

1 REPORTER'S CERTIFICATE

2

3 I, Deborah A. Harris, Florida Professional
4 Court Reporter and Notary Public in and for the State of
5 Florida at Large, do hereby certify that I was authorized
6 to and did report said deposition in stenotype; and that
7 the foregoing pages 1 through 216 are a true and correct
8 transcription of my shorthand notes of said deposition.

9 I further certify that said deposition was
10 taken at the time and place hereinabove set forth and
11 that the taking of said deposition was commenced and
12 completed as hereinabove set out.

13

14 I further certify that I am not an attorney
15 or counsel of any of the parties, nor am I a relative or
16 employee of any attorney or counsel of party connected
17 with the action, nor am I financially interested in the
18 action.

19

20 The foregoing certification of this
21 transcript does not apply to any reproduction of the same
22 by any means unless under the direct control and/or
23 direction of the certifying reporter.

24

25 DATED this 20th day of January, 2016.

1

2

3 Deborah A. Harris, Court Reporter
4 Job No. J0277789

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

EXHIBIT JJ

B O I E S , S C H I L L E R & F L E X N E R L L P

401 EAST LAS OLAS BOULEVARD • SUITE 1200 • FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301-2211 • PH. 954.356.0011 • FAX 954.356.0022

**CONFIDENTIAL/SEALED DEPOSITION
SPECIAL TREATMENT REQUIRED**

Sigrid S. McCawley, Esq.
E-mail: smccawley@bsfllp.com

February 10, 2016

VIA E-MAIL & FEDERAL EXPRESS

Esquire Solutions
PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT
101 Marietta Street
Atlanta, Georgia 30303
errata@esquiresolutions.com

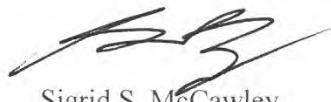
**Re: Confidential/Sealed Deposition Transcript, Job No. J02777789
(Errata changes to be treated in same manner).**

To Whom It May Concern:

Attached please find the errata changes for the Videotaped Deposition of Virginia Roberts Giuffre taken January 16, 2016. This transcript has been designated as Confidential and has been sealed by the Court. Please ensure that all materials including transcript, errata changes and video tape are treated accordingly.

If you have any questions regarding the errata changes or treatment of confidential/sealed materials, please do not hesitate to contact me at (954) 356-0011.

Sincerely,



Sigrid S. McCawley

SSM:sp
Enclosures

Confidential/Sealed Transcript Pursuant to Court Order
Videotaped Deposition of Virginia Roberts Giuffre (January 16, 2016)
Job No. J0277789

215

1 DEPOSITION ERRATA SHEET

2

3 Assignment no: J0277789

4 Bradley J. Edwards and Paul G. Cassell

5 vs.

6 Alan M. Dershowitz

7

8 DECLARATION UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY

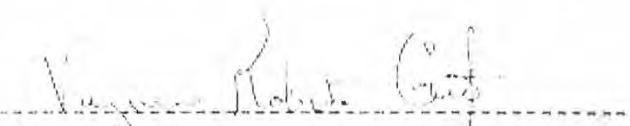
9

10 I declare under penalty of perjury that I
11 have read the entire transcript of my videotaped
12 deposition taken in the captioned matter or the same has
13 been read to me, and the same is true and accurate, save
14 and except for changes and/or corrections, if any, as
15 indicated by me on the DEPOSITION ERRATA SHEET hereof,
16 with the understanding that I offer these changes as if
17 still under oath.

18

19 Signed on the 11 day of January
20 2012.

21

22 
23

24 VIRGINIA ROBERTS GIUFFRE

25

Confidential/Sealed Transcript Pursuant to Court Order
Videotaped Deposition of Virginia Roberts Giuffre (January 16, 2016)
Job No. J0277789

DEPOSITION ERRATA SHEET

Page No. 6 Line No. 17

Change to: "Yes. I signed the subpoena duces tecum."

Reason for change: Did not initially recognize the document

Page No. 6 Line No. 20

Change to: "No. My lawyers worked with me to collect documents and my understanding is that we turned those documents over to Dershowitz's counsel prior to the deposition."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page No. 9 Line No. 9

Change to: "Yes."

Reason for change: Did not initially recognize the document

Page No. 11 Line No. 1

Change to: "Yes."

Reason for change: Misunderstood the question

Page 11 Line Nos. 4-5

Change to: "I'm confused. I don't know what foreign president you're talking about."

Reason for change: Misunderstood the question

Page No. 11 Line No. 23

Change to: "I understand well-known prime ministers and other world leaders; as far as foreign presidents, I believe so."

Reason for change: Misunderstood the question

Page No. 12 Line No. 2

Change to: "Yes, assuming South America is considered overseas."

Reason for change: Misunderstood the question

Page No. 12 Line No. 8

Change to: "As far as I know right now, yes, I was."

**Confidential/Sealed Transcript Pursuant to Court Order
Videotaped Deposition of Virginia Roberts Giuffre (January 16, 2016)
Job No. J0277789**

Reason for change: Misunderstood the question

Page No. 38 Line No. 11

Change to: "I'll continue with the list here. Nadia Marcinkova I was not sent to her, but she was part of it with Jeff Epstein. Others on the list include Marvin Minsky and Tom Pritzker."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page 38 Line 19

Change to: "Off the top of my head, once, but it could have been more."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page No. 38 Line No. 21

Change to: "I believe Tom was at Mexico. I may have also been with him in other places."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page No. 41 Line No. 8

Change to: "On an airplane and in a limo."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page No. 41 Line No. 10

Change to: "One, each time."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page No. 41 Line No. 12

Change to: "On airplane, blond, young."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page No. 98 Line No. 16

Change to: "As you can see in that answer I'm not even sure. It wasn't six months, but between six months and a year which is why I'm saying nine months. It was an assumption. It could have been six weeks."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

**Confidential/Sealed Transcript Pursuant to Court Order
Videotaped Deposition of Virginia Roberts Giuffre (January 16, 2016)
Job No. J0277789**

Page No. 190 Line No. 22

Change to: "No, other than maybe you showing it to me today. It's in my pile. It's not in my pile, is it? I don't know. I haven't seen it. I was served with the subpoena, and I signed for it, and I reviewed it at that time."

Reason for change: Clarification of answer

Page 191 Line 5

Change to: "Why would I do – no. I did collect documents and gave them to my lawyers in response to this subpoena. And my understanding is those documents were produced."

Reason for change: Misunderstood the question

Page 191 Line 20

Change to: "Yes, but I did not have any pictures of myself with Professor Dershowitz."

Reason for change: Misunderstood the question

EXHIBIT KK

The Billionaire's Playboy Club

By Virginia Roberts

To my true love Robbie who believes in me every step of the way and to all of my children, you are all my very inspirations!

Chapter 1

Every single person in this shared world together has a unique story of his or her own to tell, this one is mine. It was coming up to my third night camping out at Miami Beach in the summer of 1997. I was thirteen years old and hiding from a world full of hurt. Sitting on the shoreline for hours watching the sunset fall deeper into the horizon, my eyes were glazed over with tears, not from being wind-whipped by the rough sea breeze, but from reflecting on the abuse I encountered as a young girl and how everyone in my life who was supposed to be there for me had now turned their backs on me in abandonment. My fears crept up and the excitement of escaping all of them faded now realizing how alone I really was now, and for the hunger that was paining my belly. At this point, with nowhere to go and only time to waste, I wiped the tears from my eyes and set out to find an empathetic person that I could manage to get dinner money from. If not, it wouldn't have been the first time I had gone hungry for the night. I walked to the nearest bus stop and asked a handful of people for any spare change, none of whom that could help me. Sitting down on a nearby curb disappointed in grief of my current state, I put my head into my knees and began to sob.

Out of nowhere, it seemed, a black stretch limousine turned the corner and stopped in front of the curb where I had been hopelessly lost. The back door opened to reveal a heavy weight and balding, old man with a big cheezy smile. Nearly dressed in black trousers and a collared shirt, he was sitting next to a striking young, blonde girl, drop dead beautiful and dressed in a foxy red mini dress she looked like a model just stepping off a runway.

Their smiles greeted me warmly and he kindly asked, "What is such a sweet little girl like you doing sitting alone on the street looking so upset?" Shocked from this strangers concern I was hesitant in telling him the truth. Reluctantly I decided to tell him that I was a runaway, not from around here and really hungry. Hoping at most, I would get some money for food from him. He instantly displayed a chilling excitement and offered me to come into his car so we could talk some more. That

should've been my first queue to get out of there quick but with no where to go, and so naive I didn't realize how much worse it could get. Setting foot into that limo, I made my first entrance into a world that would entrap me for many years to come.

He introduced himself immediately as Ron Eppinger, a businessman and owner of a successful modeling agency, called "Perfect 10". Flaunting his oozing wealth by introducing one of his many girlfriends, the beauty next to him was Yana, a supposed model from the Czech Republic who looked like she could be in her early twenties with the heavy load of makeup she was wearing, but really was only in her late teens. She kissed me on both cheeks and politely said "Hello" in a thick Czech accent, making me feel a little more at ease. Convinced it couldn't be that bad there was another girl in the car, right? I couldn't be more wrong.

What he didn't tell me to begin with was that his modeling agency was only posing for an undercover trade. By the time I found out I thought it was too late to run. His business was really an illegal immigrant hour of erotic entertainment, the girls were trained to fulfill every sexual trafficking ring of young women mostly consisting of underage girls that he was using as escorts to make him uber rich. Only available to a selective clientele costing them anywhere from \$1000.00 and over per hour of erotic entertainment, the girls were trained to fulfill every sexual desire asked of them, no matter how bizarre the requests might be. The high paid escorts, for Ron's super rich clientele, such as Yana and many other charismatic beauties would only benefit a fraction of their earnings for themselves, Ron reaping in the majority of the financial rewards and being they were all illegal immigrants they were further trapped by his enslavement.

I proceeded to introduce myself, besides what he had found out about me on the curbside. Telling him my name and a little about how I ended up on the streets explaining that I could take care of myself and didn't need my family or anyone to look after me anymore. Looking back later in life I can now admit I was in a terrible state, but being such a headstrong teenager, I refused to give in. He asked my age and I told him I was sixteen at first. He coyly replied, "Are you sure? I think you could be telling me a fib? How old are you... really?" I wont be mad" Being a terrible liar, I knew had been caught out and couldn't deny it any further. I told him the truth and he chuckled then paused and answered in a very serious tone "As long as you never lie to me again I will take you in"

Right away, I pondered to myself what did he mean...take me in?

He gave the driver the location of our destination and rolled the middle window back up to then tell me a story of how his daughter had passed away seven years ago from a horrific car accident in which four other teens were killed and he has never gotten over it. I reacted with sheer



Silvano
AGREN BLANDO REPORTING
5/31/06 KHM

of life was just mind blowing to even comprehend at first. With such a new outlook of the world to try and grasp at my young age I was listening to every word spoken to me with such attentiveness. I was going to try and model what I was observing from the girls. I justified their way of thinking in my head for now, thinking if all these girls seem happy enough, why couldn't I try to be, it was this or the streets for me.

Ron came back for me not long after our conversation got out of hand and took me to a bathroom down the hall. He opened the tap and filled a small plastic cup with water and handed me two small blue oval pills. Telling me to take them both as they would help me to relax a little bit more. I swallowed the pills just following his orders. I put the cup on the counter top and turned back around to face him. Backing me up against the wall and now cornered by this large man I felt his slithering hands began to creep under my shirt, writhing my skin. I closed my eyes tightly and turned my head away from him, hoping he would take my actions as a sign of being extremely uncomfortable but that wouldn't bother him at all. He was half enjoying my reaction from the smug look on his face, and persisted through it.

Continuing to undress my clothes he said he wanted to look me over and clean me up. It was so humiliating having to expose myself to this ageing man and now I knew he was going to end up with his hands and whatever else all over me. All too soon I hated to be right, as I stood naked before his widened eyes, he told me "you're a hairy bugger I'll have to shave you right up young lady", and I didn't know he wasn't just talking about my legs. Standing with my legs wide apart while this man coaxed me through the entire ordeal of shaving, his hands made me feel so dirty. "Have I lost my mind?" I thought to myself but I had to play nice until I had an opportunity to get away, this was not as fun as the girls made it out to be after all, this was utterly disgusting. I had no idea what was going to happen next with this guy, and due to whatever pharmaceuticals he gave me, I still don't know to this day.

Waking up the next morning my head was pounding in an agonizing thumping pain and I was so thirsty. The satin sheets thankfully covered my body, which was still nude from the night before, and I could hear hushed voices standing over the bed where I was pretending to still be asleep. Listening in on their conversation I kept my eyes shut. I knew Ron's voice from two of the men but not recognizing the other guys I just stayed quiet hoping they'd soon leave. Ron was telling the other man what atrocities he got up to the night before with me and I heard him say, "Doesn't she even look like an angel the way she sleeps? She's my own little angel!" He exclaimed proudly. I opened my eyes and rolled over to face them both having to wrap the sheets over my body, really not knowing what to say except "Good-morning" in a blushing tone. Ron

introduced me to his business partner and told to go get dressed. He had my whole day planned out for me already. Booked into get my hair colored, a much lighter tint of blonde, and afterwards a day of shopping with the girls I was becoming exactly what he wanted me too, a carbon copy of the teenage Barbie... only I wasn't plastic and came with many benefits.

Days turned into weeks, being a servant to the sexual desires of this distorted pervert. I dreamt of escaping but where would I go and how would I get away from Ron with him controlling my every second of my day. Separating myself from the other girls being so uncomfortable with enduring the everyday occurrences I was longing for the solitude of the beach again. They were training me up to be an escort prodigy or something like it. Outrageous orgies were conducted as my lessons with the girls teaching me all of their tricks in the game, it was all for the sake of men's perverted fantasies, they didn't get anything from being sexually exploited and molesting each other, except getting paid for it. Everything from oral sex too penetration with toys, I was expected to not only to join in but even perform ludicrous acts of hedonism.

I was Thirteen years old and had never heard the terminology of these sexual acts before, and definitely shouldn't have been learning them first hand. Thrown into a world of chaos. I didn't know what to do except be as compliant as possible, even when asked to do the most degrading tasks. The excitement of the lifestyle he offered quickly diminished once I had to pay so dearly for it. The girls that subdued to this lifestyle and enjoyed it definitely put on a good act, but no little girl with hopes and dreams of their untainted future, turns to her mother and say's "one day I dream of being a prostitute, passed around from man to man, only to grow older regretting so much of my life" It was all a part of an illusion that Ron painted for us that made it seem so alluring in the first place.

Spending my days with Ron, he took advantage at every chance given. Even in his convertible with the top down I would be forced to go topless while he drove around, when I asked him why one day, it was supposedly so I could maintain an even suntan, but I knew it was his way of showing off his treasures. It was a far cry from the simple country life I had been raised in. Wearing designer miniskirts and tops that always revealed too much, of course due to Ron and the girls determining everything I wore, ate, or spoke. We would spend our days at hair laser clinics, shopping, tanning beds, and eating as little as possible. Through the nights we were expected to become party animals and greet Ron's clientele with the upmost flirtatious attention and doting as possible. Then whether we were out for dinner, at a party, or at a club, the men would choose his girl and take her home. Every girl had a different price and so did the charges depending on the various clientele but Ron always kept me for himself.

sympathy and gave him my pity, believing this man had a heart. His next proposal was eerie, he said, "If you wanted, I can be your new Daddy. Someone to take care of you and you'll be my new baby forever" he stroked my hair such as a caring parent would comfort a scared child. A part of me wanted to accept his words and believe he really could feel that way, and then I also considered how hard it was living on the streets.

In the end I convinced myself this would be the lesser of two evils. The car stopped at a plaza on the water, surrounded by little boutique shops, restaurants, and little stalls with items for sale like sunglasses and costume jewelry. I didn't know what to say or do or how to act, it all happened so fast I just went along with everything he said, for now.

We went to a take out restaurant and ate on the waterside, and afterwards he took me to G.A.P Kids co. to dress me in his idea of proper attire, tiny cutoff shorts revealing the cusp of my buttocks and some shirts that barely fit, even the sales assistant was shocked at what she thought was my Grandfathers choice in clothing. I couldn't even believe it myself only an hour ago I was begging for money living on the streets and now I was dining alfresco and shopping at name brand outlets. We then hit a couple of more specialty stores afterwards. He said he had to buy me a few more necessities to start with. Lacy G-strings and what looked to me like lingerie pieces I had only seen grown women wearing in magazine ad's or movies was now a part of my wardrobe, in my mind it was a big step up from being a little girl any longer.

The driver took us back to Ron's grand apartment overlooking the isle of Key Biscayne and a large bridge leading into a Miami Harbor. Entering his residence, I was blown away by the spectacular view, rich décor, and white marble floors that were so glossy it looked as if it was stepping on glass. He took my shopping bags to a large room at the back of the apartment and put them into a small closet. The room was considerably large with glass exterior walls that maximized the potential of the panorama landscape soaking in the seascape of Miami. In the room was a gigantic round bed raised off the floor by three steps and mirrors on the ceiling. It looked like a honeymoon suite out of a raunchy hotel. He then exclaimed, "This is my room here and you will be sharing it with me" When I asked him where I would sleep he then sickly replied "With me silly, where else of course?" With no room for argument I pretended to be O.K with everything that my common sense was screaming out in my head to run.

Next I was taken down a long hall at the other end of the apartment to meet five more exotic beauties. Three girls were in their late teens and the other two in were in their early twenties. All of them were from the Czech, here under false passports provided by Ron and his contacts. Yana held my hand while introducing me to the group of girls as "Baby" a pet

name she came up with for me, being I was the youngest one among them or ever to be brought in by Ron for that matter. It became my new identity not even worrying to mention my real name to anyone anymore. My identity was no longer important to myself, I wanted to become someone new and "Baby" is who I was.

A shocking first impression, the girls were completely nude revealing their voluptuous young bodies with such a careless ease and others were in just a G-string, similar to the one's Ron had bought me earlier. They were all stunning girls and full of life. Charismatic and beautiful they were the girls who should be on the front of billboards not selling their bodies to old crewed men for sex. Doing each other's make-up in front of the mirror and chatting away on the bed with no care in the world, aiming at persuading me to see the highlights of the life Ron gave them and they almost did. Ron left the room for a few moments, letting us all get to know each other a little better and that's when I started to compile an understanding of what really went on here.

Just catching a bit of their conversation from before my introduction, I heard them chatting about the night they were preparing for. Speaking excitedly about some men they would be entertaining in a few hours, one girl was talking about going out to sea with one of these clients on a yacht for a few days. Since none of the girls seemed shy to talk about their professions or anything for that matter, I decided to ask them a few questions about what they did. They were more than happy to expand on their point of view in the conversation, attempting to paint a pretty picture of what they were paid to do.

They all began to jump up and down with excitement like giddy school girls at a slumber party. Another girl with jet-black hair and a thick accent, wearing absolutely nothing at all, grabbed me onto the bed with them and into their fiasco, instantly making me feel accepted into their sorority, like I actually belonged somewhere for once. Yana went on to explain a little more in detail, "We accompany the wealthy friends of Ron. They want only beautiful girls by their side so we come and act however they want us too but most importantly we make them think we want them back too." Other girls began to jump in with their vivid points of view while playing with my hair, they were taking turns brushing and styling it as they were filling my head with all of the prospects I could have as an escort too. They made me feel beautiful like them too beautiful for what a girl beyond my years should feel. I was simply being lured into a dangerous trap, just like they had been at a young age too.

It pretty much all came down to two things in their game, the money they would make and the lifestyle they were given. Their enthusiasm only interested me further, making it not only sound like an acceptable way of living but also appearing to keep them all vivaciously satisfied. This way

I would always dread the end of every night, fearing what new desires he had in-store for the evening. Sometimes he would hurt me and tell me to try and enjoy it then do it over and over again until I gave him exactly what he wanted. I always resisted until I could no more, he was too overpowering and relentless at getting the results he wanted. At other times he could be so gentle and caress my skin, worshiping every inch of my body, all relying upon on what mood he was in. Often though he liked to play the teacher role and instruct me on every motion and explain what would happen when I did those certain things to him. No matter what he did to me I was only disgusted with myself more and more. I still shudder at the thought of how he used my body.

I turned fourteen in August that same year and was spending my birthday loaded on a concoction of pharmaceuticals and alcohol, being generously supplied by the very man who swore his devotion to caring for my every need. I didn't even know myself any longer, completely shying away from the girl I had grown up to be until to this point. The apartment was empty except for me, for the time being, and that was God's own little present for me...some solitude for once I thought. Pouring myself another drink I opened the sliding glass doors to the balcony and walked to the edge. Looking down from the many stories where Ron's apartment was, I wished myself a happy birthday out loud and wondered if my family even remembered the day's occurrence.

Dwelling in my sadness for the fourteen years of suffering and loneliness I had already endured, the tears swelled up in my eyes, trickling downwards making my eyeliner inevitably leak down my cheeks. Inside I felt so trapped and began to entertain the thought of jumping over the edge, it all seemed much easier, and the simple blackness that death had to offer rather than the tangled mess I was so tired of fighting to get out of seemed a much easier approach. Detached from wanting to feel anything, I became so numb towards my life's own tragedies. I couldn't live like this any longer. I lifted my bare legs over the edge of the railing and sat looking at the ground beneath me so close to even just slipping off the edge to my very death. I couldn't think of any reason not to fall. I thought I had made too many bad decisions to keep going on but some force of a higher nature had other things in store for me.

The sliding door slammed open with a burst of speed and Ron scooped me up in his big arms and brought me inside to our bedroom. Laying me down and seeing the look of despair in my eyes from my tear stained face he went into the bathroom cupboard and returned with three pink pills. Forcing me to swallow them using the angered tone of his voice he thought he was turning my sorrows into a distant dream as I passed out in

his tight clutches, crying myself all the way to sleep. He didn't even ask me what was wrong, probably because he knew already. Soon enough the crumbling of his evil empire in the underworld of selling sex for his own advantage began with a single crack in his perfect scheme, and proudly it all started with me. Ron got a scare one-day and rampaged through his apartment telling us girls to only pack our important belongings and some clothes as we all had to leave right away. I didn't have much belonging to me so I basically sat there watching everyone rush around frantically and was curious what could've gotten a man like Ron so scared. Once we were packed up and in the limo he was trying to calm the frantic girls down after all the panic that spread through the apartment like wildfire, I was the only one sitting there half amused at the entire situation.

He began by assuring us that everything was going to be fine. Calmly he continued to tell all of us packed in tightly, even for a limo, that we were all taking a long trip to Florida's countryside because someone has reported an anonymous tip to the missing persons unit at the local police station identifying a very young girl as a possible victim of abuse living at his apartment. Ron knew what a landmine of trouble he had brought upon himself making an exhibition out of me on the streets of Miami, I didn't pull off the older look like the other girls, I actually looked younger than my age with my blue eyes and freckles always giving the impression of my youthful innocence.

Now he just had to do whatever it took to ensure he stayed as far away from the authorities as possible. Arriving at a ranch in central Florida many hours later and I assumed it belonged to Ron knowing never to ask him things like that. I knew my purpose and it wasn't prying into his personal life outside of the bedroom. There was a main house, a few cottages, some staff quarters and paddocks where the horses were kept. I was in heaven... I thought at first. Finally, something I could really enjoy. Riding was my passion, basically growing up on the backs of horses since I was just able to walk.

Not surprisingly I began to despise Ron and all of the girls for the gross exploits they made me do with them. Beginning to isolate myself from everyone I'd rather spend my time sitting under a tree watching the horses graze, writing in my journal or painting but mostly avoiding everyone possible unless Ron required me elsewhere. Nighttime was always a reoccurring nightmare for me. Relived over and over again in many various ways. Ron would always start by making me some drinks and offering an assortment of pills before indulging himself by grotesquely putting his genitals in my mouth and tell me how to give him what he would call a "first-class blow-job", and I was being judged every minute of it. Ordering me to slowdown or speedup or maintain a perfect

rhythm I was constantly being criticized for my efforts in pleasing him. I was eager when he actually gave me a compliment. The rest of the evening was always a surprise left up to a moments notice. Quite regularly he would proceed with having the girls dress me up in some sexy outfit and loads of makeup then entertain him with a lesbian reenactment revolving him in the center. Sometimes they would use dildos and other foreign sex toys, Ron liked to see us hurt during sex, sometimes even penetrating me anally but I always resisted and would try to redirect him with another sexual desire of his but I had no excuses when it came to me having to use the sex toys on him, he told me how men have g-spots in their rectum and instructed me on how to precisely penetrate him. These nights went on what seemed like an eternal sentence for the price of not living on the streets, where unfortunately for the one's still there, I feared and knew from my own personal experience, could be much worse.

Needing some contact with someone of my adolescent mentality I called one of my school friends from the past, whom I wont name out of privacy, but I'll call him T.J. We were so close and I knew very well, so well, I had memorized his number a long time before. He was my first puppy love sprung from of a childhood friendship. Being my very first crush the summer before all of this happened he was the only person I could think of that would care enough to talk to me.

In the middle of the day, the least busy time to be noticed, I snuck into one of the vacant guest rooms and used the phone to call my good friend. The sound of my voice radiated a chill in him. "It's you, oh my God Jemma! Are you okay?" he was so shocked to hear from me and the sheer fact I was still alive. Nearly three months now without a single word to my family or friends, every one doubted my return. My attempt to forge a happy voice when I spoke to him failed and I absolutely crumbled when he was at a loss for kind words for me. I told him of my current state of affairs. Telling him of Ron and how I was terrified of him, trying to escape in the middle of nowhere was useless. It was like being kept in cage that I was unable to break free from. Going on to dump my issues on T.J. I proceeded with how I longed to call my family and to be with my them for good but was too afraid they didn't want me, knowing I'd just be sent away somewhere else again and to me after all this time was like going from one cage to another.

He had been called by them numerously and promised me that they were very worried and even hired private investigators to try and find me. Given I was eleven years old the first time I was sent away, my trust in there sincerity he spoke about was seriously doubted. I kept the conversation short just in case my absence was being noticed and I left on the note that I would speak to him again shortly. His attempts to get off

the phone were nothing short of desperate plea to keep me on as long as possible. I thought he was just trying to help in someway. Giving him assurance in the fact I had survived this long obviously I can hold off a while longer I gave him my love and told him I'd be in touch.

Thinking I had slipped away unnoticed I entered into the room that I shared with Ron, hoping I got away with my brief and very needed phone call. The place looked empty and everyone else seemed to be out and about so I decided to have a bath in the spa and try to relax before the night's precautions. My body glided into the steamy water as I began to think about T.J and how good it felt just to hear from a friendly voice. My thoughts drifted into the days I missed when I felt I could be silly and childlike and I nearly forgot for a moment how grown up I was acting these days.

My first glimpse at the image surrounding me when I resurfaced above the water was daunting. There was Ron was standing over my tub, looking down at me with an eager display of his arousal. He began to undo his pants and take them down when he told me "put your lips on my cock", I was too slow in responding to his request so he grabbed me by the back of the head and forced me into his groin. I had tears streaming down my face as I looked up to him with the saddest blue eyes hoping he would take pity and stop, but he never did. I was really hurt by his aggression and he definitely knew it this time, which I believe only made him more heated. I closed my eyes and began to count using the time to keep my thoughts elsewhere believing every number I counted only furthered me to the end of this. I just got over a hundred when he finally exploded in fulfillment still half submerged in the deep bath I was struggling to gain my bearings in as Ron was picked me up out of the bath and carried me to go to the bedroom, which was just outside the French adjoin doors. Still damp from the hot water in the spa I had goose bumps from the chill of the fresh air where he brought me to the bed and proceeded to deeply violate my every being. Eventually his scars that he left were too deep ever to be healed and would even carry on through the years to come.

Upon his bursting with pleasure for the second time, he just got up and left, without even saying a word to me. Left alone I was awake for hours after that. There was no escaping the pain that night. I lay naked wrapped in the sheets, sobbing in the dark. My feelings of being hurt and disgusted after his abusive ordeal. "When will it ever stop" I prayed to God and begged for death rather than face another day in my life. I woke up still alone the next day and exasperated from the misery I felt the night before. Ushering through my drawers to find something to throw on I could care less what lay in store for me today, couldn't be as bad as being raped by a scary man repeatedly.

Starting my day with a few of the supplied oxytocin's and a bloody mary, made by the live-in house chef. Having two celery sticks for my breakfast, I wanted to lie out by the pool and forget the world. Ron hated tan-lines so to be caught with a bikini top on was a big no-no in his rule book but after my cries to stop were so blatantly ignored last night, I was out to piss him off so I didn't remove my shirt. I put on my headphones and before I knew it had fallen into a deep shambler from my self-made therapeutic cocktail, the only way I knew how to cope with the emotional turmoil on the inside.

Desperate to hear his voice I called my friend T.J a few more times that week. I needed to feel like someone out there really knew me. Sometimes we could just chat like old friends with no care in the world and laugh at a distant memory from too long ago. Then would come the good-bye part of the conversation and we would both get teary-eyed not knowing what could happen next or if this would even be the last time we ever spoke to each other again.

My biggest fear came to reality when I was in our bedroom one afternoon, just lounging around out of boredom. Ron came bursting in through the door, red as a tomato. I couldn't help but feeling I was in big trouble. His face was distorted and raging towards me. I knew right away he must have found out that I was calling T.J, but how, I had no idea. I had always tried to be as invisible as possible, soon enough it was all explained.

"Are you trying to get me caught? You are nothing but a stupid girl you know that! What am I supposed to do with you now?" He was tearing up the room while his rants gave me something else to think about. What would he do with me if he had no use for me any longer? I wasn't even thinking about him being caught for soliciting illegal immigrants for the purpose of prostitution. I was more worried that he would be upset at the fact I was talking to another guy, maybe even jealous that he was at least my age. I replied with simple sentences that I could manage to get out between all the shouting. I kept saying, "I'm sorry" and putting my head down in shame. He picked me up by my throat pinning me against the wall, "You are going away, far -far away from me and you better be nicer to the next man I send you to, I've heard he's not a nice as most would like. Are you fucking hearing me Bitch?" I slid down the wall, choking on the first air entering my lungs, breathless and terrified, I never thought Ron was a nice guy but I had never seen him lose it this bad. Now I was being sent me away to another stranger, another man, it only terrified me more.

The girls came in to say their good-byes all of them were crying and asking me in their best English languages, why I had to call someone and lose everything? I was able to find out through the broken sobs off of

them that the confession came from the house-keeper who said she saw me use the room regularly but was never mess up, so Ron looked at the recent telephone bills and found the same number dialed from that room consecutively, he knew it was me right away. At least he didn't know it was another guy, I thought to myself, or I probably wouldn't have made it out of there alive.

Ron came back to usher the girls out of my room and told me I had five minutes to pack my clothes, which he made clear were to be my only belongings to take with me. He washed his hands clean of me that night, or so he thought. The driver came knocking at my door, just as Ron said, no longer than the five minutes that he had offered me and he took my single bag to the car. I didn't want all the jewelry, music or books that he so caringly bought me as tokens of his twisted affection. Only taking my clothes and a wad of hundred dollar bills I had been saving, I slit a hole in my scrunchie inserting my cash for a rainy day that I was more than sure was just around the corner.

We drove for hours, until I started seeing familiar surroundings. I couldn't believe my own eyes. I was back in Miami, but not on the beaches, somewhere in the CBD this time. The Driver delivered me to the front door with my one bag and waited at the door with me. Now I knew how it felt to be a puppy picked from her litter as you can only hope your next owner would treat you with some sort of kindness.

Another balding man answered the door but he wasn't so grotesquely fat like Ron, but still a new owner at that. He looked me up and down and seemed amused as he snickered to himself. With one last look to the driver over my shoulder it was almost an appeal to him for some way to help me. I knew he couldn't anyways, I was just hoping. He told me his name was Charlie but didn't even bother in asking me for mine. I was sure Ron already filled in all of my details when he arranged this.

Charlie picked up my bag and led me into his bachelor pad townhouse. I was never given a welcoming tour of my new residence or made to feel comfortable. He walked me up the stairs and opened one of the doors in the small hallway. Telling me this would be my room, he showed me into it and told me to wait, he would be back shortly. I sat on my bed afraid to touch anything and after the warning Ron gave me I knew I had to watch my step around here. I put my head down onto the pillows my where world was falling apart and let my emotions downpour. Exhausted from the days emotional turmoil I ended up falling asleep. I don't even know if he ever came in at all that night.

The next morning I looked out of the window to see my new surroundings. It was a beautiful sunny day outside, unlike the dreary cell I was locked away inside of. Feeling the sun warm up my face through the glass, it radiated a familiar sense of comfort from the days of the good

parts of my childhood I reminisced how it had used to be before all my life turned upside down. Before all of the fights with my family, before I had to look after myself, and before I was a slave to men.

Those days were too long gone now. With too many hard times passing me by it seemed surreal to think that life had ever even existed in the first place. With that thought I shook myself out of reminiscing that way. Whatever was going to happen was out of my control now, I just had to give myself some hope that I would have the strength to get myself out of these circumstances before anything really bad happened.

Chapter 2

The house was quiet so I just assumed Charlie was still asleep. I decided to get cleaned up and have a shower. Not even a knock on the door when Charlie walked in with ease. "Typical" I thought. It was an easy way for Charlie to break the ice. "You really are as beautiful as Ron said" as he opened the curtain. Watching me rinse myself in the shower and me knowing I had no way out of this except to go along with whatever he wanted. I just looked down at the mention of Ron's name, wondering what else he had told Charlie about me. Realizing later that he wouldn't have said anything anyways, in fear I would've been a damaged product that wouldn't make him the money that young girls go for.

He just sat on the side of the vanity top and continued to take observations of me standing submerged under the falling water. I avoided looking at him and let him do all the talking, after all I knew what I had to say was of no importance, that is if he was anything like Ron. Between the water beating down over my head I could slightly hear him ramble on about some club and restaurant he owned in Ft. Lauderdale. He said he was going to take me shopping for some club outfits and we would party together tonight, as if I was supposed to be excited over this so-called treat of his.

I looked up and gave him a quick smile adding a compliant nod and turned my attention to turning off the faucet and quickly grabbing my towel. I was falling so far from who I used to be, shying away from my outgoing personality to a quiet girl that didn't even recognize herself in the mirror anymore. I dried myself off and looked at the man standing between the doorway and me. He was still watching me with a sleazy look on his face but now preceded to move in my direction, arms wide open. He embraced me, running his hands up around my youthful curves, licking my neck and earlobes. Then his large, rough hands cupped my small breasts and continued downwards to feel in between my legs. I

knew what I had to do to get this over and done with as quick as possible, but I was dreading this moment from the second he greeted me at the door last night.

I fell to my knees and gave into his demented perversions. Thankfully it didn't last long before he climaxed and I was allowed to get myself dressed and ready to go out. I was nothing but money well spent in his mind. This was another extremely wealthy man with a completely new set of wants and needs asking a fourteen year old girl to affectionately dole on sexual desires to a man in his mid forties. I really hated myself, these men, and just about everything my life had boiled up to by this point, but I knew from a young age that to survive in this harsh world I would have to do many things I would not willingly choose to.

At the shops he decided he would choose the clothes he paid for, which I might as well have been declared a teenage prostitute. Just like Ron he also liked it that way. The more degrading he was to me only proved his ownership of my body. He bought me tiny cocktail dresses, and skimpy outfits, which I thought closely resembled the lingerie he'd also bought for me to wear for him. I noticed that day that he enjoyed parading me around the shopping mall and out for lunch at hooters, even joking with the waitress that he'd like to buy her uniform because he thought it'd look sexy on his new girlfriend.

We arrived at his two in one, Restaurant and Club, at around nine o'clock in the evening. It was a revolving tower called "Hot Chocolates" in downtown Ft. Lauderdale. The food was delicious and for the first time since being with Ron, I ordered a hefty meal with steak and mashed potatoes with a scrumptious gravy smothered on top. Charlie ordered strong cocktails for us both and before I knew it my head was spinning and we were on the dance floor together. The music blared in my head and the rhythm of my body took over, completely forgetting about even dancing with Charlie and letting the music take ahold and work it's magic.

It didn't do me any justice though as Charlie watched me imagining what pleasures lay in store for him later on. Taking me home before the club had even closed, he just couldn't wait to indulge on exactly what he was fantasizing from beforehand. Once back at his townhouse he led me up the stairs into his bedroom and pushed me down in the middle of his bed. The motions from the wavy mattress made me dizzy and feel even drunker when he lay on top of me. Coming at me like a hungered beast wanting to ravage his next meal, it was intimidating as he entered into me with a forceful thrust, he moaned out in delectable heavens. I looked away while he self indulged his own gratifying needs using my body as his instrument in pleasure. I only grew stronger in my head letting the hatred for men desires intensify.

The next two weeks I was expected to be at Charlie's beckon call, never aloud to leave his side, even making me sleep in his bed from the second night onwards. I never even got the chance to call T.J. again. It was too much of a risk anyways. Thus pushing him further out of my memory, too afraid, of the emotional repercussions.

Our typical routine was to wake up get showered and dressed and I would put on my make-up while Charlie made his business calls for the day. We would leave the house mid-afternoon and run his errands do some shopping, sometimes meeting his friends or business partners for lunch, none of the men he introduced me to seemed offended at his choice of adolescent eye candy. They'd just continue to chat away as if it was normal to be in public with his arms draped over a girl young enough to be his granddaughter, not too shy by giving me a flirty tap on my bottom or even try to kiss me.

My last night was no different from every other night. We went shopping that day and out for lunch alone. Later we headed to a club his friend just launched and it was his grand opening that night. The club was called "Jugana Joe's". We met up with his friend and said our hellos. They both seemed so excited about the club and Charlie was full of compliments all around. The club did have a line out the door which looked a mile long coming in, luckily we didn't have to use the front door. Charlie returned from the bar with two giant long-island iced teas, which were his favorite drink to start with and then we just sat for a while watching people dancing. Occasionally conversing about passing thoughts. We danced for a while having a few more drinks and after about two hours, Charlie said he was ready to go home. What a daunting time to look forward to, he always liked to have a brief sexual encounter before drifting off to sleep with my naked body intertwined between his arms and legs.

It was bad enough to have to entertain him at every given second of the day but his grip on me was so stifling I felt so shocked I could hardly breathe much less sleep. Eventually my over-worked mind would drift in-and-out of a restless sleep, but constantly on edge. I thought many of nights of escaping, but where would I go? Would one of Ron's ever-connected informants finds me and turns me into him to be disposed of for good? I just prayed that I wouldn't be another missing person to add to the list of girls found in the local ditches. I knew that's where I was headed if I screwed this up for Ron again.

As if my guardian angel was there the whole time listening to my secret prayers, my rescue came the next morning with an abrupt bursting through the bedroom door at about six am. Charlie and I were still lying in bed together and his grip on me was still tight. The men dressed in all black military gear had large guns and helmets on. It was so frightening

at first. I couldn't even comprehend what was happening so rapidly. I thought Charlie could've been in some kind of trouble with a business friend he had done wrong too, but then one of the men in black shouted "F.B.I this is a raid get down with your hands on you head", in too much shock to move three of the men grabbed Charlie and threw him to the floor and cuffed him. I sat up in bed with my sheets covering my naked body and watched as they dragged Charlie from the room. Still completely nude he wasn't even aloud to get dressed. Another agent had to come back in to the room to find him a pair of shorts. I could hear him screaming at the top of his lungs all of the way outside He was screaming and the last thing I heard him yell was "If you say anything you know who will find you!" I could hear more threats being yelled at me but I couldn't make out what it was that he was saying. I was in total confusion and couldn't believe what was happening. There were so many uniformed agents I felt so small compared to all of them but they were all very kind and helped me out of bed allowing me to remain covered up with the bed sheets so I could get dressed. The first decency I had been showed in a long time. It was an odd feeling to acknowledge. I knew the life I had come accustomed to for the last six months was now over, and in so many ways I was relieved but was also very nervous about what lay ahead of me.

I excused myself to the bathroom to put some clothes on. Not having anything half decent, like a normal pair of jeans and a t-shirt. The best I could come up with was a metallic blue miniskirt and a tiny matching top that fell just below my breasits, hardly clothing at all it was more like scraps of cloth. Putting my hair up in a tight bun with the scrunchie that held my five hundred dollar bills I was led out of Charlie's townhouse for the very last time. Starting my life over... again. I wanted to leave behind my every memory belonging to these horrid times. Only taking small sack containing my underwear, makeup bag, and journal with me.

The agents led me down the staircase and my last vision's of Charlie was bent over the hood of a police vehicle still screaming and handcuffed. I slipped into the backseat of the car and was driven to Broward County Police Station where the Federal Agents interviewed me about my entire whereabouts for the last six months. I was so scared of what Ron would do if I told the agents what really happened but at the same token I knew he'd most likely kill me anyways for being such a liability.

Over the next few hours I sat down and told the agents how Ron's business worked and what I part I had to play to him. I was able to ask how they found out I was at Charlie's house and they informed me that I was being followed all the way from Ocala, Florida where Ron had me stowed away for the last four months. T.J, my friend, called my parents

after our first phone conversation and ever since then, the F.B.I were tapping the phone lines and recording every conversation. Completely unaware of T.J's caring act of deceit, I was in such shock that they had been tracking us for so long. I knew now, with or without my help, the F.B.I had enough on Ron to put him away for a very long time, if they could catch him, that is.

Having so many crooked people working for you can be an advantage when you're in trouble. Like having a pair of eyes in every city. Ron was somehow able to find out about Charlie's arrest and immediately deserted the country to avoid legal punishment, not to mention the discretization of his esteemed clientele that the feds were now on to. Ron had so many countless charges put up against him, eventually when the F.B.I were able to track him down they were able to have him arrested in Yugoslavia and extradited back to Miami, he was finally held accountable for being a pedophile, soliciting women for prostitution, and running many illegitimate and illegal businesses. By the time the F.B.I caught him he was in his mid-seventies when he died of old age serving his second year prison for a lengthy sentence. Coincidentally I was told of his punishment and death many years later by one of the same F.B.I agents that had rescued me from Charlie's arms.

I was taken out of the interrogation room after the interview was over with and told to sit at one of the officer's desk while I was waiting for someone to pick me up. Uncertain of who that someone would be I assumed it would be someone from the juvenile delinquents division to take me back to some state operated lockdown facility. Not the nicest of places to call home, but I had no choice in this matter.

Sitting back in the revolving chair I was twirling out of boredom and listening to the roaming conversations within the office. I pondered in fearful anticipation of the dreadful places that lay in store for me. Having to spend a lot of my adolescence in these kind of places for the sheer factor that my mother said "I was out of control and unable to handle" by eleven years old. There was plenty of just reason for me to be so scared of those places. What I knew lay in store for me were constant fights between the rough girls being settled with violent raids then out came the pepper spray and then the strip-searches and worst of all, no sunlight. It didn't matter if you were a quiet, shy girl that didn't belong there, when there was a fight, which was could be like a few times a week, every person in the room was considered a threat and were treated like a violent criminal. I hated those places and the memories they gave me. That's why I always ended up back on the streets. No child or even a juvenile should have to be subjected to such unreasonable force and neglect. Some of the girls were so used to being subdued to this kind of treatment their

whole life they ended up repeating the same attributes as the people who initially hurt them in the first place.

One very sad girl I'll never forget her, had a father who had been a heroine junkie and decided to play Russian Roulette with some of his addict friends and by fate or chance took the bullet straight through his brain, killing him instantly. Her mother being a heroine addict herself spiraled downwards after his death and gave her four year old child to her ageing grandmother that eventually had to put my twelve year old friend in this un-dire circumstance. I can only have highest hopes for her today but unfortunately for most girls that have been victimized by society aren't able to ever stop being a victim for the rest of their lives or go on to make other people victims themselves. A sad and unfortunate fate for so many innocent, and it happens so much more than anyone would rather admit too instead of just trying to find a solution.

Chapter 3

Hours later I was still twirling myself in the same office chair when I spun around to see my Father walking in my direction. I nearly fell off my seat at the sight of him. Gripping the chairs handles I couldn't imagine what in the world I would say to the man I once used to call Daddy but now hated for the abandonment and unforgiving wounds he instilled inside of me. He contemplated putting his arms out to hold me but instead anger and shame took over and he just shook his head. I never saw my Dad cry until that day and I have to say it made me feel young again and sad I had disappointed my parents again. The agents now standing beside us led both of us together back into the interrogation room to re-tale my journey to my father who they said I had no choice to tell, or they would have to tell him for me, being I was an under-aged minor and Ron violated the statutory rape law, among many others, when he took me back to his apartment and kept me as his sex slave. My Dad couldn't believe what he was hearing and for his lack of better choice in words asked me to stop talking, he was just happy to know I was alive. Like everyone I'd known in life they would rather brush it under the carpet and not deal with the pain rather than realizing sooner or later it all comes out sometime in our life even if it transgresses into our future then becomes what we are willing to accept out of partners, work, and people in general. Simply saying in other ways than with words that our bad decisions befall our tragedies later on in life.

The next discussion was led to where I would go to from here. Before

anyone could put his or her suggestion forward I leapt in with my two bits and made it obviously clear to my Dad that if I was sent away to

another lockdown facility and if he betrayed my trust, again, he would never see me again. I would disappear for good this time and for all he would know I could be dead in no time on the streets. He looked at me and for the first time in my life he saw the many years I had grown up in the time I was gone and heard the seriousness in the tone of my voice when I made my vow to him. He put his head in his hands and told me the bad news, my Mom didn't want me to come home and she was making his life hell for even suggesting bringing me back into their lives. I for some reason threatened her lifestyle and drove her crazy. I had been surprised about a lot of things lately but not that one. The last time I saw my Mom she ever so carefully lied to me and told me she was bringing me to an eye-doctor for an infection. Instead we walked into this tall blue building with people in uniforms holding clipboards and a few muscly guards, she ushered me inside and hurried up to close the large auto lock doors behind her leaving me there alone and imprisoned, which is what led me to recently living on the streets. My life was hell as long as she was in control of it, so when she didn't want me back at home I was fine with that too, but there had to be somewhere else I could go. My dad said he had no choice but to put me back into the facility, but he made a sincere promise that he would not take any longer than a week to try to find a place for me to stay and to go to school. A week I could deal with, but I was still unsure if I could trust my father and hold him to his word, but yet again, I had no choice. Being my legal guardian he could send me anywhere he wanted and there would be nothing I could do, except for keep running. I gave in, and before he left the officers to take me back to the last facility I had run from, I gave him one last hug and reminded him "one-week and I'm gone". Nodding his head and squeezing his arms tighter around me, I could only hope he meant it, but he didn't look too optimistic.

In the police car on the way back to the facility they had to handcuff me in case I ran again, but I had no intentions to anyways. I was going to give my dad the week before I began to search for the right opportunity to jolt again. I was like a "ghost come back," said so many of my girlfriends from the past and there was now a lot of new faces there too. At night when we were all in bed and supposed to be sleeping, I would be daydreaming of better days and imagine myself somewhere in a comfortable bed, actually enjoying my life for a change. A week went by in this facility spending most of my day locked up in what they called "The White Room", a bare room with concrete flooring, no toilet or even a chair to sit on. The only comfort I had was the blue sweater that was provided as part of the uniform, and my hair scrunchie filled with my stowed away cash that no one had found during my unpleasant strip-searches. I would spend hours in the white room for objecting to their

conformity and unwilling to participate in their drilling regime. I didn't feel like I owed any explanation to these people even when they brought a physiologist in to speak with me. "What was the point when I would be gone any day now" and as if any of these people even cared in the first place, I was just another number in the system and they had a job to do. There was one mega-bitch, female guard, named Evelyn and she used to either really like you or really hate you and God-forbid you were one of the unfortunates that she didn't like, she'd make your entire stay their an agonizing nightmare. Constantly picking on girls who were not strong enough to cope with their predicament or past issues, she'd stand them up and publicly humiliate them, and even when they begged her through their sobs to let them sit down, she'd only torment them worse. Which only made the strong girls want to antagonize the fragile one's with more malicious intent. Luckily when I had previously been there she didn't take much notice of me, but I stayed out of harms way with her, just being quiet and observant.

Being back here seemed like an eternity while I held my end of the bargain but unfortunately my Father didn't. The first chance I saw to run I took it. I was being sent to get my blood and urine taken for drug and disease analysis. My driver would be a volunteer from the community and it was the perfect getaway for me. I was brought from the white solitaire room and led into the bright sun, feeling like today would be favorable in my escape. We got to the doctors office, my whereabouts told me I had plenty of ways to run and I scouted out the best looking route. My plan was to barge through the volunteer's inexperienced grip and wriggle my way out if needed, then hit the asphalt, running until my legs couldn't carry me any further. Playing it out in my mind felt different to the anticipation that led up to actually doing it. The inner strength I had was the only thing going to help me in this circumstance. We arrived in the parking lot and I hadn't said a word to him the entire drive, the small framed Spanish man tried to make pleasant conversation but I couldn't see him as anything but a challenge, so I kept quiet instead, ignoring his humorous attempts to befriend me. The car pulled to a stop and he came around the side to unlock my door, this was it, "here we go" I told myself, and pushed past the volunteer. His arms grabbed out at me but only caught me by my shirt, he didn't even put up much of a struggle, like some of the other trained one's I had gotten before, they would put me into body locks of all sorts but he just tore at the collar of my shirt letting me break free. I had done this many times before so I knew I wasn't gone yet, I had to first get out of these clothes. The cops would be looking for someone of my description in the area with a blue shirt and khaki pants, so my first stop was a busy shopping complex. I took the money from my scrunchie and bought myself a pair of jeans, a shirt, and

a sweater for disguise and my next stop was Dunkin Doughnuts' to get a chocolate iced doughnut and a cup of coffee. I didn't have doubts about getting out of the facility but I wasn't expecting it to be so easy this time. My past excursions all began with an abrupt struggle sometimes ending in a brutal state of affairs after being pepper sprayed and fastened into some painful lock by forceful men four-times my size, then tossed into solitary until I saw my next chance to desert. I got to know the guards real well, as I spent a lot of my time being dragged down to the white room by them. There was Jim, a large black man who could've doubled for a "Miami Dolphin's" defensive linebacker. John was another big man with a ponytail and a mustache, and he looked like someone who definitely owned a Harley. The last guy Scott had a smaller build but made up for it with his steroid injected muscles bulging out of his neck and their was the added height from his curly fro. When they weren't restraining me and holding me captive in solitaire, they were actually pretty nice guys, not afraid to have a laugh after some explosive incident and I held no contempt towards them either, they were just doing their jobs.

It was de ja'vous all over again, free at last but where would I go now. With Ron's scouts on the lookout for me, and now the authorities being notified I was a runaway again. I would have a lot of people searching for me, so I knew I had to be careful where I went. My last stop before leaving the shopping center was to use a payphone to call my parents, my Dad answered completely surprised to hear me on the other end, I wanted to sarcastically thank him for breaking his promise to me and I hope he is happy now, he just lost his daughter for good. I stopped to listen to what he was trying to say and he told me "I was getting you out in a few days, I found you somebody to stay with, she's a good person who has got teenagers your age, I was just trying to convince your Mother to sign the papers to get you out of there".

I was so outraged at her ability to put her own wants before the needs of her own flesh and blood daughter. I told him to come pick me up and bring me to the house so I could speak with her for the first time in over a year, but if I felt threatened for one second I will be on my way quicker than a blink of an eye and on my own for good. He wasn't overjoyed at my proposition, knowing what position this put him in as her husband but as my father he decided to put me first for once and take me home to confront my mother.

