



MADAM OF MAYHEM



ANGEL LAWSON
SAMANTHA RUE

Madam of Mayhem

Delores Crane

“A Lipitor for a Percocet?” Scoffing, I push the cards back to Barb.

“Do I look like I care about how well-fucked my arteries look? Come back when you have something real to sling.”

Barb, this dirty old bitch from North Side, grumbles, “I guess you’d need a heart to have cholesterol problems, wouldn’t you, Delores?”

“Guess I fucking would.”

It’s bridge night, and all of us withered old shits are sitting around a table with our pills out. Mr. Rosenstein has a pile of hydroponic pot that I could smell the second I walked into the room, and that’s what I’ve got my eye on tonight.

I’m just eying it up, sipping on my gin and grapefruit juice, when the Three Fucksketeers roll up.

“Delores Crane?” the big one asks, sending a shifty glance around the table.

I dip my sunglasses down, assessing them. The big one is a King, not that I give a flying rat’s ass. The one to his left is his brother, all blue eyes and pretty face. I know Nick Bruin plenty well enough. The one to his right looks like he’s about to stain his shorts.

“Is that Percocet?” he asks, all but drooling.

I jerk my chin at Barb. “Fuck off, you dusty old cunt. I’ve got real business to do.”

Snatching her Lipitor, she hisses, “I hope you forget your bank pin when you’re getting robbed.”

“Your grandkids’ nightly prayers are wasted on you,” I call to her back as she storms off. Slowly. Hunched over a walker. She peers up at the Dukes with a glare as she passes. “Well,” I say to them, shuffling the cards. “You three certainly look like you know which color crayon tastes best. Sit down and tell me about it.”

“Blue,” the white-haired says without missing a beat, dropping into Barb’s seat. “The grays are kind of chalky.”

“You know,” Nick says, “we usually like to conduct our illegal gun-running business somewhere a little more discreet than the Forsyth bridge club.”

“You’ll conduct my business where I fucking tell you,” I reply, kicking out a vacant chair. The boy glares, but does as he’s told, arms folded as he eye-fucks Janice’s bottle of blue pills. “They’re laxatives, not Viagra,” I tell him. “But since you just blew in from Stupid Town, I’m betting you’re plenty full of shit. She’ll probably let five go for a picture of your cock.”

He gives me a chilly grin. “No thanks.”

The big one sits down last, heavy and glaring. “We’re doing this as a favor to Payne. You should show us some respect.”

Nick gives his brother a sly look. “This is Mrs. Crane. She only respects two people. Her pharmacist and the guy who invented the iron maiden.”

The white-haired one—Maddox’s boy—glances between us. “You know each other?”

I laugh, low and raspy. “Oh, this one and I go way back.”

Nick’s eyes narrow into slits. “She tried to turn me out once.”

“What can I say?” Shrugging, I stab out my cigarette. “Nice ass is nice ass. What’s your story?” I point the dying ember of my cigarette at the Maddox kid. Green eyes. Covered head-to-toe in tattoos. I don’t know him half as well as I know his daddy.

“My ass is pretty nice, too,” he replies flippantly. “But it belongs to my girl back home. Has her name on it and everything.”

I look between the brothers, Nicholas and Simon. I know their parents pretty well, too. “So here you are. Bruin and Perilini’s best swimmers, eh? The good sperm must have dribbled down your mother’s ass crack.”

Simon’s teeth clench. “Do you want the gun or not?”

I nod. “Show me.” Maddox Junior is the one to pull it from his waistband, moving closer as he gives me a glimpse of the shiny silver. I

blink at it, lips pulling back into a snarl. “What the blue-crayon-flavored fuck is this?”

“It’s easy to hide,” he says, turning it over in his palm. “Good grip for small, arthritic hands.”

“It’s a bitch pistol,” I point out. “Do I look like a bitch to you?”

Simon leans back, expression deadpan. “That’s exactly what you look like. An emotionally fragile grandmother.”

“You look like a magician whose only trick is turning liquor into domestic violence.” I gesture at the tiny pistol. “Who am I going to kill with this? A cricket?”

“It’s supposed to be for self-defense,” Nick points out.

