissan.

He floored the pedal, flipped the Nissan around in a u-turn, and fanged it up Riding Road, down into Lytton Road and onto the Gateway Motorway, hurtling down the M1. The car showed up on local police scanners as a police vehicle, and Alex grinned, knowing Violet could still pull rank. She was small, but sassy and had an edge to her nobody wanted to fuck with. Her iconic hero was Lara Croft, and she was a compact blonde version of the Tomb Raider character, but packed a bunch of sub-machine guns instead.

Violet had retired early from the police force. Before Alex had gotten himself fucked up over drugs, she had been his boss. They had tracked some mafia activity where some of the other drug traffickers around the Gold Coast and South Brisbane had disappeared. They'd gone searching for the bodies, and were tipped off that there was a burial site around Murphy's Creek. Over the northern side of the railway at Murphy's Creek, at the foot of Toowoomba was a mafia hotspot.

Known well to the locals, that one shouldn't venture out over the northern side of the railway line without being overly cautious, or interfere with anyone else's property, strange dark vans and black pickup trucks were seen occasionally. There were stories of a mass burial site, where the mafia dumped bodies on a regular basis. Crops of marijuana were grown there, and sites for methamphetamine labs were scattered in amongst the deep scrub of the area.

Violet and Alex had cracked one of the drug rings, that had also been involved in child prostitution. Up on Bridge Street in Toowoomba, there had been a brothel that used underaged minors, and some had been tortured and killed. Violet had been utterly traumatised from disassembling the crime ring, and Alex stayed in the police force, but turned to using heroin and other substances to mitigate the agony of seeing some of the fucked up shit that had been going on.

Violet was honourably discharged, diagnosed with post traumatic stress disorder, and became a buddhist and vegan. She tried yoga, wiccan and dabbled in a few other ways to ease the trauma of what she saw, but she still kept her gun licence, and would regularly go and practice her skills on the rifle range.

She had been devastated when she found out Alex had been put on leave from the police force. She had appealed to one of the higher level managers within the police force to reinstate him when he had enough recovery time, as she vouched for his character. Her appeal to a complete discharge was considered, and he was placed on leave with pay, in order to clean himself up. He had to attend therapy sessions, and after a period of six months voluntarily enter into a drug rehabilitation centre.

For Alex to come to her for help of this nature meant that he genuinely needed it, as him being a typical male, he was stubborn as fuck. Alex was tough on the exterior, rarely showed his innermost vulnerability, and had a fragile ego. He was quirky, had a wicked sense of humour and could berate the newbies on the force for the most minor fuckups. A strange mix of fucked up and perfection, somewhat obsessive in detail, but sloppy with his personal interactions and addictive tendencies.

Violet had taken him on as a rookie, herself recently been promoted to a Senior Detective in the Gold Coast Police Force, and they were based at Surfers Paradise. They were undercover detectives, and their offices were located behind a retail store of women's lingerie. In their covert office where they liaised with ASIO operatives who tracked imports of drugs via the Southern Moreton Bay Islands down into the Gold Coast waterways, it was Violet's team that was able to eradicate one of the worst pedophile and drug rings that had ever been in operation.

The Sherry Bassett Lingerie Club was still located in Cavill Mall, at the Paradise Centre. Alex had floored it all the way to the Coast from Balmoral, and then finally passed through the parking gates and down through several levels of parking. Violet and Alex exited the Nissan, and used their old RFID embedded ID tags to enter the elevator,

and head up into the centre, to a side entry behind the Sherry Bassett Lingerie Club, to what could have been a high-tech engineering and information technology lab, with some computer nooks, a large server, and a weapons cache out the back in a large locker.

“Violet?” Nathan Garrett, Violet’s former friend with benefits, eyed her from across the room. Violet looked at him briefly, and grinned sheepishly, and blushed.

Nathan was tall, quite attractive, and was the wire monkey in the office. Sweet and loved to be a submissive to her when she felt like being a dominatrix, she was at one point head over heels for him, but had been more partial to girls. Having a man on the side as a primarily girl loving bisexual was a priority, and Nathan quite happily filled that role.

They had often had steamy encounters in the weapons locker, unbeknownst to other officers at the Drug and Pedophile Detective HQ. Nathan had his explosives licence, and was able to rig various bombs and also to disable them. Violet knew immediately that this was a serendipitous opportunity. She wanted her powder monkey in on the job.