I arrived at my house for the first time in a long time and everything looked different. My parents refurbished and renovated the house. I didn't even have a room anymore, my old belongings and bed were removed or the front door like her long lost offspring reunited. No, instead she

waited for me to come find her outback smoking cigarettes and having a beer. She stood up from her seat and squinted her eyes loathing in her hair, she coldly slapped me hard in the face. The slap stung, but I matched her look with a familiar stone-coldness that only she could understand. Immediately we both started to cry and we washed away our anguish and resentment through our tears and consolidated our feelings for the first time since the chaos first affected our lives. She didn't want to know much of my whereabouts and she still had a lot of anger to get over but she asked me to stay home at least. My little brother ran through the back door and hugged me so tight, I started to cry again and was saddened by how much time I had missed the time I had lost just hanging out with my brothers and it took me even longer to realize how precious time really is. We were never going to be the average Joes next door but at least this was better than nothing. I loved being with my family again. We had BBQ's and bon-fires with each other and life began to slowly piece back together. It was bizarre how normal it was when I first got home. I turned fifteen that year and it was the exact cup of tea that I had needed to boost me up and get me on the right track.

I decided to go school to acquire my general education diploma or G.E.D and got a summer job with my Dad at Mar-A-Lago, Donald Trumps exclusive country club in Palm Beach. Surrounded by lush acres of tropical landscapes, manicured gardens, and a mansion made into a beach club for the rich and famous it is known as the "Jewel of Palm Beach". I was in sheer awe at the gold arched ceilings and the grandeur ballrooms. The spa where I worked was world class, not only oozing in style but in the way each and every clientele was treated with the utmost service. My focus was now set on becoming a massage therapist, and working my way into a luxurious spa like the one I worked for now, only I was a locker-room attendant there. I studied many books about the anatomy of the human body and how you can affect a person's well-being and health for the better through a simple healing touch. It was amazing to me the way the body responded to massage. I was more than just interested. I was determined to become a therapist.

It was one of those anatomy books that I had my nose buried in one afternoon on a quiet Tuesday and it could get pretty lonely in the locker room, so if I weren't busy I'd sit outside by the spa's reception and read my books in the warmth of the Florida sun. A lovely looking woman in her late thirties who spoke with a proper English accent approached me. I assumed it was a general question, "like where's the ladies room or was that the famous model from so-and-so?" but she was more interested in the book I was reading. Only believing at first we were just making small talk she was really intrigued at my choice of reading. She then asked if I

did massage on the side, I stated I was only reading the book and had not yet began to study but one day I would love to practice massage therapy.

She introduced herself as Ghislane Maxwell. I would later find out that she was the daughter of the late prominent businessman and disgraced newspaper tycoon, Robert Maxwell. I told her my name is Jenna pointing to my name tag on my shirt and offered her a cold or hot beverage, as those were my instructed duties at work. She accepted a tea and went on to chat a bit about this rich guy that she worked for and she knew off-hand that he was looking for a massage therapist. Just doing me a good deed out of her kindness of her heart, I'm sure, she offered to introduce me to him. I declined her first proposition, thinking out loud, told her I didn't know the body well enough to even attempt an interview. She didn't seem worried at all by my fear of incompetence saying that if he liked me enough he would get me the best training in the industry.

Ghislane thought I had a cheery person and fit the quota for what she was looking for and as she put it an enthusiastic learner that she said she gathered from the sticky notes popping out of the various sections in my book. I accepted her phone number and the house address and told her I will call her if I am able to come over after work. I rushed over to the tennis courts where my dad was working and told him of the news. We both thought this could be a wonderful opportunity to get my accreditation in massage therapy. Seeing that it was a lady in her late thirties who came off as more of a nurturer rather than a procurer, neither of us saw any reason to be hesitant.

Chapter 4

At around Five p.m. my dad drove me down to the bottom of "El Brillo Way," on the Palm Beach intercostal. We pulled into a short driveway beckoning a large pink mansion with heavy wooden doors. I was so excited about this chance and asked my dad to wish me luck. He gave me a big squeeze and wished me the best. He walked me to the front door and I rung the door chime. Moments later we were greeted by an older gentleman dressed in a casual butler uniform. I told him I was here to meet Ms. Maxwell for a massage trial and he opened the doors for my father and I telling us to wait in the entry as Ms. Maxwell would be on her way any second, and she was. Down the stairs she walked with a warm smile, her short black hair seeming very proper and elegant, for now. She shook my fathers hand and thanked him for bringing me and kissed us both on the cheeks. They spoke briefly about whom she worked for and about Mar-a-Lago where we worked. She was in hurry, you could tell to end the conversation and say good-bye to my dad, which she did so

ever pleasantly. She said the boss was upstairs and waiting my arrival so with that I said bye to my dad and began to follow Ghislane up the stairs. I was so nervous, but I didn't show it. I kept my reserve and demeanor cool as ice, trying show maturity for the open position. We continued on to the massage room, passing by a grand crystal chandelier, and a couple lengthy wooden half tables displaying a multitude of photos displaying young girls and beautiful women, trying not to gawk at them I didn't even notice that some of those girls were only wearing their smile.

Ghislane asked me how my day at work was and I told her it was easy peasy as always just trying to make simple conversation. There was a fork at the end of the staircase and she led me to the right hand side. The lights were dimmed in the bedroom but I could still see the King Size bed in the middle of room, we did a U-turn around the bed, which led us into a massage room. Dripping in luxury I could've definitely compared it to the renowned Mar-a-Lago's spas, it had marble walls and a glass enclosed shower and self-automated steam room at the very end of the Burberry carpeted room. There was a large mirror over a basin to the right of the room with an array of oils, ointments, soaps, and lotions and a small closed door, which I assumed must be a closet. The only thing that struck awkward about this room was the naked man laying face down atop of the turquoise massage table in the center of it. "I had to be prepared for this," I told myself. Massage was something I had never done before so I quickly brushed away my thoughts of possible schemes, wanting to believe whole-hearted this was going to be legit. Ghislane introduced us to each other and I proceeded to make his acquaintance.

Looking up at from his downwards position, he looked me over and gave a smile to Ghislane, an obvious notion of his approval. He was Jeffrey Epstein as she pronounced for him, as if I supposed to recognize his name or something. He affirmed, "it was his pleasure" and replied to just call him Jeffrey, "No need for formalities" he answered, cleverly putting me at ease. This man did not look like someone to beware of. Both him and Ghislane appeared to be very nice people and conscious of their health as their need for massages and spa visits, no alarm bells went off, yet. I was prepped by Ghislane to "treat this as a lesson from her and follow her exact lead, if I did good tonight then maybe I would become Jeffrey's Travelling Masseuse, seeing the world and getting paid well for it". I was very hopeful, a job like this could really make my dreams come true.

I followed suit and washed my hands with warm water so the coldness would not shock Jeffrey's naked body, then lathered them in rich body butter. Ghislane told me to always keep one hand on Jeffrey, even when getting more lotion, so it didn't make him lose concentration on being relaxed. She gave me a tip and told me to keep a blob of lotion high up on

my forearm so it prevented me from having to keep going back for more and was less disruptive to Jeffrey. This all seemed for real to begin with, I was being educated about the body and splitting Jeffrey's body with Ghislane, mimicking her every motion. Starting with his feet, we began with his heels and arches of his soles. Pushing the blood up his calves in upward strokes to rejuvenate the body's blood supply and being careful to mind his leg hair didn't pull. I was keeping up with her and enjoying the education. It was so interesting how the body worked and I couldn't believe I was learning all of this for free. Once I got a bit of a groove following Ghislane, they began asking me all sorts of questions about my past and it didn't take long before the conversation led down the darker experiences of my young life. When they found out that I hadn't led much of a normal existence they only probed me with more questions, which being put on the spot answered honestly. The funny thing was they didn't seem appalled at all by my statements, rather entertained if anything. Jeffrey called me a "naughty girl" with that wry smile of his, and half playful and half defensive, I answered "no I'm not, I'm really a good girl, just always in the wrong places" he then replied, "It's O.K. I like naughty girls" and rolled over onto his front side to expose his complete nude self. He wasn't the first man to show me his penis, so I wasn't shocked at the appearance of his manhood but I was incredibly shocked at his complete ease to present himself with an erection. I tried to ignore it waiting to follow the next directions off of Ghislane, who surprisingly now stood behind me bare breasted. Before I had a chance to even think of replying nastily she began to slowly undress me, while Jeffrey started to stroke his manhood while watching us. She unbuttoned my blouse and removed my bra, revealing my bosoms. Cupping them in her hands she moved her lips across my nipples, licking and teasing them with her tongue making them cold and stiff. Next her hands moved down to my little white skirt, removing the final piece of my remaining uniform. She slid my skirt down my legs with ease, for a moment keeping on my love-heart panties, so they could both take notice of my apparent youth. They even snickered to each other about " How cute she still wears little girl pantie's" Jeffrey said, and Ghislane joined in his laughter.

Acting as my madam, she instructed me to start by licking his nipples and after I had sufficiently pleased both of them, then prompted me to go down on Jeffrey orally while she rubbed her breasts along his body tantalizingly. She moved behind me again this time to remove my panties and start fondling the delicate folds between my legs. I was still in shock from the initial degrading blow. I hadn't even let the reality sink in, it was all too much for me to emotionally handle so instead I hid behind my fears, which I told myself "I wasn't going to ever be worth anything at all and this would probably be as good as it gets for me" after all I thought,

"what have I been trained up for until now" Nobody ever stopped to ask if I was comfortable or if I wanted to stop, no, instead, Ghislane only directed me to conclude the massage session by climbing up on the table to be fixated on Jeffrey, straddling him so he could penetrate me. When it was all done and over with, I was taken into the steam room with just Jeffrey to get further aquatinted, as Ghislane left the room to go get dressed. He asked me to grab his feet and rub them not saying a word about what just happened, like it was all normal and accepted. I listened to him ramble on about the health benefits of a sauna and the history of it, ignoring the fact of the matter of his pretentiousness degrading my spirit. I figured I had gone too far already, what would be the point in throwing in the towel now after I had done exactly what these people wanted. Whilst we were sweating out our bodies' toxins, and the steam was blasting my burning face I listened to his lessons, entertaining his ego, I let him become my teacher, he seemed to like that. He sounded like a very clever and intelligent man though. Telling me his story of how he made himself an empire of billions from being a middle-class professor to an elite financial advisor for clientele with only billions in their bank accounts and through his so-called "lessons". He became my mentor and I emerged as his pupil, the teacher's pet.

After the sauna we went to the next glass door beside us where the shower was. He turned tap outwards and stood underneath the water as I stood naked and cold from the temperature difference. Instead of asking me to join him under the warm stream, like I thought he was going to, he handed me a bar of soap and asked me to wash his body from top to toe. It didn't stop there I had to massage the shampoo and conditioner into his scalp as well. I was bewildered someone would ask this of someone else, wasn't it belittling enough having to endure the illicit massage from beforehand but now this. The surprises kept coming that night, as this was definitely not how I expected my interview to turn out, but that's what I had learned in my short time on this earth, life was full of disappointment.

I let everyone else take the power of authority from myself and use me in whatever way he or she wanted instead of standing up and giving myself the respect I deserved, which in turn would've helped me get through life without all of the abuse I ended up coping. Not given the belief in myself from an early age on I suppose is what affected my sense of control. Always letting the one's with power and strength reduce my inner-self to shreds until I was cut so tiny in size I would be completely subdued to only their wants and needs left ignoring mine. The men I had encountered in my short experience with them only repeated their inflictions convincing me there was no running away from the sick world I lived in, not yet understanding it all came down to the choices I had

made for myself. I needed some encouragement and the right words to unlock my very soul.

Jeffrey told me the towels were on the heated rack just outside the shower and asked me to get one and pat him down. Again putting himself first as I sat there freezing while I compliantly patted down his body with the white fluffy towel until he was dried. I nearly expected him to ask me to dress him as well, but not surprisingly that came later down the track too. I dried myself off and wiped the make-up from under my eye's, keeping quiet not sure what to really say and half-embarrassed from the entire evening's events that just took place. I just remained silent whilst we both got dressed until he brought me downstairs where Ghislane was sitting at a desk holding his black leather duffel bag. When she moved from the chair to let Jeffrey sit down, she passed him the bag and began to tell me that I had great potential to be a massage therapist, they really liked my style and who knows where this could lead too. She asked to see me again tomorrow, same time after work. He opened the bag, revealing stacks of brand-new hundred dollar bills separated with rubber bands to count by the thousands. He grabbed one stack and took out two crisp notes, placing them in my hand. He laughed that it was nearly my whole week's wage at Mar-A-Lago. Only there I didn't have to degrade myself as his new little toy.

When I got home my parents were anticipating my arrival. I kept it simple and sweet with my folk's, only telling them of the lessons about the body I had received and the future prospects in massage therapy that lie ahead. Nobody questioned who I was working for and complimented my ability to be a hard worker. I quickly got out of that conversation afraid I might give away a hint of shame in my eyes but no one caught on. I excused myself to the bathroom to have a shower and stared into the mirror for a moment, asking myself if I could really go through with this only to mentally respond by reminding myself this would be as good as it gets for a girl of my stature and limitations. I scrubbed myself rigidly in the shower as if it would wash away the filthiness of the night, but it didn't help, I could still feel their hands in me and all over me and inside of me. Trying to sleep that night was nearly impossible too, closing my eyes only to drift away to flashbacks of the moments I had to give myself to Jeffrey and Ghislane, each replay an exploitation of my vulnerability. The next morning I awoke feeling anxious about the day ahead, trying to push yesterday's memory from my thoughts, I was quiet for the whole trip to work with my Dad. Before we got out of his car in the parking lot he asked me if everything was okay, I lied, for his sake and mine. My life was being transformed and I didn't even know it yet, but soon enough I would be a brainwashed tool only used for the sexual pleasure of others.

About to be entrapped in the same life I had broken free from only months ago.

Convincing myself in order to succeed I had to step up from being a girly teenager and start thinking like a young woman, it would be my ticket to a great career and a fortunate life. I told myself "So what if I had to bargain my body to this rich old geezer, some girls get themselves through college by becoming a stripper and using their bodies to pay for degrees, others go down even worse paths." I guess it was just another way to fathom the road I was going down, the effectiveness of the lies I forced myself to believe was working as I continued to tell myself I had to make it any way I could rather than ever letting myself sleep on the streets again. I was trading one shocking lifestyle for another, thinking I was choosing the right one. If I could go back in time to ever meet myself I would choose this time in my life. I'd start with a good hard smack to my head to first shake some things up in there and next I would tell that girl she could actually make it on her own if she just worked hard at earning an honest wage and built her life up slowly. There is no rush or time limit to ever stop reaching for achievement. Sadly enough I probably wouldn't of even believed myself anyways, learning my life's hard lessons through the experiences I continued to suffer.

I went to work at Mar-A-Lago that day trying hard not to think of what lay ahead in the afternoon too come, but the later the hour got the more distinguished the knots became in my stomach. I spoke to no one of the details to my explicit interview but told one girl how I was so happy I was now officially studying massage therapy, another lie. My friend was surprised and intrigued that these people who could afford the best of the best of therapists in the world chose an untrained fifteen-year-old girl to perform a massage. She never said it in words, but her body language told me she knew exactly why they wanted to use me and it wasn't for a therapeutic reason either and deep down inside I understood.

The rest of the afternoon slipped away quickly and before I knew it I was standing before those large wooden doors again, giving a moments pause but long enough to draw in my breath and exhale some of the anxiety before ringing the doorbell. Juan answered the door again and told me Ghislane would be down in a few moments and asked to follow him into the kitchen. There was a pleasant looking young girl with blonde spirals in her hair that glanced up from the mound of paperwork before her. Her shocking blue eye's and appealing English accent seemed delightful and she introduced herself as "Emmy", Ghislane's Personal Assistant. I introduced myself as "Jenna" which is what most people knew me as and told her I was on an employment trial to become Jeffrey's massage therapist. She had a coy smile on her face that told me she knew exactly what I was on trial for. Something in my gut told me

this wasn't the first time a young girl had been trialed for the same position I was about to fill.

We were only chatting for a moment before Ghislane appeared and told me Jeffrey was ready for his massage. I was led through the extensively large house to the winding staircase that would lead me up to the same dreaded room where I would have to re-enact last night's performance. I wasn't far from wrong. I gave Jeffrey a massage with Ghislane leading the way again, this time we surprisingly made it to the front of his body and she continued to show me how to massage all the way up to his stomach pushing my hands in a spiraling clockwise circular motion to not disrupt the bowels and then we came up to his chest. He couldn't dare contain himself for one second longer, telling me to put my lips on his nipples and give them a kiss. Jeffrey moaned in pleasure and Ghislane started to undress me from behind. Within moments I was completely naked and Ghislane had her top off. She was caressing my body with her hands while Jeffrey moved his hands down to stroke his loins while he watched her and I kiss and touch each other. I didn't know if she was doing this for the sake of his eye-candy but she sure did act like she loved having the control over me telling me what to do throughout the entire threesome. Jeffrey's climax was always the end to our sessions and this time he wanted to have me make him orgasm orally. Afterwards we went for the ritualistic steam-room, this time Ghislane joining in with us for conversation. She asked me to massage her feet this time while we were in the steam room, showing me that Jeffrey wasn't the only one I had pay my homage to. We all had a shower next and then we all went downstairs to pay me and have Juan drop me off back home.

The following afternoon I received a call at work, surprisingly it was Ghislane asking me to come over when I got off of work again. The compliant side took over and I told her I looked forward to meeting with them today, instead of telling her to go screw herself for lying to me and making me degrade myself more each time I saw them. I finished work for the day and my Dad brought me over to El Brillo Way again, where the vultures were patiently waiting in their lair, he wished me well as I hopped out of his big truck, looking ever so much like his little girl again. I gave him a smile and a wave as he drove down the long driveway, waiting for him to suddenly turn back and not leave me alone to my task. I shook myself out of that calamity and put on my "big girls" face.

Juan brought me to the kitchen again as I waited for Ghislane. He offered me a cold drink and some fruit on a platter, I accepted and was grateful for the rejuvenation before I went to work again. It wasn't long before Ghislane approached me from behind with a cold intense look in her eye. I jumped from my seat, feeling like maybe I shouldn't have been eating and drinking while on the job, as her demeanor seemed annoyed

and temperamental in the seconds that she appeared. She told me I would be on my own today as she had business to attend to, so make sure I remembered what she had taught me, as my trial depended on it.

Chapter 5

I walked up the stairs by myself this time, taking in more of the décor, noticing the more I looked around the more I noticed a different girl in each photograph in his collection of half-nude and topless girls on display around his mansion. I couldn't believe how many girls there were, it's not like Jeffrey was much to look at. He was an aging man in his early fifties with shiny grey hair and characteristic lines drawn down his face as if he had seen harder days. With no prospects of ever settling down or having a family of his own, Jeffrey treated us girls like a piece of clothing he could try on for the day and get rid of the next. So why was there so many girls in these photo's? I wondered to myself if I would end up one of those girls among his collection of forgotten relationships and broken promises.

I continued to make my way up the stairs, and as if all of my senses were heightened from my bare nerves being exposed, I could smell the cleaning detergents recently used by the housekeepers, my observations of the shade of lighting through the concealed blinds as I entered Jeffrey's bedroom appeared golden, and the sound of stillness except for the thud of my rapid beating heart all made me more aware of how nervous I was to be on my own. Not that Ghislane was anything of a comfort, but I didn't know what to expect or how I was going to lead myself into upholding my obligation in pleasing him. I would hope for the best I thought, trying to uplift my confidence as I opened the door to the massage room with the typical scene of Jeffrey laying naked facedown in the massage bed waiting for his entertainment. It was de ja' vous' all over again. Repeating what Ghislane had taught me, with him commenting on what else I should be doing, until it got to the end and I was expected to grant him all of his spoken desires. We finished up with the shower again and he seemed very pleased in my contribution of myself to him, giving in to every request.

He told me to go ask Juan to pay me, as he was lethargic after the massage and intimate affair between us and now was going to have sleep. I walked back down stairs and told Juan that Jeffrey was asleep and said I had to ask him for my pay. He went to Jeffrey's desk and took out the exact amount I was owed without even asking how much I normally get paid. He then drove me home, only to be back the next afternoon.

The following week was a daily routine, providing Jeffrey with massages and continuously being groomed to fulfill all his needs. Often joined by Ms. Maxwell and her assistant Emmy for sexual trysts of all kinds. I was mentally and physically exhausted from the week of working and having to keep up with Jeffrey's strenuous late night activities. I couldn't believe what I was doing but it was all starting to sink in fast. Most nights when I got home, I'd briefly say "Hi" to Mom and Dad before heading straight to my bedroom. I couldn't even sleep well anymore. Closing my eyes at night I would fight the inevitable flood of thoughts, replaying the moments of shame that ate away myself piece by piece. My only reasoning being I just had to keep telling myself it would all be worth it in the end.

This afternoon Ghislane appeared to be in a much better mood. Instead of taking me straight up to Jeffrey she took me to a yellow guest room where Emmy mostly stayed. It had a balcony where Emmy was already outside reading a magazine and puffing on a cigarette. Ghislane lit one up too and then offered me one. I hadn't smoked cigarettes much before, besides trying to look cool in front of one of my friends, but never really took to them, so when I started to cough from the inhalation of smoke, the girls began to laugh and joke about my in-experience. It was an icebreaker for all of us to laugh and poke fun at me. I was then able to give it back to them, saying I would rather be an in-experienced non-smoker than an old lady with a raspy smokers cough. I don't think Ghislane was used to somebody giving it back to her, but she seemed to like it, as long as she was able to have the last say. I knew my boundaries and she liked that I wouldn't cross those invisible lines. All three of us chatted like friends and it started to feel like some kind of a strange relationship was budding. After about fifteen minutes of chatting away, Ghislane instructed me to wash my hands thoroughly, as Jeffrey hated the smell of smokers, and to follow her down the hallway to the massage room where he'll be expecting me shortly. I did what she asked and sprayed myself with the body spray that I always carried in my purse and headed down the hall to Jeffrey's room.

When I opened the door to the massage room surprisingly it was empty. I sat down on the already made up massage table and was careful not to mess up the neatly folded towels on the end of the bed. It was a good fifteen more minutes before Jeffrey made his appearance. It was strange seeing him in clothes for the first time. He wasn't wearing what you'd expect your typical billionaire's attire to be. He was wearing a pair of sweatpants and a Harvard sweatshirt, which he began to remove immediately. This time he wanted to commence our session in the steam room, so I began to undress as well. We went into the steam room and he pushed a few buttons and the steam began to pour in from the marble

wall's built in jets. There was a bench coming out of the wall also made out of marble that went from either side of the room and had a step underneath it where I was instructed to sit on so that I could begin giving Jeffrey his massage. Our conversation started off about simple things like how was your day at work, and I asked Jeffrey how his day was lounging around, just being polite to each other. He was acting out of character being a lot more attentive and conversing with me about other things than sex or massages for once. Starting with his head, ankles, toes and arches in the soles of his feet I massaged all the way up to his calves. It took a lot more strength to massage in the steam room without oils or lotions and the constant blowing of steam in your face making me twice as exerted. I was beginning to really start to heat up when the door to the room suddenly opened to reveal two naked women. Ghislane and Emmy acted as if they came in to join us for a steam bath, but my instincts were telling me otherwise. At least the cold burst of air and escaped steam revived me a bit.

So there was Jeffrey and Ghislane sitting on top of this marble bench, each with a young girl at their feet. Emmy and I continued with the massage until they were ready to head into the shower. There were two showerheads that Ghislane and Jeffrey both stood under while they were being lathered with soap bubbles as we washed their bodies. After the shower Ghislane led us into Jeffrey's bed to finish today's session with Emmy, Ghislane and I performing lesbian acts of foreplay on each other while Jeffrey laid back and watched. Stroking his manhood in much delight, he brought himself to climax, and the session was over within moments. We all got dressed and went downstairs to the kitchen for some refreshments. Like nothing had happened at all, it was all so bizarre for me, the whole ordeal with them since this all began. I couldn't understand why Ghislane and Jeffrey had such an openly intimate relationship but yet never regarded themselves as partners. They rarely kissed and never held hands or even slept in the same bed. It was more like a sexual arrangement between the two of them. She brings in the girls for his peculiar taste and he supplies the lavish lifestyle she was accustomed too before her family lost all of their fortunes. I wasn't sure how to act or feel, always obliging to their needs but reserved enough not to get attached, as if there was this invisible hierarchy and by instinct I knew my place.

We all hung out in the kitchen for a while before I asked when Juan could bring me home as I had work in the morning and was tired. They said no problem and called Juan on the intercom right away, but said we'd all have something to talk about tomorrow. I knew it had something to do with my employment trial and from the way they were acting tonight, I could only assume I got the job, but you never know with these

types of people. Their friendships and partnerships can change like the weather.

I went home that night still confused on how I could let myself sink so low. I had to put on an act like I enjoyed submitting my body and being their new subservient plaything all for the fact that I was making anywhere between \$200-\$400 for just a couple of hours. Then spent the rest of the night regressing on the entire event in my head over and over again. I battled those thoughts with the hope that I was receiving a profession out of this and making good money in the meantime. All I had to do was keep lying to myself long enough until I eventually believed it. Arriving at Jeffrey's on time the next afternoon, as I always did, understanding punctuality was a sign of respect and I wanted them to feel as if they had my deepest appreciation for the once in a lifetime chance they had given to a girl of my history. This time when Juan answered the door he told me Mr. Epstein and Ms. Maxwell were waiting for me upstairs in the massage room. I began my hike up the familiar spiraling staircase and through to the room where my arrival was being deeply anticipated. They were already in the steam room awaiting me to join them. I undressed out of my uniform and folded them in a neat pile, which I placed upon the marble basin. Having one last look in the mirror before exhaling a deep breath as if I was plunging into deep water, I knew today was a big day. I either accepted their offer and trade my morals for opportunity, or walk away with the prospect of one day many years from now trying to make it on my own which I knew endowed hardships of there own.

So confused about what decision to make, I just opened the door to the steam room and let them do the talking. Used to the routine by now I sat below Jeffrey and began to massage his feet and legs as I listened in on their ongoing conversation about travel plans for the next few weeks. Ghislane and Jeffrey turned their attention to me and he asked me how would I like to go see the big city of Manhattan. I told them I had never visited New York before and it sounded like an adventure but my job at Mar-A-Lago was only a summer job and wouldn't be able to get the time off, especially that summer was so busy anyways.

Jeffrey then made his announcement, that I should just quit my job at Mar-a-Lago and become his permanent travelling masseuse. He then further persuaded me with all of the luxuries that came along with my acceptance. Rather than being paid \$9 dollars per hour at my current job I could be earning \$200 dollars per massage, which he even said could be a few times a day. Tomorrow we could be leaving Palm Beach together in his private jet first heading to his residence in the upper east side of Manhattan, also the largest mansion in N.Y, and would next be setting off to the Caribbean, where he owned a secluded island just past Little St.

James for a bit of relaxation. The temptation of his grandeur offer wasn't hard to give into, my vulnerability to be lewd into his grasp seemed comforting at the time. The idea that females were nothing more than an empty shell of beauty bound by only a body to offer was a notion I had accepted a long time ago with my first teacher, Ron.

My reaction had to be more than amusing for their egos, even though I was excited to be traveling I could only imagine the likeliness of having to be at their beckon call as well. In my head I just told myself we all do what we have to do in our lives to succeed no matter what it takes, and with no one knowing the truth, I had no one to talk me out of it. I accepted his offer and knew from here on out I would be his servant to his sexual desires until one day I would gain my credentials and only then could I go out on my own and make it in this world that when so young seems so unconquerable. The night advanced into the usual grooming of his requirements, for the next hour and a half being exploited to satisfy Jeffrey's every sexual whim.

My mom cornered me that night, before I had a chance to avoid speaking to anyone, heading to the shower then my bedroom, like I had been the last week. She knocked at my door with a hostile look in her eyes, "Virginia, what exactly does an older couple want with a fifteen year old girl, who has no credentials and with no experience in massage therapy?" She used that stern tone of voice that she's always had, when I was in trouble.

Thus, as impressionable as I was, my blue eyes balled their innocence in her direction and I flashed her a girlish grin selling her the pitch that I had been given earlier that night. Not mentioning the other side to the glamorous lifestyle I would soon be living in. I told her about the money I'd be earning, the places I'd be seeing, the people I could meet and most of all the trade I'd be learning. It all sounded so good, except it was a bunch of lies I had to tell her and myself to otherwise convince us, that this was a once in a lifetime opportunity, and I had to take it. She asked when all of this would start, and I as shocking as it was to me too, I told her I had to go start packing. We were leaving the next morning off to N.Y.C. At fifteen most girls would be sucking up to their parents to go to a high-school dance or to go on a date to the movies with a nervous chap, but I wasn't even asking her. I was simply letting her know that I would be away for the next couple weeks, maybe three and would keep in contact when I got free time. Her daughter was lost a long time ago, and she just now realized it. Backing out of the bathroom, with nothing she could say, she left me wondering to myself who I was becoming.

Instead of driving me to work the next morning my Dad dropped me off at Jeffrey's mansion, he told me not to worry about calling Mar-A-Lago,

he'd take care of it for me. We said our good-byes outside in the driveway, Jeffrey even coming outside to meet with my father to shake his hands and assure him that his daughter will be more than looked after. I hugged my dad tightly, feeling like I was on the verge of a steep cliff, when he let go, so did the last of my innocence.

Juan drove Jeffrey, Ghislane and I to Palm Beaches' Private Airport and the luggage handlers escorted us on the tan mat where we all boarded on Jaffrey's black jet. Larry was his main pilot, he had shiny grey hair and long lanky legs, but a very sincere smile that instantly made you feel at ease. He greeted us at the staircase that led into the main cabin. It was as lavish as I imagined it would be. The seats were enveloped in the finest beige leather with polished wood grain finishes and there was a kitchen in the back with an adjoining toilet. Jeffrey saw the amazement in my eyes and to make it more thrilling he brought me up to the cockpit and let me watch with a bird's eye view of the take off. I was on a natural high when I came back to the cabin and was instantly brought back down when Jeffrey rested his bare feet on top of the reclined seat and instructed me to get to work and start massaging him. My future was in his hands now, so when he wanted something, I wouldn't hesitate in giving it to him.

Chapter 6

Upon our arrival at New Jersey's Private Airstrip, the driver Jo-Jo met us. His name was most likely shortened for something of his oriental decent. Jeffrey liked to shorten the names of his multi-cultural staff into American names. Even Juan and Maria were known as John and Mary. We arrived in the Upper East Side of Manhattan. His principal place of residence was the largest home in Manhattan, eight stories of opulence. It used to be a Private School for boy's many years ago, until Les Wexner, Jeffrey's best friend and mentor bought it for him as a mysterious gift.

There were two large Chinese gargoyle's outside the entrance, and beside the heavy looking wooden doors there was an intercom with a camera overlooking us. I walked up the concrete steps into a realm of wealth, glamour and most of all influence. My eye's glistened at the splendor of his palace. Caramel colored marble tiles spread through the first floor, where his gourmet kitchen and dining hall were also located. Then I came to this sweeping staircase that curved into the next level where Jeffrey and I went into his office, even though it looked more like a museum exhibit. Ancient draperies that told lascivious stories of their own covered parts of the elevated walls, and the remaining wall spaces were taken up by rows on top of rows of books. He loved to read, as he

often found it hard to sleep and was comforted in the early morning hours with his literature, or sometimes in other ways I would come to find out. There was a mantle piece and a sofa with two armchairs next to the grand piano that flaunted more of Jeffrey's beautiful conquests, young women posing in salacious pictures, suggesting I could be easily replaced next to one of those girls if I failed in keeping him satisfied. There were also some pictures with recognizable political and royal figures either shaking Jeffrey's hand, or with an arm around each other, even one with Jeffrey and the Dali Lama, although his church was the bank. He liked to use his power, wealth, and money to manipulate everyone in his life.

He made a phone call that sounded business like and I didn't mind. I was quite enjoying taking in all of the beauty around me, I was blinded by all of it. I was still waiting for him when, Ghislane came in. She asked me what I thought so far of my trip to N.Y.C. I knew she was talking about the house, she loved to gloat, even though none of it actually belonged to her, she wanted everyone to believe that it did. I complimented her on the mid-evil looking tapestries and a few other adornments, when she cut me off mid-sentence to compliment it herself, telling me the history about one of the 17th century tapestry's which to an unsophisticated eye, looked to me like a rug on the wall.

Jeffrey hung the phone up and walked over to the sofa where we were sitting next to the mantle piece and took a seat on one of the armchairs. He didn't seem worried from the phone call but his mind was definitely somewhere else from the hard look on his face. We all spoke for a few moments more about the splendid décor before Jeffrey had enough small talk and needed some of his own relaxation time. He told Ghislane he was going to show me to the massage room and he'd be back in a couple hours. She agreed he looked like he could use some time to unwind and with that wry grin of hers, she gave me a look that told me precisely how he was expecting to be relaxed.

We left his office all together, Ghislane going downstairs, and Jeffrey showing me to the lifts. The lift looked like it's original that came with the school. It was made out of brass antique with archaic cuts throughout the arches at the top. It wasn't the only lift in the house, but certainly the most beautiful. We walked down a long hall carpeted in a royal red and golden trim, passing by a bronze pagan statue of the horny little goat God "Pan". How adequate, I thought, fit Jeffrey to a tee. We walked into this dimly lit room. Another daunting chamber that looked like we had stepped back in time to the dark ages. It took a second for my eyes to adjust to the darkness, and Jeffrey beckoned me to follow him through the room to the open adjoin shower, toilet and steam room. The room was in black marble to accent the dreariness, and smaller than the one in Palm

Beach, but it had it's own witchery feel to it. Another unseen side to this Man I was coming to know.

We both undressed and I followed Jeffrey into the steam room first. He loved feeling clean, teaching me that the steam would deplete the toxins from your skin, which was great during a massage when your blood flow is being replenished. I grabbed his foot out of instinct, knowing I had to be constantly on alert to keep this man satisfied. He looked down at me with a nod and reclined back against the wall as the steam pored in, this was his idea of alleviation. I worked up to his calves and within a few more minutes, he said he was ready for his massage on the bed. We got out and towel dried off, both still nude, he asked me to stay undressed, then we headed to massage bed in the middle of the room. He lay down on the bed and told me to turn on the CD player on the wall hutch, where all of the oils and lotions were set out, I hit play and a collection of mixed classical symphonies began to fill the silence. I could tell he wasn't in one of those moods to be uplifted with idle chat, so I remained silent, letting him enjoy my slow movements, making my way up his body. My instincts told me I was right about his mood, as he seemed to appreciate the quietness of moment and the leisurely of the strokes I was using to massage him. When I got to his scalp he turned over, and grabbed my hand to put on his erect manhood. No words spoken yet, I took the gesture and initiated what I had been taught over the last week. While pleasing my master his hands groped my young flesh, penetrating my insides with his fingers, he was only concerned with what he wanted, as if I was a new car out for a test drive and he was pressing his new gadgets. His soft moans were soon brought to louder heaves of breath and my job was done. No intimate kisses, or sweet pillow talk. He showed his appreciation with money, never attachment. We concluded with a shower and he told me he had some business to conduct. He walked me to the lift and told me go to the next level and my room was the first one on the right, it had an intercom in which he can contact me when needed.

I hit number 5 on the lift and took his directions to my room. I opened the door to this massive loft, the size of an adequate house. I walked down the long hall and my eyes took in the magnificence of my surroundings. It was a room fit for royalty, and later would find out had been stayed in by some. The room was trimmed in gold paint and had another eerie tapestry on the main wall as feature. There was a T.V and a huge king sized bed, with goose feathered comforter and pillows.

All of the glitter from Jeffrey's lifestyle he was offering me finally covered the last bit of sight I had left and I let go of my consciousness. Excited by my enthralling day, not having anyone around to have to act reserved, I jumped into the soft bed and lay looking around, thinking about how quick life could change based upon one swift decision. Dazing

into the artistry, the intercom buzzed on the telephone next to the bed and it was a housemaid letting me know Jeffrey wanted to see me in his office now. "Already" I thought to myself, I was just getting settled in. I was worried I was going to get lost in this ancient museum, but I got myself back to his office with no trouble, it was kind of hard to miss. I knocked at the slightly ajar door and Jeffrey called for me to enter. I walked over to his desk, where he was just ending a phone call and he opened his duffel bag full of money. "I'll be out at my other office for most of the day, so instead of being locked inside I thought you should go do some sightseeing for the day since it is your first trip to the Big Apple." He didn't count how much he was giving me he just handed me a bundle out of the banded \$100 dollar bills. He knew just how pull the right strings, making me squeal in delight and give him a kiss in the cheek, since we were never really emotionally intimate, it would be odd to act in any other way, but he seemed to like it.

I ran upstairs to get dressed for "City" shopping and put my make-up on, then hit the streets of N.Y.C, looking for a place to start spending this load of cash. When I got to the end of 72nd street on 5th Avenue, I had no idea which way to turn, left or right. I thought I'd just follow the lights past Central Park and see the local sights on my way. My eyes were once again peeled back in splendor. I had never imagined a place so busy with the hustle and bustle of all the walks of life. My first stop was to buy a disposable camera and I was off taking photos of every wonder that caught my attention. I didn't do much shopping as I had planned too; I was having too much fun exploring this capacious metropolitan. When it started to hit dusk I began walking back to Jeffrey's but not before stopping off to enjoy a giant slice of pepperoni pizza, it was the best I had ever had, and considering I was going back to Jeffrey's chicken and tofu salad's or such. I really hated the healthy cuisine served by Jeffrey's personal chef. I was a naturally skinny girl, never watching what I ate and to eat that food I might as well have chewed on hay. I strolled back to Jeffrey's and was missed. Ghislane scolded me "You shouldn't have been gone so long young lady" "We need to know where you are at all times, you are on call for Jeffrey" I started to apologize, feeling guilty, I didn't want them to think I didn't take my job with them seriously. She cut off my explanation with a short conclusion to this conversation "We will get you a cell phone tomorrow, so we can always find you". I thanked her for her generosity, and she dismissed me to my room. So I wasn't even needed after all, it was just a way for her to place me deeper in their control. The next few days I was on call, as Ghislane said I'd be. Venturing out to the city for only an hour or so at a time, I looked most forward to my outings. I would return to Jeffrey's

mansion to attend to his sexual desires and when he was finished with me, I'd be off to my adventures.

On the day before we were to be heading back to Palm Beach, Jeffrey had a new proposition for me. I could make double the money I was making, if I would look for pretty girls and convince them to come back to Jeffrey's to be further persuaded with money to engage in bi-sexual and sexual acts with Jeffrey and I. I asked him how does one actually propose such a thing to a complete stranger? "Well" he said in a build up to another kind of lesson. "If I were you I would use your charm to entice them and my money to bring them, I would tell them you work for a multi-billionaire who has a taste for young, beautiful girls and with his contacts in the acting, modeling, or rich husband world, your boss could help them. All they have to do is come meet me first." If I wasn't so naive at the time I would've seen that's exactly what he was doing with me, my prospects were massage credentials, but with too much pain from my past, I could only have hope. Not that I was a shy girl, but picking up girls for one reason alone, only to be endorsed for her body, didn't sound like something I could do. But not wanting to displease my master, I told him that I would give it a go. You could tell he was instantly excited with my agreement, he started to reveal the politics of what kind of girls he was looking for. He wasn't into multi-cultural girls, a very chauvinistic perception; he said they had to be uniquely gorgeous to be accepted by him, but definitely no African-American girls, he was racist against anything different to his kind, a very narrow minded way of thinking for such a supposed brilliant man. The list went on and on. No girls with tattoo's or piercing's, or gothics, no drug users, or prostitutes. Basically he wanted everyone's daughter that looked like the girl next door, with blue eyes and blonde curly ringlets. I just nodded and smiled, wanting this to be over with and move on to another conversation, but so worked up from our previous talk, instead he persisted to show me exactly what I was good for to him. He took me up to the highest loft in his large mansion and he lay down on his large bed, expecting me to know exactly what he wanted done. As always, I complied. Part of me hating him for having to degrade myself to be so subservient to his sexual whims, and another part of me was telling myself to be grateful for the opportunities I was being given.

The battles in my head were beginning to cause me too much anxiety, when we got back to Palm Beach, I asked my Mom to make me a doctor's appointment for some headaches I had been getting lately, so she wouldn't question me. I walked out of the doctor's with a prescription for a mind-altering anxiety tablet called "Xanax", not only did it help with anxiety but it also acted as a blanket over terrible memories. So when I had to perform degrading acts, I would take a few pills and forget what

happened within the next hour and be able to become someone without a battling conscious.

I spent my sweet 16th birthday on his island in the Caribbean next to "St. James Isle" he liked to call it "Little St. Jeff's", his ego was as enormous as his appetite for fornicating. I was given a birthday cake and a new collection of designer make-up from London. Ghislane made a joke after I blew out my array of candles and said, "I'd be soon getting too old for Jeffrey's taste, and soon they'd have to trade me in." She was only half joking in a sad reality though. A few days after my birthday, a girl was flying out to the island to join us for a few days before flying back to N.Y.C. I was introduced to a pretty girl a few years my senior, named Sarah. She had long ash blonde hair and big brown eyes that hinted she had a cheeky nature. She had known Jeffrey before I had, and he was supposedly trying to help her get an acting job in L.A. She was obviously accustomed to the lifestyle he provided her, making it ever so apparent with her prompt attention she lavished on him. She would do things like strip nude and bathe around the swimming pool, taunting him for sex. She was good at what she did, even putting me at ease with her cool persona and funny jokes. Jeffrey told me privately that she was one devoted to the moment, giving Jeffrey every imaginable lustful desire he could fathom. On the last night there we all took a trip over to St. James to go for a stroll, odd I thought, it was past 7pm and Jeffrey rarely strayed out past then, unless it was some event or dinner party. While Ghislane and him looked the average couple strolling arm in arm through the streets, he said to Sarah and I, "Why don't you two hit the night club here and see if there is anyone interesting to bring back for the evening?" It was more of an order than a request and then I knew why we came out tonight and why Sarah was invited, tonight was all about training, and Sarah was going to show me the ropes in picking up girls. Although there was no one to accusation to Jeffrey's distinct taste to bring back, watching Sarah flirt from girl to girl like a floating butterfly, gave me enough insight into what I was expected to do.

Within Months I had become his handy little helper. Not only would I run to his beckon call, but I also aided Ghislane in bringing in more girls to keep the appetite of our sexually starving chief from going hungry. I once asked Ghislane, why she did what she did for him, instead of having a common monogamous relationship and getting jealous like normal partners would? She replied simply "it takes the pressure off me having to do it". That said it all, we were all under the shade of Jeffrey's money tree, and not even someone like her could escape from its lure.

Just like Ghislane had trained me it was now my job to reiterate that onto other girls and thus the cycle of girls trying to climb the chain of hierarchy would start all over each time I brought a new one in. The sessions rarely differed much. They would mostly start out with Jeffrey on top of the massage table already naked and me leading a girl into massaging him until his instructions came to remove our clothing and if they agreed to that, then Jeffrey knew he had them in his pocket, and could do what ever else he wanted. He was never turned down in the many years I stayed with him. Never being shy, he would tell us to start kissing each other or depending on what he wanted we would perform erotic acts sometimes with him fondling us, or just masturbating while he watched. On explicit occasions, sex toys would be used on us girls, making it all the more exciting for him to observe. Ending with a payment of \$200 for the new girl and \$400 to me for bringing her. He would then wait for us to leave before adding the events details of names and payments in a little black diary he kept with him wherever he went, so if he were in anyone of the city's he lived in, he would always have contacts for sex.

I was slowly climbing the ladder, as Jeffrey was happy taking me everywhere with him, within the States. Merely at home I distanced myself from my Family altogether and with Jeffrey renting me an apartment in Royal Palm Beach as well as a plush furnished apartment in N.Y.C, there was hardly a need to see them. I just couldn't face everyone thinking they all knew what I was really doing travelling around with a man old enough to be my grandfather who supposedly only wanted me for massages. Much further convincing myself of the lies I told myself, I took a liking to the Xanax, it felt like it was all a dream at times, even meeting up with old contacts from school years who experimented with drugs. I was flying around the country, seeing so many places in America I had only heard about in Movies and making more money than anyone my age and loving it. My friends didn't believe the lies I told them about only being a massage therapist, some of them even asking if they can meet Jeffrey too. At this point in my life my heart went missing for a while and I stooped so low. I was even bringing my friends, I just saw them as easy commission. When I wasn't playing servant to my master, I was partying hard, eventually using ecstasy pills, acid, and marijuana to disillusion the times I would've had away from Jeffrey to think about what I was actually doing with my life. I realized something one day while I was alone, although I had Jeffrey to attend to sexually, it was not gratifying. I needed someone to come home to, someone I could call my boyfriend and that showed me emotion not just a job to get done.

Chapter 7

A knock came to my apartment door one lazy afternoon while we were in Palm Beach. I looked through the peephole and didn't recognize the once familiar face. I asked from behind the closed door "Who is it?" The voice of the reply was one I wasn't anticipating to ever hear again. It was my Junior-High crush and childhood friend, T.J. The last time I saw him I was a runaway and he had let me stay at his house for a few days, telling his parents nothing, he kept me hidden away in his room. At nightfall he said to knock on his window and I could jump through and stay the night. Until I was picked up by authorities during school hours and questioned why I wasn't in school they did some resourcing finding out I was a runaway, then delivered me back to my angry parents.

"Oh My God- You finally answer your door girl!", and in a whirlwind, T.J stormed back into my life. Even moving into my apartment, secretly, within two weeks of his arrival. He had changed so much from the last time I had seen him. He used to be this hard looking rocker type, now he was cleaned up wearing preppy clothes and shooting out Tupac Lyrics. He had the same old big brown eyes though, and when he told me he had heard I was back in town but he was unable to ever get a hold of me he just kept knocking at my door every so often. I was sold. How sweet I thought, he must care about me if he was so intent on approaching me, not even thinking he would've spoken to the girls from our junior-high circle and they would've mentioned him I was back in town, what I was doing and where to find me. We were a drug-induced romance, which budded from fake emotions the affects made us feel. He got what he wanted, a free ride and not having to work, and I got what I deserved, a man who could let me go away with this multi-billionaire I regarded as my second boyfriend.

I didn't want to alarm Jeffrey in me having a boyfriend so I kept it quiet, until during a massage I was giving to him one afternoon. We were having a conversation about some of my friends, the party girls I had brought in to meet him. Jeffrey started asking questions about the different types of drugs they used hearing them speak about it in his presence. "I thought a person on drugs would be all strung out and looking like hell, but the girls you know look great" he stated face down during the massage.

That's when I told him I had been dabbling in ecstasy lately too, and I thought it was the most amazing feeling one could even fathom. I tried to describe the euphoric feelings it gave me and even joked with him about wanting to pet anything fury that was around and then there was the constant need to flick my tongue-ring around my mouth. It was great

having such an open conversation about things Jeffrey had never experienced before and he seemed okay with everything I was telling him as we were having a good laugh together, so I thought I could push it a bit further and tell him the truth about T.J., since it was bound to come out sooner than later I'd rather not the latter, when it would look even worse than I kept the truth from him for so long.

"Well why were opening up about things together", I continued by saying "I had met someone from my past and we have been hanging out a lot lately. When I haven't been travelling with you I have been with him and I was wondering if you minded if I started to see this guy." He started to laugh out loud, "Are you serious? Of course not, no one in this world is monogamous, why would I expect you to be?" I was smitten with relief, but a little bit disheartened when I heard him speak that way and I wondered to myself if he'd had his own personal encounter with a headache.

Of course the evening concluded in the same way it always had, the only reason I was really even there in the first place. Upon his request I straddled him on top of the table and let him explode with pleasure inside of me. Thinking the entire time about T.J. I felt so terrible but I quickly had to wipe the thoughts of guilt from my mind not to give Jeffrey the wrong impression. So I had myself busy with two men in my life, but that's not what I really wanted for myself. I wanted an occupation that would eventually set me free from depending on a man as my source of survival.

I asked Jeffrey before I left for the evening, when my real training was going to begin and he liked my assertiveness. I thought it meant to him that I was taking my job with him seriously, but it was all part of his master plan to keep me by his side. Within a couple of weeks of my persistence, Jeffrey introduced me to a couple of real working massage therapists, not only with credentials but with their own clientele too. I was in awe of their teachings, it all made so much sense about the body and what they were saying. I felt like I had picked myself up out of the lurches and had a direction again.

I was in the middle of another training session, with Jeffrey the recipient as usual, being it was rare for Ghislane to ask for a massage unless of course it was for Jeffrey's own pleasure to watch the punch line of the session, when I was shocked to hear Jeffrey ask one of the therapists to now remove her shirt. He had no shame I thought. Even though she was above his usual age criteria, she was still a pretty woman in her early 30's with curly blonde hair and had an athletic body for a mother of two children. She didn't hesitate in his request. It looked like something out of a role-playing porn scene with the therapist removing

her white uniform to reveal her beautiful nude body and a much darker side to her personality.

I couldn't believe it at first it was such a state of shock and I began to question myself if this was normal in the massage profession to expect this kind of clientele to request such degrading tasks even though they were professionals. At the end of the session she was paid \$300 dollars an additional hundred for helping to train me as well, and I was paid my usual \$200 dollars then we were both invited by Jeffrey to join him out by the pool for a cool dip. With Jeffrey making a few phone calls while her and I undressed again for a swim, I wanted to ask her a few personal questions about what she's come to learn about the Massage Therapy game, but I never got the chance as we were joined by Ghislane moments later. She was asking how my training was going and booked the therapist in for herself in the following morning. Where she was invited back to do another training session with me. It didn't take me long to figure out why.

I was at my apartment when I received a phone call from Jeffrey, I thought it was the usual call to come over to his house, but he surprised me. Instead I would be going to the exclusive hotel in Palm Beach tonight, The Breaker's, where I would be meeting my first ever clients. Only told their first names I was given some instructions and the address where to meet Glen and Eva. They were a married couple with one on the way, I was quite concerned when I heard she was pregnant, being I really didn't know the body that well and didn't want to inflict any wrong doing on the unborn baby but Jeffrey insisted I take this job. Just massage her gently where she wants to be rubbed and to save all of my energy for Glen's massage, since it was going to be a four-hour job. In an emphasized tone of voice I was being coached by Jeffrey to treat Glen with exactly whatever he wanted, just like I do for Jeffrey himself. It was my last bit of preparation before he sent me out to his friends and my first taste of responsibility in upholding his reputation.

At around seven pm I took a taxi to the address I was given and found them on the residential side of the giant hotel's extensive property. When I arrived in their apartment it was a far cry from the lavish place I was expecting, still really nice but had a cozier family feel to it. It was just beginning to get dark when Eva and I went into the Master Bedroom and she undressed to reveal the first naked pregnant body I had ever seen. It was fascinating to see her in the later stages of maternity, and strangely enough it was a miraculous and wondrous sight. She was a former model and one of Jeffrey's many entourages from his past that had gotten to old for his taste and was married off to a wealthy colleague of his.

Lying down on the bed I adjusted the pillows to try and make her more comfortable and I began to massage her as Jeffrey had instructed me to,

softly and slowly. So at ease with her nude body she even asked me to massage her swelling breasts, in a non-sexual way. Not knowing any other way but that way, I was trying to oblige in her request doing the very best I could to relieve her but couldn't help but giggle to myself at the very sight of this. She said she was very happy at the end of the massage and rolled over to go to sleep, asking me to turn out the light at the end of it. I closed the door gently as if not to disturb her, and went to find my other client.

The apartment's lights had been turned out for the sleeping children and I found Glen awaiting for me in the lounge room where I had to call out "Excuse me?" as I couldn't see him in the dark. There was a throw rug on the ground that he had already placed out as he began to strip down in preparation of the massage. Lying frontwards facing me with his exposed and ever growing manhood, I asked him to roll over to begin the massage. He complied with a cheeky smile and from his eagerness to show he was not shy indeed, I already knew where this was going to end up.