“The next time you three pass around that withered brain cell you all share, you should use it to ask yourselves what I’m defending myself from.” Rooting around in my purse, I extract my small tub of Vaseline, slamming it on the table. “Here.”

Maddox raises an eyebrow. “Lube?”

“To ease the way when you shove that bitch pistol up your asses.” I raise my chin, swiping up my glass of gin. “Now show me the real stuff.”

Nick nods at the gun. “That is real stuff. It’s small, but it packs plenty of punch.”

“I’m not as stupid as you look. You’re Dukes. You’re pulling more than one sale today. Show me what you’re slinging to whatever dimwitted turd of a frat boy you’re paying a visit to after me.” A glance passes between them. Some eyebrow wiggling. Some glaring. An eye roll. Finally Nick sighs, bending over to pull a gun from the small of his own back. “That’s more like it,” I say when he slides it over the table. Beside me, Francine pauses her game of rummy to ogle the glock.

It’s bigger than her shitty revolver.

Simon watches me handle it, his big eyebrows crouched low. “Killer said we shouldn’t let you bully us into—”

“This thing come with ammo, or does it shoot the blanks your daddies should have?” I look up at them, waiting.

The Maddox kid lets out a laugh, head shaking. “You’re a real bitch, you know that?”

I stare at him. “You look like a bored middle-schooler’s vandalized desk.” His jaw drops in silent outrage as Simon pushes a box of bullets toward me. I finish off my gin. “Tell me about the Lucia girl.”

“She’s not a part of this.”

I laugh at Maddox. “Oh, kid, you’re not pretty enough to be that dumb. He is.” I nod at Nick. “But you’re not. She’ll always be a part of this. Rain

or shine, duck or run.” I ask the next question to Simon, because he’s the King. “You treating her right?”

He looks startled, but only briefly. “Trying to.”

“You want to know the secret to loving a Royal woman?” I ask, tucking the pistol into my purse. “Give her one of these, teach her to use it, and pray to whatever god you believe in that she never turns it on you.”

The pity in Nick’s eyes almost makes me want to turn the gun on him. “Times change, Delores. Not all men are like Mr. Crane.”

I fix him with a stern look. “I’m willing to be proven wrong. Bring her with you next time, and maybe I will.” Before any of them can accuse me of being disappointed that I didn’t get a chance to reacquaint myself with the Lucia girl, I pluck my cards back up. “It was a business doing pleasure with you, boys.”

They stand slowly, like they’re unsure if they’re being dismissed. But then Nick sighs. “Are you okay? Because if you need protection from someone in particular, then—”

“Don’t patronize me,” I snap. “I’ve had messier kills than you, Bruin.”

He glances at his brother, almost as if he wants to argue that fact. He doesn’t. “Stay safe out there, you wrinkled old cunt.”

I flip him off before calling out, “Rosenstein! Roll your decrepit ass over here and get me stoned.”