“Alex, do you mind going to collect your paperwork? I need to talk to Nathan,” Violet pointed Alex towards the exit, as she had discussed with Alex regarding his passport and other travel documents, and money that he needed. Violet made several phone calls on the way down the motorway, and Alex knew that she had project managed the living fuck out of this extradition, pulled some funding out of some black market accounts, and for her dearest friend, it was well worth the fall out. One day Alex would be ok, and she knew that this would be important should he ever have another chance at getting back to doing what he did best: fucking up bad guys.

Alex made his exit, and Violet made a move towards her favourite powder monkey.

“Got my whip babe?” Violet raised one eyebrow at Nathan. Nathan pulled a gimp mask from the bottom drawer of his desk, and a crop whip. He grinned like a little kid from ear to ear, and then followed Violet back into the weapons locker.

“Anything for you, Mistress,” Nathan giggled.

24 AMPLIFICATION

Thom Galston was a master at doctoring up fraudulent papers. Anything, everything, he could do it. He could make passports better than the Australian Passport Office could. He dealt only in cryptocurrencies, so that none of his transactions were discoverable in amongst the usual financial transactions, and as he was a major supplier to a variety of high-end cartels, he was under their protection. Ironically, he was also protected by his police contacts as their exit clause guy. When things in your life got seriously fucked up in the police force, and you were a major target, he could get you out, fake your death, and help you restart over somewhere else. He was the master of the out clause, and ran the industry like a master.

He swung his leather briefcase onto the table at the booth of the coffee shop, an older dive on the western side

of the freeway. Opposite him sat Alex, with beads of sweat and a tremor.

“Motherfucker, you need some dex, you shaking like a buzzsaw,” Thom rolled his eyes and shook his head at Alex.

“Shit has gone bad, Thom,” Alex looked down at the table, and using his cell phone, transferred the balance of ethereum to Thom’s CoinJar.

“Gracias motherfucker,” Thom checked that the balance had been received, then pushed the briefcase towards Alex, then exited. Alex stayed behind, and opened the case quietly. Inside were travel documents, foreign currency and the location and contact details of a man who could help Natasha and Alex leave the country.

“Fuck me, Old Man Storyteller, I had no idea,” Alex muttered quietly to himself. It seemed coincidental that Old Man Storyteller would be the one who would sail he and Natasha out of the country on a yacht called Maybe. They were to leave to meet him at midnight, on the jetty of Lamb Island, where they would sail out past Dunwich, and on to Noumea.

A text message came through to Alex’s phone inside the briefcase.

‘Destroy your other mobile, Violet and Old Man Storyteller have your contacts, then when you pass Stradbroke Island, leave this phone at Dunwich in the trash. It will be picked up by another contact and disposed of,’ Thom had messaged him.

Alex slurped down the coffee, and then paid the middle aged man at the counter for a chicken and mayonnaise sandwich and ginger beer. He took both, and then left. He had another visit to make to one of the other members of the old team. Living down at Burleigh Heads was David Guy, who had left the police force after busting the

pedophile ring with Violet, Alex and Jeremy Irving. Jeremy had become a pencil pusher, and lived with David. David would punt every Saturday on the horses, and worked out occasionally at the gym. He had maintained his physical fitness, should he ever be placed in a predicament, but he couldn't handle the thought of coming across any more fucked up situations with children.

He had agreed to help Violet, and volunteered Jeremy along with the job. Payback is a bitch, and karma dishes out more violence and obliteration, amplified. In an old apartment building, built around 1960, Alex pulled into the car park out the back, and knocked on the door of apartment 5. A bearded Jeremy answered, and inside he found David with a needle in his arm, and passed out.

"Fuck me, you two are hopeless," Alex walked across and yanked the needle out of David's arm, and slapped him across the face.

David woke up with a start, and his eyes widened. His pupils were dilated, and he lacked coherency.

"Jeremy, what has he been using?"

"Shot up some heroin, I told him where we were heading," David muttered quietly, "I just took a couple more dex pills and had a cone."

"Fucken great, you know I need you guys functioning?"

"Just chill, Alex, we had to fucken numb our shit, I will drag him into your Nissan, then we will go get Violet," David pointed Alex towards the fridge, where Alex found himself a bottle of vodka, poured himself a shot, and then gulped it down.

"Fine, then let's fucken get shit on," Alex shook his head, and exited the door of David and Jeremy's apartment. Jeremy shook David, and he stood him up, and led him out to the Nissan, where he clambered in behind

the driver's side seat, and sat bolt upright as the heroin started to take effect.