I found it much more strenuous to massage on the floor but I wouldn't let that hold me back I wanted to have a career and this being my first ever clients, I didn't want them to disapprove. Nearly four hours after I had gotten there I was still hard at work. Mentally preparing for the end of the session he let me know when he was ready to begin the other side to my job and just like Jeffrey did the first time, he requested me to take off my clothes starting with my shirt. When I complied, the requests kept coming in and before I could change my mind and run away, I was having intercourse with this man that was so comfortable doing all of this while his pregnant wife and children slept in the room beside us. When he had climaxed, we both got up and dressed and he paid me a large tip even though Jeffrey would be the one to actually pay me for my time spent there. Just like it had all started, it had also ended so quickly and now that was that. I had to accept what my duties were and now I could go back to Jeffrey who would be further pleased in my demonstrations to keep him happy.

I was called the next morning to come over to Jeffrey's mansion that afternoon for lunch, a swim and of course a massage session. Knowing all too well they'd be expecting the gory details of last nights events with my new clientele. I came there at 1pm as requested and sat down for a light lunch and a swim. Jeffrey was mostly conducting business from his outside pool office, but he came to ask me if everything went well the night before. I told him I did everything asked of me and I am quite confident both my client's were more than pleased with me. He gave me a quick grin, before he headed back to the office, throwing a purple grape down his throat as he walked away.

Lying out on one of the pool decks blue and white striped lounge beds I was waiting for Jeffrey to finish his business so I could give him his massage. He never took too long with his work, unless there was something wrong and then we would all have to wear his mood but today he seemed fine though, when we went up the stairs he told me we would be leaving for his ranch in Santa Fe', New Mexico in the morning and I'd need to be packed and ready tonight. They loved leaving in the spur of the moment, Jeffrey once said he checks with his pilot Larry on the best weather before he heads to a different destination. I enjoyed spending time at his ranch being it was my favorite of all of his residences. He had a lavish Mediterranean looking castle on top of a hill that overlooked his extensive 7,500 acres of property. It has an indoor pool, gym, and all the trimmings of extravagance I could only imagine. I had a great time on the quad bikes, Sarah and I often got scolded for tipping one over going to fast or trying to go up a steep hill, but we knew those weren't the things he cared about, so it wouldn't matter. My favorite of it all was his little town with it's own fire station and truck, stables full of horses, and little cottages where the housekeepers and ranch hands lived.

On my own time I would take one of the quad bikes down to the stables and saddle up on one of his beautiful horses and go for a ride in the open terrain. It was coming up to the end of a very cold winter and it still had the snow covered mountain tops and brisk air that I loved to take in during my many trail rides. I have been an experienced horse rider since my childhood, and could honestly pinpoint some of the best memories of my life being on the back of a horse. I acclaimed with thrill in my voice "Great, I'll get packed as soon as I get back to my apartment" he threw in "Pack for a few weeks, as we will also be making a pit stop to L.A for some business afterwards and then to N.Y.C." I was used to these round trips with him, it was great as I was saving loads of cash and about to buy myself my first car.

Jeffrey, Ghislane, Emmy and I all left the following morning, as planned. Arriving in only a few hours at his awe-inspiring Santa Fe Palace was always a delight. Still frisk in the air, my petite frame looked even smaller in these gigantic overcoats. Nonetheless I was looking forward to spending time out in the fresh clean air and open land. After a few days of leisurely spending our time on the ranch, we went to the Indian markets in Albuquerque for a bit of shopping and sight seeing. Jeffrey wasn't the most off road kind of guy, so when we went sight seeing it was more like museums, boutique shopping, and local art galleries. Still a splendid trip though. With me picking up a few nifty collectables to bring back for my family and knowing how much my mom loves Indian apparel, I thought it would put me back in her good books for awhile, I hoped at least. There was some lengthy time to put a

little water under the bridge between my folks and I. With my life heading in a different direction I didn't see any use in holding on to so much hate especially that I didn't even have to see them that much. We got back to "Zorro Ranch", the name Jeffrey chose to call the massive land he bought to build his fortress on, and Jeffrey told me that he was looking forward to one of my famous relaxing massages and with that notion he gave my bags of shopping to one of the many housemaids who greeted us at the front door and asked her to bring my bags to the exquisite room I was staying in. We headed straight downstairs just past the massage room and gym there is an indoor heated pool, shower and spa. First Jeffrey wanted to warm up in the spa underneath a decorated ceiling of clouds and blue skies. Starting the massage in the spa I rubbed his feet while he reclined into the spa's jets. We spoke of the museum and some of the knick-knacks I had bought and I thanked him for the turquoise earrings and necklace he had got for me as a gift, joking about not ever knowing what to get for him, being that he was richest man I'd ever known. By no far means did we ever have any kind of a mutual respectful bond between us, but there was a significant softer side he began to share with me that was different from how he treated his other girls. Maybe it was my feet that filled the shoes for that time being, or the fact my novelty hadn't worn off yet, but what ever it was I was getting confused from the double-sided life I was leading.

He got up from the spa tub shortly thereafter and asked me to come wash him in the shower. It was nothing unordinary to me, I was used to his need to be nurtured and pampered. I performed his request with a cheerful mannerism, letting him think I was taking care of him out of my sheer sweetness. I got the towels ready for him to get out of the shower and towel dried him, patting his skin instead of rubbing as previously instructed. "You know you have a very maternal instinct, you'll make a fine mother someday", he would constantly acclaim at my gentleness. "I hope so" I replied, I would love to have my own babies one day, but not any time soon". Laughing at the very thought of that.

We walked up the steps and through the French doors into the gym's adjoining massage room. It was smaller room than in his other houses, placing the emphasis on the large massage bed in the center. I grabbed another clean towel to keep him warm while I prepared the music, lights, and oils. He liked me to use mostly lavender or other aromatherapy scents, which reminded me of woodlands in the spring. Always enjoying the beginning of the massage, I put my heart and soul into training in my profession. I could just close my eyes I would see only with my hands the areas that needed the most work, and even though I wasn't a professional yet, Jeffrey could feel and told me there wasn't many that could please him during a massage being untrained. I'm sure now it was just

something he'd say nice to all the girls, but in the time I had known him I could honestly say it wasn't like him to compliment girls in any other way than regards to a sexual performance or their looks. I was flattered at his praise and when the massage was over, so were the sentiments. I was back to being used for my body and what I could do with it.
With him satisfied and off for a nap, I could go do whatever I wanted, like usually I would go down to the stables or something adventurous, but today I was in a melancholy mood, just wanting to relax and unwind myself in a giant tub in my bathroom. I got out some of the oils I used on Jeffrey putting them in the steaming water and popped two of my Xanax pills, forgetting about my troubles and focusing on the quiet moment at hand, just wanting to soak up the peacefulness of it. Nearly slipping away to sleep in the tub, I was startled when I got the call on the intercom to come down for dinner.

Everybody seemed in good spirits at dinner, which helped to lift mine. We all ate our meals and went into the movie room to watch a newly released movie. It was a ritualistic scenario, most nights that everyone was at ease we would all sit in one of his various located movie rooms and hang out together. Just as he always would Jeffrey asked Emmy and me to both grab a foot during the movie that night and just keep massaging through the film. We were always on call for duty, no matter where we were or what ever time it was. He would just plop a foot up or pass over his hand at any given time and require a massage, even if the film went on for over two hours, I would still be required to sit on the floor rubbing his feet or hands, and even his scalp at times. After the credits had rolled Ghislane got up to close the door to the room and I knew she had received the signals herself and would proceed to manipulate, violate, and use us to satisfy Jeffrey's urges once more before he went to bed.

The blue illumination from the empty T.V screen was glaring in the tenebrous room as we watched her undress in a light that relied on the reflection of the moon through the windows peek to show it's proceeding display. She walked back to the sofa where I was sitting at Jeffrey's feet still rubbing away and uncovered her shirt displaying ample bosoms for his appeal. Approaching me like a lioness hunting her prey she stood me up and led me to the other couch across from Jeffrey and situated herself on top of me, sliding her fingers through my dress to unbutton my attire, revealing my girlish figure and two small peaks. Pushing my head into her breasts I was being fondled by Emmy at the same time, which took her cue when she saw Ghislane look in my direction. From an occasional glance upwards, I could see that Jeffrey was up to his methodical foreplay stroking his manhood while watching the build up to his main event. They both took turns making me moan from their touches and when

Ghislane was ready too she would insinuate we do the same to her. She urged me downwards, until my head was between her opened legs and giving into her wanton indulgence. Twenty minutes passed before Jeffrey exerted his last energies for the night, the only advantage of being with an old man was they could never last long.

Departing to our own separate quarters for the night, I called T.J for condolence. It was so important for me to feel like I had someone out there who saw me as more than a pretty girl with vulnerabilities. I needed to maintain some sort of a connection to my youthful side. But it would be to no avail, as I was getting used to being badly disappointed by all the men in my life.

Chapter 8

The phone nearly rang out and as I was about to hang up the receiver when he finally picked up. On the other end of the phone I could hardly hear T.J above the background noises. When I asked where he was he told me “At our place baby”, meaning the apartment Jeffrey had rented for me to be staying in alone. He already sounded off his chops elongating his words and slurring his speech. There was music pumping and people shouting behind him and every one sounded like they were having a great time. I was so sick of his friends coming over using my house as a place to party and then trashing it so bad I would even have to sometimes throw my furniture out. I blew up at him over the phone and threatened to kick him out, back to his parent’s house, so much for my relaxing evening I thought to myself venturing on to tell him “You leech off me using the money I leave behind for you for drugs and throw these gigantic parties while I’m away.” Also mentioning the disastrous messes I would come home too. “I am so close to ending it with you”, I would openly threaten, but he knew better than I did, that I just couldn’t bring myself to do so, needing some attachment to my youth through all of this. “Don’t worry baby” he would say attempting to soothe me with his false words going on to tell me how much he was missing me and how he was always thinking about me when I was away which was like all the time.

I would soon be buttered up and soft for serve. This was my penalty for choosing a guy that accepted my lifestyle with my “Other-Man” as I had so eloquently put it to him once as not only acceptable but deemed it “Cool”. The conversation ended with an easy good-bye and no “I-Love-You’s” or anything sweet. We weren’t those kinds of partners yet, so much time spent away from each other and the lifestyles we both led, I couldn’t expect much more from him than what we already had.

Jeffrey and I left two days later, heading off to Carmel in California for a business trip of his, leaving Ghislane and Emmy to catch a commercial flight back to N.Y.C, where we would meet up with them later. When we arrived at the hotel we were given badges for the meeting tomorrow and settled into our rooms. We got adjoining rooms, keeping the doors open at all times, but sleeping in different beds. He liked sleeping alone, even after a late night session I would always go back to my own room. I think that’s why he liked me so much I never put pressure on him to become intimately more than what we were already, never giving him the impression I wanted more than what we had. It seemed to keep him happy just the way we were together. I hung out with Jeffrey that night, going to a restaurant for dinner and afterwards watching a movie back at the hotel.

The next morning we went for an early morning breakfast before the conference and Jeffrey gave me some money to go shopping instead of attending the all day meeting with him. I was more than obliged to accept his request, and wished him a good day before planning to meet back in the room around six pm. He gave me five hundred dollars. He said it was just enough to go have fun for the day and a girl of my means could find plenty to do with that kind of money. I walked around the many boutiques that lined the streets of the picturesque cozy town, and picked up some bits of clothing here and there and even met a girl who was passing through on a road trip. She was somewhere in her late teens with golden sunshine tresses, olive skin and blue eyes. Her name escapes me, as it was so unexpected, I think it was Tina or something like that but she was your typical California carefree chic, offering me a few tokes of her jay as we ducked down a side street together. I was so happy I had met this girl, as she was fun spirited and charismatic a relief from the social expectations I had come to know lately, but always being “on-call” as I had been trained up to be, I ended up inviting her back to meet Jeffrey at our hotel later on as a surprise for him. Maybe she was just a bit too carefree for Jeffrey’s taste but anyhow she was pretty enough to let him be the judge of that matter.

Over the next hour of hanging out together I found out that she was on a road trip with her best friend who was still sleeping off the hard night of partying from the night before. She was originally from the southern states as she had a bit of draw still left in her accent, and she had recently left her boyfriend because he was leaving for a college too far away not believing in long distance relationships. Then it was my turn to dish out my contribution to the conversation of getting to know each other better. I always got anxiety before I would tell a girl what I did for work and romance (as such), morally I was ashamed of who I was especially with a girl having led somewhat of a normal life. Next, as always, I expected to

be probed with so many more questions and having to make Jeffrey sound ideal and hot for the taste of a young girl and knew I would be point blank lying, so I told her some of the truth which was that he was really rich and paid good money for a massage and useful to have around as a contact. I told her he'd give her two hundred dollars for a two-hour massage with me leading the way and warning her he was known to be frisky during the session. Unexpectedly she said she could use the money and then came the part that I hated the most, but had to do so they wouldn't be as shocked as I was the first time I had met him. "He does like us to be nice though and sometimes asks for more than just the massage itself". All I could do was wait for a response after a shocking sentence like that, and depending on the girl, most were sadly taken back by the money. Her carefree attitude seemed to disillusion for a moment when she gave it some thought and asked me "He's not like, fat and ugly, is he?" "No...no...not at all!" I replied. "He's got more of a Richard Gere appeal to him". Trying to make him sound a little more measurable than just a rich old man that likes to be with girls younger than half his age. "Well then, what time shall we meet tonight?" She asked next. Great, I thought, Jeffrey would be most pleased with my find. "Knock on my room quietly, you're going to be a surprise. Be there at around half past seven tonight and I will introduce you to Jeffrey". She threw the butt of the second jay we shared in the bushes and we strolled into a homemade fudge boutique to get some relief for the munchies we now had.

When I got back to the hotel at around a quarter to six o'clock pm as requested I'd be, nobody was back yet, so I took the time to set up the oils and bath in my room for his massage tonight. I thought I would plan it so the girl would be cleaning off, as Jeffrey liked before he had sexual contact with a new girl and he could walk in and be surprised to find a strange beautiful girl in my room who wanted to massage him. Jeffrey walked through the door not long after I was done prepping for the night ahead, looking like he had a tough day at the office, which was very rare for him. He sat down on the bed and I asked him how his day was. He didn't want to talk much about it, saying it was boring and long, rather asking what I got up to for the day. Being coy about having a jay and his unexpected surprise to come, I told him it was a great day of shopping and sight seeing and I even brought him back some local made fudge from the shop that had fulfilled my chocolate cravings only hours ago. Telling him of the places I ventured into I mentioned to him "We'd have to hit the fisherman's wharf tomorrow. I saw some locals walking around with breadbaskets filled with creamy clam chowder and it smelled absolutely scrumptious." He said if the weather were nice we'd check it out tomorrow before we left for L.A. He wanted to take off his jeans and

collared shirt and put on his normal attire of sweatpants and a sweatshirt. Ushering him out the door for dinner when he was more relaxed I was lucky when he said he was starving and quickly got dressed. We just found a quite spot to eat that was next to the wharf and got back to the hotel just in time for our surprise guest. He wanted to go have a shower and settle down for a massage, so I told him I'd join him in a minute. I just had to make a phone call real quick which he thought was odd and asked me if everything was alright, I reinstated that I'd just be a minute, trying not to let on about anything. The knock came quietly on my room's door just on time, as we had planned and I told her my idea to surprise him. I let her into the bathroom where she orchestrated my plan perfectly. Jeffrey finished his shower without me and when he called out for me I told him that I needed him to have a look at something in my room real quick. Not giving in to what it was that he would be looking at, he came into the room where I opened my bathroom door to reveal a beautiful nude girl bathing in a thick amount of soap bubbles in my tub looking at him with an alluring intrigue. His grin went from ear to ear when she stood up and introduced herself letting the bubbles run down her glistening body at an everslow pace. It was a proud moment for Jeffrey. I had done well in his eyes, and she was not like the other girls I had brought to him before, degraded from a lifetime of abuse off the streets. This girl was exactly his pro quo looking sweet and innocent as the girl next door. My efforts were to show him I knew that my only responsibility was to keep him happy at all costs. I led her through the massage on Jeffrey and of course afterwards gratifying his perversion with his lustful requests to be fondled and watch us become more than just friends. I didn't feel too bad at the time with his coercion providing many financial rewards making his scheme enticing to a young, impressionable teen not realizing the terrible memories left to come from all of this. Afterwards he paid her the usual two hundred dollars he gave to everyone for their time and took down her name and phone number writing it in his infamous little black book of the contacts he met in every city but only the ones he really liked made it down in his records.

We went out the next afternoon as I had suggested last night and we ate our clam chowder breadbaskets over looking the wharf's bay, watching the seals playfully barking at each other on the rocks nearby. Shortly after we were driven to the private airstrip and took off for Los Angeles. On the plane was an unexpected visitor. Matt Groening the producer of the "The Simpson's" T.V show was catching a ride with us. I was so excited, as I loved watching his show and acted like a star struck fan, asking him everything from his initial idea for creating the show to where he got his characters from. He told me it was all based on his own family make up,

but without the crazy father and son scenes of Homers hand around Bart's throat.

I was enjoying our conversation, when Jeffrey insisted that I give Matt a foot massage throughout the duration of the short flight. I never turned down a client but when I saw the shape of his feet, I nearly threw up at the thought of having to touch them. He had yellow crusty toenails that even someone with a chainsaw would've had troubles cutting through and then there was the fluffy balls of leftover pieces of sock wedged between the crevices of his sweaty toes, now that was the real icing on the cake for me, no way could I attempt this I thought. Then I had an idea. I went to the back of the plane and rinsed a wash cloth in warm soapy water and returned for his dreaded foot massage but not before attempting to clean them first.

In return for my services Matt was kind enough to draw me two quick sketches on blank paper from his briefcase of my two favorite characters, Homer and Bart. I asked if he would make them out to my little brother and dad, the true fans of the family not missing an episode during dinner over the past ten years or so. Next to the A-4 size drawing he was able to fit in the quote "To my greatest fan from Matt Groening" and their names next to it. I knew they'd absolutely love it, and it was such a nice gesture his feet were no longer an issue as I laughed it off and even made a joke to the comedian about getting a pedicure before hitting L.A.'s beaches.

The flight was only short and we arrived in busy L.A. within the hour, saying Good-Bye to Matt, who was a pleasure to meet. Jeffrey had a meeting at a production studio for one of the girls he was keeping hired in his grasps, so we were off yet again for more business. We were staying with one of his old girlfriends, Jeffrey's code for "She got to old for my taste, but was still nice enough to keep around". She was a tall blonde with blue eyes, a stereotypical Barbie doll. In her younger years she had been a successful model and now lived on the beaches of Santa Monica with a sweeping view of the oceans landscape as her backyard.

The next morning Jeffrey and I went out to breakfast. He said Sarah Keller, would be joining us with another one of Jeffrey's girls I hadn't met yet, her name was Nadia Bjorlin and she was a Yugoslavian model turned aspiring actress, with the help of Jeffrey, as he so proudly remarked at the table before they arrived shortly thereafter. She was a stunning brunette with olive skin tones and shocking blue eyes. By far one of the most beautiful girls I had ever met before. She and Sarah approached the table, shopping bags in hands already in the early hours of the day. They both pulled out a chair and showed us their new pair of Jimmy Choo's they had bought on their way here this morning, and excitedly asked for Jeffrey's opinion. He loved the doting attention and anyone who could make him feel important. We all went back to Sarah's

apartment that Jeffrey rented for her on Malibu Beach. This was the first time Jeffrey came to visit and when we got there you could see why. It was a tiny one-bedroom shack, too small for his likes of accommodation, but she loved it and it was plain to see why, the waves lapped underneath her porch twice a day, what else could anyone want. Before even walking through her door, you could hear the commotion of excitedly screaming females voices coming from inside. There were about five other girls in Sarah's living room and she had invited them so Jeffrey could have a few different girls to choose from. Jeffrey looked at Sarah and smiled, aren't you sweet, as all the girls rushed to introduce themselves, hoping for the opportunities Sarah had offered them to come in the first place. We all had some coffee and biscuits while the conversation kept getting louder and louder, every girl trying to talk over the next one. Jeffrey could handle only so much of that before getting too annoyed. Instead of choosing one of the other new girls, Jeffrey wanted Sarah to show Nadia and I into her bedroom. He was anticipating the introduction of his two favorite girls together, what mischief he had hoped we would get up to was apparent when he asked where Sarah had kept her play toys and not the fisher price ones. Sarah brought out quite a collection of her personal toys and was giggling on her way out as she shut the door. Suddenly the room behind us went quiet, probably hoping to catch a moan or groans too laugh at and I felt so degraded having everyone knowing exactly what was going on. Knowing my duties well I was baffled this time as there was no realistic massage wanted. He immediately instructed us to start kissing and fondling each other with the provided toys straight away seeing his excitement grow watching us try and out do the other one with pleasure, he couldn't keep restraint any longer and started to have intercourse with the both of us, taking his erect penis out of the other to only swap to the other girl, back and forth. This continued for a good fifteen minutes or so while we continued to engage in lesbian acts on each other while the other girl was being subdued by Jeffrey's thrust's of penetration. Nadia was just as dutiful as I was in fulfilling his demented requests, willing to lend her body to Jeffrey and those he sent her too, for the sake of keeping her acting career and putting on a good act at that. She was never competition though. Once I found out where she actually came from I took pity on her for the similar life of servitude we were both accustomed too and not that we ever became good friends but we had reason to relate to each other.

Later on Jeffrey, Nadia and I went to a production studio in L.A. where we had to meet with Nadia's agent as well as the producer of "Day's Of Our Lives". The meeting lasted five minutes, with everyone in consent to the proposal. We flew all the way out there to talk about money, only to be leaving that evening back to N.Y.C. On the way to the airport we

stopped at a fifties looking diner and got a cheeseburger and vanilla milkshake, the first and only time I saw Jeffrey eat what I considered to be real food. Seven lanes to drive in and the freeway was still lined bumper to bumper in the heavy rain. The sound of downpour on the rooftop of the taxi and the rhythm of the windshield wipers was making me sleepy. I was looking forward to sleeping through the long flight back. Thank goodness we had a private jet to catch back, the trip would be comfortable and not rushed to get there on time through the daily peak hour traffic. Jeffrey asked me what I thought of Nadia, more of a kiss and tell kind of thing for him, so proud to admit some of his tenacious acts of pedophilia to me that I knew most people would be embarrassed to even think aloud but I said what he wanted to hear when he asked me what I had thought of her on the way back. I replied, "She is attractive, funny, and seems to know what she is doing with you." Laughing at my statement, he then started to tell me the history behind where he got her. Five years ago when she was merely a teenager just turned thirteen. Her father had recently passed away, leaving Nadia's mother in a tremendous amount of debt and living in a third world country, she didn't have the means necessary to raise her own daughter. When Ghislane approached Nadia for the first time at a music school, she seemed like a maternal, caring stepmother. Telling Nadia's mother if she let Nadia go with her, she would see to it personally that Nadia receive the best education and chances in life to make it. In her customs it wasn't odd for a young girl to be married off to bring the family good fortune, so she kissed her baby girl good-bye and sent her off to commence her life of servitude. I sat there speechless listening to Jeffrey brag about his endeavor to get her over here, shocked that he could stoop as low to use a barely teen to oblige his sexual desires. He was laughing and giddy as he replayed the memories of her arrival over in his head, painting me a horrific picture I had no choice but to imitate a smile to face him with.

No pretty girl is safe from the allurements of these villains procuring the youth off of every street in the world. I knew that day more than ever before those morals did not exist for people like this. Jeffrey once told me that every girl he has had sexual relations with has benefited in their career, finances, or an achievement in marriage with a successful colleague of his. Mine was the massage career, ever so often still giving me a lesson from a professional, which kept me quiet for a while longer. I thought I was already knee deep in this world, if I gave up after putting myself through all of this hell it would've all been for nothing. So I treaded lightly, constantly at a risk of being replaced by another willing participant and playing the eager student he wanted me to be.

Chapter 9

We met Ghislane and Emmy in N.Y.C, and it wasn't a blissful reunion as I hoped for, wanting a break from all of this I was just looking forward to getting back to Palm Beach, not leaving for a further four more days. I got home late in the evening as Jeffrey invited me out to the movies after we had relaxed at his house for a while after landing.

I put my keys through the door to my apartment and walked in to a quiet house. Not thinking anyone was at home I set my suitcase on the floor and put my cell phone on charge as I always did to be accessible for whenever Jeffrey or Ghislane could call. I went to get a drink out of the fridge when I heard some noises coming from the back of my apartment where my bedroom was. I started back there and slowly turned my doorknob to reveal T.J on top of another girl. When they noticed they weren't alone anymore, T.J got off her with promptness. I recognized the girl from seeing her around at parties, and she was the town lowie, scattering her trail of guys along with her presumable diseases, and I wasn't shy to verbalize that when she tried to open her mouth and calm the heated situation between T.J and I. She didn't like her cards on the table in front of the guy she was screwing around with and got up in a fit of rage to attack me. Still nude with only my new white sheets to cover her body, I threw her out of my house along with T.J. "I have been paying your way for months, only finding out your sleeping with the biggest slut in Royal Palm Beach, at least have some dignity and higher your standards." I didn't really have a leg to stand on since I had started this relationship giving him the knowledge I had a sugar daddy to answer to above him. "You're gone all the time and with that old man, what did you expect me to do?" He was right, I wanted what I couldn't have, but I needed some time to cool down and accept my situation. I loved having T.J around to come home too, and he used to be my best friend in my school days. I convinced myself of the lies I continued to accept. Days later I was still not speaking with T.J, mentally adjusting to my circumstances, I thought I'd have the day off to relax since I hadn't been called all day. Until about five pm when Ghislane called and said Jeffrey would like a massage in an hour. Grudgingly I got up from relaxing on the couch, got dressed and put my make-up on, meeting Juan downstairs a half an hour later. Jeffrey was already lying on the massage table when I walked in. I started the massage being very quiet from my somber mood, when Jeffrey picked up on it and said "you know it's not good to massage people when you're angry, you could pass on negative energy," I wasn't sure if he was serious or just trying to be nice so I could speak about what was bothering me. Ending up not being able to contain my

emotion any further I told him what happened with T.J. and broke down in tears, a little heart broken from living in such a lie. He turned around from his massage and sincerely paused for a second thinking he was going to console me but instead he laughed at the very prospect of my notion that monogamous relationships ever existed. "Are you serious, he was only doing what every guy in the world does, you can't hold that against him". I replied in a lighthearted gesture "whose side are you on anyways?" His answer stuck with me for many years to come "I'm on your side which is why I'm going to save you a lot of grief with this one tip. Never expect a man to be faithful and you'll never be let down, it's just the way us men are genetically imprinted." The remainder of the massage I had to pretend like I wasn't further saddened by his response, but in fact having to act enlightened. I would never come to him for any other relationship advice, ever again. He told me I'd be fine if I just listened to my mentor. He still loved role-playing the teacher and me the pupil, like the old days before he got rich and only used to be a college professor. I finished the massage and fulfilled my sexual duties before being sent home wanting to collapse in anguish.

T.J. was outside my apartment door when I got there, his mom waiting downstairs in her minivan just in case I kicked him out again. He pleaded his guilt and promised that he would never see her again, agreeing with me that she was the town slut and he screwed up big time. I let him back into my apartment and back into my life for that matter but more aware of the world I was being led into believing was of normal conduct accepted by everyone in this sick world. Jeffrey was going back to N.Y.C and told me to have a few days off before his assistant at his office would arrange an E-Ticket on a commercial flight for me to join him later in the week. I had just made loads of money from my previous trip and wanted to relax like any teenager does, so I threw a hotel party that weekend on Singer Island in Rivera Beach, inviting only a small group of friends to begin with.

The hotel room quickly filled up with a flood of teens and the pumping music was blaring. The room had a balcony overlooking the pool and the beach that became the smoker's section. I wasn't a real smoker at that point, preferring to have a puff of a spiffed blunt instead so I made it my rule to go outside trying to prevent holes in the carpet, but it didn't last too long when our forbidden walls came tumbling down. Making so much money that I could supply my wild parties with an assortment of drugs like trips, ecstasy, and coke as well as an abundance of alcohol, that T.J had all the contacts for, made my fellow teens admire me. It definitely gave me a head swell, thinking here I was so young but so grown up already with all of my peers from high school looking up to me. In the wee hours of the morning we were all still going hard with our eyes

dilated into little black diamonds. We were all having in depth conversations about life and where we would all end up when this charade was all said done. Nobody got to sleep that night as the room slowly dwindled in numbers as people were finding their way home to recover from the repercussions of drugs wearing down out of their intoxicated system.

When I flew out to N.Y.C to meet Jeffrey the next day, I was still in a horrible state. Not knowing what was wrong with me, thinking it was just a bad come down, I rushed out of the elevator and down the hall to my room, sweating profusely, to make it just in time to the toilet to throw up bile again for the uncountable time since getting off the plane. I was having intense cramps in my stomach and when I was called down to meet Jeffrey in the massage room, I had to decline for the first time. I told the housekeeper that I was feeling very ill after the flight, maybe some off food for lunch and needed to lie down for a while. Nobody came up to check on me for hours or even called. Waking up from my much-needed nap, I pulled back the expensive white sheets to find myself in a pool of my own sweat and blood. I was covered in the red stains that drenched the pants I was wearing. I had no idea what was going on, I could only focus on the dire amount of pain I was in. In between the heaves of throwing up and crying simultaneously I was able to reach the phone and called the housemaid on the intercom. I told her I needed to go to a hospital immediately and slammed the phone down only to fall back to the floor huddled in a ball. She didn't hesitate in calling Ghislane who ran up to see what was wrong. Ghislane then called Jeffrey who was in his office at the time and told him to hurry up to my level, stressing to him that it was an emergency. Thinking they really cared about me for the first time since I had known them, they came with me to the hospital with me. Now I realize I was only a liability in getting them caught and they needed to get to the doctors before I could say anything incriminating. They were suspecting the worst now and seeing he never wore a condom with me and from our previous conversations they knew I always made

T.J wear one, they feared the situation at hand.

When he saw the catastrophic state I was in at that point, it was the housemaid who helped me get up and assisted me down to the car where Jo-Jo was waiting for me. He drove us to either Lennox Hill Hospital or Mount Sinai, I can't remember, as it was so blurry in such a bad condition. Rushed in for immediate testing I was uncontrollably vomiting and in so much agony, I was given an injection to help me to subside the intense pain. A nurse came in to ask who would pay for this and although I insisted my parents insurance still covered me, Jeffrey persisted that he take care of all the medical bills and gave the nurse his information.

When the pain relief kicked in, everything and everyone dwindled away until I felt like Alice in Wonderland who just swallowed the shrinking tablet and everyone standing around me seemed to move so quick, speak so loud and hover above me. When I awoke from my induced state, I was alone in a different room. Not knowing at all what went on but feeling a little better, I called in the nurse who looked through my charts and checked my vital signs. Then told me the doctor would be in shortly to inform me of the conclusion to my illness.

He was a tall man with dark hair, and a hardened look about him obviously from his job and constantly seeing the worst horror stories man could think of, he just bluntly told me I had miscarried in early stages of pregnancy. I should be fine to go home as soon as my course of intravenous antibiotics was complete. The news sunk in fast and hit a deep nerve. I waited for the doctor to close the curtain before I let out any emotion and cried for my disastrous lifestyle that was dragging me into a world that I wanted to break out of. This reoccurring cycle of believing I needed men like Jeffrey to succeed in my life was draining the last bits of sensitivity left in my heart. I was picked up by Jeffrey himself who took the doctor alone to the side of the busy hallway to have a private conversation about something. Jeffrey wasn't comforting at all, instead he sent me back home to rest for a couple weeks, and I only fell deeper into a depression, using all forms of self-medication to treat my sorrows.

Two weeks later, as if Jeffrey was trying to lighten my spirits, he told me I would be going to his island to meet a new client. He is a Harvard Professor, named Stephen █████. I would be spending two days with him showing him around the island, dining with him, and treating him to a massage whenever he wanted. Without Jeffrey even verbalizing the need to have sex with him, he told me to keep him happy like I had my first client. I packed my suitcase with island apparel, and kissed T.J. goodbye, who had at least offered me a warm embrace upon the news of my miscarriage but none other than that knowing it wasn't his.

Stephen was a quirky little man with white hair and a mad scientist look about him. We arrived separately and I greeted him when one of the housekeepers picked him up from the airport and arrived by boat, instead of helicopter as Jeffrey and Ghislane often arrive on. We made our acquaintances and he looked as if he was tripping over himself with words, obviously delighted with his company and location for the weekend. I showed him around as Jeffrey had asked and took him on an adventurous quad bike ride around the small curvy paths, leading the way and letting loose my hair, doing something that gave me a natural high instead of the prescription one. The sights alone were breathtaking from the mountainous peaks of the untouched parts of the island, we sat at a cliff and just sat there, not saying a word to each other besides to

compliment the sights mother nature that appealed to us. I didn't feel as if I owed this stranger anything but what was expected of me by Jeffrey and I could be polite, I just couldn't be myself.

We got back to the main villa to see what time dinner would be served so we could have time to unpack and clean up beforehand. We both met at six pm for dinner on the outside veranda. He sat at the head of the table and I sat next to him, politely folding my napkin to put in my lap. The first time Jeffrey and Ghislane had seen me cut meat and eat with a fork and knife they were so appalled, making fun of my unsophisticated habits. Ghislane took the fork and knife in her hands and proceeded to show me how to politely cut my food and eat. Now that my mannerisms had improved they wouldn't have to be worried about my etiquette when someone important was around anyone. We both drank the red wine supplied on the table and it seemed to warm me up on the breezy night. By the time dinner was served and another red wine bottle later, he seemed to get funnier. I made fun of his tousled hair and he poked at me for my skinny legs, calling me a wanna be-anorexic. When dessert was brought out, he asked if he could receive one of the delightful massages he has been hearing about from Jeffrey. I gulped more red wine down and sweetly complied with his offer, dreading the moment I'd have to see his naked body, let alone touch it. I asked the housekeeper Kathy that had been serving us that night to please have someone set up a massage bed in one of the cabana's. I went to my room to down a few Xanax, telling him I wanted to freshen up after dinner but to meet me in his cabana in twenty minutes or so. I was ready to go as I had said, twenty minutes later, with the effects of the tablets mixed with the red wine, and I would be free not to feel anything. He was still dressed when I got in the cabana, obviously not accustomed to this and a lot shyer than what I had been used to, I told him he'd need to undress and lie face down on the table, putting a towel to cover his bare bottom to prevent him feeling embarrassed during the massage. I gave the massage my earnest as I always had, and quickly got through having intercourse with him. Not wanting to make any foreplay or anything extravagant out of it, I let him think that's as good as it got, and by the smile on his face, I thought I had done enough.

The next day I took him down to the beach for a real massage under a tiki-hut on the waters edge. It was one of Jeffrey's favorite places to have a massage, as he dived out to the sound of the waves and my gentle therapeutic strokes. Afterwards we had lunch back at the main villa and went back down to the beach to swim out to the water trampoline about one hundred meters off the dock. He didn't do any bouncing around or anything like that. It was just a good base point for a rest spot after a long

swim. What was really cool about it though, was you could see through the mesh and watch fish swimming underneath.

The rest of the afternoon we spent by the pool reading magazines and eating fruit plates. Eventually he went to his cabana to have a nap later on. That night after dinner and my mixed cocktail of Xanax and red wine, I asked if he'd like another massage before I went to bed. He just wanted to stay up watching movies in Jeffrey's theatre room. As peculiar as that request was to me I didn't argue it, I just hoped I hadn't disappointed him in any way that could make it back to Jeffrey. I showed him how to use the remote and turn off the T.V when he was finished before going to bed. The next morning we were both catching a flight from St. Thomas and we had no time for anything other than breakfast and packing, which saved me from having to be too polite as we said our good-bye's from the terminal in the airport, both hurriedly off in separate directions. thankfully. I arrived back in Palm Beach, only to be told to catch another flight the next day to N.Y.C, where Jeffrey would fix me up the money he owed me for treating his colleague out to an entertaining weekend.

Chapter 10

I was fixed up more than what I had usually made for two days, which was great because that car I had been saving for was finally within my reach. I had been waiting for the freedom a car gives every teenager for a long time, and now that I had over fifteen thousand dollars saved up I could pretty much afford to go buy myself a nice car outright. Looking much better than the last time I saw him Jeffrey acknowledged it. I went to his office where he was waiting for me and he had a guest with him. She was unusual looking to the common stereotype drop dead gorgeous girls Jeffrey had normally introduced me to. Of Asian decent, her name was Rena. Jeffrey had met her at an art gallery where some of her own artwork was on display. She had a bubbly persona about her and I could then understand why Jeffrey liked her so much, she fit into the subservient category that he liked his girls to fall under. It was apparent to me that they had already slept together in the short time span they had met, as there closeness was oddly noticeable and I wondered what it was he was offering to her in exchange for her body. I found out later from Jeffrey that he was buying her artwork, promising her the world as an artist, telling her he'd have her work in the all the museums in N.Y.C and the best art exhibits. Everyone was promised something, and seemed to be bought off in somehow or another to be in his company. It was only a matter of time that the truth would come out.

To my own amazement Rena was to be assisting me in Jeffrey's massage this day, not being a total knockout or anything spectacular, looks wise that is, but for some reason he seemed intrigued enough. As we made our way through his spectacular mansion she was in total awe at every corner. Commenting on the present artwork and décor that we passed in every hall, it no longer seemed so grandeur to me anymore but hearing someone else speak about it in such excitement reminded me of the days when all of this seemed so unforeseen.

When we got to the massage room, or "The Dungeon" as I used to put it for it's medieval looking appearance, we firstly out of custom all had a steam shower, where Jeffrey expected me to walk her through a servants duties, telling her to take his other foot and start rubbing in small circles and stroking the arches of his foot rhythmically. Rena took the instructions well and began to massage him too. When we all went to the shower next and she followed in my exact lead washing his body as well. Jeffrey absolutely loved the fact that two teenage girls were dually pampering him. Jeffrey wanted to move to the massage bed and I had to further begin to show her about the body, upon his accord. She mimicked my every move up his legs and buttocks, keeping up with every stroke until he could not contain his arousal any longer and was already requesting us to start kissing each other, the start of the very reason we had even met in the first place.

He blatantly stopped the massage nowhere near being complete and turned over to announce his increased arousal in a physical abundance of grotesqueness. Moving over to the small couch in the corner of the room he made a space for her to lie down on the massage table as she had commanded him to do in such a domineering tone that he wasn't used to being spoken down to with. From that very moment onwards and from the look on his face he was yearning for her to orchestrate an hour of deliverance upon my meek nature. He started to stroke his erect manhood as he was being tantalized watching her take over every inch of my body in a dominating act of seduction. I was left breathless and soar after my first introduction into the world of S&M.

Rena considered herself a dominatrix, she loved bondage, whipping hitting, and eventually cutting her sex partner with little sharp knives until they subdued to her punishment in agonizing pain. She was absolutely crazy if you were to ask me, and I couldn't help but wonder what got her into this in the first place. All I knew was that Jeffrey was absurdly taking into the appeal of watching us two interact, often with her acting as my mistress who would fondle me with an insurmountable amount of whips and toys. Then she would love to finish off every session by hitting me across my face with a hard blow from the back of her hand and sneering over my curled up body showing Jeffrey her ability

to make others surrender to her extreme force. She could be so opposite all of the sudden and be tenderly intimate with Jeffrey stroking his penis lovingly and even speaking in baby talk to him, which he seemed to adore.

He loved us pairing up so much that within months he made Rena an official even renting her an apartment at the same place he had one for me during my extensive trips out to N.Y.C. Sending us out shopping together at all of the underground seedy sex stores downtown we would bring him back thousands of dollars worth of sexy outfits, sex toys and bondage material. His favorite one was a black leather studded collar that lead down the back of my spine to cuff my hands and feet together, offering Rena the most compromising positions to wield her afflictions, one she was excited to pick out for my usage.

She was good at eradicating my softer side though. Helping me forge an unpredictable scenario of me turning the tables on her, making her at my will instead of me always being at her twisted discretion. Jeffrey loved the rivalry between us, both striving to dominate the other one but to me it was just another way of surviving her punishment. All for show I thought she was a madman let loose in a torturous domain of violent sex and unbearable beatings. I wasn't sure how long I could hold off this charade of S & M, I just didn't want Jeffrey to think I couldn't give him everything that she could, always being replaceable in his company.

She and I could often come across as good friends to his blind eye but it was only a matter of time before the animosity inside of me was going to snap. Doing normal things too made it all half bearable. Having a lot of similar interests we did fun things like go to the theatre to watch "phantom of the Opera" or visit several historical and art museums together, afterwards treating ourselves for a giant piece of greasy N.Y.C style pizza. Like I said, we really liked each other purely as friends but the dominance in the massage chambers was taking it's toll on our strange friendship. One average trip back to N.Y.C, she surprised Jeffrey with a six foot by six-foot oil painting of her and I lying nude in a ying and yang position facing each other. Although we were soliciting each other with sexual innuendo the picture was still very carefully orchestrated to perfectly portray the darker side of Jeffrey's thrills. It was an amazing piece of work, besides the lewdness of it, but she would've known that's exactly what kind of art Jeffrey liked. He was so astounded by her gift as he had previously asked her to construct a small painting of us together but was not expecting anything of this grand magnitude she had presented him with. He lifted her from the ground and twirled her around before he thanked her profusely and embellished her with his profound gratitude, the only thing Jeffrey had to offer, he handed her a small wad of cash as her payment. It was the most appreciation I had ever

seen him show a girl. Obviously moved by her gesture, he got her an exhibit in N.Y.C's "Metropolitan Museum of Art" where she submitted her very own piece. She sculpted an image of my headshot out of clay, shaping it with the strands of my long hair blowing across my face. I was taken aback myself at her creation. She really did have an amazing talent if not for her meaner streak she would've been a great friend. I will never forget Rena, for all of the ups and the downs we endured together.

It wasn't too much longer before I finally had enough of the abuse in the bedroom and I had to tell Jeffrey what I was feeling. She was getting even more violent as time went on, and with her questioning me and Jeffrey why she didn't get brought on long trips with him, she didn't get thinking about getting rid of her off of his "regular list". He said she was becoming too clingy and he didn't like clinginess or jealousy. I never even got to say goodbye or take the opportunity to keep her as a friend, like a girlfriend to catch up with once and awhile, but that's how it was with Jeffrey, one day you sat under the blanket of his comfortability and the next without any warning you could be discarded like yesterday's news. She would've taken it hard but that's the game we were playing and it was for those who knew what lines not to cross.

I was further surprised the next day when Jeffrey gave me a thousand dollars to go shopping in downtown Manhattan to find a classy dress, on top of being sent to the exclusive beauty salon of celebrity stylist "Frederic Fekkai" for a new look. It was amazing, to be pampered like royalty. I walked out of there feeling like I had replaced a young girl with a young woman, I felt beautiful. He had yet another surprise in store for me. Ghislane called me and told me I need to go to a photo-developing store and ask them for two I.D photos then bring them downtown to Jeffrey's Manhattan office. Weird request I thought. I was more used to posing in full body shots being sexually exposed as a gift for Jeffrey. I did as they asked and took my two photos into the office where Jeffrey's assistant was waiting for my arrival. Still not telling me what the headshots were for, she took them from me and told me to have a seat for a second. A moment later I heard Jeffrey call me into the office. "I like what you've done with your hair, you've gone more blonde, suits your glowing tan". I replied with an appreciative "thank-you" for sending me to such a renowned hairstylist, and shopping money. I showed him my finds for the day, an elegant off the shoulder navy blue dress that had two layers that would swoosh and sway with my every stride. I couldn't wait to wear it on a special occasion, and I wouldn't have to. The pictures I had to bring to him, as he would proceed to tell me, were for my first passport. I was so excited, we were going to France for a close friend of Jeffrey and Ghislane's birthday party, famed super-model Naomi

Campbell. I was so overjoyed with excitement, what girl my age with a background like mine was attending socialite parties and globetrotting the world. It only made it harder for me to see beyond the elusive walls I had put up to protect myself from the appalling truth.

We left in early April first going to London, Paris and then our final destination being St. Tropez in Southern France. If Hallmark had a postcard, St. Tropez would definitely be on the front of it. It was beautiful spring weather and every where you looked women were dressed in bikini tops branded with some kind of designer label embedded into it and the men were following them around like harping dogs in heat. In all of the elegance of the Mediterranean, "La Bastide De St. Tropez" was an impressive landmark. Jeffrey and Ghislane were staying in one of the private cottages, on the park on the grounds, while Emmy and I stayed in separate quarters inside the hotel. The old style cobblestone streets were lined with boutique shops and beauty parlors. It was the hedonistic stomping grounds of the beyond rich and famous.

The next day we went out to lunch at the grand opening of the infamous Nikki Beach Club, where a cheap glass of champagne costs around two hundred dollars and if your not keeping the alcohol consumption flowing like water, you'd be asked to leave to make way for the constant flow of prospectus patrons. That's where I first got to meet Naomi Campbell. She was wearing the typical attire strutting around southern France, a D&G bikini top and a wrap around mini skirt to go over the swimsuits bikini. She was so tall and stunningly beautiful. Her charisma was energetic, funny, and everyone seemed to hang off of her every word and laugh at her every joke. Ghislane and Jeffrey kissed her cheeks and wished her a happy birthday, and then I was introduced and followed in their suit. She was surrounded by a league of assistants, friends and fans, which didn't make it easy for us to all converse but she got enough time in to invite us abroad a yacht of a fellow she was "kind of seeing" at the time for the before party ahead of tonight's event. We went back to the hotel and I gave Jeffrey a massage in his room before we all headed down to the pool to soak in some of the year's first sun's rays.

I loved wearing my new ball gown and feeling like a princess. It was absolutely sensational and made me feel as if I floated in the dress. I swept up my long hair in a twisted clip, only letting down a few curly strands and layered on the mascara. Receiving many compliments throughout the evening when we eventually left the Yacht to make our appearance at the main birthday bash, I couldn't help but feel excitement for the party to come it was the first celebrity birthday bash I had ever been to. Being introduced to model after model and the rich men that followed them around became dizzying. Jeffrey sat back and watched as I buoyantly worked the dance floor, coming back to the table where he

was, only to grab another glass of champagne every now and then. Every so often he'd introduce to me to someone new, pulling me aside to show off his eager young masseuse to his fellow pedo's. These people had so much money pouring out of them. I don't know why he even thought they'd care in the first place. It made me feel good though. At least I knew I made him proud to have me in his company.

Being surrounded by so many of Jeffrey's colleagues and his likeminded people that were considered the most sophisticated and the highly esteemed of today's world nearly made the way I was living lately more fathomable, at least to myself. I thought if everyone looks up to these people and they are all accepting of it, it must be just the way the world turns. I danced with a young prince that night and with all of the help from the bubbly champagne I couldn't remember his name for the life of me. On one of my trips back to the table for another glass, Jeffrey leaned over to quietly whisper in my ear that it was a prince that I had actually been dancing with and I didn't phase me in the least way. I went back to the dance floor and continued to let my hair down. It was a fun bash, the entire crowd sang "Happy Birthday" to Naomi and by the time we got back in the car to retreat for the night, I was giddy from the drinking and dancing all evening. We had a guest in the car, and apparently we had already been introduced, but I couldn't even remember his name in the first five minutes of our meeting again. He was the hotel owner of some large chain in America called "Hilton". Staying at one of the cottages near Jeffrey, he saw it quaint to loan me out for a night's massage to ruin an "almost" perfect evening. Jeffrey told me to come back to his room after I was finished with Rick, thankfully he reminded me of his name but also odd I thought, being so late I would've never imagined Jeffrey could stay up this late but I never made a fuss out of his requests. I gave him affirmation of my understood instructions and headed off with this stranger into the darkness.

I dimmed the bright lights in his bedroom to a softer tone as if it might aid the vision of this short, balding man with struggling remnants of curly brown hair left to show for the remaining bits of youth left in him. I had to ask him to undress and lay on top of the towel that I had picked up from the neatly folded pile at the end of his bed and spread it over the duvet. I didn't want to waste a second in his place, getting right to the very reason I was even there. Turning around while he was getting undressed, being our first time together, I wanted to give him the impression I was actually a therapist and not a finale to the end of the nights entertainment. Not exactly what he had in mind though, given that my impression was already made for me when Jeffrey arranged for our meeting in the first place. His chuckle to my response was condescending as he came up behind me and unzipped my dress which floated to the

bottom of the floor as he was saying "You can't really expect to give a massage wearing this, here sweetie, I'll help you out of it." He just wanted to see the hidden bounty my clothes were hindering his eyes from seeing. I just went about my way trying to get his hands off of me and to get him to lie down for a massage. Making quaint conversation with him was pointless as I was trying to send his thoughts elsewhere other than the apparent perverted schemes replaying in his mind from the heavy breathing he was making and the looks he was giving to me. I was using all of the tricks in the "turn-off" book even asking him about his wife and kids.

Unquestionably he was in seventh heaven turning every one of my distractions into another flattering compliment. He was saying things like "I love what you do to me, I have never felt like this before, come stay with me and I will pay you double, no, triple whatever Jeffrey pays you!" Knowing he was just a drunk idiot, I wasn't being lured in by any of his offers of money or a privileged lifestyle, I knew these cages all too well and I was better off sticking with the one that I was at least accustomed to already. Holding back any composure now, he was going extremely wild ravishing at my body trying to tear off my panties like a hungered wild animal. After all of the champagne I had drunk that night it gave me the nerve that I needed to know exactly how to handle perverts like this one, who had been no different from every other slumuck in my life, and I quickly shut him up with a blowjob lasting no longer than two terrible minutes. I had only been shy of a half an hour before I was already getting quickly get dressed and hurrying out his cottage door.

When I got to Jeffrey's cottage I rushed through the door and told Jeffrey and Ghislane, who were sitting front of the fireplace reading a books, that I never ever wanted to see that guy ever again. When they asked me what was the matter, I told them of every thing that had happened that night even how he offered me to come work for him getting paid triple. I established a lot of trust with Jeffrey that night. He asked me why I didn't accept the offer and I responded with "Who would look after you, if I were gone?" Like a caring grand father would do, he pulled me into his chest for a hug and told me that it meant a lot to him. It was so late and I was so tired but I still had to give Jeffrey his massage that night. He asked me to just rub his feet as he fell asleep, and thankfully he was out like a light in no time. The next morning I took two headache tablets and a ginger ale instead of a coffee. Trying to contain my hangover as best as possible behind a pair of sunnies it was mid afternoon by the time I had felt like myself again. We spent the day Yacht hopping, soaking in the sunny weather while Jeffrey and Ghislane caught up with old acquaintances, Emmy and I were just accessories to look good on the arms of them. The next day we wrapped up the tail end of

our trip and commenced our flight back into the U.S. I was paid a generous amount and set off to go car shopping as soon as I got back to Florida. Through a private seller, I was able to pay out right for my car. I got a Dodge Dakota in cherry red, and immediately had an impressive sound system put in. She was my first pride and joy and taste of freedom. I would love to drive her down to Lakeworth Beach to sit in my car and watch the waves while I listened to my stereo blare music and puffed on a jay. Letting the rest of the world pass by while I sat back and watched them walk past wondering to myself what their story was about.

I turned seventeen that summer and had accumulated a string of exotic destinations that I had travelled in such a short time. I was given more make-up and a pair of diamond earrings from Jeffrey. Ghislane only wished me a happy day, wondering at times if she felt threatened by Jeffrey's and my closeness. We went to the island after we left N.Y.C and I asked If Sarah would be meeting us, mentioning it had been a while since we had last seen her. He said he had some bad news about her. Expecting the worse, thinking she had gotten hurt or something, I was astounded when Jeffrey told me that she had been sent to his island with one of his friends for a couple days and when the housekeepers were cleaning her room and they found a stash of cocaine left out carelessly in the bathroom.

He said he had no choice but to let her go. Addicts with no respect for themselves or his wishes had no leeway in Jeffrey's book. He didn't mind that I dabbled in drugs once in a while as long as I never brought them along with us on any trips, except for my Xanax, which he didn't mind because it was pharmaceutical and most of all wouldn't cause him trouble being a legal narcotic. Sarah took it too far when she crossed international borders with an illegal drug, risking her welfare and almost costing Jeffrey public attention. She lost her apartment and contacts in the acting world, only hearing from acquaintances once in a while that she was sinking deeper and deeper into the black hole of addiction. It was sad to find out, as I always did like her.