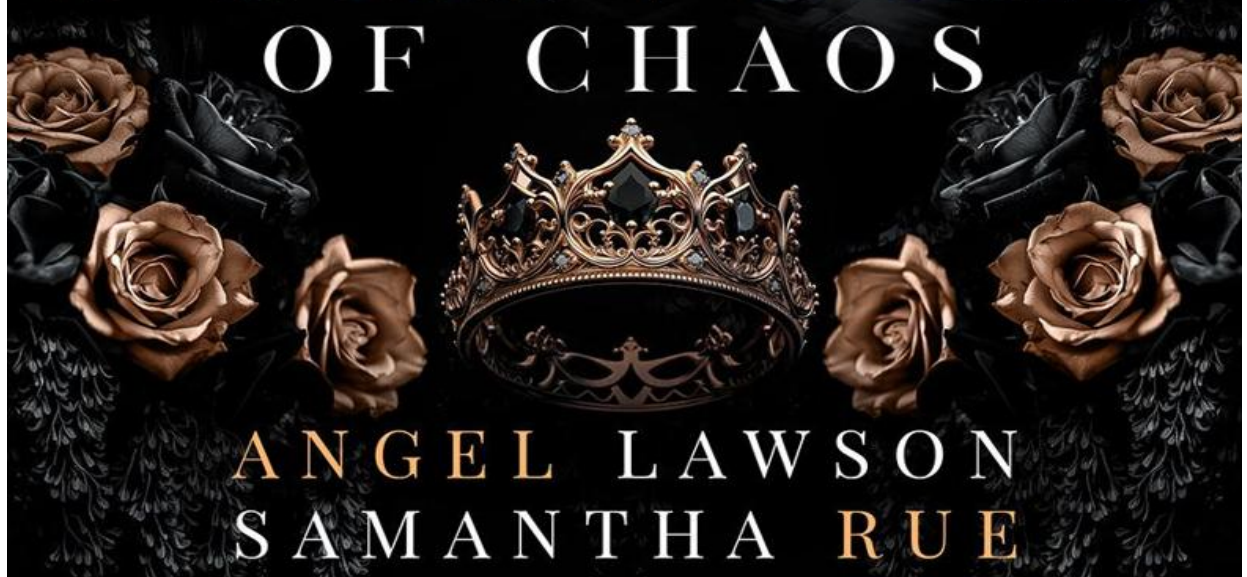
The End

APRIL FOOL'S

ROYALS OF FORSYTH



PRINCES OF CHAOS



ANGEL LAWSON
SAMANTHA RUE

Chapter 2

Wicker

I exhale a thick plume of vapor, lounging back. “Fuck, I missed this.”

Pace is a couple feet away, fingers tapping away at a keyboard. “You missed watching me hack into the Palace’s feed?” he asks, and even though I’m behind him, sprawled out on the bed, he still reaches back at the exact moment I pass the dab pen. “You would. Without me around, you and Lex practically live in the stone age.”

I’m lost for a moment in the fog of what just happened. Lex and I are on a wavelength that’s different from the one me and Pace share, and *that*.

That’s what I really missed.

“I can navigate my way through Father’s servers,” I insist, kicking out a foot. “I meant the weed. Lex hasn’t so much as touched a cup of coffee since...” I bite back the words, already seeing the tension in Pace’s shoulders. We both know what I mean, though. Lex got hooked on viper scratch after Pace got sent away, which was bad.

But when Pace got out, Lex had to stop.

Cold turkey.

Honestly, I’m not sure which was worse.

The silence settles with a heaviness that I try to ignore as the THC takes hold, dragging me further into the mattress.

But Pace's room is never silent for long.

"Who's a dirty bird?" There's a long trill, and then, *"Suck my balls."*

Pace sighs, long and beleaguered. "Thanks for teaching her that, fuck face."

Laughing, I watch his bird—an overly-excitabile, inky mynah—pluck a key from his keyboard before running victoriously up the length of the desktop with it. She's been eying that key-cap all night. He doesn't bother to stop her from flinging it off the edge, singing out, *"Who's a dirty bird?"*

"Yeah, yeah," he mutters, pulling another key-cap from the drawer beside it and clicking it on. I don't need to ask what she took. Effie has been taking the same key off his keyboard since he got her, back in middle school. It's how she got her name.

F12.

The two of them are practically inseparable. I think Pace's prison stint was more hard on her than anyone else. Lex and I took care of her while Pace was away, but she never really stuck to either of us. The day he came home, she got so worked up that she'd bite the fuck out of anyone who tried to re-cage her.

Brightly, she sings, *"Suck my balls. Suck my fuck. Wicker. Wicker. Suck."*

I cringe at the way my name sounds when she says it, the ‘r’ never quite right.

It sounds like ‘wicked’.

Huffing, Pace brings up an image on the monitor closest to her. It’s her view from the highway sky cam. “Perch somewhere and settle down, you dirty-mouthed bitch.”

She flaps a wing when she sees the monitor, giving another long trill. But never one to let the last word go, Effie gives one last, “*Suck my balls.*”

I crack the fuck *up*.

Pace’s room in the PNZ townhouse we share is a lot like mine and Lex’s with its dark oversized furniture and a wall of built-in bookshelves. Similar trophies and awards line the wall—hockey mostly, although when Pace went to lock up, mine changed to lacrosse and Lex quit sports entirely. The ones up on Pace’s shelves are dusty, just another reminder of how different things are now. The other difference in our rooms, aside from the large bird cage, is the elaborate bank of monitors against the back wall. There’s a variety of computer towers stuffed beneath the desktop, their internal fans whirring away. It’s always hot in here, and I feel it now, tugging at my collar.