Alex fanged the Nissan around the corner, then back up the Gold Coast Highway and back to Surfers Paradise, and into Cavill Mall again.

"Just like old times hey cunts?" David spoke softly, a grin from ear to ear.

"Yeah, I am sure the boss is fucking her powder monkey right now, given him a big tap on the arse," Jeremy giggled.

"Guys, for fucks sake, shut up and yes, I am sure she is, but right now we have to focus on getting Natasha the fuck out of that facility, and out of the country," Alex was fuming, hoping they would take their tasks seriously, and that their instinct would kick in over their drug induced mind-altered state of euphoria.

"Nah, man, she right, we go fuck up some shit," David grinned.

The three men went up into the Paradise Centre, and walked into the Sherry Bassett Lingerie store, and the retail assistant giggled, as they all entered into a back change room, and the mirror wall opened to the rear detective facility.

"You cunts finished your shit?" David hollered.

Sitting at a table with a bunch of guns, some gel-ignite and machetes and duffle bags, and small tablet computers were Nathan and Violet.

"I think we good to go fuckers," Nathan allocated all of the team their respective kits, and then he and Violet led the way to outside, where a fully tricked out Lancer Evolution and Twin Turbo Toyota Supra were parked and ready to go.

"Fuck me Violet, how you pull this shit?"

“Cause I am motherfucken snatched and fly as fuck fellas,” Violet slung her daypack onto the back seat of the Evolution, and jumped behind the steering wheel. Nathan sat beside her, and the other three entered into the Supra.

The Evo fired up, and Violet flicked her into gear, dropped the clutch and took off, as Alex followed suit in the Supra. Nathan had routed through the darknet and found the last known location of the pseudo-snuff film upload, and it was out the back of a warehouse used by Mikhail’s mafia group as a transport company front.

The Waze App took them up to a warehouse complex in Murrarrie. By the time that they arrived at the *Quality Goods Transport Company* offices, it was mid afternoon. Violet parked the Evo, and Alex pulled the Supra in beside her. She pulled a small gun on the receptionist, who then opened the door to the rear of the facility, and then David, Jeremy and Alex burst through the front doors. Violet used a taser on the receptionist, knocking her out, and then followed through the door behind the reception counter.

Down the corridor, to the left, a group of Russian mafia were fapping to a snuff film while it was being edited. Each one of those men got a bullet to the head, and Alex and Violet kicked down more doors, shooting mafia members dead, and finding several women passed out, ensured that Jeremy called for backup and the ambulance to come help the women.

Behind a steel and concrete door was Mikhail’s personal office. Through a video monitor, Violet could see that there was a woman tied to a chair, ball gagged, while a sex machine with a drill on the end of it kept forcing its way into her vagina. Mikhail was in there, watching her while he had another woman chained to his desk, screaming. He was fucking her violently, and was quite clearly tripping out on ice.

Alex saw who the woman on the desk was and almost fainted.

“Alex, it is Natasha, isn’t it?” Violet asked gently.

“Yes,” a tear welled up in Alex’ eyes.

Nathan stepped in between them, shook his head gently, and pushed Alex out of the way.

“Let’s blow this fucken cunt up,” Nathan screwed up his nose at him in disgust as he started to rig some gel-ignite on the door.

He signalled to David and Jeremy, and the sirens of extra police and ambulance were whirring in the background.

The group moved back into another room, and a large explosion sounded, blowing away the door as Mikhail fired his load into Natasha.

“What the fuck!”

“That was one hell of a scene,” David nodded to Jeremy and Alex as he edged forward with a sub-machine gun, and entered into the blast scene where debris and clouds of smoke engulfed everything. Muffled screams were still coming from the woman in the chair, and Natasha was sobbing violently.

“You fucking killjoy!” Mikhail screamed at David, as David shot a bullet into his leg, and then went and took a machete to his other one.

Alex went in, sliced apart the duct tape, and then injected Natasha with a heavy sedative. He carried her out through the flames and the debris, as the fire alarms went off, and the building’s fire sprinkler system poured water all through the rooms and corridors.

Alex gently placed Natasha, who was by now unconscious into the back seat of the Lancer, and sped off down towards Redland Bay, as the police backup and ambulance came to handle the mess that remained.