At the island, Ghislane had just recently obtained her helicopter pilot's license and wanted to get some practice airtime and flew Jeffrey and I to St. John where we picked up Alexandria Cousteau, the grand daughter to the inventor of the scuba tank and underwater explorer Jack Cousteau. Ghislane was out to set us affright in the air, but it was all talk, she was actually an impressive pilot. Still a daredevil though, she got her kicks out of hearing us fret on the earmuffs intercom's. Jeffrey made it clear that Alexandria was a guest when I was told to adhere to her if she wanted a massage, which I obliged her with several times during our first meeting. It was Jeffrey who instigated that her and I reenact as lovers in lesbian acts of foreplay and penetration. I couldn't imagine a girl with

such high prospects lowering herself to something of Jeffrey's standards, but I later found out through Jeffrey that he had donated money to her continuous exploration into marine life and habitats. She had followed in her family's footsteps, all of them involved in Marine Biology in some way or another. We actually got along really well, she was a real decent girl, and loved talking about her passion, everything underneath the waters surface.

When I wasn't busy giving massages to everyone around, her and I would hang out together. Often we go swimming in the crystal clear pool of ocean that the Caribbean had to offer. Once we swam out so far not paying attention to our location and were carried out to sea by the current. We took turns on the backs of each other, taking breaks against the strong ocean tide. It was almost a possibility that we nearly drowned out there, if it weren't for some guys on a boat out fishing for the day when they caught us in their view. They picked us up and brought us back to the island where we were reprimanded by a worried Jeffrey and Ghislane to first of all let someone know where we are going at all times, and never to lose sight of the shore while out for a swim. After that learning experience I took their heed and proceeded with caution. I had a new found respect for the ocean and it's mysteries.

Having such a lover of the water as a guest, made Jeffrey want to explore parts of his Caribbean he had never seen before. The next morning we were met by a scuba instructor in St. James and given a few lessons in how to use the gear and more tips like how to descend slowly to the ocean floor as not to cause blood clots as well as visual hand signals to communicate underwater. It was so exhilarating beneath the waters surface. No voices to listen too, only the enchanting sights to take in. We explored the surrounding reef and found a large squid, many of sea urchins, and the magnificent colored coral that housed a many of the rich variety of the local species of fish. It was such a great sight to take in. Holding a permanent mental picture of those adventures to carry in my head for all times.

We all had such a great time that Jeffrey hired the same scuba instructor to come out the next day to scuba dive the safer parts around his island. We got bored quickly with not much to see but seaweed and a fish here and there. It didn't take long before Ghislane decided for us all to explore other numerous locations by boat. Jeffrey needed a bit of convincing at first and the instructor was quick to assure him that he knew his way well around these waters, of course he would say that, he was getting paid a hell of a lot to do this in the first place, why not extend it a few more hours?

The clear water glistened and the tropical array of marine life was on display as we wanted to stop at so many places but you could see as

beautiful as it was it could be as equally dangerous. It took so long as we had to veer away from so many desirable spots. Finally we found a good place that the scuba instructor thought was safe. He budded us up into pairs and we jumped off the back of the boat into the crystal aqua blue waters beginning our descent slowly into the darker regions of the oceans floor. We were situated on open water with a cavern of reefs to venture in and around down below. It seemed to be quite a choice to scuba in, one that our guide said he wasn't familiar with but to alleviate his bored clientele deemed safe to swim around.

It was Jeffrey and the Guide together, Ghislane and Emmy, and I was paired up with Alexandria. Miles, the houseman, came with us and stayed on the boat just in case something went wrong and lucky he did. We were all too far under the water to hear his alarming screams of distress when shadow's lurking in the murky distance started appearing closer and closer. Ghislane actually looked frightened for once as she gave us the signal to start ascending upwards, reminding us by holding her ears not to go up to quick or as we were previously warned before we could pop a blood vessel in our brain and hemorrhage to death, not a very lovely image but neither was getting torn apart by sharks. Those giant shadows became clearer and soon enough we could recognize their indistinct species as the terrifying and more aggressive breed of sharks, the hammerhead. Grabbing Miles hand I was the last one ahead of the Guide to get on the boat imaging the worst as I waited behind Emmy and Alexandria who were the next to follow after Jeffrey and Ghislane I was in too much shock to scream or cry, I just told myself I had to stay calm to get out of this alive. Unlucky for us we found out later on that we were in their breeding territory and being sent a clear message that we were soon to be on the menu to their feeding frenzy.

We all felt like we had cheated death and I know it wasn't only my heart that was still beating out of my chest when we headed back to Jeffrey's island. Jeffrey was pale as his designer sheets and looked like he had aged another ten years in such a scared state. Ghislane took the heat off herself even barely taking a notice of beforehand and decided to poke fun at all of us frantically scurrying to get out of the water, it was just her nature, as I had never seen her move so quickly either. We got back to the island and all collapsed our fatigued bodies in our own beds for a long nap. Freshened up and much more relaxed we regaled our horrendous story again over dinner, this time in laughter. The following afternoon Ghislane piloted us all in the helicopter to St. John's Airport and we said good-bye to Alexandra where we all parted ways. I met her a few more separate times in Palm Beach at Jeffrey's Mansion, but she wasn't a regular of his, probably not as easy as the troubled girls were to bribe.

Chapter 11

Throughout the remainder of the quickly passing year I was on a constant move with Jeffrey. Attending various dinner parties, mostly with other esteemed billionaires and widely acclaimed scientists. Jeffrey likes to surround himself with the most brilliant and powerful of minds, filling his little black book with some of the most esteemed and even infamous people in today's wealthy society. It was during those intellectual gatherings that my body was also put on the banquet menu but this time for a powerful senator George Mitchell and another prominent Nobel-Prize winning scientist who's name would be mentioned but for all the life of me can no longer remember. They would be only some of the recognizable figures of the high society that became added to my list of clientele, of course being introduced to for a lot more than just a client of massage.

As an amusement to Jeffrey's associates I also knew my place was to entertain but not to every desired content. I was to show them a good time but not the way I would have to use technique and effort for Jeffrey. The very teachings from Jeffrey himself, or my tutor, as he liked to so eloquently put it. Consistently being used and adored for the likelihood of my youthful looks I was becoming very accustomed to my lifestyle with Jeffrey, never really relaxing into it, but just accepting this as being as good as it will ever get for me. I didn't think I should be complaining, wasn't I being offered a life in exchange for servitude? Just letting the signs of my anxiety and depression pass me by while I blanketed them with my pills, suffocating under a blanket of pain is all I was really doing.

I spent Christmas and the New Year holidays with Jeffrey in N.Y.C, who doesn't celebrate the occasion, as is of Jewish descent. Not that he was a religious man anyways, I never even saw him celebrate Hanukkah either. We firstly stayed at his ranch in Santa Fe for a week, then left for a long plane trip to Paris, France where we all suffered jet lag for the next twenty four hours. We all stayed in a grand hotel with a view the Champs' Elyse.

Emmy and I shared a room and with her gifted ability to make new contacts in just a few hours, she brought out a jay to share on the rooftop at nighttime while we were overlooking the lit up Eiffel Tower. We never got really close as buddies but we both knew what we were indebted to and felt each other's sorrows. All four of us went out shopping at Chanel, D&G, Ralph Lauren, and many other little exclusive boutiques the following afternoon. As a gift Jeffrey bought me a white terry clothed goose feathered sofa and had it sent back to my apartment in Florida, and bought some new tapestries to have sent back to Santa Fe for his ranch.

We also visited his up and coming Paris apartment. It was a modern, typical flat being refurbished, and we went to see how it was all looking. Jeffrey liked to fuss about every detail and harass the builder's about their work, changing last minute details at a whim. Days and many croissants later we left for Spain feeling bloated and sleepy. We only stayed in Spain for the afternoon, going to see another astounding Moroccan castle for Jeffrey to replicate at one of his many mansions. It was only a short plane ride to Tangier, Africa for more castles hopping. We arrived at the historic landmark and the only five star hotel in Tangier called El Minzah in the village of Ville Nouvelle. The city and outskirts were still very hostile at the time, females being warned to not walk the streets alone and not to leave the house after dark or be at risk of being raped or worse.

When we got to the room, it was oozing with every expected bit of extravagance that a luxurious historical palace should offer until I was greeted with a pile of monkey poo in the very middle of my bed. Not a happy camper I called Jeffrey, Ghislane and Emmy into my adjoining room and they all had quite a good laugh at my expense. Within a moments notice of a complaint call to the front desk and we had an attendant cleaning up my bed linen. The cleaner noticed the window was still opened, he warned not to leave it ajar at nighttime just in case another monkey wanted to make himself comfortable in my quarters. Ghislane joked that maybe I should keep it open I might find a suitable husband before I get any older. Always the instigator of a good joke but unable to take one herself she didn't like when I poked back that it was more in her recent taste of men, since she loved to brag about her rendezvous with her various lovers. Once she came back giddy as a schoolgirl with an explosion of news, with all the build up and excitement in her voice you'd think she was the next crown princess, but she had given George Clooney a blowjob in the bathroom at some random event, she never let that one down.

We all went to explore the towns surrounding Moroccan castles and meet their royalty that lived in them. Jeffrey's personal interior designer's met us at the residences. They walked around hurriedly, scribbling notes into their clipboards and whispering between themselves. The palaces were historically unique and beautiful but I wondered how could they live so grandeur behind these walls when they lived in a city of such poverty stricken squabble. Beggars lined the streets, people could just go missing and no one could care less, and you heard of barbaric murders happening every night. Against the advice of the Palace Attendant and Jeffrey's wishes, I decided to take a stroll one afternoon, mainly just to take photos of exotic Africa and do some shopping in the village markets but I ended up being intrigued by a group of young children playing in the streets.

When I was noticed watching them, about fifteen of them came up to me and began to beg for money and food. I was over taken by the poor, hungry children and I felt sad for them all and wished I could help out somehow. When the tide of kids washed away and the street went empty, I was overcome with intrigue at these two little boys. Brothers I found out later on, and there only toy was an empty can they were kicking to each other in the middle of the street. Intelligent kids, they were able to speak three different languages, including English and I was interested to ask them about life here. They didn't seem to notice or be bothered by their poverty stricken lives. They told me about their school and parents and I thought I had just heard the saddest story ever but they were accustomed to living like that like I had been so accustomed to my degrading lifestyle for so long.

I was compelled to empty out the contents of my purse, giving them over two thousand dollars in U.S currency. A passer-byer snapped a photo of the kids and me for myself to take home as a personal souvenir before they rushed home to proudly show there parents the money. I told Jeffrey later on of my good deed and he couldn't believe I'd give away my money so carelessly. He told me I had set up their parents with enough money to feed and shelter their family for a year. Wasn't that a good thing? I couldn't believe it, not that I was well off or anything close too it, but to realize how lucky I was and to not have compassion for the lesser off, especially children of a third-world country, I wouldn't be human anymore. Then again what did I expect from someone who could numerously steal another man's daughter for the use of his own sexual pleasure with great ease.

We went out to lunch the following day with Jeffrey's team of designers to wrap things up and after Jeffrey's afternoon massage he went to the palace to have a nap. When I was all alone I thought I'd go see the culture of the local unique markets again and this time buy some trinkets to bring home. I got to sightseeing and took pictures of the legs of lamb hung over the blood drenched doorway over people's homes as to warn off evil spirits and the ghettos where the local villager's called home. I walked into many of the market's stalls and saw the most peculiar antiques, such as weaponry with the blood of it's last victim stained on it's sharp blades and body pieces of various animal's for the use of religious sacrifices. I was more interested in the different culture and respecting their ancient way of life with interest, instead of squirming like a tourist and getting grossed out. I thought it was so educational and enthralling in fact, I ended up buying a few sacrificial trinkets to have sent to my apartment in Palm Beach. Not to say that I wasn't looking forward to getting back to the luxuries of western civilization it was a bit like camping, fun and adventurous but as equally dangerous and thrilling.

When we left for the final destination of our trip I was looking forward to eating normal food again, not one to stay for foreign dishes, I'm a more of a cheeseburger and pizza kind of girl, a true sign of my American heritage.

We landed at the Heathrow Int'l Airport and greeted by a driver that would take us to Ghislane's town house in London's central that Jeffrey had recently bought and refurbished as a gift for her. Emny said "Good-Bye" at the airport, leaving us to go to her hometown in the rural countryside nearby to visit family for a six-week holiday from work. It wasn't a very long drive before we were in the heart of the city and at Ghislane's place. I thought it was a cheery townhouse that had character and the historical pub in front of it and cobblestone streets only added a unique charm to its presence. They were going out for dinner and invited me along with them but seeing I was so exhausted from all the travelling and looking a bit melancholy, I apologetically declined going out for dinner that evening, I rather would be taking a few pills to catch up on some needed sleep. "Are you sure your Okay?" Ghislane asked as she showed me to my room, more considerate than she normally was but I assured her that I was in absolute good health, just tired from all of the recent jet lag. Without another word said she whisked off downstairs, to the car where Jeffrey was waiting for her.

I took the liberty to call my parents house to say "Hello" and catch up with them since I hadn't been home at all for the holiday season this year, always too busy working. They sounded really happy to hear from me and my mom put me on the phone to talk to my brothers as well. I got to tell them about my travels abroad and I had some cool tribal stuff from Africa that I bought for them. They sounded so proud of me, all of them, and why shouldn't they be? In everyone's convinced mind I was making great money, travelling the world, and meeting new faces everywhere I went, why should I spoil anyone's delusions, especially mine. I took my sleeping tablets and had a bath before falling into a deep and much needed sleep.

The next morning I was woken up by Ghislane who I could tell was in a chirpy mood by the way she paraded through my closed door saying "Wake-up sleepy head" and opened the window's shutters to let in the bright sunlight, she had never done anything like this before and I knew immediately something big was happening. She sat down on my bed as I rolled over from my deep slumber and I was able to mutter for an explanation as to why she was awake so early. "Besides the fact it is ten o'clock in the morning and nearly time for brunch, we have a big day planned out for you today." She was waiting for my cue to ask her "What are we doing?", when I did, she responded with a convincing enthusiasm "We're going shopping for a new ensemble" she paused for a moment to

build the suspense, before completing her sentence “To go dancing with a Prince of England this evening”. Hoping it would be one of the younger generations, I was disappointed when she told me he was the Duke of York, Charles’s younger brother Andrew. I looked at her with a fake surprised look, one I had to use on many occasions in my time with them, to give an impression of excitement. “What... wow!” I exclaimed with my gifted acting ability. It is a sad realization but I had grown more accustomed to seeing people for their significance rather than the good qualities they possessed, and was able to grin & bear the thought of what I expected lay in store for me.

Ghislane and I left shortly thereafter for the many lanes of designer shops to choose from in London. Her pep talks to prepare me for my duties towards royalty went on and on, giving me the obscure impression I was something of importance, at least for more than an evening. “Make sure your bubbly and energetic, nobody want’s a dead horse” was one of the cheap tools she instilled me with. “Who knows where this could lead for you” was another. As the day grew shorter my anxiety only heightened, anticipating the Prince’s arrival and unable to decide on an outfit, I picked out three. Our last stop for the day was Burberry’s for a nice handbag to compliment our chosen attire. We got back to her townhouse with still a couple hours spare to get ready. After trying on all three outfits and many mental debates with myself later, I decided on the pink mini-tee and dazzling pair of denims with horses embroidered into a pattern. It seemed a lot more my style and age group rather than the other two older looking sophisticated dresses I had picked out. I told myself I was going dancing at a club not to an opera. As most young girls can be during their body changes into womanhood, I felt awkward, you know, big feet, freckles and body hair in unwanted places. They’re things you just don’t want when your seventeen and then you see these iconic billboards of what femininity is supposed to represent and just don’t fit into that picture, never feeling what we all are already... absolutely perfect. By the time I had got ready I was a nervous wreck, but trying to keep my cool on the outside was an act. I thought it’d be a good idea to take a few Xanax before the evening unravelled and my anxiety went through the roof.

Jeffrey and I were sitting in the lounge room downstairs, waiting for Ghislane to finish getting ready. The room was silent, only stillness in the air. I stared at the mural painted onto the wall that I was facing. It was an interesting piece of artwork. In great detail it illustrated a happy looking family sitting on a bench overlooking a pond that resided on a large piece of land with a beautiful home displayed. There were also hunting hounds and the hunters chasing a game of fox like the notorious “English Hunt Pieces” throughout history. Jeffrey took notice of my enchantment into

the picture and in a hushed voice proceeded to tell me that it was a portrait of Ghislane’s childhood, the part she could be proud of. I never realized how prominent her family’s history was in England, apparently as to Jeffrey’s attest, her Father was born of poor Jewish decent in Czechoslovakia, most of his family being killed upon Nazi invasion in 1939. Fleeing to join the British Army as a young man, he changed his name a few times and made a lot of contacts in the field. After the war, a newfound Robert Maxwell went into publishing using his army contacts to establish a business initially built upon publishing scientific books from occupied Germany. In time, Maxwell acquired several British newspapers, among them the Daily Mirror, countering his wits against the likes of Rupert Murdoch along the way. However, whilst constructing his publishing empire, Maxwell compiled astronomical debts, and his equivocal financial dealings attracted the attention of governing authorities that judged him not to be looking out for his companies best interest and in the end it transpired that Robert Maxwell had been using proceeds from his employees pension funds to meet his financial debts, ruining the futures of thousands of employees. Once an esteemed Member of Parliament and publishing mogul, Robert’s body was found floating in the Atlantic Ocean after he was found to be missing from his yacht, the Lady Ghislane (named after his favorite child), whilst cruising the Canary Islands in 1991. Jeffrey went on to tell me that when her Father died she was inconsolable, and in a very bad state. He picked her up from the trenches of despair and took her under his wing, and it’s there she has stayed comfortable ever since. To Ghislane his peculiar need to have so many young women around and even his taste in younger than legal one’s didn’t seem unconventional to her. It was her own Father who was deemed a womanizer and even took a second wife whilst still married to Ghislane’s mother. I would have never guessed this carefree, spirited, and vivacious woman had ever endured such sorrows. I couldn’t help but look at her in a different light from then on, but not letting her know that I knew, to avoid any altercations between us.

Like clockwork Ghislane came downstairs five minutes before Prince Andrew were to arrive, wearing a tight-fitted white wooly turtleneck singlet and a nice pair of loose fitting trousers. Looking elegant and casual at the same time, a very hard look to achieve but one Ghislane had always easily mastered. They both seemed at ease poking fun at my obvious nervous state, just another ordinary night out for this extraordinary couple. The knock came at the door just after six o’clock in the evening. Ghislane greeted him and the guard who would wait for his return in the car. She led him down the hall to where Jeffrey and I were sitting. We both stood up and Jeffrey shook his hand, while Ghislane proceeded to introduce me and as I was taught by her was English

custom, we both kissed on the cheek. We all sat down on the lounges for some tea and biscuits while conversing idle chitchat. By the sounds of it, Ghislane knew well of his recently divorced x-wife Fergie, whom they were all taking turns in slandering her for one reason or another. It was apparent there were some fresh wounds still lingering on and as good friends do, it was their way of helping him get over her. When his daughters were mentioned, Ghislane and Jeffrey treaded lightly, only speaking highly of them, and offering their sympathy to the young ones. The conversation turned to a much lighter subject. Andrew wanted to know more about this young guest they had to join them out for dinner and dancing that evening and then the spotlight turned on me. I was more nervous than I had ever been before a night out with someone, probably the build-up Ghislane and Jeffrey had hyped this meeting up to be. To break the ice, she played her favorite guessing game... "How old do you think Jenna is?" When Andrew guessed correctly, I was seventeen years old, she was surprised, thinking I could have passed for younger. "I guess we are going to have to trade you in soon" she laughed, always the first one to throw in her quick-witted two bits, all of them chuckling along with her. Hardly a laugh at all, unknown to me at the time his eldest daughter is only five years my junior. I was finding it hard to make much conversation in the beginning, just laughing when the occasion called for it, and keeping up with Andrew's constant glances in my direction, was all I could manage.

The restaurant was a close drive for us with Andrew, his two guards and his driver following behind us. I was seated next to the Prince for dinner and Ghislane and Jeffrey next to each other, an evening pre-ordained. I was supposed to flatter him with compliments and dole on his every word spoken, but I didn't even do that for Jeffrey blatantly, it would've felt awkward to act like a bimbo for him. Instead I remained calm, cool, and collected, hoping that my nervousness wouldn't spill out at any given moment. The next place we were going was much more my style, and I found it easier to relax. We pulled up next to a Nightclub called "Tramp", a member's only nightclub, and one of the most exclusive haunts in the world for the rich and famous to be seen for the last forty or so years since it's doors first opened. Andrew's guards waited outside while we all went in to hit the dance floor. Jeffrey being the social introvert that he was found the first available empty seat in the corner but facing the dance floor to spend the evening watching everyone else have fun and Andrew went to the bar to grab us all drinks. He came back with sparkling water for Jeffrey and a cocktail for the rest of us, already knowing that Jeffrey never drank alcohol. We downed our glasses and made our way to the crowded dance floor, where I had the Prince's upmost attention. Moving his hands across the curves of my body, not to shy away from the fact

that he was in public, he was whispering sweet nothings into my ear and kissing my neck. I would just giggle not really knowing how to reply to an aging man with a bad smile and terrible moves, it would sound too much of a lie if I retaliated back about his swagger. He was the most incredibly hideous dancer I had ever seen and couldn't help but laughing on the dance floor and shooting glances of embarrassment to Jeffrey and Ghislane who were having a good time laughing at my expense... as the always did.

After an hour of pelvic smashing to the DJ's pumping mixes we finally exited the floor, his royal highness was dripping with sweat and ready to embark onto a quieter scene where he said we could be alone, not knowing that it had already been arranged for all of us to meet back at Ghislane's place but complied with his so called thoughtful request. I was so anxious about getting back to the townhouse, knowing what expectations I would have to not only have met but also exceed in this case. Ghislane and Jeffrey seemed impressed at my attempts to entertain his royal highness, so far giving him exactly what he wanted the impression that I idolized him. They told me that he really liked me and was having a great time, so far tonight. When we got to the townhouse, his guards walked him to the door, staying to wait outside in the car. Ghislane met him and brought him upstairs where Jeffrey and I were in the study. We all chatted in the hall for a few minutes and I was able to have Jeffrey snap a photo of us together, one that would cause much controversy for the Buckingham Palace in many years to come. The conversation didn't linger on much longer before Jeffrey and Ghislane dispersed downstairs together, leaving me to my own sort of royal duties. They walked away giddy as if they were teenagers imposing on young lovers about to embark on a romantic evening.

Next to the study was the bathroom where I led him to next. The room was dimly lit masking the light from showing the disparity in my eyes. It was a beige marble tiled floor with porcelain Victorian style bathtub in the middle of the room and nowhere near the size of Jeffrey's residences. They walked away giddy as if they were teenagers imposing on young lovers about to embark on a romantic evening.

Next to the study was the bathroom where I led him to next. The room was dimly lit masking the light from showing the disparity in my eyes. It was a beige marble tiled floor with porcelain Victorian style bathtub in the middle of the room and nowhere near the size of Jeffrey's residences. They walked away giddy as if they were teenagers imposing on young lovers about to embark on a romantic evening.

I turned on the taps for the tub and the heat from the water began to steam up the small room. On the basin were aromatic oils, lotions and soaps, loving the scent of floral notes, I poured in the lavender bath oil. Trying to do the best of my youthfulness to try and act seductive, I gradually began to strip off my clothing, piece by piece. Giving him time to savor the moment to come. He loved every second of it as I went over to where he was waiting and watching, then began to undress him at a much quicker pace. We kissed and touched each other before submerging into the hot water, where we both continued to reenact foreplay. He was adoring my young body, particularly my feet, caressing my toes and licking my arches. That was definitely a first for me and I couldn't help

but laugh. I hoped he didn't expect the same treatment back. Through my recent experiences with Rena, I drew a line with extreme fetishes, especially ones that would involve my tongue and feet in the same sentence. It wasn't hard to get him wound up to the point where he just wanted to have the rest of me so we dried off from the cold and retired to my bedchambers for the longest ten minutes of my life. Moments later and without any real emotional attachment, he burst in ecstasy, leaving me to my own feelings of dismay. As relieved as I was to see the experience come to pass with him, it was finally sinking in that I would never be anything more than but a muse. Still trying to ascertain a surreal dream a young girl once had but no longer the same girl I was no longer sure that the dream was even real anymore. In the whirlwind thrown together by wealth, power, and privilege I was but a grain of sand and felt helpless down the road I was naively being led down. When the real picture was unveiled, later in my life, I had nothing but memories filled with sorrow to remember of my teenage years.

Jeffrey, Ghislane, and I left for the states to conclude our long journey home to the U.S.A. I was so happy when we landed on our soil and called T.J from my cell phone to see if he'd meet me at the airport instead of going back to Jeffrey's, he'd be there within twenty minutes, he was so happy to hear my voice and that I was back in town. So ecstatic to be getting away from my life of servitude for the next few days, I was sourly disappointed when I got off the phone. As if he'd been listening to my entire conversation, Jeffrey told me he'd like a massage back at his place and he could pay me at the same time for my trip with him. With much dismay, had to call T.J back and cancel the arrangements, I wouldn't see him until later that night, in which one of Jeffrey's staff would drive me home and I would be too exhausted to do anything.

like minds. Jeffrey didn't want to know the grim details of how it all happened on my intimate night with the Prince, he just asked simply if I thought that I did well in keeping his friend happy. Knowing already that the evaluation of my performance I gave was already discussed between them, I just as simply replied back with a nod of approval. Though I did have a laugh with Jeffrey about the Prince's weird fixation on my feet and lets just say that he was quite tickled with Andrew's quirky obsession, having a good ol' chuckle at my eccentric encounter. I was paid extremely well this time, putting my money earned into nothing but popping pills and alcohol by shouting my so called friends a good time, aiming for the attempt to forget about my experiences abroad. I parted like that to feel young again, my age and most of all to self-anesthetize my troubles from within. It wasn't like I was waiting for someone to arrive on his white horse and take me away to a magical world. I simply yearned for more out of life than being someone's replaceable amusement. Still a romantic at heart I would often get lost in my daydreams, imagining a new beginning with a strong man that would show me an enduring love, safety in his arms, and a lifetime friendship. Though the suggestion of true loves existence was only a dream for now, something I could only read about in novelistic fairytales out the passing thought from time to time was warmly envisioned. With my inner most desires being locked away in a deep crevice of my heart, I knew my romantic notions would be absurd in Jeffrey's eyes. For some unknown reason to me he couldn't allow himself to give love or receive someone's heart in return. Once he said to me when I asked him if he ever thought he would settle down and find Mrs. Right and he told me he didn't believe that love with one monogamous partner was possible but he found that love with many was. I thought at the time it had something to do with having so much money, and everyone wanting him for that instead of seeing him as a person and even felt bad for him, but now I can understand from his recent lessons unlearned that it was a simple equation of his twisted perversion to become infatuated with the vulnerable youth of the streets. Spending so much time in the entrapment of Jeffrey's embrace, I was becoming numb to the feelings and aspiration to ever climb above this deep hole I had dug myself into. I knew I wanted to escape from this bizarre form of first class slavery but I still didn't have the tools necessary to help me get out. How could I have? Everyone that knew me believed I was living this enchanting life, a rags to riches success story that most people dream of, only I knew the price to be paid for all of this and I was the only one who could pay for it. Underestimating my true self, I was settled by Jeffrey's side for now considering him to be someone to look up to, my mentor. Such a

Chapter 12

When we got back to Jeffrey's mansion in Palm Beach he wanted to thank me for showing his friend, the Prince, such a good time. Rewarding my diligence with an extra sum of money and luring me deeper into his goal of keeping me at his side as his personal amusement that he could lend out at anytime. Further proving his capability of using the vulnerable impressions of a young girl to influence and intimidate his fellow peers of

complicated battle within myself, it is one I still ache to fully comprehend today.

Sunny spring days melted away the ice off the frozen streets of New York and the harsh winter winds begun to gently blow away the dead leaves, making the caged trees appear to have some form of life again. I hated the cold winters there, it would only add to my depression being locked indoors. Give me hot Florida days blistering in the sun where I can swelter by a cool pool and sip cocktails with pieces of fruit and little oriental umbrella's floating around. What a vision of solace? Looking around my extravagantly decorated mid-evil room I was reminded of the desolation that I was more than accustomed too. Knowing it wouldn't be long before I was summoned again for another ritualistic occurrence in fornicating with my master, I hardly bothered to leave my assigned chambers, scarcely being sent home for a moments break. I just accepted my fate. As I predicted the intercom buzzed momentarily and I heard Ghislane's voice come over and request to meet them in Jeffrey's study. Not an odd call, I would often meet him there first so he could tie up some unfinished business before heading to the dungeon, or what was thought to be the massage room. Making my way down the hall, I had an eerie feeling wash over me, as if I had several pairs of eyes on me, watching my every move. A cold chill moved up my spine and I had to move my thoughts elsewhere, too easy behind these walls to succumb to my fearsome anxieties. I pinched in number one once inside the elevator and it took me down to the floor where Jeffrey and his surprise guest were waiting with anticipation behind closed doors. I cracked open the heavy wooden doors and a familiar face revealed itself. Definitely not expected or pre-warmed on my part but I already knew what he was here for or at least why I was called down to the study. Prince Andrew had that notorious cheesy grin slapped over his face, as he looked me up and down like a shiny new car on display and he was about to take it for a test drive. Ghislane led me to the decadent sofa he was lounging on and twirled me around to give him a good lookover before sitting me down on his lap. Like a show pony I knew exactly how they wanted me to be paraded around, with the last of my dignity long lost, I had nothing more to lose. It was easy to give them the reaction they desired, all I had too do was pretend to be entertained by their lewd gestures, and when Andrew cupped my breast with a doll made in his image, I only giggled away.

Ghislane wanted to take a picture of the bizarre scene and even got Johanna, another one of Jeffrey's so-called personal assistants, to come sit on his other knee for the snapshot, giving the impression girls couldn't stay away from Randy Andy.

Many crude jokes later and I was asked to show Andrew to the upstairs massage room. I'm sure he already knew where it was from previous

encounters with Jeffrey's "staff" but I led the way anyways, as if he was now my guest of honor. Entering into the dim room it took a few minutes for my eyes to adjust to the darkness, but knowing my way around the room was enough to find the shower. I turned on the steam room and began to undress myself. Andrew followed my lead and disrobed, throwing his attire to the floor. I wanted to run and hide feeling his hands touch me again, but my servitude for Jeffrey kept me there. Getting out of his stronghold I turned my attention to the steam filling up and tried to turn his attention to the marble bench where I suggested he take a seat while I rubbed his feet. By the look in his eyes I knew he could care less about a foot massage, his real desires were being shown by the arousal his body was forming. He indicated where he wanted me to touch him and how. I fulfilled his seedy requests, but only just. There was no pleasure in this for me, the only thing I derived from this event was to sink further into my slumber of depression. I couldn't remember a time when I felt needed for anything other than my body or amusements thereof. After his massage was thoroughly conducted I couldn't wait to get back to my room for another shower. Sitting on the floor of the shower under the harsh spray of water, I scrubbed my body where he touched me. Feeling abhorrent and ashamed what I had become, I let the water wash away the grime.

As the days progressed into nights and the nights followed a trail of destructive months, my outlook on life had diminished into utter sadness. I had lost my spark and my ability to look like I could handle the abusive state of affairs I had drifted into. Sinking deeper in the euphoric state of being on coke and pills, not only was my mentality dwindling away but also my looks. I sure as hell didn't feel like a seventeen year old anymore and now I wasn't looking like one. My eyes had dark circles underneath them from not sleeping and my bones protruded from my skinny waistline and chest. This made Jeffrey apprehensive in keeping me around as often and before I had a moments notice, I was out of money and looking for a job. When I questioned him what was happening, he told me I wasn't the same girl he had first met some time ago now and looked like I needed a break from working so much. "I'll call you next time I'm in town" was the last thing he said to me.

Chapter 13

Going back to an average teenagers life was more of a harder transition than I would've ever thought. Jeffrey stopped paying my expensive rent and I was forced to get off the drugs and look for a real job to feed and shelter T.J and I. It was much harder than it sounded, but I was craving

this in every possible way. Even though a week's wages for working a full-time job as a waitress didn't come close to the money I had made in a couple hours of working for Jeffrey, I was happier than I had been in a long time. I made some friends at my new job and found my duties to be easy and pleasant. I was good at making customers smile and keeping them happy becoming the waitress that made the most tips for the night, which in turn made my co-workers happy since we'd all split the tips at the end of the week. For the first time in a long time I had boys my age hitting onto me, and not that I was ever taken aback by there attempts but it reminded me of how it felt to be around a younger crowd. I missed so much of what I couldn't get back and the more I tasted it, the more I remembered how to smile. The relationship between T.J and I began to falter in a way that was beyond reconciliation. Fights became physical and I saw sides to him that only pushed me away more. He refused to look for work to help pay bills and he became utterly frustrated not having his usual cocktail of assorted drugs to keep him from feeling anything at all. He didn't like the fact I was growing inside and thinking beyond his elusive world. I had gone through too much to accept another form of abuse and degradation. Making that point very clear to him by kicking him out of my apartment back to live with his parents, I felt liberated like never before. I kept up with my rent and cleaned my act up. Enrolling in a yoga course and keeping my focus on staying fit and healthy became my only source of enjoyment. I was free and living for myself.

While out doing the grocery shopping one evening I couldn't help but stop at the local pet store and fell in love with a fury pooch. She was a Japanese Chow-Chow and a bundle of fur that more resembled a baby brown bear than a dog. I took her home with me and instantly she became my best friend. We went for several walks a day and she bore the brunt of many tear filled conversations, she was my loyal companion who understood more than anyone had before, all I really need was someone to listen and funny enough it was her that filled that hole.

Nearly three months had gone by and not a word from Jeffrey or Ghislane. With T.J out of the picture now too all I had to concentrate on was work, my parents and brothers, and of course my dog, Mary-Jane. I was going to family night dinners and bon fires again. My older brother was getting married to an amazing woman in a few weeks and I got to be apart of their beautiful ceremony. Small details of life's journey that I already missed so much of and now being able to smile at the simple things day in day out really seemed to put the real value of life into perspective for me. Everything seemed to be working out for itself and I was really happy, until he came back, T.J thought he'd come over my place one evening while I was sitting at home just watching TV.

Obviously mentally distorted from whatever choice of drugs he was smoking that night. He screamed down my apartment complex, going mad and scaring my neighbors I felt like I had no choice but to let him inside. I tried talking to him as a good friend would, just wanting him to see what he was doing to himself and what he had become. Part of me still loved him and took pity on watching him spiral downwards. Taking him back into my life was not a decision I made whole-heartedly, but was something I did out of guilt and what I thought was loyalty. He moved his clothes back to my place, which was all he ever owned anyways and we tried to pick up the broken pieces. T.J being still badly addicted to many drugs, I had to be very careful where I kept my jewelry and expensive items. I decided to rent out a space at a local spot and store my cherished items away, just taking the necessary precautions, I thought.

Still not working I knew how he was scraping by money and I didn't agree with it. T.J was a known thief and had been caught several times attempting to steal things, even as stupid as DVD's and PS2 or Xbox games from a local Blockbuster. He even stole from his parents, his sister and his brother and would probably steal a piece of candy from a five year old kid if he knew that it would get him his next fix. He hated the change in myself, realizing I couldn't be brought back down by his ways but knowing I still stuck by his side and defended him from anything that would hurt him wanting to believe that he still wanted show the bits of human nature left in his empty heart.

Unable to stand by and see me do well for myself he contemplated a way to try and bring me down. After a busy shift one night, he retaliated with another show of control. I had just finished cleaning up my area and setting out the tables to be ready for the next day when I went to the bar to hang up my apron and put my nights tips in the tip bowl on the counter by the beer tap. On one of his drug induced rampages he stormed into the restaurant where I was working and started to pick a fight with me. I knew he was off his face when he started accusing me of sleeping with my manager on shift that evening. Having no bias or ground to stand on in his attempt to make me look bad in front of everyone, I just laughed him off as a drunk idiot who needed to go home and sleep off the night's repercussions, although I was fuming inside that he embarrassed me but I still made excuses for him and told my boss I had to leave early to bring him home.

The bar was deserted as T.J waited alone for me slumped in a barstool and looking worse for wear. I had to go to the back of the restaurant and do some explaining to the manager on duty. I couldn't afford to lose my job over this incident. Surprisingly he was sympathetic towards my dilemma and even told me I could do a lot better than that schmuck, patting my back and telling me to have a couple days off. I punched out

and headed to my car with T.J in tow. For the rest of the night he was oddly quiet and asked to be dropped off at his parent's house, I was more than obliged to do so. I couldn't stand the sight of him let alone want to be around him tonight. Being so revved up it didn't yet dawn on me that something wasn't right. The next morning I was woken up by an alerting phone call, I had the manager from the restaurant where I worked, on the other end screaming at me and asking where the money is. I sat up in bed, completely awake now, and asked him back, "What are you talking about, what money?" His tone had calmed a bit and he could hear the earnestly in my voice and explained his accusations "The tip jar was empty after you had left last night and there was over a hundred and fifty dollars in there, now it's missing". The answer hit me instantly and I got a terrible knot in my stomach...T.J. When I left him at the bar not even thinking about the tip bowl to talk with the manager, he saw an opportunity to fund more drugs and he took it. That's why he didn't even want to come back to my apartment last night. It was all too clear for me now and I tried to explain to my manager about my boyfriend's sickness and asked him to take the lost money out of my wages. "I have no choice but to let you go and file a police report for the missing money". I couldn't believe what I was hearing. How did things turn upside down so quickly? I exclaimed "Even though I'm paying you from my pocket for money I didn't even steal and you've never even had any problems from me before?". His apologies were short and icy, nothing that could be done. I slammed down the receiver only to pick it up again to dial T.J's parents house and to no surprise he hadn't slept there last night and was not able to be reached. I felt like I was in a bad dream I couldn't wake up from and with no money to pay rent, eat, or even survive, I was back to the drawing board.

The week passed without hearing from T.J, he was in hiding, for now. When the phone rang early one morning I expected it to be him, instead it was a surprise phone call from a familiar voice. Jeffrey decided to give me a call to invite me over to his Palm Beach mansion for some lunch and to catch up, if really was just his way of finding out if I was cleaned up and ready to come back to work for him. With my life in chaos once again and having to borrow money off my parents for grocery food, I saw a quick solution to my situation and was even convinced this is what I had to do to take care of myself.

He greeted me at the door and led me inside. Ghislane was at her usual spot, her desk working away, and we headed past her with a quick wave and lip-synced a "Hello", not wanting to disturb her important sounding phone call. She glanced up quickly and gave a brisk wave my way, then put her attention back to the computer. Once we were inside the poolside cabana, which was Jeffrey's office, & gym, Jeffrey took a seat behind his

desk and told me to have a seat across from him. He took a sip of water from an already poured glass and asked if I'd like some. "Yes, Thank you" My reply was short and polite, already just wanting to get this meeting done and over with. His face was like steel and his expressions were stern, I felt like a child in trouble sitting in the principles office. He cut straight to the chase wanting to know "Are you on drugs anymore?" There was a moment's pause as I took a deep breath and told him the entire truth. "I got really depressed for awhile and coped with my emotions by blanketing them with mind-altering substances. Just smoking a jay to relax wasn't good enough anymore. I needed to be high and flying to believe I was happy and dealing with all of life's curveballs. Snorting things like coke and popping amphetamines replaced my sorrows with an overflow of endorphins, making it possible to keep up with everything, until I would come down and the cycle just kept on repeating itself".

He listened to me continue to tell him about the good things that have come from the break. Like my dog, yoga, and working at a restaurant, making lots of new friends but most of all, I got my smile back, without the drugs this time. He was really happy to hear the upside of everything, but there was one thing I was reluctant to tell him about. My recent travail that T.J effortlessly caused at the restaurant where I was so happily employed. As my manager had warned he had to file a police report stating that after I had left, the tips were gone, putting the blame solely on me.

Giving Jeffrey a clear picture of the entire ordeal he exclaimed "What are you doing with this idiot Jenna, he is no good for you! I know you can do better for yourself, why do you let him drag you down every time?" Nodding my head in concurrence I went on to finish my epic drama. "I received a phone call from the PBCP asking me to come in about the money, I told them what happened over the phone but they still want me to come in. I don't want to have a record for something I never did or ever would do!" I put my face into my hands and covered the tears now trickling down my cheeks. "I just can't believe this is happening to me when everything has been going so uphill, now I'm out of work and in trouble" I wiped my face and looked up at him "What do I do?" Enabling him as my mentor once again, his sly grin said it all. Jeffrey normally hated when girls made waves in any way and this one would be considered a tsunami but this time it worked to his favor. He wanted me to come back to work for him, continuing my massage studies and I needed his help. In his eyes he was doing me a solid, which in return I would have to scratch more than his back for. Taking his time to contemplate what to respond back and what solution he could offer, I began to worry that maybe I shouldn't have done this.

Pulling a few tissues out of the box, he passed them across the desk to me. Trying to retract any damage done I said to him "I must look like such a mess to you and making you listen to my saga, I am so sorry... I shouldn't have come to you with all of this." He looked surprised and sympathetic "Quite the opposite actually. I'm glad you've come to me for help. I have got a lot of connections especially with the Palm Beach County Police Department. I give them regular hundred thousand dollar donations, and after I speak with them there will be nothing more to worry about. To be honest I'm more in shock about how much can happen to you in such a short time, your life is one big soap opera". Now he was chuckling and trying to make light of my somber mood. Laughing along too I replied, "I know right? Drama just hangs around me like a bad smell". We did some more light-hearted catching up and went out to the poolside for some lunch and a swim, concluding the evening with an erotic massage upstairs. He paid me the usual two hundred dollars and asked me to come back tomorrow. "In the meantime I don't want you thinking about your sticky situation, consider it dealt with". His attempt to brighten my spirits had worked relieved about money and the police but now I owed myself to him feeling indebted to him more now than ever.

Ultimately became close pals and he invested one million dollars into Brunel's company. In return Jeffrey now had supply of girls on tap for him to choose from.

With the assistance of each other, Brunel obtaining the illegitimate visas for underage-overseas girls and Jeffrey housing them at his brother's apartment complex on 301 E 66th St, Manhattan, they were quite the team. Jeffrey and Brunel would charge them for rent, forcing them to work for them selling their bodies for money, nude pictures, and even pornography. These were what seemed like really nice people with not so nice intentions setting an impression of how the dignified wealth play and behind closed doors they had as much civilized manners as a barbaric chimpanzee in heat. Giving a girl a step-up in finances by teaching them there only worth is what lay between their legs, us girls all were the same in the end, regardless of what country we came from, what language we spoke or our cultural indifference, we all were being used for one thing alone, our youthful looks and beautiful bodies.

Being Jeffrey's permanent sidekick, I would have to part-take in a many of the hedonistic exploitations that went on at one of his many residences, which meant having to be uninhibited with many girls my age and younger. Being complete strangers was hard enough but we couldn't even understand each other, speaking in different tongues we were expected to excel at performing many acts of lovemaking and foreplay on each other, while being observed by a man in a corner jerking off. Not exactly what I would call an advantage in my stage of life, but in my head I was convinced we all had to do what we had to do get on with life. and if that meant doing all of this to keep Jeffrey happy, then I would do that.

It didn't take long in the accompaniment of Brunel for Jeffrey to hit an all time low, at least one that I knew about. Stupid enough or sick enough, I don't know which one it is or both but Jeffrey bragged about his birthday present from Brunel, once accepting three, twelve year old girls, sisters at that. He replayed the descriptive events with me telling me how they all massaged him and finished him off orally. He was so excited about the entire event, replaying over and over again over the next course of weeks how cute they were and how you could tell they were really young by the small amount of hair growth in their pubic region and non-existent breasts. A twelve year old, are you serious? I thought to myself. I still can't shake the feeling of disgust when I recall the look on his face as he told me time and time again of how his lust brought him to that profound low. He went on to tell me how Brunel bought them in Paris, France, from their parents. Offering them the usual sums of money, visas, and modeling career prospects was a bribe of the worst kind, they were just children. Laughing the whole way through, Jeffrey thought it was

Chapter 14

As was promised I never heard back from the Police Department and Jeffrey had his favorite girl back by his side. We picked up where we left off ever better than before, I being entirely subservient to every sexual desire of his engaging myself in any role he wanted me to play. As he was getting older his appetite for sex never hazed, if anything it only increased. The orgies with other girls got larger in numbers and his appeal to younger girls, new toys and wilder nights expanded from once and awhile to quite an often occurrence in Jeffrey's company. I put it down his new friend and business investment, Jean-Luc Brunel. A long time agent for young and upcoming models, Brunel, a French citizen, was known for roaming the world in search of young, naïve beauties living in poverty stricken countries and willing to do just about anything for money. He would procure them mostly from Clubs in South America and the Former Soviet Republic. Filling their heads with fairytales of America and large amounts of money, he would promise them all of the finer things in life, sometimes even throwing a pill in their drink, if that meant getting them in his bed was becoming too much of a task. What he wanted is what he got, which is why him and Jeffrey

absolutely brilliant how easily money seduced all walks of life.. nothing or no one that couldn't be bought in his eyes. Behind the two of them followed a destructive trail of those in their path that were misused, violated, degraded in a variety of ways for one purpose... to satisfy the desires of the perversion that rotted their hearts.

The next couple of months I spent in Jeffrey's company, my life was revolved around him and his petty happiness. Arising to the occasion, I was no longer his teenage sidekick, I was growing into being a young woman and my body was blossoming like never before. Out of the awkward stages of my life, I now took to looking after myself like never before. Regular sessions in tanning beds and keeping fit became my life outside of Jeffrey. He kept telling me what a beautiful woman I was developing into and would offer suggestions to help me look good. Sending me to dentists for regular teeth whitening consultations or helping me choose my attire for the evening, he was ushering me into a whole new position, training me up for something else, but I was unsure of what that was.

Being a snooty little teenager was a girl of the past. Now I had to be his eloquent speaking, desirable to all and almost his personal porcelain doll. I went everywhere with him again, all of his eclectic dinner parties, conferences, and meetings with various members of parliament, famous celebrities, and other esteemed billionaires...most of whom lived by the same rule of thumb as Jeffrey did. Quite an alarming realization having to accept this world the way it is. Jeffrey knew all of the right people in this game, and trading girls for favors is how he kept in the circle. He was at the center of it all, blackmail being the only thing next to money with the ability to pull a many of strings, his conniving ulterior motive was to drag all that he could down to his pitiful state of mind. Inviting easily tempted acquaintances to his island or his other various residences he would bring out the assortment of young girls and pass them around like they were cocktails on a platter. No girl had a choice in whom they went with, only completing a task, we would have to charm and bedazzle these ageing fat men who other than paying for it would've never had a shot at getting to know a beautiful girl intimately. I personally belonging to Jeffrey rarely had to be loaned out and it was a big occasion, or should I say favor, if I was. I'll never really know what made me so important or special to Jeffrey, it definitely had nothing to do with love. I guess in the end I will always put it down to my capability of being whenever he wanted when he wanted, so compliant it just made it easy for him to have a personal toy at his constant disposal. All I can say is I lived in a jail with no bars, and in a country where slavery was supposedly abolished a long time ago but still existed right underneath everybody's noses. Myself and so many other girls were walking proof of it.

I still was given proper training in massage therapy from time to time, keeping me from looking back at being a teenager with no responsibilities to being a young adult with prospering titles. He knew I wanted to be self-sufficient so bad I would do anything for it and by giving me this dream to hold to only kept me in check. I looked forward to my training sessions, holding onto every word passed down to me and after the session was complete I would hurry back to my room and transfer the information into a workbook with associating exercises.

Trying my new moves on Jeffrey always impressed him, he would get excited hearing about my passion for knowledge and would tell me he could see it transfer into my massages, always giving it my all, my hands were a focused energy when I was at work. Using every ounce of strength to apply on a body, many were astounded in what I could do for being such a small girl, and Jeffrey loved it, using me for a two-hour massage "with benefits" sometimes being over twice a day. Ghislane would sometimes use me to massage her still but it wasn't as common, she preferred a man for that job.

Then would come the odd client here and there, of course set up by Jeffrey. Most of which were orchestrated to get beautiful girls comfortable and consequently naked then he would go in for the kill, so to speak, touching them intimately, in their most private of places like their vagina, breasts or anal. When he had us where he wanted, willing and able, then would come the toys, outfits and so on. A scheme he has used time and time again, telling those who know him well "he had never been turned down yet". It was starting to dawn on me how I wasn't getting any clientele that weren't used for Jeffrey's benefit and would make me wonder if I just wasn't good enough for that, but I kept quiet, never wanting to make waves like I had before.

To give me a break from it all as if Jeffrey didn't want to overload me again, he would send me away to his ranch for a few days, what he knew I considered being a small slice of heaven on earth. I'd spend my days roaming the hills, riding horses, and enjoying the solitude of my own company. One afternoon I was out exploring the land on Jeffrey's ranch which covered hundred's of acres with nothing but a bottle of water, my sketchbook and a small case of oil paint. I was on the search for something interesting to paint. A great pastime of mine, it made my soul quiet by creating beauty with my brush. I loved to recreate the images I saw on paper. I would paint anything beautiful that caught my eyes interest, from underwater scenes, animals to people and even fruit, I loved vibrant colors and emotion on display but my favorite soon became the landscape of the Santa Fe's rolling hills and earthly green and beige tones and in certain light it would illuminate into a golden shine. To grasp that feeling I was absolved in at the hardest of times became my greatest inner-

achievement, like taking a piece of that serenity and putting on paper for me to keep in my heart where it still is today, closing my eyes I am able to see it, being there anytime I need to. I was enjoying the heat and taking in the deserts sights when I stumbled off the track and into the wilderness. Exploring everything new to me was my second nature and never even entered my mind what would've happened if I went too far or got lost. I would rather face Mother Nature's wrath than humankind's any day!

After about an hour of drifting off track I came to a pile of rubble, looking like the remnants of an old pueblito made out of clay and rock. I picked up what looked like half of a clay bowl and noted that it had Indian designs etched into the side of it. Excited about my findings I decided to do some more exploring around the fields surrounding the historic site. I collected rare pieces of arrowheads, utensils, and parts of many broken bowls with artwork telling tales of their own. Time was of no essence here and before I even realized the sun had sunk deeper into the hills leaving me without any light to find my way back to the pathway. Feeling silly now after passing by a familiar looking boulder twice over, I was startled when I heard some poor animal become dinner for another, it's screams of agony only amplified louder and echoed in my ear drums, heightening the hairs on the back of my neck and making my heart beat nearly out of my chest.

I was lost and confused before but now I was petrified with fear. Taking me over three hours to find my way back to the path and in the direction of Jeffrey's mansion was a mission, so relieved in the end and so were the housemaids after I hadn't showed up for dinner, assuming I must've been out for one of my usual adventures. I went to bed strenuously exhausted that night and as I was falling asleep the phone rang, it was a call from Jeffrey who had been alerted of my disappearance. "What happened tonight, one of the maids called me to tell me you hadn't come back from your walk this evening?" Detecting a tone of anger in his voice I tried to distract him by telling him of my findings and he scolded me for being gone for so long without anyone knowing where I was. Going back to the Indian remnants, I persisted on telling him what I had found. In the end he was just worried about me becoming a liability, but had to make it sound as if he cared. "Don't worry Jeffrey, I won't be doing that again. I can honestly say I have learned my lesson and the next time I want to explore I promise to take someone with me". I satisfied his worry of me being a future nuisance and with that I was finally able to tell him what I had discovered on my walk. He was impressed but did not sound surprised. "You must've been gone a long time if you found the old Indian pueblito's, just be careful you don't say anything about where you found the stuff on my property, it

could become a sight for historical preservation and that means the government could ultimately own my land."