Pace still hasn’t resumed his typing, hitting the vape pen again. “Good thing you waited for me. Last time we trusted you to hook up, we spent six

days smoking Mr. Rosenstein's glaucoma prescription.”

I extend my middle finger. “Fuck you. Mrs. Rosenstein was really generous to give that to me, considering she didn’t get a piece of my gold-plated dick.” The woman in question was a forty-something ex-dancer. In her prime, she thought marrying a rich geezer was a fast and easy way to a fat life insurance payout. Unfortunately for her, Mr. Rosenstein became Forsyth’s longest living citizen. His decrepit ass is probably running off nothing but pure spite.

Gotta respect that.

Pace turns his head, his dark eyes narrowing. “He still making you do all that?” I know without asking exactly which *he* Pace is talking about.

“Only sometimes,” I answer.

Pace knows I’m lying. He *always* knows. “I bet the Lords would pay you better,” he says, and the touch of derision in his voice isn’t meant for me, but it still makes my buzz turn sour. “South Side knows how to treat their whores.”

“Please,” I scoff, knitting my fingers behind my head. “I’m the best paid whore in Forsyth.” It’s not usually sex. Sometimes this town’s female—occasionally male—elite require an escort to public events, and honestly, who better? I’m young, athletic, well-connected, and leagues hotter than anyone else in this town. “If Father needs me to dress up every now and then to be

someone's arm candy, then that's what I do." I give Pace a meaningful look.

"Clearly you're not above it."

Pace is dressed in a full tux. He grimaces without even looking away from the monitor. "Fucking dog and pony show."

A quick glance down at my own tux brings it all back to me, and I laugh. "Oh, shit. That's why I came in here. I need a tie."

Right.

Shit to do.

Pace passes the vape pen back, coughing. "What, you don't have one?"

"Not a bowtie," I explain, taking another hit. "I lost it at the Christmas party at the country club."

"How?" He never looks away from the screen. "Or is it better I don't know?"

I grin, blowing my vape cloud into the back of his head. "Miranda Weller is a screamer. Shoved it in her mouth to keep her quiet."

A screamer *and* fucking flexible. Had her bent halfway over the back staircase to the upstairs ballroom. Of course, Miranda wasn't who I'd come with. My job for the night was to play escort to a recently divorced ex-congresswoman. Something about making her ex jealous.

Bet it worked, too.

But what can I say? Something about having a woman on my arm—no matter her age or beauty—makes the others want me even more. Hence, my fucking Miranda over a banister.

Pace jerks his head toward the back wall. “Top drawer. I think.”

Struggling to my feet, I walk over to the dresser and open the drawer. All I see are socks, so I push them aside, revealing a stash of worn, wrinkled porn magazines. I pull one out. The date on the cover is faded but I can just barely make it out: 1968. Flipping it open, I see that it’s all bush and full, natural tits. Yeah, there’s a reason to go old school.

Pace glances over. “Hands off, pervert. Other drawer.”

I snort. “*I’m* the pervert. Who keeps skin mags nowadays, anyway? Just use the internet like the rest of us, you fucking grandpa.”

“Vintage porn is better,” he mutters, only halfway paying attention. “It’s not like I was getting broadband in lock-up.”

I pause, giving him a closer look. The vintage porn isn’t the only holdover from Pace’s eighteen months in prison. He’s quieter than he used to be. Deathly still. Sophomore year, he was bouncing off the goddamn walls at the prospect of getting out for a night, chasing some tail, and getting wasted. He’s been back for two months, and aside from the bullshit process of re-enrolling him into Forsyth’s comp-sci program, he’s only been out once, which was for my bout at the Duke’s Friday Night Fury.

All he does is sit behind those screens—usually in the dark—and talk to his bitch of a bird.

He hasn't even made an effort to get any pussy.

Looking into the mirror over the dresser, I pop the stiff collar of my shirt and loop the tie around my neck. Even in the dim gloom Pace keeps his room in, my tux looks awesome. It's the darkest of blues, only noticeable when the light hits it right.