25 SUNSET

Old Man Storyteller had been notified that Natasha was severely injured. He came across to the Redland Bay Marina in a private speedboat, and met Alex with the unconscious girl. He had with him a bag of Chinese traditional medicines, as well as more sedative to keep Natasha unconscious until they were safely in Noumea. He waved Alex down, and Alex carried Natasha from the Evo to the speedboat, and Old Man Storyteller helped lie her across the back lounge in the boat. They locked the Evo, and arrangements were made for it to be taken to Noumea that night in a freight shipment.

Old Man Storyteller didn't say much, his eyes were however full of concern towards the limp body of Natasha. He lifted some warm brewed tea to her lips from a thermos, and held her head up as the liquid entered her mouth. She half swallowed, as she was conscious enough for her gag reflex to work, and it was a mild sedative.

“Alex,” she muttered quietly.

Alex started sobbing, as he fell into the seat of the boat beside Old Man Storyteller, and then the engines were fired up, and they headed down the Redland Bay passage, out to the yacht called Maybe.

“I know it is early,” Alex quietly offered.

“It doesn’t matter, we have to keep her alive,” Old Man Storyteller said as they lifted Natasha up onto the deck of the yacht, and into the cabin, shooting her with more sedative. Old Man Storyteller lifted the anchor, and they headed up from Lamb Island, up past Russell Island, and onto Dunwich.

Dolphins swam up beside Maybe, and the sun began to set over the water. The western sky was lit up with the most glorious violet colours, and Alex started to cry. Old Man Storyteller put a hand on his shoulder as he steered the boat, and played *Lara’s Theme* over the bluetooth speaker.

26 VILLA NOUMEA

Alex and Old Man Storyteller had passed through the border control with their passports, and explained to the customs officers that Natasha had been sick with flu, and they were waved on. The border control office in both Redland Bay, and outside of Noumea had been paid off by Thom, and Old Man Storyteller had been able to rendezvous with another yacht skipper who had taken Alex and Natasha straight to their destination.

They had been met at the Noumea Port, and taken to Alex's villa. A nurse awaited them there, and Alex had maintained a bedside vigil beside Natasha for several weeks. Her wounds were dressed, and systemic infections treated. She had a drip installed in her, keeping up her hydration and antibiotics.

Slowly she had recovered, but her scars would forever remain. Alex had sent her in for an operation under

anaesthetic to repair the tears and slice marks around her stomach and pelvis, and had been physically sick after what the doctors had found.

She'd died on the operating table, and had to have the paddles to restart her heart several times. It had been the longest several weeks of Alex's life.

When Natasha had recovered enough, she had been carried out on a cot to the beach, and put under a palm tree. One evening, while the stars were overhead, and a full blood moon shone overneath, Alex was walking out of the water and towards Natasha, who had been slowly having her sedatives from the medical coma tapered off.

She sat up, and looked around her, her mouth was agape and a frightened Natasha was completely disoriented as what she thought was a ghost walked towards her in the night air.

"Natasha?" Alex cooed as he gently parted his arms and the smell of salt water and coconut, and lime started to soothe her.

His eyes met hers, and they were pools of dark comfort and eyes that had seen so much pain, but had not given up.

"Alex?"

"Yes, my love?"

"You came through for me, even when I lost all hope," Natasha started to sob as he pulled her close, then he knelt on the sand in front of her, after kissing her gently on her lips.

"Will you be mine?"

Natasha nodded, as tears streamed down her cheeks, and she smiled. And the stars twinkled overhead.

27 MIDNIGHT

Take your time
One moment is all to ask
it will turn into
the mobius

a kiss in the centre
of an endless midnight
loop of life
magic pulses
through matter
in the way you hold me
like i am all there is

colliding with a million
broken pieces
a fucked up crazy hot mess
and ringing bells
inside a gothic church

tear the pieces of the past
let them go
I'll kiss you
and in that moment
you will know
where the heart of a star
consumes and shoots you
heaven bound

light touches skin
breezes beckon
from sunset storms

early love making dawns
rain on the roof
hazy days
let me just say

would you open
your cosmos
to the heart that
loves you

Chorus:
kiss me at midnight
as the stars sing our song
and let's begin
in that moment
and forever
as my whole heart
falls into the universe
you composed
and arranged to
the perfect way
in all you do

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lori V Woodward is the author name of Arwen Orford, a GenX creative, lover of art, film, artificial intelligence, and loves those who desire to rearrange the universe.

[.www.lorivwoodward.com](http://www.lorivwoodward.com).

[.www.almonddigitaltechnologies.com](http://www.almonddigitaltechnologies.com).

Render your dreams till reality takes hold.