I acknowledged his request and told them they were just a gift for my Mom, who was in love with Indians "Wait until she sees it I brought her back real artifacts, she is going to totally freak out." He didn't mind that I was taking them. In fact he admired my curiosity and adventurous spirit. He reminded me that tomorrow was my last day. I would be driven to the Albuquerque International Airport the day after next, to meet Jeffrey in New York, for how long, only he knew. Giving Jeffrey many thanks for a great week, letting him know how much I appreciated these small breaks away, we then said goodnight. Hanging up the phone I had caught my second wind and set out to the kitchen to find a late-night snack. Raiding the fridge and pantry, I found some frozen pizzas and popcorn. I put on a movie and munched on the popcorn while the pizza cooked. Some 1980's dreadful alien flick got the better of me that night. It was based on a true story about people abductions from extraterrestrial beings, which were, like I was, visiting a remote area. I suddenly hated being alone on a ranch in the middle of nowhere. I munched down my burnt, crunchy pizza and became further enveloped in the thick plot. Leaving on the TV and the lights on that night, I spent my night tossing and turning, peeking through the small open crevices of the comforter, half expecting to see an alien being in my bedroom.

Living through the night was a relief and I laughed at myself in the morning, how spoekid did I get? When I got to New York, Jeffrey, and Ghislane had a good laugh over my tale of survival in the wilderness and then the alien scare. "Your always having the best adventures" Ghislane exclaimed. We were similar in that way, both being s bit of free spirits it was really only her non-existence of moral standards that differentiated the two of us, in that way. "How do you know you weren't abducted and probed?" I mean look at you and all that time alone on the ranch, what do you think Jeffrey, could she pass off as an alien?" Expectedly, Ghislane poked fun at me, her usual fun past time. Our relationship was an odd one, never threatened by each other but always precautions towards one another nonetheless able to crack a joke together, but when it came time to "work" it was no fun and games, she was intensely serious. "With a sense of humor like yours I would tend to think that you are the one from another planet." Just friendly banter between the two of us, then Jeffrey had to jump in with his two bits, "I think you might be onto something Ghislane." I squinted my eyes and gave them both an exaggerated death stare and pretended to grab my stomach in pain, "I think some things trying to get out of me", putting my fist in my shirt to reenact a scene from Alien, I fell onto the couch and faked my death. "I knew it"

Ghislane shouted and jumped on me to begin tickling me all over and we

all broke out into laughter. It was those fun times that made me feel like we were all apart of this really perplexed family. We did everything together similar to normal families like eat dinner, watch TV, and travel it was only the hedonistic and corrupt side to these two deviates that made them a peculiar pair.

Getting turned on at the two of us playing together, Jeffrey came over to the couch we were on and pulled down his sweatpants revealing his erect manhood. All of the laughter stopped, now it was time for work. Pushing my head into his public region I had to give into his perverted wants. Ghislane started to undress me. Once I was bare she loved starting with my breasts. She cupped them in her hands and brushed her fingers over my hardened nipples heading downwards pressing her lips deeply into my skin. I had to maneuver my body on the couch in a complex position to give them both what they wanted. And just like that, without even a moment's notice I could be put on the spot and have to amuse them in any way they wanted. A shameful way to make someone feel like a used toy, I wasn't around for companionship I was there for one thing, I was a compliant piece of eye candy.

Twenty minutes later and Jeffrey had erupted in pleasure. Ghislane sat up, still fully dressed, and wiped the sides of her mouth with her hands, giving a vindictive little chuckle, "That was fun." Jeffrey concurred with a sly grin arching his back for a stretch just looking able to utter the request "Why don't you come up with me upstairs for a steam bath and massage, I need to be loosened up after that?" It was more of a statement than a request, as if I had the choice to say "No thanks, I'm actually tired myself and would love to just relax" instead I would reply with my accustomed trained obedience, "No problem, when your ready lead the way." I had to get dressed again being that we were in Ghislane's downstairs office. Putting my clothes back on, Ghislane thought she had buttered him up just where she wanted him to ask for him to come have a look at her new townhouse renovations when he was finished with his massage. A very strange relationship those two have, there's a definite love flowing between them but not a passionate one, more like a respectful business, he gets what he wants...an uncountable number of girls and she gets what she wants, simple and sweet...an uncountable amount of money. The two things in life that can create such beautiful moments or the most horrendously terrible of them all, is sex and money.

Chapter 15

I joined him for a shower, steam bath and concluded his needs with a massage while listening to classical music. I knew he didn't want anything sexual from me now seeing he got what he already wanted downstairs, no this one was purely therapeutic. My favorite massages to give, making me feel like an actual real therapist. I lathered him in aromatic oils and let my hands discover the ways to unlock the stresses that his body held. After the massage was concluded we were going downstairs to get ready to go see Ghislane's townhouse as he had promised her earlier. He loved taking the hidden staircase while I hated it. I was so creeped out by his choice of décor, the blood red carpets, violent medieval paintings, and sculptures of the pagan god Pan, all of it representing the darker side of hedonism his lifestyle provoked. Spiraling down the hallway along with each step you took came with a pair of eyes that followed your every step. Brown, blue, green, hazel, all of the colors were there, staring at you the entire way down. As each step progressed, so would my anxiety to get out of there.

We found Ghislane where we had left her, in her office. She had just received an order in, a satellite camera with a twelve-inch flat screen. She told us how it was used to pick up any person in any location with the quick insert of an address. Quite a powerful new toy I thought, but it was only a minute display of what the rich could afford, what use they would get out of it was another concern. Soon after she was done figuring out the controls on the camera, we made a rare and first for me pit stop, the security room. What I thought was our way out by the front door was another hidden door. I was in shock as I was led into a room, so discreet that in three years I never even knew it existed. I kept my head down most of the time, knowing how secretive this must be being another door was an entire security base within his mansion. What I could see when I stole a glimpse here and there was an array of tiny screens, twenty odd or something. Small screens showing various rooms of the mansion I had recognized. The images were constantly changing so I found it hard to pinpoint an exact location but from the décor and short glimpses I suddenly knew from then on that my feelings of my every move being watched inside his corridors was now more than a possibility but was actually happening. Jeffrey spoke to an obese Spanish guy at the desk, whose job was to disgustingly overlook all of the video feedback. Kill two birds with one stone Jeffrey thought, free porn to share with all of his pedophile friends and when the occasion called for it, a security system all at one expense. Ever consumed with making money as well as saving it, I was again astonished at Jeffrey's capabilities. I didn't want to even think how deep the video infiltrated, pretending like I never saw anything at all I put the memory to the back of my mind and went on about my day. Stopping at Ghislane's new townhouse, another gift bought and paid

for by Jeffrey, he pointed out needed changes all over the place, driving the builders mad, as always. He wanted the place to scream out "GHISLANE" with a bold statement. Checkered floors and bold colors was the theme, like the queen of hearts from Alice in Wonderland, very well suited I thought.

The dust from the walls being torn down chocked my throat and the elevator was not in use, the stairs were hardly either. The whole house was in bad shape then having to go up three flights of rickety steps was a bit of a risk too but worth it once you made it to her future walk in wardrobe or to us commoners, a closet the size of a small a house. Complete with a dressing room, luxurious bathroom and plenty of storage for her every ensemble. Even without it being finished it was already a work of art, a sanctuary for any woman. She adorned herself in her future home, finally her own, relishing every inch of it, she already put in a work desk and spoke constantly of its ongoing renovations. About an hour later we were off to pick out curtains and look at some paint samples at a couple different boutique looking shops. Easily passing off as an ordinary couple for the day, they walked arm in arm strolling the streets of the Upper East Side. Except to me, still replaying the early afternoon's events, shaking my head over the echoed images in my mind, I followed behind just waiting to be needed again.

Over the course of the next few months was a constant influx of exorbitant excursions at Jeffrey's mansions, mainly to his island, to keep up with his ever-demanding sexual appetite with various young women and teenage girls. I got back on the Xanax, an old habit that I felt at the time would stop my memories from flowing back, rehabilitate my problems and relax me enough to deal with any situation at hand, no matter what the circumstance revealed itself to be. It was a drug that would blind my eyes to everything I should've been running from. Having Brunel always in the picture these days wasn't helping me at all either. Sending his girls for Jeffrey at all of his places now and at a vigorous flow, they had an abundance of girls at their disposal. If I were to count one girl for everyday of the week, it would be the underestimated statement of the century. So many girls between the two of them, some nights it would be a free for all frenzy for Jeffrey and Brunel, seven or so girls giving them their upmost attention, doing on their every moan and whimper, Jeffrey being the main concern since Brunel worked for him and we were all aware of that too. If there were heaven on earth for men like Jeffrey, than he would be their God. Every one of his inner most desires was fulfilled when his harem of women was around. No wonder he didn't travel much abroad these days, all he ever wanted was right at his doorstep. I couldn't believe that he was still asking me to bring girls to him as well. There was never enough girls to

fill his appetite, so on occasion I would meet a pretty girl around my age and invite her back to his place to make some quick money by offering her a really good contact in the modeling and acting business. Keeping him satisfied and in need of me was a tiring job. With so much competition I had to be on the ball, seeming ambitious to grant him all of his desires. It was a lot of pressure and a spotlight of a role to undertake at such a young age but I told myself this is what my life's training had led me up to be.

My Birthday was around the corner and turning eighteen had lost all of its sparkle and pizzazz. There were no more surprises in store for me, nothing that would bedazzle me I hadn't done already. I spent my birthday on the island, having a quiet dinner and watching "Sex and the City" on the couch with Jeffrey, Ghislane and Emmy. There was no cake or a celebration of any sort but I did get a couple of presents that I opened outside underneath the main cabana. Jeffrey gave me a beautiful pair of sapphire and diamond encrusted earrings and Ghislane bought me another designer makeup case. I thanked the two of them with a tight squeeze and a gratuitous short spiel. As it went quiet, I looked out to the ocean and wondered if across these waters was there ever going to be happier days spent with someone special to me. Would he be kind, compassionate, and always be there when I needed him most? Or would I end up settling for my final bit of training, a marriage to a greedy old scrooge? Either way what I wanted most didn't matter right now. I was still bound by Jeffrey's hold over me and all I had to do was keep telling myself to get through this epic journey was, this is just the way it was for now.

Around the table for breakfast Jeffrey announced that he was expecting a few guests coming over with Brunel, no one of importance, just his usual entourage of beautiful girls. Russian models this time and Jeffrey was also having a photographer flown in to take modeling photos using the island as the perfect background for a sexy shoot. All of us girls were ushered onto rocks, hammocks, dug into sand and displayed just about anywhere they wanted. We were being photographed in next to nothing, like a netted fabric placed over us if the shot called for it, but the more provocative the more Jeffrey and Brunel loved it.

After the photo shoot we did some outdoor watersports. While us girls raced the jet skis around and jumped on the water trampoline, the men stayed on dry land to watch us from the beach. I was so used to this constant charade of girls and I didn't mind having a bit of fun but this was different, I had to be more than just polite because I already knew it wouldn't be long before we were all intimate with each other as well. Being the only girl that spoke English out of all of them was also a huge blunder. The only way we could communicate was through hand gestures

and body language, a very primitive form of speaking, but what choice did we have?

I did my best to get acquainted and as I had previously assumed after lunch on the beach we were again ushered into another part of the island, Jeffrey's cabana. There was no need for words here, as the girls already knew exactly what to do. Without saying anything they undressed me and began to ravage my body with their hands, tongues, lips and fingers. I was delirious, never having done anything like this before with so many girls. It was sheer chaos; I don't honestly know how men could fantasize over this. Through the glimpses in between bodies crossing over me I could see Jeffrey and Brunel watching us, sitting in a chair with their hands around their penises, stroking themselves together "The best part is they don't even speak English so there's never a need to have to keep them amused" I could hear one of the men divulge and pretty sure it came from Jeffrey laughing out loud to Brunel. I just closed my eyes and went somewhere else in my mind until it was all over. That was that, life went on and we all moved on to eat dinner together.

It couldn't be more awkward as Jeffrey and Brunel were beside themselves with their ego's beaming, and the girls chatted like busy little chipmunks with each other. Ghislane and Emmy on the other end of the table were being amused at the entire raquet around the table and then there was me. Sitting quietly and smiling in people's direction when needed, I was counting down the minutes until I could go lay down in my giant comfortable bed, slipping away to the gentle noises the island created and sink comfortably into a deep sleep with the assistance of my Xanax. Scratching at the plate in front of me with my fork out of boredom, I wasn't even hungry. I had lost my appetite for food. Rather sipping on the champagne I wanted to feel as far away from here as possible. What seemed like hours for everyone to finish their meals we were finally all saying goodnight and goodbye to each other, as Brunel was off early in the morning and taking the eight beauties with him. "Thank God" I told myself, once was more than I could handle of that in one day.

It didn't take me long to get back into my own comfort zone. Heading straight back to my cabana after dessert was served nearly tripping over my own two feet as I tried to scuttle off in a hurry. As soon as I entered my domain, I drew a breath and sighed a deep exhale outwards, finally alone and at peace... for now at least. Although the sun had set hours ago the high temperatures of the Caribbean were still an affliction, plaguing my cabana I was welcomed by a rush of warm air as I opened the door. I hit the switch to the fan and stripped down for a shower. Preparing my towel and toiletries I opened the back door to the outside shower and placed them on the floor. Whether I was cleaning up in the midst of a hot

day or retiring for the evening, an outside shower was always splendid. Under a thick dark cloak of the night sky only the moon and stars to shed enough light for me to see my way around. I could feel the soft breeze lick the droplets falling off of my bodies' curves in the reflection of the moonlight. It only encouraged me to stay longer under the warmth from the spray of rushing water. I let the hot water run out before I was sufficed enough to go back inside. Lounging around the bed in my panties and a tank top I was still sweltering from the heat. Trying to tire myself out, I did some reading and eventually fell asleep. I needed those times to unwind after such an ordeal, letting the Xanax wash away all of the pain I could then forgive the mistakes I had made, blaming myself for staying around for this I had wished I was never born at all. The pills would take all of that away for me. My heart was a tangled weave of deception and pain, only reassured by the lies that were told to me and the lies I would have to convince myself of.

Chapter 16

When we flew back into Palm Beach, Juan drove me back to my apartment. Lonely for some companionship I decided to call an old friend. I was longing to be important to someone and unfortunately with such little time to have a social life of my own I was compelled to call T.J again. His Mom answered the phone and sounded quite surprised to hear my voice on the other end. She was always kind to me, I even used to bring her back "Cola" cans from other countries a bizarre hobby she loved collecting. She just didn't know what I saw in her son, even saying that to his face many times over. Not blind to his ways of cheating and stealing, being a personal victim of it, she made it apparent that she did not approve of T.J's choice in lifestyle. It used to really hurt him how his parents thought so badly of him, so he gave up trying to earn their love a long time ago. As long as he didn't steal from them anymore he was allowed to live there. Instead of that being a lesson to him, he would just try to be more clever in what he would steal, less obvious things. He would steal the toaster and sell it for five dollars if he knew it would help to get him his next high.

Nonetheless and at my expense I had a sweet spot for him. With enough water under the bridge, I was able to forget about the troubles he caused. His Mom told me she'd pass on the message when he got home, but that could be days from now. The last time he had been home was over a couple of weeks now. He only stopped by to get something to eat, have a long sleep and to beg her for a few bucks, supposedly to help him buy food. Then he was off again without a single word said, only leaving

his parents to their own assumptions, which were pretty much correct anyways.

I then called around a couple of mutual friends to see if anyone had heard from him. Everyone I spoke to pointed their fingers in the same direction and the worst place possible, Ritchie's house. One of his best friends told me of how bad he was doing. "He's not the same guy anymore, and all he cares about is the next high he gets. If we don't get anything for him he just loses it and goes off somewhere." It was hard to hear how badly affected my best friend was and a part of me secretly hoped they weren't right. Still defending him, I told everyone I had spoke too while trying to find him that T.J would be fine, he's just probably going through a bad phase, like we all do sometimes and needs people to have his back more than ever now. I was pretty much laughed at on the spot, most people that I considered my friends at the time were only friends by association. As long as we all looked the part, acted the part, and could handle the part, only then did they want to be around us. The last person I called was the last person I had hoped he wasn't with and it turned out that everyone was right.

He was with one of the biggest Coke dealers in our area, Ritchie-Rich, as everyone used to call him. He didn't look like a typical strung out junkie or dealer. Instead he looked like your average preppy college grad with aspiring propositions. He dressed well and acted like a nice guy to imminent clients only to get them hooked on his drugs and then turns them out onto the streets. He was a businessman and his business was thriving. He carried everything from most drugs to guns and knives. Having ears in all places made him a dangerous acquaintance. Using kids off the local Palm Beach streets to run his dirty errands and the errands of the others above him, he made his money by using these teenagers, who as hard as it was to believe was once somebodies sweet child.

I knew T.J didn't have the finances to support himself or his drug habit so the likelihood of him being indebted to Ritchie in other ways was a safe assumption. Obtaining Ritchie's number from one of T.J.'s friends Marcus he asked me, "What do you want to call Ritchie for? Come over to my place and I can get you whatever you want" Marcus was a sleaze bag who would tirelessly continue to try to appeal to my lesser sense of judgment, never getting the hint or just not caring that I could never and would never be interested in him. "No Thanks Marcus, can I just get the number please, it's very important that I get ahold of T.J, I'm really worried about him." I hated having to call this guy let alone have to ask him for something. "Is this about the Adam bullshit? Cause if it is you can let him know what a fucking bitch he is for not showing up to be there for him, you can tell him from me that it's his fault and it should've been him that's lying in the morgue now, not Adam" I was totally thrown

by his allegations I could only mutter out a whisper "Did you just say that Adam is dead, what happened?" "Oh snaps, I thought you knew, where have you been girl, under a rock or something?" Marcus was less than sensitive about his statements. "He got shot in the head by two black guys who got suspicious when their usual supplier didn't show up, your boy T.J was so fucked up he didn't even remember to turn up at Ritchie's for the delivery, so Ritchie sent Adam alone and now he's dead." Adam was a sweet kid who just happened to be born living on the wrong block. Best friends with T.J since childhood, the two were inseparable until puberty hit and even then they would chase girls together. Adam followed in T.J's every footprint, mimicking his shadow, if T.J jumped off the Eifel Tower then so would Adam so when T.J got hooked on drugs consequently Adam did too, leading ultimately to his death. Wanting to end the conversation with Marcus quickly I scribbled down the phone number on a blank piece of paper in front of me and hung up the phone to call Ritchie's place immediately.

"Yeah?" It was Ritchie whom bluntly answered the phone after the first ring. "Hi -Uh- Rich, It's Jenna, T.J's ex, we met a couple of times at a few parties" I was trying to remind him of who I was knowing how paranoid he was about people having his number. "Oh yeah, I know who you are, what is it you want?" He answered with a dry tone. "I was hoping you could tell me where I could find T.J, I've heard some stuff and am really worried about him, is he alright?" Ritchie snickered at my concerns. "What are you Mom or something? He's fine, he should be back here around five o'clock, I'll tell him you called." In the middle of me saying "Thanks and good-bye" he hung up the phone, as there is no room for manners in his line of work. I waited until five o'clock watching the minutes on the clock tick past and when five o'clock came and passed by with still no phone call, I couldn't deny to myself that I wasn't stricken with distress. Falling asleep wasn't easy either. I ended up crashing out on my sofa watching T.V, half expecting to hear of another murder on the news and it being T.J.

Forgetting to put on my eye mask before I went to bed, I was woken up the next morning by rays of the sun beaming into my living room. When I sleep I am a creature of darkness, avoiding any window light at all costs. Staggering to the coffee pot not used to getting up this early, my first thought that day was T.J and why he hadn't called. A million thoughts rushed through my head like a steam train...is he ok? Is he not calling because he is still mad from our last breakup? Has he moved on to someone else? Is he in any trouble? Did Ritchie even pass on my message? The thoughts were an endless infliction, consuming my entire day.

Until finally he called my cell phone later in the afternoon, relief swept over me when I heard his voice on the other end. "Thank God you called, I have been so worried about you, are you alright?" I jumped in without letting him get past saying "Hello". "Yeah, I'm fine. Ritchie told me you called his house looking for me yesterday and gave me shit for it saying you were upset or something, what's up?" I knew I would have to be delicate about asking what happened to Adam, thinking he'd be a mess over it. "I heard from Marcus that something happened to Adam and I got worried about you, what is going on?" T.J sounded scared, for what reasons were beyond my knowledge but I was going to find out, he replied " I don't want to talk about it over the phone. Are you in town so we can meet up or something?" It was obvious I wanted him to know that I was more than willing to lend my shoulder for his problems. "I'm home now if you want to come over whenever you feel like it." He didn't hesitate in taking me up on the offer. " But I won't be able to get there until later, I'm downtown at Ritchie's place unless you want to come pick me up."

It was more of a request than a favor to myself which is what he was making it out to sound like, knowing him all to well I didn't make a fuss of his ill-contemplated attributes. I got the address off of him and made my way into the ugliness of the not so dazzling parts of the Palm Beaches downtown area. Rolling up my windows and locking the doors to my truck I nervously drove through the rough streets trying to find Ritchie's apartment complex. Knowing all too well the history of the area, it's not a place a lone white girl in a nice truck wants to be seen, many reports of the locals rushing up to a vehicles with a weapon demanding money, cars, or just angry and out to hurt someone. I was speeding through the streets wanting to get out of there as quick as I could. A sad world we live in with so much hurt everywhere you look and nobody wanting to do anything about it, just accepting the hopelessness of never being able to achieve anything more than what our civilization has succumbed to. Being among one of those people, we were similar in so many ways. Only separated by our own personal fears and the different direction they pulled us into.

I drove straight through the open gates at the entrance to the complex and parked on the gutter in front of Ritchie's block of units. A crowd of people stood outside the blocks I was entering. Being hit on and offered drugs simultaneously my cheeks went flush and I put my head down not saying a word. Walking up the corridors of the staircase looked like a scene out of a horror flick. Graffiti covered the peeling of green paint on the walls and the pungent stench of something rotting, only to the worst of my imagination, filled my nostrils. I could hear babies screaming

through the thin walls and trying to find the unit number was difficult from the sporadic flickering of the fluorescent lights above me.

At last I found Ritchie's one, quite astonished with myself that I even made it this far. I had to knock loudly on the door a few times before a young girl answered the door with eyeliner bleeding down from her eyes, her jet black hair was strung out and a mess and she looked off her face on some hard drug. She had only her bra and a short skirt on to cover her private areas and a cigarette hung out of her mouth to complete the full picture of terrible state she was in. She looked me down with contempt and snubbed at me "What do you want?" I maintained my politeness and told her T.J was expecting me. She opened the door and walked away, leaving me by myself to venture through looking for T.J.

Passing through the kitchen it looked like a hospital lab with syringes on the counter tops and medicine containers lying around everywhere. Minding my steps through the dirty house, I walked to the back to the living room and found T.J in a K-Hole strung out on a filthy couch.

"Hey...there" he acknowledged me with a giant smile spread across his face. He probably didn't even know who I was from the dreadful state he was in. My first look at him in months and I was in utter shock. My jaw must have dropped to the floor at the very sight of him. Never seeing him so skinny and unhealthy looking I took pity and wanted to help him before things got even worse and he ended up like Adam, dead.

"T.J, hey buddy its Jenna, remember I was coming to pick you up today. You don't look so good, what are you doing so messed up?" I don't think he could even understand what I was even saying because he could only reply by giggling and rolling over, patting the couch as if it were a fluffy animal. I stood over him now and raised my voice so he'd know I was serious and snap out of it a bit. "Get Up T.J, Now!" I ushered at him to get off the couch, repeating myself a few times over and with no response I knew I had to get physical. Rolling him back over to face me again I smacked his face hard and I'm sure it stung but I got the reaction I had wanted. He sat up and looked at me confused.

At least now he was able to focus on my words requesting him to come with me. He was getting up from the couch and stumbling around before falling down to the floor again. Putting his arm around my neck and carrying the majority of his weight, I helped him up many times over and down three flights of stairs into my truck and drove him back to my place. It was a triumph on it's own arriving downstairs in one piece.

Being the only person who really cared if T.J lived or died I felt like the responsibility of helping him was my concern alone. Thankfully Jeffrey was in Palm Beach for the next couple weeks entertaining royalty, which gave me a little time to try and clean T.J up. I called a few of his friends that I knew and asked them not to score any

drugs for him any more, pleading with them and telling all of them he was on the brink of death, reminding them of the friendship between us all that once existed before the drugs corrupted so many of us. Some of them laughed at me telling me I was wasting my time with T.J and others were nice enough to at least lie to my face politely and promise not to help him feed his addiction.

I just wanted to remedy all of his pain and problems but I felt so helpless fighting his battle against the streets. I bought some marijuana for him to smoke hoping to subside the withdrawals he was facing over the next few days but with no avail. The only thing that would help him was my Xanax, a few of those pills and he would go back to sleep, only waking up to get more of them. I would have to force him out of bed to have a shower once a day and make sure he ate something. He was more like a baby right now than he was a boyfriend, too much in need of something I couldn't give.

I almost seemed like an actual friend for a second he ruined his brief

Chapter 17

When I went to see Jeffrey over the next course of days he picked out the dilemma I wore spread across my face straight away. "Your back with T.J aren't you?" It was so funny that he knew me so well. "Yeah, he's in a real bad place in his life right now and needs my help." He looked astonished and replied, "You're a much better friend than I am, I know people like him and trust me they never change, no use in even trying" I believed him too knowing I was stupid for even attempting to change T.J, but my heart felt differently, he was still a human being and a good friend of mine just down at his worst. "That's what good friends are for" I laughed back at his remark, not wanting to take this conversation too much further. "I admire your loyalty at least, but take my word for it, he will hurt you again." His words were chilling but true, I had to find out for myself though.

Almost seeming like an actual friend for a second he ruined his brief momentary image by turning over from the unfinished massage that I was giving to him and acquired his sexual longings from my worn down soul. Not only did he know that I didn't want to endure any more demands tonight, but his energy enhanced from knowing it too. Looking up at him during the foreplay, it was an easy observation from the look in my eyes

that I hated every minute of it, seething through all of my duties until he climaxed.

Most days I could take this kind of treatment, it was only seldom I couldn't hold in the way Jeffrey disregarded my feelings. He had me just where he wanted me, like a pawn piece on a checkers board I was his own personal sex slave. For the remainder of the evening I stayed quiet, not sure of what to say after an episode like that. It was a vigorous display of how castrating he could really be. He required me to clean up his spilled semen off of his genitals with a wet warm washcloth before he retired to his bedroom for a good night's sleep. Only a monstrous creep could sleep easy at night knowing what pain he caused others. I went downstairs and asked Juan, who was still in the kitchen to pay me for the evening telling him that Jeffrey had gone to sleep for the night. It wasn't an unusual request. Juan would often have to fix up "the girls" after the sessions and sometimes even drive them home. He went to Jeffrey's desk and underneath was his duffel bag that always held insurmountable bundles of crisp hundred dollar bills. He took out two for me and handed them over. I thanked him and said goodnight, as I was always polite to Juan and his wife, Maria. His eyes were gentle and told me more than what he was allowed to say. I understood well. We all needed to eat and pay bills unfortunately even sometimes at our own moral expense.

Putting the keys into the ignition I started up the engine and reversed out of Jeffrey's driveway with promptness. I didn't want to be there a moment longer than I had to. Not much to look forward too getting back to my apartment either, I needed some time to filter my emotions. Parking my truck in front of a nearby beach I took my shoes off gradually stepping out of the door into the fog. I walked down to the edge of the sand where the water licked at my toes. My life was slipping away from me and I was really beginning to question the difference between living and dying. I was so tired of everything, my whole existence revolved around being everything to everyone, forgetting about being something for myself altogether. Pretending to be someone else became an attribute I was better than good at, probably much of why Jeffrey liked me in the first place. This time I held back my tears back and only let the anger fester into a deep pit in my stomach. My rage was aimed at the very people who abandoned me to fend for myself in the first place and accepted this life as normal for me, my parents.

When I got back to my apartment I was expecting to have to look after T.J, but to my surprise he had come around good that night. He greeted me at the door and asked how my evening was. "It was all fine" I easily lied. I never let anyone inside close enough to see my vulnerabilities. They were mine alone to battle. In my head they were too shameful to

talk about anyways. He wanted to talk about something else anyways. Sitting me down at the dining room table he began his spiel. "I know you don't think much of me anymore, how could you? I'm a junkie who steals and sells drugs for a living, but I promise that's all going to change now. Adam is dead because of me and the only way I can make it up to him is to get away from it all. I promise things are going to get better." It was a convincing talk, but I knew him all too well. His demon inside yearned for him to fail but who was I to second-guess him out loud, I could only try to give him hope. "No one is perfect T.J. At least you're trying now and that's all that matters to me. I am so proud of you." I gave him a sincere hug and kissed him for the first time in a long time. "I love you," he said to me and I returned my love back. We slept in the same bed together that night and were officially back on together.

Two days later I was gone again, beckoned to be in Santa Fe. Ghislane only told me that I was to meet someone there, not sure of whom that was. It wasn't my place to ask questions. As far as I knew it could be anyone and I had no choice but to be compliant to their needs. It was the middle of the day when I arrived at the airport. One of the ranch hands came to pick me up in a big work truck that smelled like dirt and sweat but I didn't mind that's what I loved about the countryside.

When we arrived at the mansion my guest was already there waiting for me. I couldn't wipe the look off my face as he turned around from the bookshelf that he was standing at. "Hello" that same old cheesy grin greeted me once again. It was his highness Prince Andrew, and what a sight. He wrapped his arms around my waist and greeted me like an old friend. I hugged him back rolling my eyes at the same time, already dreading what lay in store over the next couple of days. My job was to entertain him endlessly, whether that meant having to bestow him my body during an erotic massage or simply take him horseback riding. For the next couple of days he was to be my only concern, but he wasn't. I called in checking on T.J a few times a day, not wanting to be a nag but just hoping he hadn't had any thoughts about relapsing. He was doing great, even applying for a couple jobs. Being reassured by him made my time away less complicated and thankfully with the help of my ever-ready Xanax I was able to cope with the ordeal.

The mansion was completely empty save a couple of maids who also cooked our dinners for us, and a couple bodyguards that we hardly even saw at all. The time draggered by slowly for me as I was counting down the hours until I flew away again, anywhere but here I thought. It wasn't easy meeting the sexual desires of these strange men, the Prince being one of them. He loved my feet and even licked in between my toes. Then there was the lack of passion in the intimacy we shared, to him I was just another girl and to me he was just another job. Not the right reasons to be

together but I thought in this world and to these monsters, there didn't need to be a reason. To them it's nothing but a reenactment of their personal fantasies. To me it was a living nightmare.

"Thankfully one of Jeffrey's assistants from New York called me on my cell phone early in the morning on the second day to fill me in on my next adventure. I had a flight booked for me to leave that afternoon to arrive at La Guardia airport in the evening. Even though I had to go back to yet another controlling man, I was still relieved. At least I was used to the confinements of Jeffrey's control and in some twisted way he was more comforting than these strangers he sent me to. Overlooking the city of New York as the plane landed felt like I was flying from one cage to another. Entrapped by falling victim to the predators that lured me into their enclosure. I didn't know how I would ever get out again. That deep pit in my stomach began to churn again, a physical reaction to the anxiety I was plagued with. Before getting off the plane I touched up my makeup to hide any signs of the frailty I was feeling.

Jo-Jo met me at the arrival terminal and picked up my luggage for me. He never said much at all, nodding to any reciprocating conversation. I don't think he could really speak that good of English anyways. It was better for me as I preferred the quietness for the moment. He opened the back door for me and we headed off for my next prison cell. When we got to Jeffrey's mansion on 72nd, the place looked empty. I walked up the staircase to Jeffrey's office and he wasn't there. Feeling a bit hungry I walked back down to where the kitchen was. I opened the fridge and found some leftovers that Adam, Jeffrey's chef, had cooked. I loved his cooking, when it wasn't filled with beansprouts and tofu. He used to make me the best pizza upon request, or whenever he was cooking seafood, which he knew I hated. He had an honest appeal about him and never even took notice when on many occasions us girls would be prancing around topless, sometimes even stark naked around the pool or beach. He would have to serve us our meals and would do it with such a casual professionalism, never making anyone uneasy at any occasion.

Half way through my meal the kitchen doors swung open and incoming was Jeffrey and Ghislane. Choking down my bit of food down, I got up from my seat and kissed them both on the cheeks. "Hi guys, how are you?" I greeted them and Ghislane answered for them both "Good, good. Sit down and finish your meal, don't let us interrupt you." I hated eating alone in front of people, chewing food and maintaining a conversation at the same time didn't give off the best look. "I was just finishing anyways, can I get you guys anything, maybe a tea or something?" Always playing my part, another reason to keep me around I guess, I went beyond the call of duty and after the last period with them, I had been reminded of my place. "Yes, I'll take a one" Ghislane stated. "Jeffrey how about you,

anything I can get for you?" I asked again and he answered, "No thanks, we just ate and I'm still full" and they sat down together on the stools at the kitchen bench.

I got out the shiny red kettle from the cupboard, knowing my way all too well around the kitchen and put it over the hot stove plate. Turning around to face them, I thought they were acting peculiar. "So..." Ghislane started the conversation, "How was the ranch with the Prince?" It was a natural reaction for me to blush, knowing exactly what she was referring to. Keeping busy preparing her cup of tea and avoiding eye contact with both of them I started to unpack the counter where I had been eating, "I think he had a really good time, he seemed relaxed during the trip and when we said good-bye to each other he gave me a kiss." I went on to tell them what we did together "I took him horseback riding, nowhere to far just around the property, um... we went swimming in the pool, and of course I gave him plenty of massages. He had a massage at least couple times each day really seeming to enjoy his time there." It's what they wanted to hear, not the truth of how disgusting I had felt over the whole thing but they already knew the truth anyways, it's what they had trained me for in the first place.

Like two proud parents they both looked over me with such content, "Good, you did really well" Jeffrey complimented me. Turning around to the boiling kettle, I finished Ghislane's tea for her and the conversation led on to other subjects. We all ventured up to Jeffrey's office and out came the infamous duffle bag that went wherever he did. I was given close to a thousand dollars for my time in Santa Fe, more than what I thought anybody at my young age could make for a couple days of work. It was fulfilling the obscene vulgar needs of the so-called privileged that earned me so much.

Chapter 18

I spent the next few days in New York, venturing out to do some shopping therapy. I loved the eccentric parts of the city. Every street was different but the same energetic vibe filled all of them, animated with all different walks of life. Hanging out at coffee shops reading the newspaper or a good book was a favorite pastime while in the big apple. Being close enough to get back to Jeffrey for when he needed me but also far enough to get away from all of it. Most of the day slipped by without being missed and I made my way back to Jeffrey's.

Making one last pit stop, I walked into an old bookshop to browse at

their assortment of old titles. I wasn't in any hurry so I took my time reading the backs of interesting looking books. I bumped into a girl looking down the same aisle I was down. "Sorry, I'm so clumsy" she was apologizing for my mistake. "No, no, it was my fault, I wasn't looking at where I was going, I get so wrapped up with my nose in a book and trip over my own two feet if I'm not careful enough." We were both giggling now and I further introduced myself to her. Her name was Valerie or Vickie or something like that, anyways she was a student at a school for hairdressing nearby. Chatting away both young and similar interests in each other's choice of reading we found it easy to speak with one another. She wasn't from around here only being in the city for the last two months, her parents hated her being here, but were also supportive in her big decision to move from the countryside in hopes of her accomplishing her own dreams. Aside from not having her near them, they just wanted her to be happy and supported in her big decision to move to the city, helping her pay some of the way.

She was a pretty girl with cherry red hair and soft white skin. Her long legs were emphasized by the short flowery dress that complimented her hourglass figure. She would definitely fit the pro quo for going down in one of Jeffrey's little black books. Only imagining the look on his face upon meeting her I could already see his sly grin spread from ear to ear. Knowing exactly what he would do with her and the very thought of him tarnishing a sweet country girl such as her just couldn't be done. It was the beginning of a turning point in my life that started with realizing I had a choice at hand and the effect I could have on one person alone. "I must be off, but it was really nice to meet you." Bidding her goodnight and paying for my books I turned around with one last glance over my shoulder and said. "Good luck in the city!" Leaving that bookshop was a small step in a growing abundance of larger strides to come. Turning the corner onto 72nd street I had an undeniable feeling in the pit of my stomach again but this time it wasn't the familiar hurl of anxiety I was used to after I had done something I had regretted, it was a new feeling of pride and inner strength. I quite liked it a lot, I held my head high and smiled on the inside when Jeffrey asked me how my day was and what I got up to, not mentioning I had let one girl slip on bye.

The icy winter winds faded away making way for the approaching sunny days that blossomed the colorful shades of spring. This was my favorite time of the year. Making the most use of his island we spent countless days of the increasingly hot days there. A constant array of visiting guests and plentiful young women to flock around keeping them entertained was the typical lazy afternoon on Little St. Jeff's. We ate, drank, and played under the blue blanket of cloudless skies. To many this lifestyle could seem idyllic, unless you were like me, the one on the other

side of the fence where the grass wasn't so green. Fortunately for me and in some ways not, I was mostly expected to attend to only Jeffrey's insurmountable of sexual desires. Whereas the other girls who came one day and went the next were promised a multitude of open doors just for there meager participation in sexual acts with random men, only to be disappointed when they realized they were nothing more than a single night out for these geriatric senior citizens who most likely due Alzheimer's would sooner forget the entire experience let alone their first name.

Surrounded by those in our world who many looked up too but not seeing them from where I was standing, I didn't have the highest of standards in humanity. Then I met Al Gore and his lovely wife during one of those many weekends away in the Caribbean. I was blown away by the amount of attention Al doored on his wife, it was so sweet to watch. They sat next to each other at the dinner table gazing into one another's eyes having an intimate conversation between them. Among the many guests visiting that night and many of them young beautiful women, not once did Al's eye's stray elsewhere, to them they were the only ones there. He was up for a presidential election that year and he definitely had my vote. Anyone that could show that much devotion and passion towards his loved ones could have the same devotion towards running a country, or at least I thought so. He only left his wife's side to have a walk down to the beach with the host of the weekend, Jeffrey. The weather was still warm in the evening when I decided to break away from the idle chat around the table and take a stroll too.

Not wanting to interrupt the conversation between Jeffrey and Al, I walked in the opposite direction plucking the washed up sea shells imbedded in the sand along the way. I enjoyed the serenity in the solitude of the island. So many nooks and crannies to get lost in, I could imagine that I actually disappeared from the entire world for a moment. By the time I came back to the main house majority of the small crowd had been long gone retired to their cabanas. Even Jeffrey had gone off to bed but trust party animal Ghislane to still be up entertaining the remaining guests left at the table, regaling her wild stories of people and places she has embarked on. Trying not to make eye contact as I walked past them on my way back to my cabana carrying my seashells inside my curled up blouse. I wasn't up for anymore pointless talking tonight. Emptying out my seashells into a plastic bag, I went over my new treasures one by one. I loved collecting odd things, shells being one of my favorites. Ghislane and I shared that interest together. We would enjoy walk abouts around the island searching for lost pieces of the remnants that pirate's had left behind centuries ago. It was mostly broken plates or smashed glass from bottles of ale, and even occasionally getting lucky

enough to find some old coins here and there. It wasn't easy though, both loving a challenge it was perfect for us. Enduring many scratches from the bushes we would be searching through and then the soar arms from digging all day, but it was worth it in the end. After nearly two years of collecting items and saving them, we made Jeffrey a mosaic table out of the remaining pieces left from the era of the pirate's day. Upon completing it we were both astounded in our creation, it was such an item of rarity and an interesting piece of work. When we presented it to Jeffrey he was even impressed not only in our amazing finds but what we did with them. The table became an important work of art that Jeffrey showed off inside the main house's lounge room, sparking a much intrigue and table conversation by many of the visiting guests to his island.

The next morning was good-bye for most of the visitors, leaving just the usual behind. Soaking in the sun and living it up in the lap of luxury is how the next few weeks were spent before having to get back to the dredge of the city. Sometimes we'd have to go to St. John's island for Jeffrey to do some work in the office. It was so boring for me to sit in their listening to him on the phone or coming down on some poor employee for something stupid like not answering the phone correctly. If I knew he was going to be awhile I would excuse myself for a bit of shopping. Not that the Caribbean had much to offer in the world of fashion but there was never an amount of bikinis one girl could own and I loved all the little knick knacks one could find there. Flying back on a private jet was the best part because I could transport just about anything I wanted back to my apartment, which was already filled with an assortment from my shopping ventures and collection of seashells from the Caribbean.

The next big dinner party on the island had another significant guest appearance being, the one and only, Bill Clinton. He is the only president in the world to be dismissed from his role as a world leader because he was caught with his trousers around his ankles and had the stain to prove it. Publicly humiliating his wife and himself he retired from his title but not from his lifestyle. This wasn't a big party as such, only a few of us eating at the dinner table. There was Jeffrey at the head of it all, as always. On the left side was Emmy, Ghislane and I. Sitting across the table from us was Bill with two lovely girls who were visiting from New York. Bill's wife, Hillary's absence from the night made it easy for his apparent provocative cheeky side to come out. Teasing the girls on either side of him with playful pokes and brassy comments, there was no modesty between any of them. We all finished our meals and scattered in our own different directions.

Jeffrey wanted his evening massage before bed and Ghislane and Emmy went to their office to talk about something, leaving our guest of honor to find company elsewhere. Strolling into the darkness with two beautiful girls around either arm, Bill seemed content to retire for the evening. He wanted to have a hot bath before bed while I began the massage in the tub. Starting with his feet and calves, he wanted to end the night quickly. Never showing any restraint he sat up on the edge of the tub and asked me to perform on him orally. I did my job, but that's all our relationship was these days, a dreadful job. Getting it over and done with as quick as possible was my hope but I couldn't let him pick up on those vibes, to make him enticed I had to act like his little porn star, knowing exactly how he wanted it. Only then would my duties be fulfilled and I would be able to get back the reality of my complicated life. Before I could say goodnight, Jeffrey had one more request. He wanted me to tuck him under the blankets and fluff his pillows for him. Then I had to reach under the covers and massage his feet while watching him fall asleep, he even wanted me to wait like twenty minutes or so after he fell asleep before I could leave. It wasn't unusual for him to ask it but God I hated it, never offering it I would always wait for him to request it. Once he was snoring gently I wiped my hands clean of the lotion and quietly closed the doors to his room. Making my way up the outdoor spiraling staircase, I felt the breeze blow through my hair and looked up to the heavens. The stars shown so bright out here in the middle of nowhere with no big city lights to hinder their effect could get lost in time staring into them. No matter how far gone I really felt there was always something about a simple caress from the wind or the reflection of the star sweeping sky in the black glossy ocean that would always remind me of my fond love of nature's blessings.

Back in New York, there was nothing left of nature to adorn. It was a dwelling for those who no longer saw the use for trees without cages or blue skies without clouds of man made fumes and gases. Unfortunately if we weren't in the Caribbean, we were there in New York. Hardly going back to Palm Beach, barely even seeing my family, my dog or I. These days at all. In my parents heads I was all grown up and educated in the world of wealth not needing them any longer they would just wait for my call once in a while to let them know how I was doing and that was the extent to our restricted relationship. The road my life has led down never has kept me close to home anyways so to me it wasn't anything unordinary but still a sad existence to be without a family of my own. It would've been nice to be missed though, rarely letting myself think like that. No room for pity in my heart, if I did, the floodgates could open and I'd have enough grief in one lifetime to go around a few times that they would've never been closed.

Jeffrey's business was running well from the looks of his attentiveness the office he owned in the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Alan Dershowitz, his colleague in finances and personal solicitor, a bird of the same feather, I had seen hanging around the island and Jeffrey's Manhattan mansion, more and more these days. Alan's taste for the young and beautiful was a bias for a blooming business relationship between him and Jeffrey. After an explicit session of Jeffrey's vulgar pilgrimage into my body, we were interrupted by a knock at the door by Jeffrey's good friend, Alan. I wrapped myself up in Jeffrey's pink bed sheets, which is the color preference he chose to sleep in because it reminded him of the same color of his own words "Pussy", and covered my face from the unexpected intrusion. Jeffrey got up and wrapped a towel around his loins and answered the door completely calm. Opening the bedroom door and letting Alan inside they began to converse about business immediately, right in front of me. Jeffrey started to tell Alan what needed to be done while he jostled some notes down quickly. I peeked my head from underneath the covers thinking they were too wrapped up in their work to notice me get up and dressed, and Jeffrey turned back to me and told me to just stay there this would only take a second. Going back to Alan he turned his focus back into work and hustled out a few more orders before letting Alan out of the door and returning his attention to me.

"Sorry about that, work never stops and neither will the money coming in. How else am I going to make a million dollars while I'm sleeping?" Jeffrey chuckled as he sat back down on the bed next to me. I laughed at his humorous and mostly true statement, then a strand of hair fell in front of my face. Before I could get to it he put it back behind my ears and sweetly stroked my face, for a moment we just looked into each other's eyes and he nearly seemed almost human to me. It was bizarre how he could be so kind and gentle one moment and the second beforehand I was being treated like no more than a common plaything left out for display. Nothing more than an ego trip, Jeffrey got off on letting the ones he wanted to know that he could own anything and anyone he wanted in this world. Maybe for a brief minute I believed the sincerity behind his eyes but that vision would quickly fade away and I would be left second-guessing why I even fell for his deceitful tricks for a moment.

Jeffrey got up from the bed and asked me to join him for a shower. In his bedroom, which was the entire top floor, he had a glass shower enclosed underneath a glass skylight right in the middle of the room. It was perfectly accessible feature for a man that loved both being clean and nude, but still an odd feature at that. As I always did whenever I showered with him, I lathered a loofa with soapsuds and would scrub his body, up and down, in between his toes, even behind his ears and of

course his genitals area. The sunlight shone through the glass ceilings into where we were standing, making the moment feel even more surreal on top of the already popped Xanax I had popped before for breakfast earlier that morning. Jeffrey was in such a lighthearted mood that day, making funny cracks at me, and acting like a flirt. When I was finished washing him he actually wanted to wash me too, which was another totally out of his character suggestion.

For the rest of the day, he took me everywhere with him, the office and then to a friends place, even just wanting to hang out with me for a while. I wasn't used to being treated like anything more than a dog on a leash, when he acted like this it just completely spun me around confusing me even more.

We were spending heaps of time together these days, a lot more than usual. At the ranch we would do things together, alone, and not just the usual perverted things I was accustomed to doing with him alone. Horseback riding on his ranch during weekends away by ourselves and movie nights snuggling up over a bucket of popcorn instead of having to massage his feet during the entire film became his way to alter my perception of my original notion that I wasn't just his sex slave, I thought I was finally becoming his friend.

When we went quad biking he no longer wanted me to take my own bike, he preferred me to sit on the back of his, holding onto him tightly and he even tried to teach me how to drive a manual stick shift car. He was definitely trying to show a softer side of himself, different to the stone cold slave driver I had to come to respect out of fear over the many years. Still a hard image to change after all I had been through and seen over the years I had been with him. Nonetheless he was still my "boss" so I humored his attempts and matched his caring demeanor, giving him the impression I was intrigued in our new kind of affair.

It all came to a sudden conclusion one sunny afternoon in the Caribbean. Jeffrey pulled himself up to the ladders first step and climbed up the next four steps to the top of the dock. His chest was heaving rapidly as he sat down catching his breath. Ghislane was the next one up and then I followed lastly behind them. To me it was an invigorating snorkel around the shallow reefs within the radius of the dock, but to Jeffrey the half an hour swim in the ocean was enough to overexert his ageing limbs. I took off my snorkel gear and placed it in the storage bench, grabbing us a few towels at the same time. Wrapping a towel around Jeffrey's backside and handing one to Ghislane, I sat down next to them on the dock and we laughed how fatigued Jeffrey was, poking fun that he really is getting older. A very touchy subject for the vain at heart but he didn't seem to mind it, probably knowing we'd never take the joke too far. We sat there in silence for a moment, an odd silence at that. Jeffrey looked at Ghislane and then Ghislane looked at me, placing me once again in the spotlight. They both scooted closer to where I was sitting and I felt something stirring in the air. The biggest turning point of events in all of my time spent with them.

Jeffrey sat next to me and put his hand on my back and looked at me with a certain kind of sincerity I hadn't seen in him before. "I want to first of all tell you that over the last few years you have shown me the kind of devotion and loyalty that I believe is rare to find among people these days, qualities I hold that high in regard." Bewildered by the whole scenario I just nodded every time he paused, trying to grasp what his intentions were getting at. He continued to praise my nature saying "I hope you know my appreciation for your embracing of my lifestyle, you have been achieving a name for yourself among the friends I have introduced you to. Everybody says basically the same thing about you, the same thing I believe. You are a delightfully funny girl who has developed into a mature graceful young woman and I could think of nobody else I'd rather have a child than with than you."

And just like that he created a whole new dilemma for me to face. In utter shock from the completely unexpected proposition and before I could even think of anything to respond with, Ghislane made the finishing touches with the business end of the deal starting with the pros before the cons "You would have around the clock nannies to help you. Jeffrey would pay for a mansion of your choice in either Palm Beach or New York" and as if the drumrolls were beckoning "and... you would have a hefty monthly allowance from Jeffrey's bank account" Astonished at their first offers I nearly took the bait. Then she continued to finish the terms of our pre-agreement with "But you would have to travel with the child where and when Jeffrey wanted you to be, and most importantly you would have to sign a contract stating that Jeffrey and you are not

Chapter 19

His attentiveness led into the warmer months that commenced the beginning of long summer days that I looked forward too. I couldn't help but enjoy his eagerness to see me more relaxed these days. He wasn't even bothering me to find alternate sources of girls for his twisted satisfaction anymore and although I was still being used for his distorted sexual enjoyments he further seduced me into believing I meant a lot more to him than I ever did.

monogamous and that the child would belong in Jeffrey's custody in the event of a falling out between the two of you." She kind of threw that last one in there quickly, as if she could get away with me not hearing that I would basically have to relinquish the rights to my own flesh in blood and surrender them to a life of servitude and abuse with these people. My maternal alarm bells went off straight away and I already knew my answer. No way I could do that to any poor baby, God only knew what these monsters had in store for me let alone a baby, but it was an instant reaction that saved me. "I don't know guy's, I mean I'm really young and never really even thought about having kids yet. Wow, I just don't know." I slicked my hand through my hair nervously and took in a silent breath. I had to go beyond what I was truly feeling and give them the feeling that I'd never let them down. Putting an eager smile on my face and sucking up my gut's intuition I told them "You know what, let me get my certificates in massage and have some time to prepare for this and get healthy then next year we'll all think about having a baby together." It was crazy to even hear me say out loud but from the expressions on their faces I had fulfilled their wishes.

Much reason to celebrate that night they were both in a cheery mood around the dinner table. Except for me who had taken double the dosage of Xanax to even cope with the high amounts of anxiety I had been suffering from since we got back from the dock. I wasn't sipping the champagne that night, I was gulping it and when their moods turned from cheery to raunchy later that evening it wasn't hard for me to comply. From the full effects of the state I was in I would've agreed to just about anything, allowing them to treat themselves to ravishing the tender parts of my body.

Over the next few weeks everything went on as it normally would, and not another mention of their proposal. My birthday was only a week away and I was turning nineteen that year. All I wanted was to get my certificates before I got any older and get trapped into this life for good.

When my big day rolled around I was in New York with Jeffrey and Ghislane. Sitting on my bed listening to MTV's channel blare in the background of my room I was painting my toenails when I was suddenly buzzed on the intercom. It was Jeffrey calling himself to ask me to meet him in his office in ten minutes. Perfect timing to let my nails dry. I thought to myself. Already contemplating his desire to come downstairs I knew it had something to do with my birthday present but I was more expecting the usual shopping money or piece of jewelry, definitely not what he had in store for me.