The three of us weren't raised in Ashby's house until we were teenagers, but it'd been a crash course after that. Cotillion, etiquette lessons, tutors, long, boring cocktail parties followed by tedious dinners. There was a time Pace did it better than us, the superior brother. *Poised*, all the older ladies would say, which was doublespeak for 'cute and facilitating'.

Now, he's got dark circles around his eyes, the curve of his shoulders heavy and defeated.

Sighing, I begin, "Pace..."

But I'm interrupted. "Are you two ready?" Lex asks, sticking his head in the room.

"Almost." I pull the ends of the tie, but they slip through. "Dammit."

"You seriously haven't figured out how to do that yet?" Glaring, Lex steps in looking like he stepped out of a catalog. A crease appears in his

forehead as looks around the dark room. “Have you considered—oh, I don’t know—turning on a fucking light so you can see it?”

“I’m working on it.” I make another attempt, but it’s as lame as the last. While I struggle, Lex stops by the bedside table and turns on a lamp, then another by the dresser.

“Hey!” Pace barks, frowning at the light. “Screen glare, motherfucker!”

“Turn around,” he tells me, ignoring our brother. When I don’t move fast enough, he grabs my shoulders and spins me toward him, always happy to manhandle anything that isn’t going his way. He picks up the limp tie and levels the ends, but pauses, tugging down my collar. “What’s this from? A girl?”

“No.” I wince when he touches my throat, the cut still raw and tender. “It’s from the job last night. He still alive?”

Lex looks unhappy about the scratch, but he prods at the edges with a clinical precision. “Yes, he’s alive. That *is* my job.”

“That’s a shame,” I reply, remembering the burning hatred in his eyes when the switchblade swiped my flesh. “That little bitch is lucky I didn’t stick him harder.”

Still caught up on the wound, Lex asks, “Did you even disinfect this? And why isn’t Effie in her cage yet? I swear to god, you two are hopeless.”

“I see you got your hair under control.” I eye the knot it’s been pulled into at the top of his head, wondering not for the first time why he doesn’t just cut it. He only ever lets it down when he’s sleeping, and it’s a bitch to tame in the mornings. Everytime I bring it up, he just gestures to my own hair, which I dedicate a solid thirty-minutes each day to perfecting.

Fair.

He grunts at me, then cinches the knot, yanking the edges tight.

I inhale sharply. “Jesus, be careful! That’s not the kind of choking I had in mind for tonight.”

Ignoring me, Lex looks down at my tux, his mouth tensing. “And what’s with the blue suit? Father’s not going to like it.”

Our father has a strict, black-only tuxedo rule for these things. He likes his functions to be perfectly uniform, everyone matching, like a little collection of figurines. But... “Bitches like me in blue. It brings out my eyes.” I know what they want and I’m happy to give it to them.

Lex frowns disapprovingly. “Tonight isn’t about you, Wick.”

I brush a speck of lint off Lex’s lapel. His suit is, of course, the blackest of blacks. Always toeing Daddy’s line. I snort when he jerks away from my touch. “It’s fine. Father should be too occupied with announcing his new set of cuckold Princes and picking his next heifer to care what color I’m wearing.”

Lex jabs a finger at me, turning to approach Effie. “Don’t call her that.”

“What? That’s what she is, right? A prized cow specifically for breeding?” I check myself out in the mirror. I look good. Fantastic even.

“Of course that’s what she is,” Lex agrees, coaxing the bird to jump to his arm. “But if anyone hears you say it, there’ll be hell to pay.”

“I can occasionally keep my thoughts to myself, you know.” I turn my face, inspecting my jawline for any missed patches of stubble. Pristine, as always. “I feel more sorry for the poor bastards Father ends up choosing to rail her. All those fucking rules about... well. *Fucking.*”

I’ll admit there’s some sour grapes between me and every new set of Princes, but it’s not because I want to be one. Sure, the position comes with a lot of perks, especially if the chick gets knocked up. ‘Set for life’ is what they call it. But even if I did want it, as with most things in our lives, the odds are decidedly not in our favor.

Lex is too old, about to graduate in five months, and then he’ll head straight into the medical program here at Forsyth. Pace, as a convicted felon, is definitely not up to the standards our father has for appointed positions. And me? Well, I’ve been his prized cow since high school. Taking me off the market is a net negative for us both. There’s absolutely no chance I’m narrowing down my options to one pussy for the next year just to be

straddled with a baby and responsibilities, no matter how good the perks may be.

“Fucking shouldn’t have rules,” I decide, fiddling with my hair in the mirror.

The thought of being a Prince repels me, but watching Father butt-pat three stuck-up, Royal morons for a year repels me even harder. They’re mostly all the same, each set eager to remind us that adopted or not, in the eyes of Forsyth, all three of us are bastard mutts who lack any Royal blood. Pace was put into the system the moment he was born, Lex’s parents weren’t even from Forsyth, and mine...

Well.

My blood might be Royal, but aside from my brothers and Father himself, no one knows. Even if they did, being the descendant of the Barons’ highest Royal lineage would just make me even *less* accepted in East End.

We were raised on these ideals: bloodlines, legacy, heirs, paternity, building up the Kingdom, all of it hammered home by our adoptive father, the current heirless King. And every lesson ended on the same note.

Our job isn’t to be Royal.

It’s to serve the ones who are.

Hearing the tone of my voice, Lex stiffens, pinning me with a hard look. “Wicker, can you please behave, just for tonight? This is a big deal. He

expects us to be on our best behavior.” His jaw tenses as he puts Effie into her cage, closing it up tight. “I need you on your best fucking behavior.”

I roll my eyes. “We do this every year, Lex. It’s a *party*. We’re talking champagne, wine, molly, women in sexy dresses cosplaying as chaste virgins, and best of all?” I reach out to adjust his bowtie, smirking. “Losers. Eleven of them, all sad and desperate, gagging at the chance to taste some Prince cock, and we’re the silver medal, brother. Next best thing.”

“So much for having a gold-plated dick,” Pace mutters.

Gesturing to Pace, I say, “Plus, we need to get our baby brother laid, or else he’s going straight-up unabomber. He hasn’t gotten any in almost two years—”

“Fuck you, Wick,” Pace doesn’t even turn around to offer his weak protest. “I just got head the other day.”

“*Suck my balls*,” Effie screeches, pecking at the cage door.

I point out, “You got blown six weeks ago, after my fight, by a girl who didn’t even look happy about it.” Shaking my head, I tell Lex, “Come on, it’s his first party since—”

Lex slams his fist down on the dresser, making the mirror rattle.

“Goddamn it, Wick! Aren’t you listening?” The ensuing silence is heavy. Pace’s back is rigid with tension, and even Effie goes quiet. Lex fumes, “It’s our first real appearance together since Pace got sent to fucking prison, and

the two of you are in here getting stoned!” Just as quickly as it came, the anger plummets from his expression. His shoulders shift in a careful, awkward way, as if the weight of his tux is painful. Quieter, he asks, “Do you want him to give me another appointment?”

“No,” I answer instantly, startled at the implication. “What kind of fucking question is that?”

“An honest one,” Lex replies, glancing at Pace, who’s so motionless, he could be a statue. Lex sighs, “Pace. You know I don’t blame you. I’m just saying... let’s not flirt with disaster.”

Raising my palms, I relent, “Fine. I’ll be a good boy until the clock strikes midnight. You have my word.”

“Everything should be over by then,” he agrees, seeming mildly appeased. “At least for us.”

He’s right. Once they anoint the new Princes and Princess, they’ll go off to their private ceremony and the rest of us will be cut free. Cue all the sad, rejected hot girls.

Lex steps into the middle of the room. Things have been weird between them since Pace got back. I keep waiting for the *click*, just like earlier when Pace took the vape pen without even needing to look. It’s a rhythm between us. A synchronicity. They’ve been off-tempo and it makes my temples throb.

“Has Father talked to you yet?” Lex asks.

Pace just shakes his head. “Not one word.”

Lex takes this in slowly, as if he’s rolling it around in his head. “That could be a good thing.”

“Could be,” Pace agrees, tapping on the keyboard. “But we’re smarter than that.”