I knocked on the slightly ajar door to Jeffrey's office and heard him beckon me inside. "Hello, what cha up too?" I asked in a cutesy tone of voice. Walking over to his desk he looked up at me taking his reading

glasses off while granting me a big smile. "Come over here and sit down with me" as he ushered me to come sit on his lap. Pulling me onto him he had a funny look on his face, like he had something really big to tell me and was letting the anticipation build in the thickness of the silence. "What??" I laughed at the way he was looking at me now. "First of all...Happy birthday today." Was only the beginning of his announcement and he proceeded to tell me "I know how much you have wanted this for so long and you are more than deserving of it. You are going away to Thailand to learn authentic Thai Massage and within eight weeks you'll receive a certificate for being a qualified Thai Massage Therapist." Astonished at his attempts to see me get what I wanted, not exactly the type of massage I was interested in but it was a start and a first certificate for me to acquire. My eyes lit up and I threw my arms around his neck, planting a big kiss on his lips, which I rarely ever did. "Wow, I don't know what to say, this is beyond my wildest dreams...thank you so much!" I did well to let him know I appreciated his grandeur offer. He went on to give me the details of where I'd be staying, the school's schedules, and how much he loved Thai massage, apparently it was the next big thing to hit the shores of America. He had planned out an entire itinerary for me. I was to depart at the end of August and he had already enrolled me in a class at "ITM Massage School". I would only have a few days to settle in before I would be attending classes five days a week over eight hours a day. He even had an assignment for me to do while I was over there. I was to meet up with a girl who was also being put up at the "Princess Hotel" where I was staying. She had an Asian sounding name so I just assumed she was a local girl hoping for an opportunity of a lifetime, if she only knew what she would be getting herself into. If I decided that she met Jeffrey's particular quota of approval then she would be sent over to the U.S to meet with him or one of his esteemed colleagues. Besides the guilt of having to decide a stranger's uncertain fate, everything else sounded more than wonderful. Eight weeks gone from Jeffrey sounded like a lifetime away and I couldn't be more excited at this chance. It was the opportunity of my lifetime and I wasn't going to waste a second of it.

Ghislane came in a few minutes later and the look on her face told me she already knew. I got up from Jeffrey's lap and gave her a big hug and second and hugged me back. It was just her way and I had come to accept it. Depending on the level of slander her insults provoked was just her way of telling you she cares without really ever showing it. Probably

doesn't make sense to most sane people but after all of the time spent with them, I had gotten to understand a few of their quirky ways. Even if I didn't agree with them, they knew I would for their sake of opinion. What did it matter anyways I thought, I had been degraded in every other physical way what's the difference from taking their mental abuse too. Not the exact choice of employers I would've chosen over again if given the opportunity but here I was and doing my very best to excel at their demands.

I was sent home for a little over a week to pack for the long trip and make the rounds visiting my family before I left overseas on my first trip all by myself. It was great to see my family after such a long time away. My older brother and his wife even came down to visit for the well wishing of my departure. Everyone in my family seemed stoked at the prospects my long journey had led me down. Here I was jet setting around the world in my teens and getting paid to study the course of my dreams at a cost that I only knew I would have to pay. It was a wonderful get together with all of them around, a great way to remember them. If I'd only known it would be the last time I would see any of them I would've emphasized to my brothers how much I really loved them both and how much I would miss them in the decade to come! But I didn't know what my future held for me, I had nothing planned out I was just hoping for the right opportunities.

I also had a few good friends to catch up with before I went. Every night was another party and by the end of the week I had drunken enough to drown an Irishman on St. Patty's Day. I was given the lists to all of my friends email address and told to keep in touch. Yeah right I thought, I was going to be too busy having too much fun to be thinking about sitting on a computer emailing people, but I told them I would anyways. Save myself the point of having to explain that in many different ways to a group of already tipsy slurring teenagers. Out of everyone who was really happy for me, T.J wasn't. He hated the idea of me leaving him to have a non-stop party in Thailand without him. He was just starting to seem like he was coming good and I didn't like having to leave him at such a vulnerable state but in my young years I had already realized I needed to do some things for myself and this was one of them. There was still a huge amount of broken trust between us, trust that could probably never be rendered again so I thought I was being decent enough letting him stay at my apartment while I was gone, but he was not to drive my truck, at all. I paid too much money on insurance for that thing and knowing his driving record I didn't want the risk of something happening while I was gone for so long. He didn't agree with me at all, throwing a grown up tantrum all over my apartment. Hitting the walls and doors, shouting the entire complex down, there was nothing I could say or do at this point in

time so I just put my dog on the lead and took her for a walk to calm down the situation and give me some time to be alone. Mary Jane was the only one I hated leaving behind. When we got back from the long walk she barricaded my suitcase while I was packing the horrendous amount of clothing that I always did. I was promising her I wouldn't be long and told her how much I loved her giving her a big hug. I choked back on the tears that were swelling up in my eyes, it was like she already knew the night before I flew out to New York that this would be my final trip.

There was a commercial flight booked for me in the morning and I needed the rest that night to fully recover from my binge of celebration drinking. T.J crept into bed later that night and tried to redeem his behavior with sweet nothings and dry humping my backside. It did nothing for me sexually. I didn't feel like that for him any longer and the sooner he realized that, the better he'd be off. I told him I wasn't up for it and he picked up a pillow and slammed the door behind him. It didn't matter I told myself, the next day I was off and wouldn't have to deal with him or anyone.

T.J caught a cab with me to MIA, the airport in Miami. He walked with me to the furthest point he was allowed to go by the security gates and as we stood in line together it was almost heartbreaking seeing him cry. I told him I'd try to call him everyday, attempting to give him optimistic ways to look at this time away from each other. In the end he had me crying and I had to give into my remaining feelings I had for him. One last kiss under the x-ray bridge and he vanished out of my sight as I furthered down the terminals long hall.

Chapter 20

It was only a short flight to New York and I just couldn't wait until next week when I'd be jetting off to an exotic destination all by my lonesome self. It was all I could think about talk about and dream about, finally my break. Ghislane did what she did best that week and prepped me for everything I could imagine under the sun. Do's and Don'ts, emergency numbers and western union locations were among some things on the list she gave me. Like I said, she showed her caring side in other ways. There was also the name of the girl I was supposed to be meeting, the room she was in and what dates she would be staying there. When I got out of Ghislane's office I was instructed to meet Jeffrey in his office. She had to stay back for some paper work that she had to catch up on pronto. Making my way up the red and gold trimmed carpeted

staircase I prepared myself for some major sucking up before I left, he would be expecting it for his recent generosity, or so I had thought. Opening those familiar heavy doors the first thing I saw was an unfamiliar face standing over Jeffrey's shoulder.

She was a tall girl with blonde hair twisted up in a professional looking knot. Her big smile was flashing at him with hints of her cheekiness to come and she was dressed to kill with a short tight grey skirt and a matching suit jacket over her white buttoned down blouse, revealing her voluptuous ample cleavage. She looked like the old college professor's wet dream. When she introduced herself to me, a thick Czech accent presented itself. Her name was Nadia Marcinkova and Jeffrey looked just about as smitten as a victim of a love struck arrow from no one but the cupids themselves. Jeffrey further introduced her as his new assistant and masseuse while I would be away, barely taking his eyes off her for one second. It was a bit of a blow to take, being so easily replaced but also a part of me already knew this was expected off someone like him. Good for him I thought to myself, why should I have bitterness over someone I never had intimate feelings for and knew had never really cared for me in the first place. Kissing her on the cheeks and telling her my name, I was doing my best to grin and bear it. We hugged for a brief show of uniformity but it was just that, a show for Jeffrey to see. When he was away for the moment or she wasn't busy, hanging off his every word, the way we all started out, she would snub me off to only head off in another direction. A real bitch if anyone was to ask me but no one would anyways it wasn't my job to like her.

Over the next course of days it was my task to show her some of my techniques in massaging Jeffrey and the erotic side of finishing it off. Nadia despised me even more when Jeffrey told her to follow my lead during the massage as she tried to take over and do her own thing a few times. To me it was quite funny her competitive side, I had nothing more to prove so watching her put on an act of seduction and scream out her every body function during a faked orgasm was nothing but entertaining in my eyes. After a few sessions together it was my time to be off on another adventure far, far away from here or from the chains that I wore for way too long. Jeffrey had someone else to fit the chains that kept me so close to him. Even though she wasn't the nicest of girls I still couldn't help but feel sorry for her. No girl should belong to someone out of servitude, but unfortunately it is the way our civilization has been for many centuries before us and I don't see changing any time soon or as long as perverts like Jeffrey are allowed to walk around freely and procure our daughters off the streets all because he's got a lot of money to pay many, many, many people off.

Throw out your confetti because here I come Chang-Mai!! My celebrations started the second I landed, it didn't take me long to make myself aquatinted with a few fellow travelers and find the hot spots of the hustling city. It was like nowhere I had ever been before. The streets were lined with stalls offering an assortment of souvenirs, clothing, and knick-knacks. Everyone lived so freely and was in such great spirits. The parties raged on until the wee hours of the morning and people became best friends over night. From the second I got there I knew Thailand was going to be a lot of fun and I was right! Popping bottles of champagne, dancing all night to the beat of every club's rhythm's along my way and carrying on like it was my birthday...every night was a repetition I could definitely get used too. During the day I was a real good girl, the teachers pet even. Showing the credibility of my experience in massage from over the last few years and already ahead of the class the teacher was using me to help instruct the others with demonstrations. Mostly in a class full of males it wasn't a surprise that I made friends with quite a few of them, some of them with ulterior motives, but for the most part the sleazebags were none of my concern, I had already dealt with a lifetime of them to be able to spot one out and steer clear of his approaches. Out of the entire class I had made friends with only one girl from Wisconsin. She was a plain looking girl with big brown puppy dog eyes and a long drawn out accent. Her first time leaving the States or Wisconsin itself for that matter so it was easy to acknowledge that she was a little taken aback by all of the bustling city life so becoming her friend felt like the Chaing-Mai night life. Eventually I even ended up inviting her to stay with me at my hotel. She was running out of money to party every night then pay for school on top of her accommodation, it was all becoming too much out of her small budget. So I thought about it and offered her a bed in my room, I had two of them anyways. Plus she was a really nice girl and if I could help make her first time out of the country an unforgettable experience then I was also gaining something from it as well.

The first month in quickly passed me by. Having such an incredible time on my own and putting my heart into learning Thai Massage it seemed to just fly past. Routinely I had to call in and check in with Jeffrey and Ghislane letting them know my whereabouts and progression in class. Counting down the time left until my course finished Jeffrey was anticipating my departure back to New York. "I can't wait to get my first Thai massage from you. I've got you booked to come straight back to New York for my first one as soon as your course finishes next month." His eagerness put a twisted familiar knot in my stomach. Reminding me of the dream I have to awake from soon and the reality of the certain homecoming I would be arriving to. "It's such a great course, thank you

so much for sending me here to learn this. You are going to love my new area of expertise! I am having such an amazing time over here!!" I had to let him know how much I appreciated what he had done for me and he loved the head swell that it would make him feel as well. Hating the thought of going back to him, I wasn't going to let that put a damper on my spirits while I was still out there. It was my time to party harder than ever before. Every night was a new adventure for me. Chang-Mai was a maze of places to get lost in and the vibrant city was my playground. The way I saw it this was my last chance to get out and break free, letting loose my inner girl it felt so good to take the lead of my own life.

Chapter 21

It was an average evening getting ready in front of the bathroom mirror on just an average Sunday, though unbeknownst to us girls as we sat there chatting away carelessly, this night was already written in the stars for me. It was a very long time ago now when I was still a young child that I sat looking up to those same stars from my bedroom window with my hands pressed tightly together as I cried for God to hear my prayers. All I asked him for was death. My precious life was already such a hopeless battle that I felt too small to fight alone for. Begging him to deliver me from this cruel world I would pray for all of my pain would to away for good. My only clause in my prayers was the possibility that there was somebody in this wide world that I was meant to love, something much bigger than I could have even imagined yet. This invocation of mine was forgotten about long ago now, until tonight.

I wish I had known that night I sat crying beneath the stars that it would all be different one day and that I hadn't sold myself short to the accustomed lifestyle I was brought up to believing was acceptable. It was this night my very soul was about to cosmically collide with the man I was always meant for, the man my heart already belonged to and would know from the instant we met. This night would be the first day to the beginning of my new life to come.

I blushed my cheeks and put on my mascara before me and my girlfriend headed out to hit the town. We were dressed to kill and looking for something to do when we ran into a few of our class mates at one of our favorite drinking spots. They were meeting up for some drinks before a Muay-Thai kickboxing tournament. It sounded like fun when they invited us along to watch it with them. The massive crowd lined the street where the fight was being held and once I got inside the arena it was push

and shove to try to find a spot to watch from. The friends that we were hanging out with were meeting up with another group of guys that were training for the kickboxing tournaments that we were watching.

Then it happened it was the first moment I laid eyes on the man that would love me for the rest of my life. I wasn't expecting the most amazing time of my life to happen right there and then but it did and I would never be the same again. Destiny fell right smack into my lap and there was no stopping it! It wasn't just his smoldering appeal that was obvious at first sight it was the entire package of mannerism and chivalry that made him stand out of the crowd. Stepping right out of the pages of the fairytales I used to read, he was nothing like I had ever come to know before.

Watching him from a close distance he was playfully shadow boxing one of the guys from my massage class and it was at that moment that this handsome stranger first caught me staring at him. From top to toe this athletically built man was intriguing to watch, I couldn't take my eyes off him like I was magnetically drawn to his power of attraction. He further interested me when he wasn't acting like the majority of harping dogs that would jump at the eyes I was giving him now. Instead he coyly played hard to get, making me work for any conversation with him. The fight started and the men were going bezerk, screaming at the fighters in the ring offering either fighter their support or discrimination depending on whom they were battling for. It was like watching a primitive scene out of the days when the cavemen ruled the earth but it was as equally alluring to watch unfold, the sweat, the blood and the absolute brut fascination of it all.

After the fight and all of the men revved up from the fight, I suggested that we all head to the pizza joint in front of the Princess Hotel where I was staying for a late night snack. I made it my goal to make myself known to this appealing stranger. In the tuk-tuk on the way there I made sure I sat next to Robbie. Scooting my knees closer and closer to him on the short ride he continued his chase by moving further away from me, a game of cat and mouse that I loved. When he answered back the array of my questions he had the cutest Aussie accent that drove me absolutely wild.

Gradually we got to know each other better over a pie of pepperoni pizza and two can's of coke. Too me he might as well have been the only other person in the restaurant, he knew he had my undivided attention and I think he liked it. There was no one like him that I had ever met before and I knew there was no other who could make me feel the way that I felt at the first sight of him. Being charming and suave was all an accidental front. It was easy to read him. Immediately it wasn't hard to see his sweet side, holding the door and pulling out my chair at the restaurant, I was

already smitten. After pizza he walked me across the street to my hotel where we made plans to meet up again. There was no kiss goodnight or anything like that. No, he was too polite for that, he wanted to prove himself different and different he was. Walking through the hotel's revolving doors I watched as he walked away and when he was finally out of sight, I sung my way up to my room. Floating on cloud nine I was free falling into a deep pit of love.

The next day I attended my class as usual but not able to concentrate like I normally did, too excited about when I'd be seeing Robbie that night again. As I walked out of class that afternoon even the teacher noticed a difference in my performance and asked me if I was feeling well, "On top of the world actually" I smiled back at the old instructor and it wasn't far from the exact truth either. I hadn't ever felt the churning of butterflies in my stomach and the constant thoughts of anyone else like this before. My girlfriend and I got a tuk-tuk back together as we usually did after school and I couldn't shut up about the night before. She was laughing at my girlishness telling me that anyone who just met me would think I had never been let out before, but little did she know that I had more than my fair share in experience with men and never had I ever come across anyone that could make me feel this way, and what spun me out even more was that it was such an instant attraction. Never considering myself a person who believed in the existence of "love at first sight", but a true romantic deep at heart, I couldn't help but believe in it now. He is my walking proof of it!

Waiting for me in the hotel lobby was the very person I couldn't stop entertaining the thought of all day long, there he was looking ever so fine standing in front of me now. The whole entire world faded away and all that was left for the moment was this complete stranger. I had only met last night but somehow captivated the very essence of my very heart. There was no need for me to try and act cool now. He already knew I was snagged hook, line and sinker. Smiling all the way up the many stories in the elevator up to my room he took notice of the posh decor of the hotel. "You should see where I'm staying, this is a royal palace compared to it!" His first impression of me he automatically thought I was going to be a spoiled high-maintenance girl that had money coming in from a parents hefty trust fund. Casually he got to find out through many deep and meaningful conversations that my life's grim story wasn't that pretty at all. For some reason beyond my knowledge I had the need to tell this stranger almost everything.

Wanting to be judged and looked down upon for everything about my life that I knew was wrong and being the first time I had spoken about my years with Jeffrey to anyone honestly like that ever before, I had felt like I had deserved punishment. He offered me no judgment, instead only

gave me his warmth and compassion as he wrapped his strong arms around me, making me feel so meager and small but so safe at the same time. Encouraging me to see the worthiness of myself and leave that life behind, he adorned me with a kind love that I wasn't accustomed too.

He took me in and made me feel so at home. It was like I had known him my whole life. I couldn't bear to be without him another second while I was away on this dream holiday. When he wasn't training for Muay-Thai tournaments and I wasn't in school, nobody would ever see us. Too enveloped in each other in my hotel room to care about anything else. Which is why I asked him to come stay at my hotel with me, seeing he was never at his own anyways. My girlfriend was soon departing back to Wisconsin, making my room more than available for him. Enchanted by his words and tender touch, the way he made love to me was again like nothing I had experienced before. Even down to after sex as I had been routinely instructed by Jeffrey to get up for a warm washcloth to clean his genitals afterwards, he refused it, telling me I was no longer a slave and that he didn't want me acting like one. He'd just rather lay down together afterwards and repeat our sweet nothings with many adjoining kisses.

On our third night together with nothing but the bed sheets between us, we had spent all night looking into each other's eyes sharing such an undeniable passion for one another. In the deepest caverns of my heart I knew this man would give me what I had never experienced before... True love. We were still laying in each others arms when the orange and pink sunrise began to rise slowly through the peak's of my rooms windows, enticing me to come feel the freshness of the morning's chill. Only the bed sheets were still wrapped around my body as I went the balcony. It was overlooking the city in a valley surrounded by mountainous tops. My thoughts began to rampage through my head and I knew this could only be a dream for me. It was getting serious now, too serious for the life that I led back home. As if he sensed my anxiety Robbie walked up behind me and wrapped his strong arms around my waistline, gently kissing my neck and pausing with his ever so thoughtful stares and gave me the exact opening that I needed to express my thoughts. "Back home, as you already know, I am going back to someone else, it's my job, and as much as I really like you, this guy that I kind of see is going to expect me to be putting him first, I am so sorry to say all of this after such a wonderful few days we have spent together, but you need to know this thing happening between us can't get anymore serious than what we have for now. I am so sorry" I looked down to the floor with nothing else I could say to alter his perception of me now that I had told him the truth and it never dawned on me that thought he wouldn't be out the door before I could even finish my sentence but he

continued to surprise me with his efforts to make me believe we were more than just friends with a summer crush. " You see... your problem is that you don't see what I am looking at right here in front of me, a beautiful girl who is completely lost in a game that she has no control over. Get out of it now, take my hand and follow me back to my home in Australia." I heard what he had said but I found it hard to comprehend what he was actually talking about. "What?" I asked him with a look of confusion on my face. "Your nobody's property, you can do this. Marry me." His statements got more and more profound as he went on. Repeating the question he got on one knee and proposed again "Jenna, I am in love with you and want to spend the rest of my life making you happy. Please don't go back to him. I know that I am the only one for you and I will always treat you right. He paused for another second and repeated his question "Jenna, will you please marry me?" My hands fell into my face after that and without even letting myself think through the answer, I let my heart do all of the talking. Looking back up at him I said "Yes!" I almost shouted the answer at him, as if saying it louder would give the word more meaning. Wanting to believe him and everything that he was saying felt like a vacation from all of the suffering and loneliness that I had endured over a lifetime of abuse and degradation but knowing what you want and getting it are two different things that rarely went hand in hand...or so I thought. All I knew from the brief period I had known this stranger was that he was offering me a life and love down an unfamiliar path and it was a gamble to believe a complete stranger but somehow I knew he was right. My heart was beating so loud I thought it was going to jump right out of my chest. With the earnestly in my reply he picked me up in his strong arms and took me back to the bed and reiterated his words in a more physical sense this time. Never had I felt loved like this before, so swept off my feet and unable to even think, eat, or do anything for that matter which would involve leaving the hotel room without him.

Everyday after school would be my Robbie waiting to take me back to the hotel room for another night's passionate rendezvous, but a few nights after his proposal, he had another surprise in store. He didn't just want to get married someday. He wanted to get married now, this week even. I walked into the fabric store and was attended too by several seamstresses who were already be expecting my arrival. I was there to design and have fun designing my own dream wedding dress. While I was busy picking out fabrics and having measurements taken I would look away for a moment only to catch his tender eyes staring in my direction. Such adoration behind his looks...could it be real? I would often ponder it to myself just hoping for the gamble I was taking to work

out. I still had to believe in something better than what I was accustomed too and here he was right smack dab in front of me. Gigging at all of the lace and frills they were trying to dress me up in, looking more like an antique porcelain doll than anything else I closed my eyes and pictured the day that I thought would never come, starting to imagine the kind of dress I would like to wear I envisioned a simple sleekness, a complimentary figure hugging gown with a small train but long enough to distinct it as an actual wedding dress. After we settled on what we were going to wear for the big day, we would next have to decide where we would hold the ceremony. Not before celebrating the entire week beforehand though. We started our honeymoon early celebrating every night spending our time between my hotel room and sending our heads spinning on the dance floor at many different clubs. Only with each other in sight, the dance floor was ours, we were out to give each other something to remember each night by. I whispered all of the things I couldn't wait to do him once we got back to the hotel room and watching him heat up on the dance floor I was never able to get enough of him driving me crazy. Like a thirst I was unable to quench, his lips were like a fountain of deep springs that I could never reach the bottom of.

Seven days, exactly a week after his proposal I sat on my bed in distress, contemplating what I would say to the man who I was about to call. There was no nice way to go about it. I couldn't last forever with him and this was my one chance to get out of it for good. I was leaving him, never to return to him ever again. I just had to go ahead and do it. Part of me was hoping he'd be at least a little happy for me and the sudden change in my life's direction but the other part of me knew I was already asking too much of him.

Calling his office in New York I was transferred to Jeffrey's personal office. He picked up the phone on the third ring, pausing before I could get any of the words to come out of my mouth but I mustered up my courage eventually and gave him my prepared spiel. Beginning with how much I had appreciated everything he has done for me up until this point. I hoped he would be understanding but he just wanted me to hurry up and get to the point. Trying to contagiously pass on my excitement through the phone lines, I finally screamed out "I'm getting married! Can you believe it?" No reply was given only a silence on the other end. Trying to make some conversation ridding the uncomfortable silence, I went on to tell him about Robbie and how I had fallen madly in love with him over the last amazing few days we'd spent together. The absence of sound made my thoughts begin to run wild and to get some response I had to ask him what he thought about everything I was telling him. Finally a few seconds later his reaction to the news sunk in and his only and final reply

until many years to come was "Have a good life!" With that statement he slammed down phone receiver. Leaving only an echo of the dial tone to answer back too. I was to paralyzed from the shocking response. "What have I just done?" was the first thing that entered my thoughts. Overwhelmed with guilt I felt like I was falling down a deep and dark hole and then the tears began to flood in. Here I was standing at the dawn of a new happy life for myself and I couldn't see past how bad I had let Jeffrey down not yet seeing the hold he had on me.

Like my knight on a white horse, in came my hero to soothe my somberness. He rushed over to the bed where I was heating myself up mentally and wiped the falling tears from my cheeks. "I take it that it didn't go so well...huh?" Sniffing through my sobs I managed to tell him that "It doesn't matter anymore all I care about is you and leaving all of that life behind me!" I wrapped my arms around him and he asked me in a half joking voice "Then why are you crying?" He got me almost laughing now too "I guess it's just so scary taking such a huge plunge away from what I'm used too and taking such a big move to another country. It's just all so different and I'm just trying to comprehend everything that is happening in such a short time." Always out to lift my spirits his next comments made me gush in laughter "You think that was a hard phone call wait until I call my Sicilian mother! Watch this, I know exactly what she'll say. First it'll be a saga about how I'm killing her with my selfish actions then it'll be about how she's going to kill herself for doing such a terrible job raising normal children. Don't worry though, she'll love every second of it. Wogs thrive off of the drama in their lives and off everybody else's for that matter!" He was pretty much on the dot when he told me how she'd react to the news. In the end after relentlessly trying to change his mind, she sighed "if it was going to be anybody to do something as crazy as this, Robbie, it would be you!" It wasn't a blessing as such but at least she wasn't threatening suicide any longer. Calling the closest of our families the night before our wedding to share with them our announcement wasn't celebrated by any members of either sides but that didn't discern us one bit. My parents took it well, considering their only daughter was marrying a foreign man that they didn't know from the next guy on the street and too top it off I was moving to Australia, permanently. When I asked my Dad many years later why they hadn't put up a fight, he just simply replied that nobody expected it too last very long. Fair enough, I thought. I don't think anyone did at first...even us at our toughest times. We were a rare attribute these days in the numb era we have all been accustomed to living in, turning nothing into something, which I had also come to realize, was the most precious gift in life...love.

Falling asleep was easy to do in his arms that night. I laid my head on top of his chest listening to the drum of his beating heart. I had never felt like I was more at home than ever before in my life. He pulled me gently in closer to him, letting me know that he was there for me even when the lights went out and the thoughts would usually creep in. Amazing how he knew what I needed without even asking for it. Wishing for something like this my whole life I thought I was being such a fool in so many ways, but I was so wrong. The way his pretty eyes looked at me with such an understanding and compassionate sincerity made me want to trust his words and believe the love that he was offering me was indeed real.

The next morning Robbie was up and out of bed early to pick up our tailored wedding suits and dresses for our big day at Doi Cep Temple. His best friend from high school days that was travelling with him from Australia met him in the hotel lobby at seven o'clock. He was going to be joining us for the wedding as Robbie's best man. He still hadn't been able to find black shoes to go with the suit, so after he dropped off my dress back to me he was off again to try and find himself a pair of decent looking ones. Overjoyed with excitement I was thrilled from the second I kissed Robbie good-bye for the last time before we were officially married. Looking in the same mirror only a week ago I was now a different person, I felt like I was plunging into a bottomless abyss. Here I go, I thought to myself as I plunged out the door letting the butterflies in my stomach carry me all the way to my nearly husband.

I had to go to the beauticians that morning for my pre-wedding makeup and dressing. The ladies who were doing my hair and face at the salon did a great job making me feel so beautiful for my special occasion that every girl dreams about their whole entire life. Requesting simplicity at best, not wanting to go overboard with all of the wedding apparel they tied my long hair up into a knot wrapping around it a veil of flowers made up of baby's breath and small yellow and purple budding flowers. I couldn't have dreamt it up better myself and when I met my husband to be at the bottom of the mountain he stood before me speechless "You look so...beautiful!" were his first words that his mouth formed almost whispering them. He took my hand and we walked into the sky lift together. Behind us followed an interpreter that Robbie hired to translate the Buddhist Monks ceremony speech for us English only speakers and then his best friend, who only moments before gave him the best mans speech about being the last chance to walk away from this and not get married to a girl he hardly knew, but my Robbie wouldn't hear a word of it. He already made up his mind the instant he proposed and I said yes, "I was born to be with this girl," he told his best mate. "Alright then lets go do this then!" Once he knew Robbie was sure in his decision he was more than ecstatic for him. We were slowly lifted up the tremendous mountainside,

surrounded by the floral green carpet of mossy grass that covered the earthly skyscraper and falling fog, it was like being carried to heaven or the closest thing to it! Taking my eyes off the scenery and catching him adoringly staring at me again, I welled up with unstoppable tears. "I am so lucky, is this really happening?" He squeezed my hands and replied back "You're the only one for me... I love you!" relieving the anxiety written all over my tear stained face.

Chapter 22

Getting out of the carriage we were greeted by good fortune from the Gods above. A sun shower cascaded over us as we advanced into the ancient holy temple. My tears of joy dried and my happiness was glowing for all to see. The many visitors to the temple stopped and took photos of the passing bride and groom, no other foreigners had ever been married there and certainly anyone wearing traditional western wedding attire, such a sight had never been seen behind these religious walls, we became a permanent icon at the temple. The ceremony was done in the Buddhist customs according to their ancestral accordance, and translated for us in our own language. Both Robbie and I were anointed with a blessing from the monk with a splash of water and seven sacramental bracelets, each one representing another meaning to the longevity of our union together. We signed our names in the Buddhist wedding registry of Doi Cept Temple and officially became Mr. & Mrs. Roberts at least officially in our hearts knowing the laws of Australia only recognize certified weddings, meaning when we got back to his homeland we'd have to make a run for the courthouse. This was our real wedding though, perfect down to every detail. Walking up to the highest point of the temple to the balcony hanging over the edge of a cliff side over looking the city of Chang-Mai, we knew we had found the perfect spot to recite our vows of love to each other. Providing everything for me and more than I could ever ask for, his vows were to love me unconditionally until death do we part, shelter me from all the cruelty in the world that I was so accustomed too and to be like the bear, because the bear never forgets. Tears once again streamed down from my eyes as he made this moment unforgettable. Wiping the mascara fading underneath my eyelids whilst giggling at my embarrassment I took his hands back into mine again and gave him the vows that were the sacred prepared words from my heart. My ears were thundering the sound of a million horses hoofs descending downhill and my heart was beating so fast my words barely trembled out of my mouth when I began to tell him how much he had changed my

whole life around and how I would dedicate my entire being to loving him and only him until I blew my final breath.

I meant every word that I said to him, this was it for me, wanting nothing more out of life than to be with someone like him to raise a few kids together and grow old on the front porch letting the day's fade us by. I know it probably sounds boring to most and it would've to me as well many years ago but after the life I had led, I had enough experience in the real world for my liking and now all I want to do is to enjoy the remaining days of my life for what it is... a simple and satisfying existence. Our day was so special but not only to us, even too the Monk that married us. Upon our descent down the lifts he asked if he could take a photo with the bride and groom in front of their symbolic liberty bell signifying the union between east and west. It represented a lot for us too, it was the commencement of a new life together and just the beginning of battling each other's past demons together.

Kissing the bridal party goodbye, who were just the local girls I had met on some of our many nights out of having fun. I threw my arranged bouquet of Thailand's white wedding floras mixed with colorful orchids to the screaming Thai women behind me and we were given one last tradition to take with us, the release of caged doves. It was such an incredible gesture, especially for me. Symbolizing their freedom as well as mine I opened the cage's door to let them free to decide our own fates. As the wings on the birds began to spread open and they took their final flight into the blue skies granting themselves freedom I knew mine had finally come too. The relevance of watching them fly away and how I had perceived my own day of marriage related to the identical feeling of fleeing an entrapment of my own kind. I was liberated from the bounds of slavery I had come to know over the many years I had spent with my fair share of greedy perverted old men only to have serendipity mend my scars with the powerful healing of what true love has to endeavor on.

As customary in the romance novels I had read as a young girl he picked me up in the hallway before our hotel suite and carried me over the threshold, poufy dress and all. My arms were tightly squeezed around his neck never once taking my eyes off of him until he revealed yet another sweet surprise. Besides the cleaners tidying up my room while we were gone they were also given instructions by none other than the groom himself to pick the petals off the stems of red roses to place on our bed in the shape of a giant heart. The rose petals led the way to where we consummated our love physically and it was undeniably the first time in my life I had really ever been made love too. Hours had passed by before we thought about anything else besides one another's words of arousal, tantalizing touches, and lingering kisses. We ate a quiet dinner at a local restaurant and went straight back to the arms of each other again, so

profoundly in love with one another it was the ideal display of what the "honeymoon period" should have to show for. It was crazy, young and energetic, just what it should be between two blossoming lovers.

The following morning we left the Princess Hotel, no longer under any of Jeffrey's financial privileges or control so to speak, continuing our love spree in another dwelling of our own accord. Three days later when we finally showed our face for the first time since checking in downstairs in the new hotel lobby, besides to request fresh sheets and towels, the entire staff of the hotel had a good laugh at our expenditure, from their reaction it must've been nice to see a couple so affectionately fond of each other.

Now we wanted to have another type of fun, Robbie had visited a tourist agent by himself before we got hitched to book a honeymoon itinerary for us to explore Thailand and beyond together, another surprise he had in store for me. We left early in the morning and joined the crowded bus for our journey beyond the border of Thailand to a village in the war torn nation of Laos. When we got through the extremely armored visa office eight hours off the beaten path, we then had to cross a flooding river from a recent heavy downpour of rain in a slim banana boat that looked like it could barely handle our weight let alone the excess of my luggage that Robbie was so kind to trek around the world for me.

Unbelievably we did make it to the other side only to find that my honeymoon in the tropics wasn't exactly how it had been explained to me. Naked children ran through the dirty streets, with one boy that decided to release his bladder on the pathway where we were walking as we passed by him on the way to our hotel. My doubts of his choice in destinations became apparent after that sight. Robbie was getting hungry after we hadn't eaten the entire duration of the trip and being such a rugged man he could digest just about anything. Deciding to stop on the side of the road he ordered some kind of seafood dish... daring I thought, setting for some toast and jam, something safer I thought. Then I saw the lady behind the counter dip some plates in a dirty bucket full of dirty water and then rinse in another bucket of water that didn't look as bad as the previous mud drenched one and then further proceeded to put my toast and his food on top of them serving it to us all in a clear view. I just couldn't bring myself to even fathom it "I can't eat that!" I mouthed in a hushed voice trying to quietly make my point clear but was made public with his loud mouth outburst of "Why not? Looks fine to me. You have to try and eat something, you haven't eaten all day!" I know it was just his caring side that was trying to force me and to top it off he is Sicilian and they're all about eating so it was our first debate and now we were officially married with many more marital conflicts to subsequently follow. Two head strong and stubborn people both with the right

intentions but still recovering from old wounds. It was only natural and important that we fought just as much as we made passionate love together. Countlessly proving to one another the true intentions of each other loves but sometimes in not so seemingly actions.

Finally arriving at the hotel it was like a scene out of a horror flick. We were showed up to the room that looked like someone had been brutally killed in. The bed sheets were torn apart and the bed was stained with blood from some poor helpless victim. Nearly vomiting at the pure sight of the room and the stench that accompanied it, I was now tearing at the thought of even staying here for a single moment longer. "No way!" I told my new husband and from the tone in my voice he knew I was serious. Not that I was not denying the fact I have never been an outback type of girl. I was fine with that impression, I am no snob but give me the simple luxuries of a clean bed and a shower then I'll make myself at home, but this was just the epitome of filth and even possibly an act of a horrendous event but who knows, the lady who showed us to the room seemed fine with it passing it off as a hooker on her period. In some ways that was even worse..."Yuk... Okay Robbie it's time to go...now!" we were heading back down hill back to the passport center declaring our passage back into Thailand. Considering us a risk due to the short time we spent crossing the border and back, the officials held us at gunpoint while others rummaged through our luggage for drugs or whatever. Finding nothing of course they released us and stamped our passports, making us good for another three months if we wanted. We were thankful for escaping with our lives alone, although we had nothing to hide but still an endearing experience nonetheless in the first days of our honeymoon of all days.

Chapter 23

Arriving in Koh Samui for finally a bit of relaxation in the tropics, it was my idea of how a holiday should be, sunny warm, and clean... well, clean enough. We lived it up like kings for the next six weeks. Making it an ideal way for two strangers to properly get acquainted. Dancing into the wee hours of the night and making love in the blistering heat of the sunny days we discovered everything on that island... mostly being each other. We made friends of all sorts, mostly travelers, but everyone the same in being taken aback by our fairytale romance. With our captivated eyes never straying too far from one another anyone could easily see the strong chemistry between us.

Trying to find the woman in me wasn't difficult, as I took to the bounds of marriage with such ease, no longer a girl I loved the idea of being a

wife and belonging to a husband like Robbie. Marriage was bliss for the duration of our honeymoon until we had to ride coach on our way to Bangkok Airport to fly out to Australia. Chatting away with always so much to say to each other we watched a movie and finally got comfortable leaning up against each other as pillows. We both fell asleep on the long ride and when we woke up to the sound of the buses brakes coming to a halt we initially realized my purse and Robbie's wallet with all of our money and cards in it was missing. Stranded in the city of Bangkok was frightening enough as it was but too make matters worse a lady looking in her mid-seventies, scrawny and hunched over from an obvious lack of nutrition lifted up her skirt to a passer-byer with a she-male hanging off his arm and began smacking her vagina biairing out "Look! No cock... Pussy, pussy! Only five baht" repeating herself many times over the man just walked on past as she sat back down on the curb waiting for the next alluring customer. Robbie and I shook our heads in disgust and disbelief, things could really be that bad for someone, I would know best as it wasn't far off the life Jeffrey had been training me up for. Completely broke at two o'clock in the morning and with no one to call for help, I panicked right away. Robbie rubbed my back and his tired eyes trying to make the situation better. Luckily we had made friends with some really nice people from the resort on the island who gave us about two thousand baht when they saw how devastated Robbie and I were. With just enough money to rent a really cheap room for the night at a backpackers hostel and pay for a taxi to the airport the following day, we were saved.

Early the next morning we were off in separate planes, since Robbie's ticket was pre-booked and no available seats left for me to join him meant we would be landing in Australia separately. Fortunately we had found a corresponding flight that arrived within the same hour of each other but I would have to make a stop over to the Philippines. The lengthy hours of the duration on the flight seemed to stretch on with only the thoughts of the journey ahead of me I couldn't wait to get back to my husbands loving arms. The trip was going well, sleeping the majority of the flight until I had to change planes in the Philippines.

After the plane landed and before any passenger was allowed to get off we were handed a declaration statement that informed us that if we were carrying any drugs or weaponry, we would be arrested and face charges with death as the ultimate penalty. Not that I had anything to worry about, but what a thought to willingly sign over your life. I got the chills handing over my signed declaration and traveling documents to the customs officer. Obtaining my passport he additionally asked to see my departing ticket. No problem I thought, just I had done many of times, and I handed over the requested information. The officer looked me over

and got on the phone immediately which sounded like a phone call to his superiors but I couldn't tell since it was in another language. A brief conversation but long enough to get me thinking, he then called over two guards who took me by the arms and brought me into an empty room but for a desk and three chairs to be interrogated. No one would tell me what was going on there all just scattered around in frenzy, ignoring all of my hysterical inquisitions. Leaving me by myself and alone with my thoughts I couldn't help but panic even worse now.

This was a total bombshell of confusion on my part, what had I done wrong? Minute's later a large-framed woman in a green uniform entered the room with the guards from before and sat down across from me with a stern look in her eyes. She placed my documents on the desk in between us. Not saying a word to me she was waiting for me to give her an explanation for something. "Can you please tell me what this is about, have I done something wrong?" I asked her politely, trying to restrain any animosity towards her. Her reply sounded as grim as she looked. "You have been in Thailand for three months and now you have only a one way ticket booked to Australia with no visa. What exactly are your plans once you get there, Ms. Roberts?" To myself I wondered what business it was to her, don't people travel with one-way tickets all the time? Knowing I was in no position to be able to say anything like that or even at all I just gave in nicely and told her my intentions to travel over there. Crying through my entire explanation I wasn't sure if I was going to even make my flight now. She had to think about everything I had told her for a moment, deciding whether or not she would grant me permission to meet my husband in Australia or send me back alone to Bangkok. With only time on my side she had to make a hasty verdict now. One more question had to be answered before I was let go, she wanted some proof. "If you have just got married can you show me your marriage certificate then?" This didn't help my stories credibility at all seeing that we were married in a Buddhist temple and given woven bracelets instead of certificates. Explaining to her that I didn't have one to show her yet but was already aware that I would have to obtain a legal marriage certificate through a courthouse upon my arrival in Australia to stay there legally, it was only because of my husbands beliefs we wanted to get married in a Buddhist ceremony. She must have shared a common interest in religion or something like that as she finally cracked a smile upon the photos of the wedding day that I showed her and carrying in my purse since getting them developed, if she wanted proof, well this is all I really had.

Handing me back my documents and ticket I was now free to leave but she wasn't leaving me much time to run through the airports terminal to get to my departing plane. Expediently bolting through the busy airport

my adrenaline was still pumping from the previous encounter with the officials of the Philippines who had enough power to condemn me if they had felt like it. I caught my plane in the knick of time and once I was settled in my seat my thoughts went back to my dear Robbie and how much I was missing him. I was just relieved that I was on my way to be back with him again soon.

Looking out the window I could see the red earth beneath me. As I landed for the last time I took notice of the first steps I walked off the plane and onto a new soil for the first time. I had so much to be looking forward too in my new homeland. In my heart I knew this was all I ever wanted, this was going to be my haven. There was another surprise in store for me when two elder strangers walked up to me and asked my name. "Are you Jenna?" Nodding at their question they gave me their first names and wrapped their arms around my neck. My new mother-in law then said, "We are Robbie's parents. We wanted to be the first ones who welcomed you to Australia and into our family" It was my in-laws meeting me for the first time. Handing me some balloons and flowers they even had gifts for their new daughter-in law. While waiting for Robbie's plane to arrive we all chatted about many things like the flight over from Thailand and the scare at the previous airport in the Philippines. I asked them how they knew whom to look for? My father in law laughed, saying recognizing me was easy from Robbie's detailed description. He told them to look out for a petite, young blonde carrying an abundance of luggage. Laughing together over a few more brief conversations of getting to know each other better they seemed relieved to finally meet me compared how stressed she sounded in the conversations I overheard Robbie having with her while in Thailand.

Watching the arrivals board I knew Robbie's plane had landed ages ago but was just waiting for him to get out of customs. It didn't bother me anyhow, I was enjoying get accompanied with his parents for the first time. Eventually I saw my husband walking down the runway behind the gates, I just couldn't wait a second longer. I ducked underneath the gates and ran all the way up the runway to jump excitedly into his arms. I wrapped my arms and legs around him holding onto him for dear life. I just missed him so much I knew I would never let him go, theoretically speaking that is, and I never have nearly a decade later.

taken a lot of hard work and doesn't come without its flaws but no matter what it is just perfect for the two of us. He helped me how to remember to smile again and life has slowly began to sort itself out. They say that time heals all wounds but what I had experienced in my young years wasn't nearly long enough to let all of the hurt go. Seeking help through many counselors and psychiatrists I was doing everything I could do to deal with the scars and all of the pain left behind. Completely off of any pharmaceuticals, since the last day of our honeymoon, and healing my heart with love instead of hate our marriage is my foundation and Robbie is my solid rock. We have to be for one another, putting the bonds of our union through the wringers and back, as neither of us expected my past life eventually to come back and haunt me after so long.

Our blissful life came to a sudden halt one day when we were out visiting my in-laws at their nearby house on just another plain afternoon. There was a knock on the front door and my father in law got up from watching TV on the couch to answer it. He rushed back quickly coming into the dining room, where I was feeding my nineteen months and five month old boys at the table, and he blurted out, "Jenna there are three police officer's at the door asking for you by the name of Virginia Roberts!" I asked my mother in law to stay with the babies to find out what this was all about. I didn't even think it had anything to do with Jeffrey at first and wasn't even worried when I opened the door to offer them to come inside to talk.

They weren't actually police officers and two federal agents of Australia with one F.B.I agent from America. The American agent asked if I wouldn't mind actually coming outside so that I may speak with them in private. "Okay" I said, as well as mentally preparing myself for something big from the look of it, it's not over a parking ticket or anything small that you get three federal agents knocking at your in-laws front door asking to speak in private. "Can we first ask you if you are in fact Ms. Virginia Roberts and originally from Palm Beach County in the United States?" I confirmed my name and previous state of residence then they even asked, "May we see some identification please?" A different agent asked the question this time and I told him "I will have to go and grab it, my purse is inside. I'll just be one second..."

Robbie was standing on the other side of the door trying to figure out what they were doing here talking to me and when I rushed through it to grab my purse and saw him standing there looking puzzled, I told him I had no idea what this was about yet, but not too worry everything was going to be just fine. Taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling outwards, I opened the door to find out exactly what the agents wanted to talk about.

Chapter 24

Over the near decade we spent together, Robbie and I have shared the common highs and lows that every determined marriage endures. It has

Pulling out my Australian drivers license from my wallet, I was going to hand it over to them but they were sufficed at a quick glance. There was no meet and greet, they went straight to the point. One agent picked up a briefcase off the porch floor and opened it up taking out a stapled stack of paper. Then that same agent asked me if I had ever known an affiliate by the name of Mr. Jeffrey Epstein. All of the sudden my stomach tangled in a familiar knot that I hadn't felt in many years from a past life that I was trying to forget about. I nodded in affirmation of their question and said "It was a long time ago and he's no longer an affiliate of mine, but yes, I did know him once." It was shameful enough to think about let alone talk about with them for the first time since I had started my entire life over. His next response left me nothing short of speechless. The United States Attorney's Office for the district of Florida was giving me a notification of being an identified victim. Jeffrey was finally caught for his atrocious acts of perversion on girls who were barely old enough to even comprehend "the birds and the bees" so to speak.

On June 30th 2008, Jeffrey Epstein pleaded guilty for procurement of minors to engage in and solicitation of prostitution. More than a dozen girls had been named as victims of Jeffrey's federal offense's and without ever stepping a day in court he was granted a plea bargain consenting to charges that named him a registered pedophile for only two of the minor girls. Getting away with even serving only twelve of the sentenced eighteen months behind bars be that in the evening alone and in the morning he was released during the day. Restricted to the confinement of his lavish mansion in Palm Beach only to be with his original sex slaves from over ten years ago, Nadia Marcinkova and Sarah Kellen, and knowing Jeffrey all too well, they wouldn't be the only ones there while he was pulling his laughing stint of retribution. Even at nighttime the girls were still allowed to visit him, accounting to nearly seventy times while serving his time in incarceration.

No justice had been served for any of us victims. Denied the very constitutional rights allegedly there to protect and serve us. We weren't allowed to have a voice in front of a jury and judge or even informed for that matter. Instead we were handed this notification of being a victim but told we were all too late to do anything about. To make matters worse part of that plea bargain was that we had the option to sue him with the lawyers he provided for us, and conveniently enough I found out later they were also his lawyer's old friends from the college days.

I felt my knees go weak and the anxiety churning in my stomach was now making me feel sick. Taking the bundle of paperwork from the agent who was now handing it to over me, I had to excuse myself before my legs actually buckled. Closing the door behind me I couldn't even find the words to tell my husband what was going on. I rushed to the back of

the house and went out to the back yard where I wanted a minute to compose myself and process the information I had just been told. Robbie followed behind me but the stillness in my eyes convinced him to give me that moment to compile my emotions.

A few moments later and I was ready to talk. Collapsing into his arms with such anguish, he just held me until my sobs subsided and I was able to tell him what actually happened. Starting with an apology, I began to tell him how I was so sorry but my troubled past has come back to plague our simply sweet lives and was just about to turn it all upside down. He was so understanding from the beginning of all this, telling me that he will always be behind every choice that I make in mending the sorrows of my tormenting past and there he has been through all of the thick and thins.

Deciding to call the lawyers on the victim suit provided for me was a big decision but one I had to do to seek the unanswered questions from my battered heart. The two women at the firm I spoke to treated me so wonderfully, like long term friends they counseled me not only in the terms of a lawsuit towards Jeffrey but also in the matters of being emotionally and sexually abused. I chose to proceed with the lawsuit at least to make a statement to a man that tried to make a degrading statement about me so long ago. Now it was my turn, I had the choice to turn the tables on him hoping he would feel embarrassed and in the spotlight for everyone's entertainment where he had kept me for so many years.

Winning my lawsuit against him was not enough to heal old wounds, I never got the chance to stand up in front of a jury and tell them how much pain I had endured and still endure throughout the many nightmares I face when darkness hits and the silence of the sleeping household fills my head with pictures of reliving my past with him or the others he sent me too. Or did I even get to hear him confess his guilt and suffer the way I did locked in confinement for many years? No, instead I got to see a picture of Jeffrey with his arms around a very youthful looking teenager, if even that, parading the streets of New York, the very way he had with me and so many other girls long before.

As if it were a public display intended for not only his many victims to see but also a spectacle for the public justice system, it was bold show of insolence laughing in our faces while we all sat by not being able to do anything to help these young girls from the streets still suffering his perverted afflictions. Not much longer there was another story on Jeffrey I saw in the papers of him and Prince Andrew having a stroll together in Central Park. It instantly sparked my concerns for other girls in the very same position I was in so long ago and he was obviously up to the same old tricks, I had to do something now. Not being able to sit by any longer

with the knowledge of being able to help out in some way. I had to tell my story no matter how shameful it was to even speak about. Putting my shame aside I had to derive every bit of courage I could sustain and now I am ready to tell it. The hardest lesson I had failed at learning until later on in my life became my strength, the belief in my inner voice and the ability to speak up. I do have a voice and now the world is going to hear it in my whispered cries for justice. Swept away by a surge of media with one phone call I sent Jeffrey's publicist into frenzy. Not to mention the release of the photos showing the first night that Prince Andrew and I shared together that I so happened to unveil for the public to see.

I spent too much of my life going out of my mind waiting for the rescue that never came until it was too late and then the scars were already imbedded deeply within. Thankfully I am now free from the struggles that nearly destroyed the love inside of my heart. I only wish it could be the same for the other victims, not just of Jeffrey's inflictions but every person who has ever suffered at the hands of another.

I'm here to tell you from my own experience that the moon is yours if that's what you want, all you have to do is stand up and take it. If some girl off the streets of Florida, like me, can stand up against the tyrants that run the deep pockets of our world, than anyone can. Just like I needed to believe that someone stood up for me once like Robbie did long ago, I now stand up for us. For all of us girls, the ones who are still on the streets and think they don't deserve better or it's an unachievable dream to be entitled to more out of life. For all of the beautiful girls who don't see beyond they're outside appearance. For all the girls still trapped in enslavement and unable to get out of the abuse that holds them down. But most of all, I stand up for every girls belief in love, because it is the very savior of my spirit and soul.

The End

Written and Illustrated by Virginia Roberts

EXHIBIT LL

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION
In compliance with Chapter 617, F.S., (Not for Profit)

ARTICLE I NAME

The name of the corporation shall be: Victims Refuse Silence, Inc.

ARTICLE II PRINCIPAL OFFICE

Principal street address:
425 North Andrews Ave.

Mailing address, if different is:

Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301

ARTICLE III PURPOSE

The purpose for which the corporation is organized is: Victims Refuse Silence, Inc. is organized exclusively for charitable and educational purposes including, for such purposes, the making of distributions to organizations that qualify as exempt organizations under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, or the corresponding section of any future federal tax code. The corporation is organized to provide assistance to victims of sexual abuse as well as victims of human trafficking.
Upon the dissolution of Victims Refuse Silence, Inc., assets shall be distributed for one or more exempt purpose within the meaning of section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, or corresponding section of any future federal tax code, or shall be distributed to the federal government, or to a state or local government, for a public purpose.

ARTICLE IV MANNER OF ELECTION The manner in which the directors are elected and appointed: The manner in which the directors are elected or appointed is provided in the bylaws of the Corporation.

ARTICLE V INITIAL OFFICERS AND/OR DIRECTORS

Name and Title: <u>Virginia Roberts, Director</u>	Name and Title: _____	14 05C 23
Address: <u>425 North Andrews Ave.</u>	Address: _____	14 05C 23
<u>Suite 2</u>		14 05C 23
<u>Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301</u>		14 05C 23
Name and Title: <u>Bradley J. Edwards, Director</u>	Name and Title: _____	14 05C 23
Address: <u>425 North Andrews Ave.</u>	Address: _____	14 05C 23
<u>Suite 2</u>		14 05C 23
<u>Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301</u>		14 05C 23
Name and Title: <u>Brittany N. Henderson, Director</u>	Name and Title: _____	14 05C 23
Address: <u>425 North Andrews Ave.</u>	Address: _____	14 05C 23
<u>Suite 2</u>		14 05C 23
<u>Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301</u>		14 05C 23

FILED

Name and Title: _____ Name and Title: _____

Address: _____ Address: _____

Name and Title: _____ Name and Title: _____

Address: _____ Address: _____

ARTICLE VI REGISTERED AGENT

The name and Florida street address (P.O. Box NOT acceptable) of the registered agent is:

Name: Bradley J. Edwards
Address: 425 North Andrews Ave., Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301

14 DEC 23 PM 12:25
REGISTERED MAIL
FLORIDA CORPORATION
FILED
FILED

ARTICLE VII INCORPORATOR

The name and address of the Incorporator is:

Name: Brittany N. Henderson
Address: 425 North Andrews Ave., Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301

Having been named as registered agent to accept service of process for the above stated corporation at the place designated in this certificate, I am familiar with and accept the appointment as registered agent and agree to act in this capacity

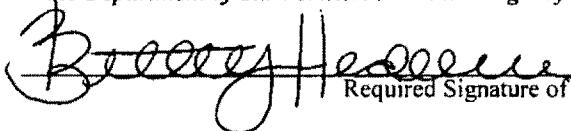


Required Signature of Registered Agent

12-17-14

Date

I submit this document and affirm that the facts stated herein are true. I am aware that any false information submitted in a document to the Department of State constitutes a third degree felony as provided for in s.817.155, F.S.



Required Signature of Incorporator

12/17/14

Date

2015 FLORIDA NOT FOR PROFIT CORPORATION AMENDED ANNUAL
REPORT

DOCUMENT# N14000011657

Entity Name: VICTIMS REFUSE SILENCE, INC.

**FILED
Apr 22, 2015
Secretary of State
CC7801725405**

Current Principal Place of Business:

425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301

Current Mailing Address:

425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301

FEI Number: 47-2627774

Certificate of Status Desired: Yes

Name and Address of Current Registered Agent:

EDWARDS, BRADLEY J
425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301 US

The above named entity submits this statement for the purpose of changing its registered office or registered agent, or both, in the State of Florida.

SIGNATURE:

Electronic Signature of Registered Agent

Date

Officer/Director Detail :

Title	PRESIDENT, DIRECTOR	Title	VP, DIRECTOR
Name	GIUFFRE, VIRGINIA L	Name	GARVIN, MARGARET A
Address	425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2	Address	425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
City-State-Zip:	FORT LAUDERDALE FL 33301	City-State-Zip:	FORT LAUDERDALE FL 33301
Title	SECRETARY, DIRECTOR		
Name	HENDERSON, BRITTANY N		
Address	425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2		
City-State-Zip:	FORT LAUDERDALE FL 33301		

I hereby certify that the information indicated on this report or supplemental report is true and accurate and that my electronic signature shall have the same legal effect as if made under oath; that I am an officer or director of the corporation or the receiver or trustee empowered to execute this report as required by Chapter 617, Florida Statutes; and that my name appears above, or on an attachment with all other like empowered.

SIGNATURE: BRITTANY N HENDERSON

DIRECTOR

04/22/2015

Electronic Signature of Signing Officer/Director Detail

Date

EXHIBIT MM

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

CASE NO: 15-cv-07433-RWS

VIRGINIA L. GIUFFRE,
Plaintiff.

-vs-

GHISLAINE MAXWELL,
Defendant.

/

425 North Andrews Avenue, Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301
Thursday, September 8, 2016
8:53 a.m. - 10:30 a.m.

VIDEOTAPED DEPOSITION OF BRITTANY HENDERSON

Taken before Rinat Katz, Reporter, a Notary Public for the State of Florida at Large, pursuant to Notice of Taking Deposition filed in the above-styled cause.

1 APPEARANCES:
2 On Behalf of the Plaintiff:
3 BOEIS, SCHILLER & FLEXNER, P.A.
4 401 East Las Olas Boulevard, Suite 1200
5 Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301
6 Smccawley@bsfllp.com
7 BY: SIGRID MCCAWLEY, ESQUIRE
8 On Behalf of the Plaintiff and Victims Refuse
9 Silence, Inc.:
10
11 FARMER JAFFE WEISSING EDWARDS FISTO LEHRMAN
12 425 North Andrews Avenue, Suite 2
13 Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301
14 (954) 524-2820
15 Brad@pathtojustice.com
16 BY: BRADLEY J. EDWARDS, ESQUIRE
17 On Behalf of the Defendant:
18 HADDON, MORGAN & FOREMAN
19 150 East 10th Avenue
20 Denver, Colorado 80203
21 (303) 831-7364
22 Jpagliuca@hmflaw.com
23 BY: JEFFREY PAGLIUCA, ESQUIRE
24
25 Also Present:
26 Ryan Kick, Videographer

Page 3

1	INDEX OF PROCEEDINGS		
2	VIDEO DEPOSITION OF BRITTANY HENDERSON	PAGE	
3	Direct Examination by Mr. Pagliuca	4	
4	Certificate of Oath	73	
	Certificate of Reporter	74	
5	Witness Letter	75	
	Errata Sheet	76	
6			
7	DEFENDANT'S EXHIBITS		
8	NUMBER	DESCRIPTION	PAGE
9	Exhibit 1	Amended NOD	14
10	Exhibit 2	Motion to Quash Composite	20
11	Exhibit 3	Bates Stamped 01 - 064	31
12	Exhibit 4	Bates Stamped 064 - 091	32
13	Exhibit 5	Articles of Incorporation	36
14	Exhibit 6	Bank Statements	41
15	Exhibit 7	2015 Annual Report	62
16	Exhibit 8	2016 Annual Report	62
17			
18	(Exhibits Retained by the Court Reporter)		
19			
20			
21			
22			
23			
24			
25			

1 she has continued to try and promote Victims Refuse
2 Silence at every possible chance she gets with -- the
3 story she told me was that someone had come to her
4 door, knocked on the door, selling something or talking
5 about something totally different, and she explained
6 what our mission was and tried to get them to, then, go
7 and spread the word for victims of human trafficking,
8 as well.

9 Q And this would be in Australia this
10 conversation occurred?

11 A Correct.

12 Q Okay. To your knowledge, is VRS incorporated
13 in any fashion in the country of Australia?

14 A It is not.

15 Q To your knowledge, does VRS have any website
16 presence in Australia?

17 A I believe that the internet works everywhere,
18 so I would say yes, because, if you Google Victims
19 Refuse Silence, we do have a website. So I would
20 imagine that that's something that would come up in
21 Australia.

22 Q Okay. Other than the somebody knocking at
23 her door, that conversation, did she report to you
24 anything else that she has done on behalf of Victims
25 Refuse Silence in the last year, let's say?

1 MR. EDWARDS: Objection --

2 THE WITNESS: During this telephone
3 conversation --

4 BY MR. PAGLIUCA:

5 Q Yes.

6 A -- or in general?

7 Q During this telephone conversation?

8 A She did explain that, when she goes to her
9 kids' schools and when she is out, she tries to promote
10 the organization, as well, and just talk to people, and
11 general awareness and understanding to raise -- for
12 issues of human trafficking, yes.

13 Q And did she report anything else to you
14 during this phone conversation?

15 A During this particular conversation?

16 Q Yes.

17 A No.

18 Q Okay. Then, you indicated that you reviewed
19 your file for all the paperwork, and we'll talk about
20 the documents produced in this case in a moment.

21 Can you tell me, other than what has been
22 produced as part of the response to subpoena issued to
23 VRS, what other documents are in the file that you
24 reviewed?

25 A I have saved every piece of mail that has

1 "publication," would be the Facebook page; correct?

2 A In addition to the website, yes.

3 Q Okay. Number 11, documents relating to all
4 appearances. As I understand it, there are no
5 documents that exist that comply with this request;
6 correct?

7 A Correct; to my knowledge.

8 Q Do you know, has anybody on behalf of VRS
9 made a public appearance on behalf of VRS?

10 A I believe that there was a scheduled
11 appearance, yes, one.

12 Q And when was that?

13 A I honestly don't know when that took place.
14 I would imagine in the beginning of 2015.

15 Q And do you know who was scheduled to appear
16 in the beginning of 2015?

17 A Ms. Giuffre.

18 Q And do you know where she was scheduled to
19 appear?

20 A I believe in New York with ABC.

21 Q And that would have also been with Mr.
22 Edwards and Ms. McCawley; is that correct?

23 A I believe so, yes.

24 Q And in fact, she did go to ABC and give a
25 taped interview, correct?

1 MS. MCCAWLEY: Objection.

2 THE WITNESS: It's my understanding, yes.

3 BY MR. PAGLIUCA:

4 Q Okay. Is it your understanding that that was
5 on behalf of VRS?

6 A I do not believe her appearance there was
7 made on behalf of VRS, but I do believe that -- I know
8 that she wanted to promote the charity, so that we
9 could start helping people and that she could start
10 getting her mission out to the public.

11 Q Okay. Number 12, all contacts received by
12 VRS through its website, or otherwise, to schedule -- I
13 think it should say "an event," and "and event."

14 There are none of those, as I understand it?

15 A No, that is not correct. We produced a --
16 yes, we did produce something to you. I'm not sure
17 what the Bates Stamp number is, but it was a contact
18 received by another victim of sexual assault who had
19 reached out to the organization.

20 Q An email, I think it's in December of 2015,
21 maybe; is that what you're referring to?

22 A I believe -- I'm not sure of the date. I
23 guess.

24 Q We'll look at it. And that would be the only
25 contact received by VRS; is that correct?

Page 72

1 C E R T I F I C A T E O F OATH

2

3 STATE OF FLORIDA

4 COUNTY OF BROWARD

5

6

7 I, Rinat Katz, Reporter, Notary Public, State
8 of Florida, certify that BRITTANY HENDERSON
9 personally appeared before me on the 8th day of
10 September, 2016, and was duly sworn.

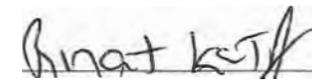
11

12 Signed this 22nd day of September, 2016.

13

14

15



Rinat Katz, Reporter

16

Notary Public, State of Florida

17

Commission No.: FF4576

18

Commission Expires: 04-03-2017

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

1 CERTIFICATE OF REPORTER

2

3 STATE OF FLORIDA

4 COUNTY OF BROWARD

5

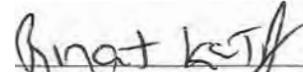
6 I, Rinat Katz, Reporter, certify that I was
7 authorized to and did report the deposition of
8 BRITTANY HENDERSON, that a review of the
9 transcript was requested; and that the transcript
10 is a true and correct record of my stenographic
11 notes.

12 I further certify that I am not a relative,
13 employee, attorney, or counsel of any of the
14 parties, nor am I a relative or employee of any of
15 the parties' attorneys or counsel connected with
16 the action, nor am I financially interested in the
17 action.

18 Dated this 22nd day of September, 2016.

19

20



21

Rinat Katz, Reporter

22

23

24

25

Selected docket entries for case 18-2868

Generated: 08/09/2019 10:17:16

Filed	Document Description	Page	Docket Text
08/09/2019	<u>279 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	2	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 5 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628231] [18-2868]
08/09/2019	<u>280 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	39	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 6 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628232] [18-2868]
08/09/2019	<u>281 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	113	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 7 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628234] [18-2868]
08/09/2019	<u>282 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	179	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 8 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628236] [18-2868]

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X

VIRGINIA L. GIUFFRE,

Plaintiff,

v.

GHISLAINE MAXWELL,

Defendant.

15-cv-07433-RWS

-----X

**Reply Brief in Support of Defendant's
Motion for Summary Judgment**

Laura A. Menninger
Jeffrey S. Pagliuca
Ty Gee
HADDON, MORGAN AND FOREMAN, P.C.
150 East 10th Avenue
Denver, CO 80203
303.831.7364

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT	1
ARGUMENT.....	2
I. Ms. Maxwell is not liable for republications of the January 2015 statement.....	2
A. Plaintiff's argument against summary judgment is substantially groundless.	2
B. New York state and federal courts have rejected liability for republication based on "foreseeability."	5
C. Plaintiff's purported application of the <i>Geraci</i> rule is misleading and wrong.	6
D. Subjecting Ms. Maxwell to liability for the media's republication of excerpts they unilaterally selected is particularly unfair.	9
E. Mr. Barden's declaration is perfectly proper.....	11
F. Plaintiff effectively has confessed Arguments I.B. and I.C. of the Memorandum.....	12
II. The January 2015 statement is constitutionally protected opinion.....	12
III. The pre-litigation privilege bars this action.....	20
A. The privilege applies to the January 2015 statement.	20
B. Malice is irrelevant to the pre-litigation privilege.....	21
IV. Ms. Maxwell's January 4, 2015, statement is nonactionable.	25
V. Summary judgment is warranted because plaintiff cannot establish falsity or actual malice by clear and convincing evidence.	25
CONCLUSION	30
CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE.....	32

TABLE OF AUTHORITIES

Cases

<i>Anderson v. Liberty Lobby, Inc.</i> , 477 U.S. 242, 249 (1986)	9
<i>Blair v. Inside Ed. Prods.</i> , 7 F. Supp. 3d 348, 358 & n.6 (S.D.N.Y. 2014)	25
<i>Cerasani v. Sony Corp.</i> , 991 F. Supp. 343, 351 (S.D.N.Y. 1998).....	3, 4
<i>Chambers v. Wells Fargo Bank, N.A.</i> , No. CV 15-6976 (JBS/JS), 2016 WL 3533998, at *8 (D.N.J. June 28, 2016)	2, 20
<i>China Med. Techs., Inc.</i> , 539 B.R. 643, 658 (S.D.N.Y. 2015).....	12
<i>Cowan v. City of Mount Vernon</i> , 95 F. Supp. 3d 624, 645-46 (S.D.N.Y. 2015)	13,25
<i>Croy v. A.O. Fox Mem'l Hosp.</i> , 68 F. Supp. 2d 136, 144 (N.D.N.Y. 1999)	3
<i>Dalbec v. Gentleman's Companion, Inc.</i> , 828 F.2d 921, 927 (2d Cir. 1987)	25
<i>Davis v. Boehm</i> , 22 N.E.3d 999 (N.Y. 2014)	14,18
<i>Davis v. Costa-Gavras ("Davis I")</i> , 580 F. Supp. 1082, 1096 (S.D.N.Y. 1984)	2,3,4,6
<i>Davis v. Costa-Gavras ("Davis II")</i> , 595 F. Supp. 982, 988 (S.D.N.Y. 1984)	3
<i>Dibella v. Hopkins</i> , No. 01 CIV. 11779 (DC), 2002 WL 31427362, at *2 (S.D.N.Y. Oct. 30, 2002)	20
<i>DiBella v. Hopkins</i> , 403 F.3d 102, 111 (2d Cir.2005)	25
<i>Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev ("Egiazaryan I")</i> , No. 11 CIV. 2670 PKC, 2011 WL 6097136, at *5 (S.D.N.Y. Dec. 7, 2011)	3
<i>Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev ("Egiazaryan II")</i> , 880 F. Supp. 2d 494, 501 (S.D.N.Y. 2012)	3,4,5
<i>Folwell v. Miller</i> , 145 F. 495, 497 (2d Cir. 1906)	2,4
<i>Front, Inc. v. Khalil</i> , 28 N.E.3d 15, 16 (N.Y. 2015)	2, 20,21,22,24,25
<i>Geraci v. Probst</i> , 938 N.E.2d 917, 921 (N.Y. 2010).....	2,3,5,6,8,10,13

<i>Green v. Cosby</i> , 138 F. Supp. 3d 114 (D. Mass. 2015).....	14
<i>Hawkins v. Harris</i> , 661 A.2d 284, 289-91 (N.J. 1995)	2, 20
<i>Hickman v. Taylor</i> , 329 U.S. 495, 510-11 (1947)	12
<i>Hoffman v. Landers</i> , 537 N.Y.S.2d 228, 231 (2d Dep’t 1989)	5
<i>Immuno AG v. Moor-Jankowski</i> , 567 N.E.2d 1270, 1274 (N.Y. 1991)	13
<i>Karaduman v. Newsday, Inc.</i> , 416 N.E.2d 557, 560 (N.Y. 1980).....	3
<i>Karedes v. Ackerley Grp., Inc.</i> , 423 F.3d 107, 114 (2d Cir. 2005)	26
<i>Law Firm of Daniel P. Foster, P.C. v. Turner Broad. Sys.</i> , 844 F.2d 955, 959 (2d Cir. 1988).	15, 28, 29
<i>Levy v. Smith</i> , 18 N.Y.S.3d 438, 439 (2d Dep’t 2015).....	5
<i>Liberman v. Gelstein</i> , 605 N.E.2d 344, 349 (N.Y. 1992).....	22
<i>National Puerto Rican Day Parade, Inc. v. Casa Pubs. (“NPR”)</i> , 914 N.Y.S.2d 120, 122-23 (1 st Dep’t 2010).....	5
<i>Ollman v. Evans</i> , 750 F.2d 970 (D.C. Cir. 1984)	13
<i>Phila. Newspapers v. Hepps</i> , 475 U.S. 767, 773 (1986)	26
<i>Porky Prods. v. Nippon Exp. U.S.A.</i> , 1 F.Supp.2d 227, 234 (S.D.N.Y. 1997).....	2
<i>Rand v. New York Times Co.</i> , 430 N.Y.S.2d 271, 275 (1 st Dep’t 1980)	9, 10
<i>Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.</i> , 420 N.E.2d 377, 382 (N.Y. 1981).....	2,3,7
<i>Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.</i> , 425 N.Y.S.2d 101, 104 (1 st Dep’t 1980)	3
<i>Rizzuto v. Nexus Prod. Co.</i> , 641 F. Supp. 473, 481 (S.D.N.Y. 1986), <i>aff’d</i> , 810 F.2d 1161 (2d Cir. 1986)	16
<i>Schoepflin v. Coffey</i> , 56 N.E. 502 (N.Y. 1900)	3,5
<i>Steinhilber v. Alphonse</i> , 501 N.E.2d 550 (N.Y. 1986)	11,13,16

<i>Sweeney v. Prisoners' Legal Servs. of N.Y.</i> , 538 N.Y.S.2d 370, 371-72 (3d Dep't 1989).	19
<i>Telephone Sys. Int'l v. Cecil</i> , No. 02 CV 9315(GBD), 2003 WL 22232908, at *2 (S.D.N.Y. Sept. 29, 2003).....	16, 30
<i>Travelers Indem. Co. v. Northrop Grumman Corp.</i> , No. 12 CIV. 3040 KBF, 2013 WL 3055437, at *3 (S.D.N.Y. Apr. 22, 2013)	12
<i>United States v. Chimurenga</i> , 760 F.2d 400, 405 (2d Cir. 1985).....	25
Rules	
Federal Rule of Civil Procedure 12(b)(6).....	5
Treatises	
<i>Sack on Defamation</i> § 2.7.2, at 2-113 to -114 (4 th ed. 2016)	4

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT

Before the Court reaches the question whether plaintiff can prove falsity and actual malice, it should decide three questions of law, one that narrows considerably the legal issues and two that dispose of the case entirely.

1. It is undisputed Ms. Maxwell, through her agents, sent to various media-representatives—and to no one else—the January 2015 statement. It is undisputed she had no control over any of the media that decided to republish excerpts from the statement. On these facts, under black letter New York law, she is not responsible for these republications. Plaintiff's contrary argument relies on a “foreseeability” doctrine the New York Court of Appeals has specifically rejected. Summary judgment should enter in favor of Ms. Maxwell as to any republication.

2. Under the New York Constitution, whether a statement is constitutionally nonactionable opinion depends upon, among other things, an examination of the full context of the communication and consideration of the setting surrounding it. The January 2015 statement, making no reference to specific allegations, explains *why* the author believes plaintiff's allegations are “obvious lies”: “Each time the story is re told [sic] it changes with new salacious details” It is an expression of a venerable opinion: when a person falsely cries wolf previously, others are free to opine she is telling falsehoods now. This is nonactionable opinion.

3. Under New York law, a statement made pertinent to good faith anticipated litigation is nonactionable. The statement was sent exclusively to the media representatives, and contained a clear message: the media should not republish plaintiff's “obvious lies,” else Ms. Maxwell would sue them. Such a statement is nonactionable.

If the Court reaches the question of falsity and actual malice, the Rule 56 record establishes plaintiff cannot prove falsity and actual malice by clear and convincing evidence.

ARGUMENT

I. Ms. Maxwell is not liable for republications of the January 2015 statement.

Under black letter New York law, liability for republication of an allegedly defamatory statement “must be based on real authority to influence the final product.” *Davis v. Costa-Gavras*, 580 F. Supp. 1082, 1096 (S.D.N.Y. 1984). “[W]here a defendant ‘had no actual part in composing or publishing,’ he cannot be held liable.” *Id.* (citing *Folwell v. Miller*, 145 F. 495, 497 (2d Cir. 1906)); *accord Geraci v. Probst*, 938 N.E.2d 917, 921 (N.Y. 2010). “[C]onclusive evidence of lack of actual authority [is] sufficiently dispositive that the [trial court] ‘ha[s] no option but to dismiss the case’” *Id.* (emphasis supplied; quoting *Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.*, 420 N.E.2d 377, 382 (N.Y. 1981)).

It is undisputed Ms. Maxwell and her agents had no ability to control and did not control whether or how the media-recipients would use the statement. DOC. 542-7, Ex.J ¶¶ 2-3; *id.*, Ex.K ¶ 24. Unsurprisingly, plaintiff has offered no evidence of such control. *A fortiori* this Court “ha[s] no option but to dismiss the case,” *id.* (internal quotations omitted), to the extent it is founded upon the media’s republication of the statement.

A. Plaintiff’s argument against summary judgment is substantially groundless.

A legal argument is frivolous if it is presented contrary to a “long line of authorities” and the “fundamental principles”¹ of the underlying substantive law. Plaintiff Giuffre’s argument opposing summary judgment as to republication is frivolous.

The New York Court of Appeals in *Geraci* followed a long line of New York cases holding that a defamation defendant is not liable for republication of his allegedly defamatory statement unless he had “actual authority” to control the decision to republish: “Our

¹*Porky Prods. v. Nippon Exp. U.S.A.*, 1 F.Supp.2d 227, 234 (S.D.N.Y. 1997), *aff’d*, 152 F.3d 920 (2d Cir. 1998).

republication liability standard has been consistent for more than one hundred years.” See *Geraci*, 938 N.E.2d at 921 (footnote omitted). Indeed, the *Geraci* court observed, the New York Court of Appeals in *Schoepflin v. Coffey*,² a case decided in 1900, held:

“*It is too well settled to be now questioned* that one who . . . prints and publishes a libel[] is not responsible for its voluntary and unjustifiable repetition, without his authority or request, by others over whom he has no control and who thereby make themselves liable to the person injured, and that *such repetition cannot be considered in law a necessary, natural and probable consequence of the original slander or libel.*”

938 N.E.2d at 921 (emphasis supplied; quoting *Schoepflin*, 56 N.E. at 504).

The cases in which this Court and its sister courts in this Circuit assiduously have followed this line of New York cases are legion.³ The Second Circuit was in the vanguard.⁴

²56 N.E. 502 (N.Y. 1900).

³See *Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev*, 880 F. Supp. 2d 494, 501 (S.D.N.Y. 2012) (“[t]he original publisher is not liable for republication where he had ‘nothing to do with the decision to [republish] and [he] had no control over it.’”) (quoting *Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.*, 425 N.Y.S.2d 101, 104 (1st Dep’t 1980), aff’d, 420 N.E.2d 377 (N.Y. 1981)); *Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev*, No. 11 CIV. 2670 PKC, 2011 WL 6097136, at *5 (S.D.N.Y. Dec. 7, 2011) (same); *Davis v. Costa-Gavras*, 595 F. Supp. 982, 988 (S.D.N.Y. 1984) (“Under New York law, liability for a subsequent republication must be based on real authority to influence the final product, not upon evidence of acquiescence or peripheral involvement in the republication process.”); *Davis*, 580 F. Supp. at 1094 (original publisher not liable for injuries caused by the republication “absent a showing that they approved or participated in some other manner in the activities of the third party republisher”) (quoting *Karaduman v. Newsday, Inc.*, 416 N.E.2d 557, 560 (N.Y. 1980)); *Croy v. A.O. Fox Mem’l Hosp.*, 68 F. Supp. 2d 136, 144 (N.D.N.Y. 1999) (“The original author of a document may not be held personally liable for injuries arising from its subsequent republication absent a showing that the original author approved or participated in some other manner in the activities of the third-party republisher.”) (citations omitted); *Cerasani v. Sony Corp.*, 991 F. Supp. 343, 351 (S.D.N.Y. 1998) (“a libel plaintiff must allege that the party had authority or control over, or somehow ratified or approved, the republication”).

⁴See *Folwell v. Miller*, 145 F. 495, 497 (2d Cir. 1906) (affirming directed verdict in favor of managing editor: “when it appears affirmatively that he was not on duty [upon receipt of libelous matter and its republication], and could not have had any actual part in composing or publishing, we think he cannot be held liable without disregarding the settled rule of law by which no man is bound for the tortious act of another over whom *he has not a master’s power of control?*”) (emphasis supplied), quoted with approval in *Davis I*, 580 F. Supp. at 1096; *Cerasani*, 991 F. Supp. at 351.

In the face of this uninterrupted line of New York state (and federal) cases dating back to the nineteenth century powerfully establishing a bright line rule regarding republication liability, plaintiff Giuffre manages what amounts to a—frivolous—murmur of opposition. She claims there are “[t]wo standards” in New York law: one “older,” and one “more modern.” Resp. 28. The “older” standard, plaintiff says, is represented by the legion of cases we have cited. The “more modern formulation”—where can it be found? Why, in one place: a treatise on defamation. *Id.* (citing *Sack on Defamation* § 2.7.2, at 2-113 to -114 (4th ed. 2016)). It surely is frivolous to argue that a treatise creates a republication-liability standard that is separate from, “more modern” than, and supersedes the New York Court of Appeals’ 2010 decision in *Geraci* and this Court’s 2012 decision in *Egiazaryan*.

Trying to build on this start, plaintiff argues, “New York appellate courts have *repeatedly held* than an individual is liable for the media publishing that individual’s defamatory press release.” Resp. 28 (emphasis supplied). Even if we accept plaintiff’s mischaracterization of the January 2015 statement as a “press release,”⁵ her argument still would be meritless. To begin with, when plaintiff says the New York appellate courts have “repeatedly” supported her claimed rule of law, she means . . . twice. And an examination of those two cases reveals she is quite wrong and, worse, has advanced a seriously misleading argument. Neither case involved, as here, a motion for summary judgment. In both cases, the New York appellate division affirmed the denial of a motion to dismiss under the state’s equivalent of Federal Rule of Civil Procedure 12(b)(6). See *Levy v. Smith*, 18 N.Y.S.3d 438, 439 (2d Dep’t 2015); *National Puerto Rican Day Parade, Inc. v. Casa Pubs.* (“NPR”), 914 N.Y.S.2d 120, 122-23 (1st Dep’t 2010).

⁵As discussed in This Reply, at 16-19, the January 2015 statement would be a strange “press release,” as it threatened to sue the very press to which it was “releasing” information.

This argument, too, is frivolous. Despite plaintiff's baseless claim there is an "old" formulation and a "more modern" formulation of republication-liability law in New York, both cases she cites *applied the same "old" standard used by the New York Court of Appeals in Geraci*, by this Court in the two Egiazaryan cases, and by us in our Memorandum of Law in support of Ms. Maxwell's motion for summary judgment. *See Levy*, 18 N.Y.S.3d at 439 (citing *Geraci* and *Schoepflin*); *NPR*, 914 N.Y.S.2d at 594-95 (citing *Hoffman v. Landers*, 537 N.Y.S.2d 228, 231 (2d Dep't 1989) (citing *Schoepflin*)).

Both the courts in *Levy* and *NPR* applied the *Geraci* standard and the 12(b)(6) standards, e.g., assuming the pleaded facts were true. They concluded it was possible to infer from the complaints' allegations that the defendant caused the republications. Accordingly, they denied the motions to dismiss. *See Levy*, 18 N.Y.S.2d at 439; *NPR*, 914 N.Y.S.2d at 123. It was improper for plaintiff to cite these cases without disclosing they are 12(b)(6) cases in which the courts applied the *Geraci* republication rule and inferred facts from the pleaded allegations.

B. New York state and federal courts have rejected liability for republication based on "foreseeability."

Plaintiff cites section 576 of the Restatement (Second) of Torts for the proposition that if republication was foreseeable, then the defendant is the cause of any special damages from the republication. This argument is frivolous. As an initial matter, plaintiff has pleaded no special damages. *See Doc.1; Doc.23 at 23; Doc.37 at 17.*

Regardless, the New York Court of Appeals in *Geraci* rejected the Restatement's foreseeability doctrine. *See 938 N.E.2d at 921-22* (noting that section 576's foreseeability standard "is not nearly as broad as plaintiff . . . suggest[s]" and "[t]hat we did not endorse such a broad [Restatement] standard of foreseeability in *Karaduman* is evident from our decision the following year in *Rinaldi*") (emphasis supplied).

While trying to distinguish this Court’s decision in *Davis*, plaintiff fails to disclose that *Davis* itself—decided 26 years before *Geraci*—also *rejected* plaintiff’s foreseeability argument. The *Davis* plaintiffs, like plaintiff Giuffre here, also asserted republication liability, despite defendant’s lack of participation, on the ground “he could reasonably have foreseen that republication would occur.” 580 F.Supp. at 1096. This Court, relying on *Karaduman*, was unpersuaded: The New York Court of Appeals “has not applied the foreseeability standard suggested by plaintiffs in prior libel cases in which such a standard would have been relevant, if not controlling.” *Id.* This Court noted: The jurisdictions that have adopted a foreseeability standard “have refused to hold responsible a defendant with no control or influence over the entity that actually republished the statement.” *Id.* Plaintiff’s failure to disclose this Court’s holdings in *Davis* is a notable lapse in candor.

C. Plaintiff’s purported application of the *Geraci* rule is misleading and wrong.

Plaintiff eventually purports to apply the “old” standard, that is to say, the controlling law in the state of New York. She argues Ms. Maxwell “authorized” the January 2015 statement, “paid money to her publicist to convince media outlets to publish it,” “request[ed]” its publication, “made a deliberate decision to publish her press release,” “actively participated” in “the decision to publish her press release,” was “active” in “influencing the media to publish” the statement, and “approved of” and “pushed for” the publication of the statement. Resp. 30-31. These argument-manufactured facts have no record support.

In applying the controlling law, plaintiff wittingly makes a mess of it. She disingenuously suggests any help Ms. Maxwell gave to help her lawyer prepare the January 2015 statement and her signing-off on it are the equivalent of requesting, authorizing and controlling its *republication*. That isn’t the law. The “authority” required for republication liability is the “actual authority . . . to decide upon or implement” the republication. 580 F.Supp. at 1095

(emphasis supplied; citing *Rinaldi*, 420 N.E.2d at 382). Judge Sofaer studied *Rinaldi*'s holding, and noted republication liability must be based on a “decision” by the defendant to republish and must focus on “real authority to influence the final product, *not upon evidence of acquiescence or peripheral involvement in the republication process.*” *Id.* at 1096 (emphasis supplied). Accordingly, Judge Sofaer held, when there is “conclusive evidence of lack of actual authority” this is “dispositive” of republication liability and the trial court “ha[s] no option but to dismiss the case against the [defendant].” *Id.* (emphasis supplied; quoting *Rinaldi*, 420 N.E.2d at 382).

There is no evidence Ms. Maxwell “paid money to her publicist to convince” the media to publish her statement; this is why plaintiff cites no evidence to support that assertion. *See Resp.* 30. Mr. Gow’s email containing the statement says nothing to “convince” the media to publish the statement. *See Doc.542-6, Ex.F.* There is no evidence Ms. Maxwell was “active” in “influencing the media to publish” it; nor is there any evidence she “pushed for” or “requested” its publication; this is why plaintiff cites no evidence to support these assertions. *See id.* 31.

Indeed, plaintiff has zero evidence Ms. Maxwell or her agents ever did anything to urge or request any media to publish the statement. Mr. Gow presented the January 2015 statement via email to six to thirty media representatives; it was not sent to anyone else; in the email he told the journalists he was presenting a “quotable statement” “on behalf of” Ms. Maxwell and “[n]o further communication will be provided.” *Doc.542-6, Ex.F.* It is undisputed Ms. Maxwell and her agents had no control over the media that republished portions of the statement.

Doc.542-7, 542-7, Ex.J ¶¶ 2-3; id., Ex.K ¶ 24.

Plaintiff argues “a jury” should decide whether Ms. Maxwell “authorized or intended” the statement to be republished, or “approved of, and even participated, in” its republication. *Resp.* 30-31. All plaintiffs want to get to “a jury.” The summary-judgment question is whether they deserve to. Plaintiff has offered no evidence to put before a jury on the dispositive *Geraci*

question: whether Ms. Maxwell affirmatively authorized or requested a person or entity “over whom [s]he has . . . control,” 938 N.E.2d at 921. The only new argument plaintiff makes in her entreaty to see “a jury” is that she should be permitted to prove Ms. Maxwell’s “complicity.” As with her other factually bereft arguments, the complicity argument awaits plaintiff’s introduction of facts to support it. Having failed to do so, plaintiff cannot avoid summary judgment.

Plaintiff labors in vain to turn the Barden Declaration into “disputed issues of fact.” For there to be a disputed factual issue, plaintiff would need to introduce evidence disputing his sworn statements. She has not done so. In any event, the Barden Declaration is all but irrelevant to the central, dispositive republication question: whether Ms. Maxwell is liable for the media’s republication of her statement, where they did so without her authority or request and where she and her agents had “no control”⁶ over the media. On this question we cited to the Barden Declaration for one evidentiary fact: Messrs. Barden and Gow had no control over the media.⁷

*See Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 24, cited in Memo. of Law 14.*⁸ Plaintiff has offered no admissible evidence disputing this fact.

“[T]here is no issue for trial unless there is sufficient evidence favoring the nonmoving party for a jury to return a verdict for that party.” *Anderson v. Liberty Lobby, Inc.*, 477 U.S. 242, 249 (1986). It is one thing to argue in conclusory fashion, as plaintiff does, that “a jury” should decide a factual question. It is quite another to identify evidence in the Rule 56 record that raises a genuine question of material fact, which plaintiff does not do. Summary judgment is warranted.

⁶*Geraci*, 938 N.E.2d at 921.

⁷As discussed in Argument I.D., below, we cited more plenarily to the Barden Declaration in connection with a different point—the particular unfairness of subjecting Ms. Maxwell to liability when the media selectively quoted portions of the January 15 statement.

⁸In the Memorandum, we erroneously cited to ¶ 24 of Exhibit J; we intended to cite to ¶ 24 of Exhibit K (Doc.542-1, Ex.K), which is Mr. Barden’s declaration.

D. Subjecting Ms. Maxwell to liability for the media’s republication of excerpts they unilaterally selected is particularly unfair.

It is undisputed that no one ever republished *in toto* the January 2015 statement and that various media unilaterally selected portions of the statement to republish. We said on page 14 of our Memorandum that the media’s “selective, partial republication of the statement is *more problematic yet*” (emphasis altered). That is to say, as improper as it is to hold a publisher of a statement liable for republications over which she had no control, worse is it to make her liable for selective, partial republications of her statement. We relied on the holding in *Rand v. New York Times Co.*, 430 N.Y.S.2d 271, 275 (1st Dep’t 1980), that a publisher cannot be charged with a republisher’s “editing and excerpting of her statement.” Memo. of Law 14.

Plaintiff argues that our position is “absurd on its face” because “[i]t would mean . . . a defamer could send to the media a long attack on a victim with one irrelevant sentence and, when the media quite predictably cut that sentence, escape liability.” Resp. 32. This argument has two erroneous assumptions. One is that the “defamer” can “escape liability.” Not true. An original publisher remains liable for her defamation. We are concerned here with *republication*. The second wrong assumption is that the original publisher must always remain liable for any republication. *Geraci* rejects that view: Under New York law “each person who repeats the defamatory statement is responsible for the resulting damages.” 938 N.E.2d at 921.

The effort by plaintiff to distinguish *Rand* is meritless. She argues the media’s republication of the January 2015 statement actually was not a republication at all, just an original publication. Resp. 32. *That* argument is “absurd on its face,” *id.*, since there is no dispute Ms. Maxwell did not control the media’s decision to republish (excerpts from) the statement. Plaintiff next argues the media did not “edit[]” or “tak[e] . . . quote[s] out of context.” *Id.* Plaintiff could not be more wrong. As she concedes, all republications of the statement by the

media were selective, partial republications of the statement. Any such selective, partial republication by definition took those excerpts “out of context.” This is so because Mr. Gow informed the media in his email that he was providing “a quotable statement,” Doc.542-6, Ex.F, not a statement “from which you, the media, are free to excerpt as you please.”

More importantly, as Mr. Barden explained, selectively excerpting the statement substantially altered his message. *See id.*, Ex.K ¶ 20. For example, when he said in the third paragraph that plaintiff’s claims are “obvious lies,” it followed two paragraphs in which he explained *why* it was obvious the new claims are lies. *See id.*, Ex.K ¶¶ 19-22. Excerpting and republishing only the “obvious lies” phrase—as plaintiff did in her complaint—certainly gives the reader a different understanding than if the media had republished the entire statement. As *Rand* held: A defendant cannot be liable for the republication of derogatory but constitutionally protected opinion “when the foundation upon which that opinion is based is omitted. The defamatory remark should be read against the background of its issuance.” 430 N.Y.S.2d at 275 (internal quotations omitted).

Plaintiff argues: “A jury could reasonably conclude that [Ms. Maxwell’s] statement that Ms. Giuffre’s *claims of child sexual abuse* are ‘obvious lies’ is not a rhetorical device, nor hyperbole, but a literal and particular affirmation that [plaintiff] lied.” Resp. 33 (emphasis supplied). We italicize plaintiff’s rhetorical sleight of hand. As plaintiff knows, nowhere did the January 2015 statement specify which of plaintiff’s countless allegations are “obvious lies.” Indeed, this is the problem with plaintiff’s case: since the statement specified no particular allegations as obvious lies, plaintiff believes she is entitled to “prove” the truth of every allegation she ever has made about her alleged experience as a “sex slave.” What Mr. Barden’s declaration makes clear is he deliberately made no reference to any specific allegation by plaintiff. He had a bigger target: plaintiff’s credibility. He used the statement to show plaintiff’s

behavior is that of a liar, i.e., one who increasingly embellishes her story, and her allegations become more and more outlandish, so that by January 2015 she was claiming to have had sex with a well respected Harvard law professor, Alan Dershowitz. *See Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶¶ 19-22.*

Contrary to plaintiff's argument, "even apparent statements of fact may assume the character of statements of opinion, and thus be privileged, when made in public debate . . . or other circumstances in which an audience may anticipate the use of epithets, fiery rhetoric or hyperbole." *Steinhilber v. Alphonse*, 501 N.E.2d 550, 556 (N.Y. 1986) (internal quotations and brackets omitted). That was the case here. Plaintiff falsely—and, as Judge Marra held, "unnecessar[ily]"⁹—alleged in lurid detail that Ms. Maxwell had sexually abused her. The six to thirty journalists would have anticipated a "fiery" denial of the allegations. Regardless, the statement overall was constitutionally protected opinion grounded on facts disclosed to the journalists: plaintiff's increasingly outlandish and inconsistent stories, her newly embellished allegations, and her increasingly lurid and salacious enhancements of her earlier allegations.

E. Mr. Barden's declaration is perfectly proper.

Plaintiff makes a plethora of complaints about Mr. Barden's declarations. None has any merit. She objects to Mr. Barden's declaration of his intent and purposes for preparing the January 2015 statement because, she says, this implicates the attorney-client privilege. That is untrue. His intent and purposes are by definition *not* attorney-client communications and do not implicate such communications; they are attorney work product,¹⁰ which he is free to disclose.¹¹

⁹Doc.542-5, Ex.E, at 5.

¹⁰*Travelers Indem. Co. v. Northrop Grumman Corp.*, No. 12 CIV. 3040 KBF, 2013 WL 3055437, at *3 (S.D.N.Y. Apr. 22, 2013) (identifying work product as including defense counsel's "mental impressions, thought processes and strategies connected with [the] defense") .

¹¹*See In re China Med. Techs., Inc.*, 539 B.R. 643, 658 (S.D.N.Y. 2015)

She objects he is “non-deposed.” But Mr. Barden was the third-listed potential witness in our Rule 26(a)(1)(A) disclosure, served on plaintiff a year ago; the disclosure said he “has knowledge concerning press statements by . . . Defendant in 2011-2015 at issue in this matter.”¹² Plaintiff was free to depose him; that she chose not to was her own tactical decision. Finally, plaintiff argues “there are factual disputes” regarding the declaration. But plaintiff identified no such factual disputes relating to the declaration. A party opposing summary judgment cannot create a dispute by arguing, which is all plaintiff does. *See Resp.* 35-38.

F. Plaintiff effectively has confessed Arguments I.B. and I.C. of the Memorandum.

Argument I.B. of the Memorandum contends the First Amendment bars liability for republication by media organizations of the January 2015 statement. *See Memo. of Law* 16-17. Argument I.C. contends that under *Geraci* plaintiff is barred from introducing into evidence any of the media organizations’ republication of the January 2015 statement. *See id.* at 17-18. Plaintiff offers no resistance to these arguments. We respectfully request that the Court consider these arguments confessed. *See, e.g., Cowan v. City of Mount Vernon*, 95 F. Supp. 3d 624, 645-46 (S.D.N.Y. 2015) (citing cases).

II. The January 2015 statement is constitutionally protected opinion.

In deciding whether a statement is opinion the New York Constitution requires application of “the widely used four-part *Ollman*^[13] formula,” *Immuno AG v. Moor-Jankowski*, 567 N.E.2d 1270, 1274 (N.Y. 1991). *See id.* at 1274, 1277-78, 1280-82 (noting *Steinhilber*’s adoption of formula). We addressed each of the four *Ollman* factors. The plaintiff avoids this analysis, choosing merely to block-quote large portions of this Court’s Rule 12(b)(6) order. That

¹²Menninger Decl. EXHIBIT NN, at 2.

¹³*Ollman v. Evans*, 750 F.2d 970 (D.C. Cir. 1984).

is a mistake. *Immuno AG* is the seminal case prescribing the analysis to be used in a *summary-judgment proceeding* for assessing whether under the New York Constitution a statement is absolutely protected as opinion.

Instead of addressing the four factors, plaintiff simply relies on this Court's 12(b)(6) order. The Court's order does not control. In deciding the Rule 12(b)(6) motion, the Court assumed the complaint's allegations were true and drew all reasonable inferences in plaintiff's favor. In this proceeding, plaintiff is not entitled either to the assumption or the inferences. The opinion-versus-fact question will be controlled by the Rule 56 record.

Relying on the Court's order, plaintiff argues that the question whether the three allegedly defamatory sentences are opinion or fact is controlled by *Davis v. Boeheim*, 22 N.E.3d 999 (N.Y. 2014), and *Green v. Cosby*, 138 F. Supp. 3d 114 (D. Mass. 2015). See Resp. 38. *Davis* was an appeal from a 12(b)(6) dismissal. This procedural posture was critical to its decision:

[D]efendants argue that because a reader could interpret the statement as pure opinion, the statement is as a consequence, nonactionable and was properly dismissed [pursuant to a pre-answer motion]. However, on a motion to dismiss we consider whether any reading of the complaint supports the defamation claim. Thus, although it may well be that the challenged statements are subject to defendants' interpretation, the motion to dismiss must be denied if the communication at issue, taking the words in their ordinary meaning and in context, is also susceptible to a defamatory connotation. We find this complaint to meet this minimum pleading requirement.

Davis, 22 N.E.3d at 1006-07 (internal quotations, brackets, ellipsis and citations omitted).

Green was a decision on the defendant's motion to dismiss. The case was decided under California and Florida defamation law. See 138 F. Supp. 3d at 124, 130, 136-37. The court made it clear the 12(b)(6) procedural posture was critical to its decision: "At this stage of the litigation, the court's concern is whether any fact contained in or implied by an allegedly defamatory statement is susceptible to being proved true or false; if so capable, Defendant cannot avoid application of defamation law by claiming the statement expresses only opinion." *Id.* at 130.

In the case at bar, application of the four *Steinhilber* factors on the Rule 56 record compels a different conclusion. The complaint alleges three sentences in the January 2015 statement are defamatory: in the first paragraph of the statement, plaintiff Giuffre's allegations are "untrue"; in the same paragraph, the "original allegations" have been "shown to be untrue"; and in the third paragraph, plaintiff's "claims are obvious lies."¹⁴ Doc.1 ¶ 30.

Factor 1: Indefiniteness and ambiguity. On the face of the complaint in a 12(b)(6) proceeding, the words "untrue" and "obvious lies" might be susceptible of "a specific and readily understood factual meaning," Doc.37 at 9. This is especially true if it is taken out of context, e.g., extracted from the statement. But this approach is forbidden. *See, e.g., Law Firm of Daniel P. Foster, P.C. v. Turner Broad. Sys.*, 844 F.2d 955, 959 (2d Cir. 1988).

The first sentence—"the allegations made by [plaintiff] against [Ms. Maxwell] are untrue"—is indefinite and ambiguous because it is wholly unclear which "allegations" are being referenced. The second sentence—"the original allegations . . . have been fully responded to and shown to be untrue"—also is indefinite and ambiguous for the same reason. Additionally, it is unclear what are the "original" allegations. It is unclear what is meant by "shown to be untrue." What one person may believe is a fact shown to be untrue, another person may believe is a fact not (sufficiently) shown to be untrue. The existence of God, climate change and existence of widespread voter fraud in the election are examples of this. The third sentence—

¹⁴Ms. Maxwell testified in her deposition that she "know[s]" plaintiff is a "liar." This testimony, plaintiff argues, "contradict[s]" our contention that the three allegedly defamatory sentences in the July 2015 statement are opinion. Resp. 39-40. Plaintiff's argument is a *non-sequitur*. Ms. Maxwell's 2016 deposition testimony in which she disclosed all the reasons she believes plaintiff has uttered a plethora of false allegations is irrelevant to whether the three sentences in the July 2015 statement, prepared by Mr. Barden to respond to the joint-motion allegations, are opinions.

“[plaintiff’s] claims are obvious lies”—also is indefinite and ambiguous. An “obvious lie” to one person is not an “obvious lie” to another.

Factor 2: Capable of being characterized as true or false. On the 12(b)(6) record, the Court held the three statements “are capable of being proven true or false.” Doc.37 at 9. As a general question of law, one person’s statement that another person’s allegations are “untrue” or are “obvious lies” is not necessarily capable of being proved true or false—regardless of the subject matter of the opined “untruths” or “lies.” *See Rizzuto v. Nexus Prod. Co.*, 641 F. Supp. 473, 481 (S.D.N.Y. 1986), *aff’d*, 810 F.2d 1161 (2d Cir. 1986); *Telephone Sys. Int’l v. Cecil*, No. 02 CV 9315(GBD), 2003 WL 22232908, at *2 (S.D.N.Y. Sept. 29, 2003); Memo. of Law 35 (citing cases). As *Steinhilber* observed, “even apparent statements of fact may assume the character of statements of opinion, and thus be privileged.” 501 N.E.2d at 556.

At least two of plaintiff’s CVRA allegations cannot be proven true or false (only two such allegations are needed in order to render the January 15 statement an opinion). We have identified two such allegations in the joinder motion: that Ms. Maxwell “appreciated the immunity granted” to Epstein, and that she “act[ed] as a ‘madame’ for Epstein.” Memo. of Law 22. Plaintiff does not dispute this. The result is that the January 15 statement’s assertion that plaintiff’s “allegations” and “claims” in the joint motion are “untrue” or “obvious lies” is by definition an opinion. It cannot be proven true or false whether Ms. Maxwell “appreciated” Epstein’s immunity or whether she “acted as a madame.” Indeed, it seems quite obvious that the joinder-motion allegations about “appreciation” and “madame” *are themselves opinion*.

In the statement, Mr. Barden on behalf of Ms. Maxwell also says plaintiff’s “original allegations . . . have been fully responded to and shown to be untrue.” Doc.542-6, Ex.F. This cannot be proven true or false. The “full response” to the original allegations is a reference to the “Statement on Behalf of Ghislaine Maxwell” issued March 9, 2011, in response to plaintiff’s

allegations contained in media stories, including the Churcher articles. *See Doc.542-3, Ex.C.* Whether the 2011 statement “fully” responded to the original allegations and whether it “showed” the original allegations to be untrue are pure (argumentative) opinion. “[O]bvious lies” on its face is an opinion. The “obviousness” of a lie simply cannot be proven true or false.

Factor 3: The full context of the statement. Three contextual facts are revealed by the Rule 56 record. **One**, the email transmitting the statement to the media-representatives—along with the third-person references to Ms. Maxwell—told them Ms. Maxwell did not prepare the statement: “Please find attached a quotable statement *on behalf of* Ms. Maxwell.” Doc.542-6, Ex.F (emphasis supplied). It is undisputed that in fact Mr. Barden prepared the bulk of it and ultimately approved and adopted as his work all of it. Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 10.

Two, Mr. Barden’s statement issued on behalf of his client would not be a traditional press release solely to disseminate information to the media; this is why he did not request Mr. Gow or any other public relations specialist to prepare or participate in preparing the statement. *Id.*, Ex.K ¶ 15. The statement was a broad-brush communique to the media about plaintiff and her new allegations; it was not to be a “point by point” rebuttal of each new allegation. *Id.*, Ex.K ¶ 13. The logic and approach to preparing the statement were simple: compare plaintiff’s prior allegations and conduct in telling her story with her current allegations and conduct. *See generally id.*, Ex.K ¶ 13. When he wrote the statement, he knew of plaintiff’s 2011 allegation that she had *not* had sex with Prince Andrew and he knew of her CVRA allegation that she *did* have sex with him. *Id.*, Ex.K ¶ 14. Also within his knowledge was the story she had told Churcher before March 2011—a story that was far *less* provocative and salacious than the one she included in the joinder motion. *See id.*, Ex.K ¶ 5; *compare* Docs.542-1 & 542-2, Exs.A & B (Churcher articles published March 2011) *with* Doc.542-4, Ex.D (plaintiff’s joinder motion containing dramatically different and more lurid and salacious allegations).

Mr. Barden's approach provides critical context to explaining how the statement builds a logical argument that the new allegations are false. It first notes plaintiff's "original allegations"; then it points out how the story changed and was embellished over time, "now" with allegations that plaintiff had sex with a prominent and highly respected Harvard law professor ("Each time the story is re told [sic] it changes with new salacious details about public figures and world leaders . . ."). The argument builds up to the opinion in the third paragraph: "[Plaintiff's] claims are obvious lies and should be treated as such . . ." Doc.542-6, Ex.F. *See generally id.*, Ex.K ¶¶ 13-22. This third paragraph—and the threat in the fourth paragraph to sue the media for republication of plaintiff's falsehoods—confirms what is plain from the statement itself: it was not a traditional press release.