Lex and I share a look. Pace is plugged into that thing twenty-four-seven. It’s been worse since he got home, as if he’s living life *through* the monitors. The campus is on one screen. On another, the Avenue. Another screen shows an infrared shot of the Palace’s gates.

Jittering nervously, Lex says, “Come on, Pace. Father wants us at the Purple Palace by seven.”

Pace leans closer to the screen, raising a hand. “Hold up, things are getting good.”

Annoyed, Lex starts toward the set-up with the obvious intention of shutting it off, but as he gets closer, he stops short.

“What...” He runs his hand through his hair, loosening the product. “Oh. *Oh*. Damn.”

Curious, I walk over. The monitor they’re looking at is split into four separate video feeds—each showing a female in various stages of dressing.

The footage is in black and white, the camera mounted at a perfect height to catch their cleavage in high-definition.

“Are those the girls?” I ask, already feeling the horny tickle in my balls. “Father rigged their dressing room?”

“Yep. One on every mirror.” Pace taps a few buttons and the camera zooms in a little, giving a better view of one girl as she threads her feet through her panties. She loses her balance, twisting around and flashing her plump ass at the hidden camera. My fingers twitch, craving the feel of all that flesh in my hands. It’s been at least forty hours. My blood is humming with the itch.

Pace watches with heavy eyes. “Nice selection, don’t you think?”

I shoot Lex a grin over Pace’s head, surprised to see my brother return it.

Twenty months without sex.

Yeah, baby bro is thirsty as fuck.

Leaning closer, I shrug. “Well, you know Father Dearest. Only the finest specimens for his collection.” My eyes jump from screen to screen. “I just wonder which one is the best.”

“Or most unique,” Lex adds. “Something extraordinary.”

“Something fun to play with,” Pace adds, wetting his lips.

Laughing, I tell Lex, “Guess we better call our dibs.”

The three of us grow still as we watch these women squeeze themselves into tight corsets and sheer panties. They're all different shapes, sizes, skin tones. My gaze is drawn to a pretty, dark-skinned number with massive tits. "Fuck, I want to bury my face in those."

"Mmhmm," one of the guys agrees. I'm too distracted to figure out which one.

"What about her?" Pace asks, gesturing to the top screen. She's got ink on her lower ribcage. "You think Dad changed his rules?"

"Doubtful," Lex says, frowning as his eyes flick to Pace's forearm. Only a few months into lock-up, he managed to get some ink. Lex has never been a fan of tattoos, but Pace's especially.

He has tally marks of each day he spent in lock-up.

"Father probably owed someone a favor," Lex muses.

Pace hums in agreement, while my eyes dart from one screen to another as they come in and out of view.

Lex snorts. "Poor girls, so excited. I almost feel bad for them."

"They have no fucking idea what they're about to get into," Pace adds. His hand falls to his lap and he shifts his cock. "In four hours, one of them will sign their life away."

"Yeah, they get no sympathy from me," I say, noticing a new face emerge in the bottom left screen. "They're just like all the other bitches in

this town. Greedy gold-diggers, selling their body for the hope of experiencing the spoiled, lavish lifestyle of a Princess. They know what they're doing." I rest my hands on the back of Pace's chair, trying to get a better look. The black and white video makes it impossible to confirm much about her features, like hair color. It's not dark like the girl with the big tits, or the glaring white of some of the platinum blondes. Her face is cast down, but there's something familiar about her.

"Okay, time's up." Lex says, taking a step back. "We need to get going."

Pace moves to shut off the monitors, but I grab his shoulder. "Wait."

The girl I've been watching shrugs out of her robe revealing a perfect, tight body. My limbs grow heavy as I watch her dress. First putting on a pair of those sexy panties, then the corset. When she reaches for the dress, I get a good look at her face and it hits me. "Red."

Pace notices at the same time I do. It's the *click* again, the feel of him tensing, the knowledge that his eyes are boring into her like lasers. I can practically hear his tongue running along the sharp edge of his teeth as the tendons in his wrist flex.

I know what he's going to say before he even opens his mouth.

"This one." Pace flicks the screen and rises from his seat. "This one is mine."

*

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