Three, the statement was intended to respond (via denial) to the media-recipients' requests for a reply to the new CVRA joinder-motion allegations. *Id.* ¶¶ 8, 10, 16. But more than that, it was intended to be "a shot across the bow" of the media. *Id.* ¶ 17. The logical argument was created to (a) persuade the media-recipients that they needed to "subject plaintiff's allegations to inquiry and scrutiny"; (b) explain to the media-recipients how it was "obvious" that plaintiff "had no credibility" because of her shifting story and increasingly lurid and salacious allegations as time went on, many of which (e.g., the allegations of sex with Prince Andrew and Professor Dershowitz) on their face appear far-fetched,¹⁵ and (c) warn the media-

¹⁵Since the CVRA joinder motion, there has emerged a substantial amount of evidence—some from plaintiff's own pen—that plaintiff's allegations about having been "forced" to have sex with prominent individuals are falsehoods. A telling example is a series of emails between plaintiff and reporter Churcher when plaintiff was working on negotiating a book deal about her alleged experiences and Churcher was trying to help her. On May 10, 2011, plaintiff tells Churcher she cannot remember whom she had told Churcher she had had sex with. Churcher responds, "Don't forget Alan Dershowitz," which Churcher says is a "good name for [plaintiff's] pitch" to her literary agent. It is clear neither Churcher nor plaintiff believed plaintiff

recipients that they republished plaintiff's obvious falsehoods against Ms. Maxwell at their legal peril. *See id.* ¶¶ 13, 16, 17, 20.

As the New York Court of Appeals observed, the context of a statement often is the “key consideration” in fact vs. opinion cases. *Davis*, 22 N.E.3d at 1006. So it is here. As *Davis* suggested, the three challenged statements are “subject to [Ms. Maxwell’s] interpretation,” *id.* at 1007; *accord Sweeney v. Prisoners’ Legal Servs. of N.Y.*, 538 N.Y.S.2d 370, 371-72 (3d Dep’t 1989). The context of the January 2015 statement makes clear that the characterization of plaintiff’s allegations and claims as “untrue” or “obvious lies” are ultimate opinions—conclusions—drawn from disclosed facts.

Factor 4: The broader setting surrounding the statement, including conventions that might signal to readers that the statement likely is opinion and not fact. It is undisputed that the January 2015 statement was sent exclusively to more than six and fewer than thirty media representatives, each of whom expressly had requested from Mr. Gow that he provide them with Ms. Maxwell’s reply to the new joint-motion allegations. Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶¶ 8, 10. As was obvious from the statement, it was not a traditional press release, as such a release does not explain—lawyer-like—why new allegations when measured against previous allegations lack credibility. Nor does a traditional release threaten to sue the media to whom the release is sent. The media representatives upon receiving the January 2015 statement would have understood it was presenting an (opinionated) argument that plaintiff was not credible because of her

had had sex with Professor Dershowitz, since (a) Churcher suggests that he would be a “good name” to “pitch” *because* of his prominence (“he [represented] Claus von Bulow and a movie was made about that case...title was Reversal of Fortune”), and (b) Churcher states, “We all suspect [Professor Dershowitz] is a pedo[phile] and tho *no proof of that*, you probably met him when he was hanging put w [Epstein].” Menninger Decl., EXHIBIT.OO, at Giuffre004096-97 (emphasis supplied).

inconsistent and shifting sex abuse story and her increasingly lurid allegations against more and more prominent individuals. And they would have understood that these characteristics of a storyteller undermine her credibility and *ergo* the credibility of her new allegations.

In its 12(b)(6) order the Court said the three sentences have the effect of denying plaintiff's story but "they also clearly constitute fact to the reader." The ruling is affected in two ways by the Rule 56 record. Based on the foregoing discussion of the evidence, the three sentences clearly constitute (argumentative) opinions of Mr. Barden on behalf of Ms. Maxwell.

Though the Court did not discuss who is "the reader," this is important in *Steinhilber Factor 4.*" Under settled defamation-opinion law, an allegedly defamatory statement is to be viewed "from the perspective of the audience to whom it is addressed." *Dibella v. Hopkins*, No. 01 CIV. 11779 (DC), 2002 WL 31427362, at *2 (S.D.N.Y. Oct. 30, 2002). Here, "the reader" is six to thirty journalists. They could not have read the July 2015 statement—or the three allegedly defamatory sentences—the same way it was read by these journalists' audience, i.e., the general public. This is because, as plaintiff implicitly concedes, these journalists only republished excerpts—and not the entirety of the statement, which would have given context to the three sentences. It is axiomatic that an out-of-context republication of the three sentences—without the rest of the statement—would deprive the reader of the logic and reasoning behind the opinionated conclusion that plaintiff was making "untrue" allegations and telling "obvious lies."

III. The pre-litigation privilege bars this action.

A. The privilege applies to the January 2015 statement.

Statements pertinent to a good faith anticipated litigation made by attorneys (or their agents under their direction¹⁶) before the commencement of litigation are privileged and “no cause of action for defamation can be based on those statements,” *Front, Inc. v. Khalil*, 28 N.E.3d 15, 16 (N.Y. 2015). The facts that must be established, therefore, are (a) a statement, (b) that is pertinent to a good faith anticipated litigation, and (c) by attorneys or their agents under their direction. We did this. *See Memo. of Law* 6-8, 33-38; Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶¶ 8-30. For example, Mr. Barden (a) drafted the vast majority of the January 2015 statement and approved and adopted all of it, (b) directed Mr. Gow to send it to the media representatives who had requested Ms. Maxwell’s reply to plaintiff’s joint-motion allegations, (c) in the statement threatened legal action again these media representatives, and (d) at the time of the statement “was contemplating litigation against the press-recipients.” *Id.*, Ex.K ¶¶ 10, 16-17, 28, 30.

Plaintiff argues without citation to authority: Ms. Maxwell herself did not testify she intended to sue; she hasn’t offered any witnesses to testify she intended to bring a lawsuit; she didn’t in fact sue; and—this one is a *non-sequitur*—the statement was an “attempt[] to continue to conceal her criminal acts.” Resp. 41-42. These arguments fail. The privilege exists without regard to whether *Ms. Maxwell* testifies she “intended” to sue, whether she has “witnesses” to say she intended to sue, or whether she “in fact” sued. It refers to “anticipated” litigation, not “guaranteed” litigation. Indeed, the point of the pre-litigation privilege is to promote communications that *avoid* litigation. *See Khalil*, 28 N.E.3d at 19 (“When litigation is

¹⁶*See Chambers v. Wells Fargo Bank, N.A.*, No. CV 15-6976 (JBS/JS), 2016 WL 3533998, at *8 (D.N.J. June 28, 2016); *see generally Hawkins v. Harris*, 661 A.2d 284, 289-91 (N.J. 1995).

anticipated, attorneys and parties should be free to communicate in order to reduce or avoid the need to actually commence litigation.”). It applies when there is a good faith basis to *anticipate* litigation. Mr. Barden, Ms. Maxwell’s lawyer who *drafted and caused the statement to be sent out*, actually was anticipating litigation. Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 28. The argument that the statement was an attempt to “conceal” Ms. Maxwell’s “criminal acts” is fatuous. It would be hard to *post facto* “conceal” alleged criminal acts that plaintiff luridly and salaciously described in an earlier public filing, i.e., in the CVRA case, in which the United States government was the defendant.

Citing no record evidence, plaintiff argues, “The record evidence shows [Mr. Barden] did not make the [January 2015] statement.” Resp. 42. That argument is easily disposed of by Mr. Barden’s uncontested testimony. *See* Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶¶ 10-13, 15-17, 20, 26-28, 30.

B. Malice is irrelevant to the pre-litigation privilege.

Citing the New York Court of Appeals’ decision in *Khalil*, we pointed out that malice is not relevant to the pre-litigation privilege. Memo. of Law 34-35. To prevail on the pre-litigation privilege the defendant need only establish *one element*: the allegedly defamatory statement at issue was “pertinent to a good faith anticipated litigation.” *Id.* (quoting *Khalil*, 28 N.E.3d at 16). Plaintiff disputes this and, without discussing *Khalil* or citing authorities, simply argues the pre-litigation privilege is “foreclosed . . . because [Ms. Maxwell] acted with malice.” Resp. 43. As suggested by her inability to find any law to support her, plaintiff is wrong.

Under general New York defamation law, “[t]he shield provided by a qualified privilege may be dissolved” if plaintiff in rebuttal can show that the defendant “spoke with ‘malice.’” *Liberman v. Gelstein*, 605 N.E.2d 344, 349 (N.Y. 1992); *accord Khalil*, 28 N.E.3d at 19. “Malice” means two things: spite or ill will, and knowledge of falsity or reckless disregard of falsity. *Liberman*, 605 N.E.2d at 349. Plaintiff relies on this general qualified-privilege law.

The problem for plaintiff is that in *Khalil* the New York Court of Appeals held this general rule does not apply to the pre-litigation privilege. Khalil worked for a company named Front. After eight years, he resigned and began working for “EOC,” one of Front’s competitors. Front’s lawyer Kimmel sent a demand letter to Khalil alleging he had committed criminal, tortious and ethical misconduct. Kimmel sent another demand letter to EOC and others stating Khalil had conspired with EOC to breach his fiduciary duty to Front. Six months later, Front sued Khalil. Khalil brought a third-party claim against Kimmel for libel *per se*. The trial court dismissed the lawsuit, ruling that the letters were “absolutely privileged” under the litigation privilege “and that it therefore did not need to reach the question of malice.” 28 N.E.3d at 17 (internal quotations omitted). The Appellate Division affirmed, holding that the litigation privilege absolutely protected the letter “because they were issued in the context of prospective litigation.” *Id.* at 18 (internal quotations omitted).

The Court of Appeals affirmed, but altered the law on the litigation privilege. It observed, “Although it is well-settled that statements made *in the course of litigation* are entitled to absolute privilege, this Court has not directly addressed whether statements made by an attorney on behalf of his or her client in connection with *prospective litigation* are privileged.” *Id.* (emphasis supplied). Some Appellate Division departments had held the absolute privilege applies to statements made in connection with prospective litigation, but other departments had held such statements were entitled only to a qualified privilege. *Id.*

The answer to whether pre-litigation statements should be absolute or qualified, the Court of Appeals held, is driven by the rationale for protecting pre-litigation statements:

When litigation is anticipated, attorneys and parties should be free to communicate in order to reduce or avoid the need to actually commence litigation. Attorneys often send cease and desist letters to avoid litigation. . . . Communication during this pre-litigation phase should be encouraged and not chilled by the possibility of being the basis for a defamation suit.

Id. at 19. However, the court recognized that “extending privileged status to communication made prior to anticipated litigation has the potential to be abused”; extending an absolute privilege to this context, the court said, “would be problematic and unnecessary.” *Id.*

The court held it would recognize only a qualified privilege for pre-litigation communications. *Id.* Crucially to the case at bar, the court held that the traditional privilege-rebuttal malice was *inapplicable* to the pre-litigation privilege:

Rather than applying the general malice standard to this pre-litigation stage, the privilege should only be applied to statements pertinent to a good faith anticipated litigation. This requirement ensures that privilege does not protect attorneys who are seeking to bully, harass, or intimidate their client’s adversaries by threatening baseless litigation or by asserting wholly unmeritorious claims, unsupported in law and fact, in violation of counsel’s ethical obligations. Therefore, we hold that statements made prior to the commencement of an anticipated litigation are privileged, and that the privilege is lost where a defendant proves that the statements were not pertinent to a good faith anticipated litigation.

Id. (emphasis supplied).

Accordingly, the only question is whether the January 2015 statement Mr. Barden caused to be issued to the six to thirty journalists was “pertinent to a good faith anticipated litigation.” The undisputed evidence establishes that the answer is yes. Mr. Barden anticipated litigation.¹⁷ He “fully complied with [his] ethical obligation as a lawyer.”¹⁸ He was hardly “bully[ing], harass[ing], or intimidat[ing]” the six to thirty journalists, since he caused a press agent, Mr.

¹⁷ See Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 28 (“At the time I directed the issuance of the statement, I was contemplating litigation against the press-recipients . . .”); *id.* ¶ 17 (statement was intended as “a shot across the bow”; “the statement was very much intended as a cease and desist letter to the media-recipients, letting [them] understand the seriousness with which Ms. Maxwell considered the publication of plaintiff’s obviously false allegations and the legal indefensibility of their own conduct”); Doc.542-6, Ex.F (“Maxwell . . . reserves her right to seek redress”).

¹⁸ Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 26.

Gow, to issue the statement,¹⁹ and he believed he had an affirmative duty in representing Ms. Maxwell to prepare the statement and cause it to be delivered to the journalists.²⁰

Plaintiff argues that when Mr. Barden issued the January 2015 statement on Ms. Maxwell's behalf, he had only ““wholly unmeritorious claims, *unsupported in law and fact*, in violation of counsel’s ethical obligations”” and did not have ““good faith anticipated litigation.”” Resp. 46 (quoting *Khalil*, 28 N.E.3d at 19; italics omitted). Plaintiff’s rationale? Because she was telling the truth and so the media would only be reporting the truth. *Id.* That is a nonsensical, frivolous argument.

Whether Mr. Barden, who represents Ms. Maxwell, had a meritorious or good faith basis for anticipating defamation litigation has nothing to do with whether the media believed plaintiff was telling the truth, and surely not whether *the plaintiff* believed or said she was telling the truth. Based on his knowledge of plaintiff’s history, Mr. Barden in good faith believed that plaintiff had been making false allegations for years and that the falsity of the allegations “should have been obvious to the media.” Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 13; *see id.* ¶¶ 14, 16-17, 20-23, 26-28, 30. Accordingly, at the time he caused the statement to issue, Mr. Barden had a good-faith basis to anticipate litigation against any of the media that republished plaintiff’s false allegations.

It hardly matters for purposes of the pre-litigation privilege whether the media republished or did not republish plaintiff’s allegations or whether Mr. Barden ultimately did or did not sue any of the media for any republication. As the *Khalil* court recognized, “[a]ttorneys often send cease and desist letters to avoid litigation,” 28 N.E.3d at 19, and such letters have a

¹⁹The *Khalil* court admonished attorneys to “exercise caution when corresponding with unrepresented potential parties who may be particularly susceptible to harassment and unequipped to respond properly even to appropriate communications from an attorney.” *Khalil*, 28 N.E.3d at 19 n.2.

²⁰See Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 26.

valid purpose protected by the pre-litigation privilege. Mr. Barden testified that the January 2015 statement in fact served as a cease and desist letter. *See Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 17.*

IV. Ms. Maxwell's January 4, 2015, statement is nonactionable.

Plaintiff did not respond to our argument that Ms. Maxwell's January 4, 2015, statement to a reporter is nonactionable. *See Memo. of Law 38-39.* We respectfully submit plaintiff has confessed this point. *See Cowan*, 95 F. Supp. 3d at 645-46.

V. Summary judgment is warranted because plaintiff cannot establish falsity or actual malice by clear and convincing evidence.

Plaintiff is a public figure. *See Memo. of Law 16-17, 49-54.* Therefore, she must prove falsity and actual malice. Under New York law, a public-figure defamation plaintiff must go beyond the federal constitutional minimum and prove falsity by clear and convincing evidence. *Blair v. Inside Ed. Prods.*, 7 F. Supp. 3d 348, 358 & n.6 (S.D.N.Y. 2014) (citing *DiBella v. Hopkins*, 403 F.3d 102, 111 (2d Cir.2005)). She must also prove actual malice by clear and convincing evidence. *Karedes v. Ackerley Grp., Inc.*, 423 F.3d 107, 114 (2d Cir. 2005) (quoting *Phila. Newspapers v. Hepps*, 475 U.S. 767, 773 (1986)).

Clear and convincing evidence is evidence that "produces in the mind of the trier of fact a firm belief or conviction as to the truth of the allegations sought to be established, evidence so clear, direct and weighty and convincing as to enable the factfinder to come to a clear conviction, without hesitancy, of the truth of the precise facts in issue." *Blair*, 7 F. Supp. 3d. at 358 (internal quotations and brackets omitted).

Plaintiff must prove by clear and convincing evidence (a) the material falsity of three sentences in the context of the January 2015 statement, and (b) Ms. Maxwell's actual malice, i.e., knowledge of the falsity of the three sentences or reckless disregard of whether they were false. The three sentences are: in the first paragraph of the statement, plaintiff's allegations are

“untrue”; in the same paragraph, the “original allegations” have been “shown to be untrue”; and in the third paragraph, plaintiff’s “claims are obvious lies.”²¹ Doc.1 ¶ 30.

Plaintiff cannot prove the falsity of the three sentences, let alone actual malice. If the Rule 56 record establishes that *two* of plaintiff’s CVRA joinder-motion allegations are false and *two* of her “original” allegations are false, this defamation action collapses on itself. This is because the statement does not specify how many of plaintiff’s allegations are false; it certainly does not say “all” plaintiff’s allegations are false. It uses the plural of “allegation.” The plural of allegation literally means “more than one.” *See Memo. of Law 21.*

Sentence No. 1. Since the sentence does not specify any particular allegation and since plaintiff made a plethora of allegations against Ms. Maxwell, plaintiff would be required to prove the truth of every one of the plethora of allegations *and* that Ms. Maxwell knew each one of the allegations was true. Conversely, if there are at least two allegations that plaintiff cannot prove to be true or if there was good reason for Ms. Maxwell to believe at least two of the allegations to be false, then summary judgment should enter against plaintiff.

There are at least two allegations by plaintiff against Ms. Maxwell that are untrue. In the CVRA joinder motion, plaintiff alleged that in plaintiff’s first encounter with Mr. Epstein, Ms. Maxwell took her to Mr. Epstein’s bedroom for a massage that Mr. Epstein and Ms. Maxwell “turned . . . into a sexual encounter,” Doc.542-4, Ex.D, at 3. This allegation contradicted her allegation in the Sharon Churcher article that a woman *other than* Ms. Maxwell

²¹Ms. Maxwell said in her deposition she “know[s]” plaintiff is a “liar.” This testimony, plaintiff argues, “contradict[s]” our contention that the three sentences in the January 2015 statement are opinion. Resp. 39-40. Plaintiff’s argument is a *non-sequitur*. Ms. Maxwell’s 2016 deposition testimony in which she disclosed all the reasons she believes plaintiff has uttered a plethora of false allegations is wholly irrelevant to whether the three sentences in the January 2015 statement, prepared by Mr. Barden to respond to the joint-motion allegations, are opinions.

took her to Mr. Epstein's bedroom; during the massage *that* woman gave instructions to plaintiff, and the massage "quickly developed into a sexual encounter." Doc.542-1, Ex.A, at 4.

A second allegation pertaining to plaintiff's entire story about Ms. Maxwell's introduction of plaintiff to Prince Andrew is untrue. In the joinder motion, plaintiff alleged Ms. Maxwell served an "important . . . role" in "Epstein's sexual abuse ring," namely, connecting Mr. Epstein to "powerful individuals" who would sexually abuse plaintiff. *Id.*, Ex.D, at 5. Plaintiff alleged that in this role Ms. Maxwell introduced plaintiff to Prince Andrew, and she was "forced to have sexual relations with this Prince in three separate geographical locations," including Ms. Maxwell's London apartment. *Id.*, Ex.D, at 5. These allegations directly contradicted her earlier allegations in the 2011 Churher article that (a) there never was "any sexual contact between [plaintiff] and [Prince] Andrew," and (b) Prince Andrew did not know "Epstein paid her to have sex with [Epstein's] friends." *Id.*, Ex.A, at 6.

Mr. Barden on behalf of Ms. Maxwell said in the first sentence that plaintiff's "allegations"—plural—against Ms. Maxwell are "untrue." We have just established through plaintiff's own contradictory words that it would be fair to characterize at least two of her allegations to be untrue. Having spent significant time with Ms. Churher in 2011 and having substantial incentive to disclose all important details of her "sex abuse" story, *see* Menninger Decl. EXHIBIT OO, plaintiff in 2011 presented a story that exculpated Ms. Maxwell and Prince Andrew of the very misconduct that in 2015—after securing a lawyer and seeing her story as a profit vehicle—she inculpated them for. In the face of her contradictory allegations, plaintiff cannot possibly prove by clear and convincing evidence that all her joinder-motion allegations are true, or that when Ms. Maxwell said they were untrue, she knew each one of the allegations was true or that she recklessly disregarded whether each one was true.

Under New York law, a defendant's allegedly defamatory statement is held "to a standard of substantial, not literal, accuracy." *Law Firm of Daniel P. Foster*, 844 F.2d at 959. Here, Ms. Maxwell's first sentence *literally* is true: more than one of plaintiff's allegations are "untrue." Accordingly, there is no defamation.

Sentence No. 2. The second sentence at issue in this action states, "The original allegations are not new and have been fully responded to and shown to be untrue." Plaintiff alleges the sentence is defamatory to the extent it asserts the original allegations were "shown to be untrue." Doc.1 ¶ 30. Plaintiff cannot prove this statement's falsity.

It is a matter of pure opinion whether any given allegation was "shown" to be untrue. Some people require more proof than others to conclude that a fact has been "shown to be untrue." We discussed above various examples of this, e.g., climate change. Here, Ms. Maxwell via Mr. Barden in March 2011 issued a statement denying plaintiff's Churcher-story allegations as "all entirely false." Doc.542-3, Ex.C. Plaintiff did not respond to this statement, let alone claim it was defamatory. Her non-response reasonably could be seen as a concession that Ms. Maxwell's denial was righteous. *See Doc.542-7, Ex.K* (Mr. Barden: "I would have been remiss if I had sat back and not issued a denial, and the press had published that Ms. Maxwell had not responded to enquiries and had not denied the new allegations; the public might have taken the silence as an admission there was some truth in the in allegations.").

Regardless, we easily can show two of plaintiff's original allegations are untrue. Many of plaintiff's original allegations are contained in the two Churcher articles, Docs.542-1 & 542-2, Exs.A & B. The articles contained numerous allegations by plaintiff relating to her alleged sexual abuse. In her deposition, plaintiff was shown Deposition Exhibit 7, a collection of some of her allegations in the articles. Plaintiff placed checkmarks by those allegations she admitted—over the course of 20 pages of testimony—were not true. *See Menninger Decl. EXHIBIT PP*, at

435:7-455:6 & Depo. Ex.7. These include her claims that: (1) she was 17 when she flew to the Caribbean with Mr. Epstein and Ms. Maxwell “went to pick up Bill in a huge black helicopter,” referring to former President Bill Clinton; (2) her conversation with Mr. Clinton about Ms. Maxwell’s pilot skills; and (3) Donald Trump was a “good friend” of Mr. Epstein’s and “flirted with me”.

Plaintiff’s admissions on the falsity of her original allegations are fatal to her defamation claim as to the second sentence. The eleven admittedly false “original allegations” axiomatically would warrant the second sentence. Plaintiff has no possible way to prove the second sentence is false. Indeed, like Ms. Maxwell’s first sentence, the second sentence literally is true: more than one of plaintiff’s original allegations are untrue. A statement that literally is true cannot be defamatory as a matter of law. *See Law Firm of Daniel P. Foster*, 844 F.2d at 959.

Sentence No. 3. Defamation as to the third sentence is foreclosed. To begin with, as discussed above, whether plaintiff has uttered “obvious lies” is a matter of opinion: in the face of plaintiff’s gratuitous and lurid allegations of Ms. Maxwell’s years-long participation at the center of a child sex-trafficking ring, for the journalists-recipients of the July 2015 statement the phrase was an anticipated “epithet[], fiery rhetoric or hyperbole,” *Steinhilber*, 501 N.E.2d at 556 (internal quotations omitted); *see Tel. Sys. Int’l*, 2003 WL 22232908, at *2 (observing Court’s previous holding in *Rizzuto* that defendants’ use of phrases “conned,” “rip off” and “lying” in advertisements were not actionable as libel and were “rhetorical hyperbole, a vigorous epithet used by those who considered themselves unfairly treated and sought to bring what they alleged were the true facts to the readers”) (internal quotations omitted).

Even if *arguendo* the third sentence—plaintiff’s “claims are obvious lies”—cannot be considered opinion, the Rule 56 record forecloses a defamation claim. The sentence does not specify which of plaintiff’s “claims,” i.e., allegations, are obvious lies. It could refer to the

“original” claims; the “new,” CVRA claims; the claims against Ms. Maxwell; the claims against anyone, including Professor Dershowitz, who was mentioned in the preceding sentence; or any two or more of all the claims plaintiff ever had made about her alleged experiences as the alleged victim of a child sex-trafficking ring.

Regardless of what is being referred to, there is no defamation. As demonstrated in the discussion above of the first and second sentences, the Rule 56 record establishes that at least two of plaintiff’s “original” allegations are untrue, at least two of her CVRA allegations are untrue, at least two of her allegations against Ms. Maxwell are untrue, at least two of her allegations against anyone (e.g., Ms. Maxwell, Prince Andrew or Professor Dershowitz) are untrue, and at least two of her allegations about her alleged sex-trafficking experiences are untrue. Moreover, the untruthfulness—the falsity—of the allegations certainly is “obvious.” After all, plaintiff herself admitted under oath that a multitude of her original allegations are untrue, and she implicitly admitted some of her CVRA allegations are untrue because they were contradicted by her original allegations.

CONCLUSION

The Court should grant summary judgment in favor of Ms. Maxwell.

February 10, 2017.

Respectfully submitted,

s/ Laura A. Menninger

Laura A. Menninger (LM-1374)
Jeffrey S. Pagliuca (*pro hac vice*)
Ty Gee (*pro hac vice pending*)
HADDON, MORGAN AND FOREMAN, P.C.
150 East 10th Avenue
Denver, CO 80203
Phone: 303.831.7364
Fax: 303.832.2628
lmenninger@hmflaw.com

Attorneys for Defendant Ghislaine Maxwell

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I certify that on February 10, 2017, I electronically served this *Reply Brief in Support of Defendant's Motion for Summary Judgment* via ECF on the following:

Sigrid S. McCawley
Meredith Schultz
BOIES, SCHILLER & FLEXNER, LLP
401 East Las Olas Boulevard, Ste. 1200
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301
smccawley@bsflp.com
mschultz@bsflp.com

Bradley J. Edwards
Farmer, Jaffe, Weissing, Edwards, Fistos &
Lehrman, P.L.
425 North Andrews Ave., Ste. 2
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301
brad@pathtojustice.com

Paul G. Cassell
383 S. University Street
Salt Lake City, UT 84112
cassellp@law.utah.edu

J. Stanley Pottinger
49 Twin Lakes Rd.
South Salem, NY 10590
StanPottinger@aol.com

s/ Nicole Simmons
Nicole Simmons

**United States District Court
Southern District of New York**

Virginia L. Giuffre,

Plaintiff,

Case No.: 15-cv-07433-RWS

v.

Ghislaine Maxwell,

Defendant.

/

**PLAINTIFFS' RESPONSE TO DEFENDANT'S
MOTION FOR SUMMARY JUDGMENT**

Sigrid McCawley
BOIES, SCHILLER & FLEXNER LLP
401 E. Las Olas Blvd., Suite 1200
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33301
(954) 356-0011

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
I. PRELIMINARY STATEMENT	1
II. UNDISPUTED FACTS.....	4
A. It is an Undisputed Fact That Multiple Witnesses Deposed in This Case Have Testified That Defendant Operated as Convicted Pedophile Jeffrey Epstein's Procurer of Underage Girls.....	4
1. It is an undisputed fact that Joanna Sjoberg testified Defendant lured her from her school to have sex with Epstein under the guise of hiring her for a job answering phones.....	4
2. It is an undisputed fact that Tony Figueroa testified that Defendant would call him to bring over underage girls and that Defendant and Epstein would have threesomes with Ms. Giuffre.....	6
3. It is an undisputed fact that Rinaldo Rizzo testified that Defendant took the passport of a 15-year-old Swedish girl and threatened her when she refused to have sex with Epstein.	8
4. It is an undisputed fact that Lyn Miller testified that she believed Defendant became Ms. Giuffre's "new mama".....	9
5. It is an undisputed Fact that Detective Joseph Recarey testified that he sought to investigate Defendant in relation to his investigation of Jeffrey Epstein.	9
6. It is an undisputed fact that Pilot David Rodgers testified that he flew Defendant and Ms. Giuffre at least 23 times on Epstein's jet, the "LoLita Express" and that "GM" on the flight logs Stands for Ghislaine Maxwell.	10
7. It is an undisputed fact that Sarah Kellen, Nadia Marcinkova, and Jeffrey Epstein invoked the fifth amendment when asked about Defendant trafficking girls for Jeffery Epstein.....	10
8. It is an undisputed fact that Juan Alessi testified that Defendant was one of the people who procured some of the over 100 girls he witnessed visit Epstein, and that he had to clean Defendant's sex toys.	11
9. It is an undisputed fact that Defendant is unable to garner a single witness throughout discovery who can testify that she did not act as the procurer of underage girls and young women for Jeffrey Epstein.	12

B.	Documentary Evidence also Shows that Defendant Trafficked Ms. Giuffre and Procured her for Sex with Convicted Pedophile Jeffrey Epstein while She Was Underage.....	12
1.	The Flight Logs	12
2.	The Photographs	13
3.	The Victim Identification Letter.....	15
4.	New York Presbyterian Hospital Records.....	15
5.	Judith Lightfoot Psychological Records.....	16
6.	Message Pads.....	17
7.	The Black Book.....	22
8.	Sex Slave Amazon.com Book Receipt.....	23
9.	Thailand Folder with Defendant's Phone Number.....	24
10.	It is undisputed fact that the FBI report and the Churcher emails reference Ms. Giuffre's accounts of sexual activity with Prince Andrew that she made in 2011, contrary to Defendant's argument that Ms. Giuffre never made such claims until 2014.....	25
C.	Defendant Has Produced No Documents Whatsoever That Tend to Show That She Did Not Procure Underage Girls For Jeffrey Epstein.....	26
III.	LEGAL STANDARD	27
IV.	LEGAL ARGUMENT	27
A.	Defendant is Liable for the Publication of the Defamatory Statement and Damages for Its Publication	27
1.	Under New York Law, Defendant is liable for the media's publication of her press release.	28
2.	Defendant is liable for the media's publication of the defamatory statement.....	32
B.	Material Issues of Fact Preclude Summary Judgment.....	34
1.	The Barden Declaration presents disputed issues of fact.	34

a.	The Barden Declaration is a deceptive back-door attempt to inject Barden's advice without providing discovery of all attorney communications.....	34
b.	Defendant's summary judgment argument requires factual findings regarding Barden's intent, thereby precluding summary judgment.	35
c.	There are factual disputes regarding Barden's Declaration.....	36
C.	Defendant's Defamatory Statement Was Not Opinion as a Matter of Law.	38
D.	The Pre-Litigation Privilege Does Not Apply to Defendant's Press Release	40
1.	Defendant fails to make a showing that the pre-litigation privilege applies.....	40
2.	Defendant is foreclosed from using the pre-litigation privilege because she acted with malice.....	43
3.	Defendant cannot invoke the pre-litigation privilege because she has no "meritorious claim" for "good faith" litigation.	46
V.	DEFENDANT HAS NOT - AND CANNOT - SHOW THAT HER DEFAMATORY STATEMENT IS SUBSTANTIALLY TRUE.....	47
VI.	PLAINTIFF DOES NOT NEED TO ESTABLISH MALICE FOR HER DEFAMATION CLAIM, BUT IN THE EVENT THE COURT RULES OTHERWISE, THERE IS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT RECORD EVIDENCE FOR A REASONABLE JURY TO DETERMINE DEFENDANT ACTED WITH ACTUAL MALICE.....	49
VII.	THE COURT NEED NOT REACH THE ISSUE, AT THIS TIME, OF WHETHER MS. GIUFFRE IS A LIMITED PURPOSE PUBLIC FIGURE.....	51
VIII.	THE JANUARY 2015 STATEMENT WAS NOT "SUBSTANTIALLY TRUE," AND MS. GIUFFRE HAS PRODUCED CLEAR AND CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF ITS FALSITY.....	55
A.	When Ms. Giuffre Initially Described Her Encounters With Defendant and Epstein, She Mistakenly Believed the First Encounter Occurred During the Year 1999.	57
B.	Defendant's January 2015 Statement Claiming as "Untrue" and an "Obvious Lie" the Allegation That She Regularly Participated in Epstein's Sexual Exploitation of Minors and That the Government Knows Such Fact is Not Substantially True But Instead Completely False.	58

C.	Defendant's January 2015 Statement Claiming as "Untrue" or an "Obvious Lie" That Maxwell and Epstein Converted Ms. Giuffre Into a Sexual Slave is Not Substantially True.....	60
D.	Any Statement of Misdirection Regarding Professor Alan Dershowitz is Nothing More Than an Irrelevant Distraction to The Facts of This Case and Matters Not on the Defense of Whether Defendant's Statement Was Substantially True.....	61
E.	Contrary to Defendant's Position, There is a Genuine Issue of Material Fact as to Whether She Created or Distributed Child Pornography, or Whether the Government Was Aware of Same.	62
F.	Defendant Did Act as a "Madame" For Epstein to Traffic Ms. Giuffre to The Rich and Famous.	63
IX.	CONCLUSION	65

TABLE OF AUTHORITIES

	<u>Page</u>
Cases	
<i>Baiul v. Disson</i> , 607 F. App'x 18 (2d Cir. 2015).....	50
<i>Black v. Green Harbour Homeowners' Ass'n, Inc.</i> , 19 A.D.3d 962, 798 N.Y.S.2d 753 (2005).....	43
<i>Block v. First Blood Associates</i> , 691 F. Supp. 685 (Sweet, J.) (S.D.N.Y. 1988)	41, 42, 43
<i>Brady v. Town of Colchester</i> , 863 F.2d 205 (2d Cir. 1988)	27
<i>Chambers v. TRM Copy Ctrs. Corp.</i> , 43 F.3d 29 (2d Cir. 1994)	50
<i>Contemporary Mission, Inc. v. N.Y. Times Co.</i> , 842 F.2d 612 (2d Cir. 1988)	51
<i>Da Silva v. Time Inc.</i> , 908 F. Supp. 184 (S.D.N.Y. 1995)	47
<i>Davis v. Costa-Gavras</i> , 580 F. Supp. 1082 (S.D.N.Y. 1984)	31
<i>De Sole v. Knoedler Gallery, LLC</i> , 139 F. Supp. 3d 618 (S.D.N.Y. 2015)	50
<i>Eliah v. Ucatan Corp.</i> , 433 F. Supp. 309 (W.D.N.Y. 1977).....	29
<i>Flomenhaft v. Finkelstein</i> , 127 A.D.3d 634, 8 N.Y.S.3d 161 (N.Y. App. Div. 2015)	42
<i>Frechtman v. Guterman</i> , 115 A.D.3d 102, 979 N.Y.S.2d 58 (2014).....	42
<i>Friedman v. Meyers</i> , 482 F.2d 435 (2d Cir. 1973)	36
<i>Front v. Khalil</i> , 24 N.Y.3d 713 (2015).....	<i>passim</i>

<i>Gerts v. Robert Welch, Inc.</i> , 418 U.S. 323 (1974)	49, 54
<i>Giuffre v. Maxwell</i> , 165 F. Supp. 3d 147 (S.D.N.Y. 2016)	<i>passim</i>
<i>Greenberg v. CBS Inc.</i> , 69 A.D.2d 693, 419 N.Y.S.2d 988 (1979).....	54
<i>Harte-Hanks Commc'ns, Inc. v. Connaughton</i> , 491 U.S. 657, 109 S. Ct. 2678, 105 L. Ed. 2d 562 (1989)	49
<i>HB v. Monroe Woodbury Cent. School Dist.</i> , 2012 WL 4477552 (S.D.N.Y. Sept. 27, 2012)	34
<i>Herbert v. Lando</i> , 596 F. Supp. 1178 (S.D.N.Y. 1984)	51
<i>Hutchinson v. Proxmire</i> , 443 U.S. 111, 99 S. Ct. 2675, 61 L.Ed.2d 411 (1979)	53
<i>In re “Agent Orange” Prod. Liab. Litig.</i> , 517 F.3d 76 (2d Cir. 2008)	27
<i>Karaduman v. Newsday, Inc.</i> , 416 N.E.2d 557 (1980)	31
<i>Kirk v. Hepp</i> , 532 F. Supp. 2d 586 (S.D.N.Y. 2008)	42
<i>Lerman v. Flynt Distrib. Co.</i> , 745 F.2d 123 (2d Cir. 1984)	51, 52
<i>Levy v. Smith</i> , 18 N.Y.S.3d 438 (N.Y.A.D. 2 Dept. 2015)	28
<i>Lopez v. Univision Communications, Inc.</i> , 45 F. Supp.2d 348 (S.D.N.Y. 1999)	48
<i>Mitre Sports Int'l Ltd. v. Home Box Office, Inc.</i> , 22 F. Supp. 3d 240 (S.D.N.Y. 2014)	3, 47, 53
<i>National Puerto Rican Day Parade, Inc. v. Casa Publications, Inc.</i> , 914 N.Y.S.2d 120, 79 A.D.3d 592 (N.Y.A.D. 1 Dept. 2010)	29
<i>Nehls v. Hillsdale Coll.</i> , 178 F. Supp. 2d 771 (E.D. Mich. 2001)	51

<i>Net Jets Aviation, Inc. v. LHC Commc 'ns, LLC,</i> 537 F.3d 168 (2d Cir. 2008)	27
<i>New York Times Co. v. Sullivan,</i> 376 U.S. 254, 84 S. Ct. 710, 11 L.Ed.2d 686 (1964)	50
<i>Pacenza v. IBM Corp.,</i> 363 F. App'x 128 (2d Cir. 2010).....	34
<i>Patrick v. Le Fevre,</i> 745 F.2d 153 (2d Cir. 1984)	36
<i>Petrus v Smith,</i> 91 A.D.2d 1190 (N.Y.A.D.,1983)	42
<i>Philadelphia Newspapers, Inc. v. Hepps,</i> 475 U.S. 767 (1986)	49
<i>Rand v. New York Times Co.,</i> 430 N.Y.S.2d 271, 75 A.D.2d 417 (N.Y.A.D. 1980)	32
<i>Rubens v. Mason,</i> 387 F.3d 183 (2d Cir. 2004)	35
<i>Sexter & Warmflash, P.C. v. Margrabe,</i> 38 A.D.3d 163 (N.Y.A.D. 1 Dept. 2007)	42
<i>Stern v. Cosby,</i> 645 F. Supp. 2d 258 (S.D.N.Y. 2009)	27, 47
<i>Swan Brewery Co. Ltd. v. U.S. Trust Co. of New York,</i> 832 F. Supp. 714 (S.D.N.Y. 1993)	27
<u>Rules</u>	
Fed. R. Civ. P. 56	27
<u>Other Authorities</u>	
<i>Merriam-Webster</i> (11 th ed. 2006)	60, 64
RESTATEMENT (SECOND) OF TORTS § 576 (1977)	29
SACK ON DEFAMATION § 2.7.2 at 2-113 to 2-114 (4th ed. 2016)	28

I. PRELIMINARY STATEMENT

There can be no question that disputed issues of material facts preclude granting summary judgment when, in a one-count defamation case, Defendant presents the Court with a 68-page memorandum of law, a 16-page statement of purported facts, and approximately 700 pages of exhibits. The sheer scope of Defendant's response, if anything, conclusively demonstrates that volumes of disputed facts surround the core question of whether Defendant abused Ms. Giuffre. Indeed, Defendant acknowledges a dispute between the parties as to whether she abused Ms. Giuffre. *See, e.g.*, Motion for Summary Judgment at 1; Motion to Dismiss at 1. This Court already said that this disputed factual question is central to this case:

Either Plaintiff is telling the truth about her story and Defendant's involvement, or defendant is telling the truth and she was not involved in the trafficking and ultimate abuse of Plaintiff. The answer depends on facts. Defendant's statements are therefore actionable as defamation. Whether they ultimately prove to meet the standards of defamation (including but not limited to falsity) is a matter for the fact-finder.

Order Denying Defendant's Motion to Dismiss at 10. While this fact remains in dispute, summary judgment is foreclosed.

But even turning to Defendant's claims, the avalanche of aspersions she casts upon Ms. Giuffre and her counsel should not distract the Court from the fact that the instant motion cannot come within sight of meeting the standard for an award of summary judgment. The most glaring and emblematic example of the Defendant's far-fetched claims appears in her attempt to move away from her defamatory statement by arguing that it was her attorney and not her, who issued the defamatory statement for the press to publish, though she is forced to admit the statement was made on her behalf. This is an untenable position to take at trial, and an impossible argument to advance at the summary judgment stage, as both the testamentary and documentary evidence positively refute that argument. Defendant incorrectly asks this Court to make a factual

finding that her defamatory press release was actually a legal opinion, issued not by her, but by her lawyer, to the media, despite documentary evidence showing otherwise.

Defendant also argues that she has proven the truth of her statement calling Ms. Giuffre a liar with respect to the statements Ms. Giuffre made about Defendant. To the contrary, voluminous evidence, both documentary and testimonial from numerous witnesses, corroborate Ms. Giuffre's account of Defendant's involvement in the sexual abuse and trafficking of Ms. Giuffre. Just to briefly highlight a few, Johanna Sjoberg, testified that Defendant recruited her under the guise of a legitimate assistant position, but asked her to perform sexual massages for Epstein, and punished her when she didn't cause Epstein to orgasm.¹ Tony Figueroa testified that Defendant contacted him to recruit high school-aged girls for Epstein, and also testified that Maxwell and Epstein participated in multiple threesomes with Virginia Giuffre. Even more shockingly, the butler for Defendant's close friend witnessed, first-hand, a fifteen-year-old Swedish girl crying and shaking because Defendant was attempting to force her to have sex with Epstein and she refused. This is a fraction of the testimony that will be elicited at trial about Defendant's involvement in the sexual abuse and trafficking of Ms. Giuffre.

Defendant's primary argument in support of her contention that she did not abuse and traffic Ms. Giuffre as a minor child is that employment records show that Ms. Giuffre was either sixteen or seventeen when Defendant recruited her from her job at Mar-a-Lago for sex with Epstein, not fifteen-years-old as Plaintiff originally thought. Call this the "yes-I'm-a-sex-trafficker-but-only-of-sixteen-year-old-girls" defense. Defendant does not explain why sexual abuse of a fifteen year old differs in any material way from sexual abuse of a sixteen or seventeen year old. All instances involve a minor child, who cannot consent, and who is

¹See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 16, Sjoberg Dep. Tr. at 8:5-10; 13:1-3; 12:17-14:3; 15:1-5; 32:9-16; 34:5-35:1; 36:2-1.

protected by federal and state laws. The fact remains that Defendant recruited Ms. Giuffre while she was a minor child for sexual purposes and then proceeded to take her all over the world on convicted pedophile Jeffrey Epstein’s private jet, the “Lolita Express,”² as well as to his various residences, and even to her own London house. Flight logs even reveal twenty-three flights that Defendant shared with Ms. Giuffre – although Defendant claims she is unable to remember even a single one of those flights. Inconsequential details that Ms. Giuffre may have originally remembered incorrectly do not render her substantive claims of abuse by Defendant false, much less deliberate “lies.” At most, these minor inaccuracies, in the context of a child suffering from a troubled childhood and sexual abuse, create nothing more than a fact question on whether Defendant’s statement that Ms. Giuffre lied when she accused Defendant of abuse is “substantially true,” thereby precluding summary judgment. *See Mitre Sports Int’l Ltd. v. Home Box Office, Inc.*, 22 F. Supp. 3d 240, 255 (S.D.N.Y. 2014) (“Because determining whether COI is substantially true would require this court to decide disputed facts … summary judgment is not appropriate”).

Defendant has tried to spin these inconsequential mistakes of memory into talismanic significance and evidence of some form of bad-faith litigation, but this claim fails under the weight of the evidence. As the Court knows, the clear weight of the evidence establishes Defendant’s heavy and extensive involvement in both Jeffrey Epstein’s sex trafficking ring and in recruiting Ms. Giuffre, living with her and Jeffrey Epstein in the same homes while Ms. Giuffre was a minor, and traveling with Ms. Giuffre and Jeffrey Epstein – including 23 documented flights. Even the house staff testified that Defendant and Ms. Giuffre were regularly

² See, e.g.: “All aboard the ‘Lolita Express’: Flight logs reveal the many trips Bill Clinton and Alan Dershowitz took on pedophile Jeffrey Epstein’s private jet with anonymous women” at The Daily Mail, <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2922773/Newly-released-flight-logs-reveal-time-trips-Bill-Clinton-Harvard-law-professor-Alan-Dershowitz-took-pedophile-Jeffrey-Epstein-s-Lolita-Express-private-jet-anonymous-women.html>.

together. *See McCawley Dec.* at Exhibit 1, Alessi Dep. Tr. at 103:4-9 (“Q. After that day, do you recall that she started coming to the house more frequently. A. Yes, she did. Q. In fact, did she start coming to the house approximately three times a week? A. Yes, probably.”). It is also undisputed that witnesses deposed in this case have testified about Defendant’s role as a procurer of underage girls and young women for Jeffrey Epstein. At the very least, a trier of fact should determine whether the evidence establishes whether or not Ms. Giuffre’s claims of Defendant being involved in her trafficking and abuse are true. Defendant’s summary judgment motion should be denied in its entirety.

II. UNDISPUTED FACTS

The record evidence in this case shows that Defendant shared a household with convicted pedophile Jeffrey Epstein for many years. While there, she actively took part in recruiting underage girls and young women for sex with Epstein, as well as scheduling the girls to come over, and maintaining a list of the girls and their phone numbers. Ms. Giuffre was indisputably a minor when Defendant recruited her to have sex with convicted pedophile Jeffrey Epstein. Thereafter, Ms. Giuffre flew on Epstein’s private jets – the “Lolita Express” – with Defendant at least 23 times.

- A. It is an Undisputed Fact That Multiple Witnesses Deposed in This Case Have Testified That Defendant Operated as Convicted Pedophile Jeffrey Epstein’s Procurer of Underage Girls.**
 - 1. It is an undisputed fact that Joanna Sjoberg testified Defendant lured her from her school to have sex with Epstein under the guise of hiring her for a job answering phones.**

Ms. Sjoberg’s account of her experiences with Defendant are chillingly similar. As with Ms. Giuffre, Defendant, a perfect stranger, approached Ms. Sjoberg while trolling Ms. Sjoberg’s school grounds. She lured Ms. Sjoberg into her and Epstein’s home under the guise of a legitimate job of answering phones, a pretext that lasted only a day. A young college student,

nearly 2,000 miles from home, Defendant soon instructed Ms. Sjoberg to massage Epstein, and made it clear that Sjoberg's purpose was to bring Epstein to orgasm during these massages so that Defendant did not have to do it.

Q. And when did you first meet Ms. Maxwell?

A. 2001. March probably. End of February/beginning of March.

Q. And how did you meet her?

A. She approached me while I was on campus at Palm Beach Atlantic College.

Q. And how long did you work in that position answering phones and doing --

A. Just that one day.

Q. And what happened that second time you came to the house?

A. At that point, I met Emmy Taylor, and she took me up to Jeffrey's bathroom and he was present. And her and I both massaged Jeffrey. She was showing me how to massage. And then she -- he took -- he got off the table, she got on the table. She took off her clothes, got on the table, and then he was showing me moves that he liked. And then I took my clothes off. They asked me to get on the table so I could feel it. Then they both massaged me.

Q. Who did Emmy work for?

2 A. Ghislaine.

3 Q. Did Maxwell ever refer to Emmy by any particular term?

5 A. She called her her slave.

Q. Did Jeffrey ever tell you why he received so many massages from so many different girls?

A. He explained to me that, in his opinion, he needed to have three orgasms a day. It was biological, like eating.

Q. Was there anything you were supposed to do in order to get the camera?

THE WITNESS: I did not know that there were expectations of me to get the camera until after. She [Defendant] had purchased the camera for me, and I was over there giving Jeffrey a massage. I did not know that she was in possession of the camera until later. She told me -- called me after I had left and said, I have the camera for you, but you cannot receive it yet because **you came here and didn't finish your job and I had to finish it for you.**

Q. And did you -- what did you understand her to mean?

A. She was implying that I did not get Jeffrey off, and so she had to do it.

Q. And when you say "get Jeffrey off," do you mean bring him to orgasm?

A. Yes.

Q. Based on what you knew, did Maxwell know that the type of massages Jeffrey was getting typically involved sexual acts?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q. **What was Maxwell's main job with respect to Jeffrey?**

THE WITNESS: Well, beyond companionship, her job, as it related to me, was to find other girls that would perform massages for him and herself.³

Ms. Sjoberg also testified about sexual acts that occurred with her, Prince Andrew, and Ms. Giuffre, when she and Defendant were staying at Epstein's Manhattan mansion:

Q. Tell me how it came to be that there was a picture taken.

THE WITNESS: I just remember someone suggesting a photo, and they told us to go get on the couch. And so Andrew and Virginia sat on the couch, and they put the puppet, the puppet on her lap. And so then I sat on Andrew's lap, and I believe on my own volition, and they took the puppet's hands and put it on Virginia's breast, and so Andrew put his on mine.⁴

Ms. Sjoberg's testimony corroborates Ms. Giuffre's account of how Defendant recruited her (and others) under a ruse of a legitimate job in order to bring them into the household to have sex with Epstein. Ms. Sjoberg's testimony also corroborates Ms. Giuffre's account of being lent out to Prince Andrew by Defendant, as even the interaction Ms. Sjoberg witnessed included a sexual act: Prince Andrew using a puppet to touch Ms. Giuffre's breast while using a hand to touch Ms. Sjoberg's breast.

2. **It is an undisputed fact that Tony Figueroa testified that Defendant would call him to bring over underage girls and that Defendant and Epstein would have threesomes with Ms. Giuffre.**⁵

Tony Figueroa testified that Plaintiff told him about threesomes Ms. Giuffre had with Defendant and Epstein which included the use of strap-ons:

Q. Okay. And tell me everything that you remember about what Ms. Roberts said about being intimate with Ms. Maxwell and Mr. Epstein at the same time.

A. I remember her talking about, like, strap-ons and stuff like that. But, I mean, like I said, all the details are not really that clear. But I remember her talking about, like, how they would always be using and stuff like that.

Q. She and Ms. Maxwell and Mr. Epstein would use strap-ons?

A. Uh-huh (affirmative).

³ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 16, Sjoberg Dep. Tr. at 8:5-10; 13:1-3; 12:17-14:3; 15:1-5; 32:9-16; 34:5-35:1; 36:2-15.

⁴ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 16, Sjoberg Dep. Tr. at 82:23-83:9.

⁵ Defendant attempts to discredit Figueroa's damaging testimony by repeatedly mentioning that he has been convicted for a drug-related offense. Unsurprisingly, in this attack, Defendant does not mention that she has a DUI conviction. See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 11, Maxwell Dep. Tr. at 390:13-15. (April 22, 2016).

Q. Other than sex with the Prince, is there anyone else that Jeffrey wanted Ms. Roberts to have sex with that she relayed to you?

A. Mainly, like I said, just Ms. Maxwell and all the other girls.

Q. Ms. Maxwell wanted -- Jeffrey wanted Virginia to have sex with Ms. Maxwell?

A. And him, yeah.

Q. And did she tell you whether she had ever done that?

A. Yeah. She said that she did.

Q. And what did she describe having happened?

A. I believe I already told you that. With the strap-ons and dildos and everything.⁶

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] .⁷

Figueroa also testified that Defendant called him to ask if he had found any other girls for Epstein, thereby acting as procurer of girls for Epstein:

Q. [W]hen Ghislaine Maxwell would call you during the time that you were living with Virginia, she would ask you what, specifically?

A. Just if I had found any other girls just to bring to Jeffrey.

Q. Okay.

A. Pretty much every time there was a conversation with any of them, it was either asking Virginia where she was at, or asking her to get girls, or asking me to get girls.

Q. Okay. Well, tell me. When did Ms. Maxwell ask you to bring a girl?

A. Never in person. It was, like, literally, like, on the phone maybe, like, once or twice.

Q All right. Did Ms. Maxwell call you frequently?

A. No.

Q. All right. How many times do you think Ms. Maxwell called you, at all?

A. I'd just say that probably a just a few, a couple of times. Maybe once or twice.

Q. One or two --

A. The majority of the time it was pretty much his assistant.

Q. How do you know Ms. Maxwell's voice?

A. Because she sounds British.

Q. So someone with a British accent called you once or twice and asked for --

A. Well, she told me who she was.

Q. Okay. And what did she say when she called you and asked you to bring girls?

A. She just said, "Hi. This is Ghislaine. Jeffrey was wondering if you had anybody that could come over."⁸

⁶ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 4, Figueroa June 24, 2016 Dep. Tr. Vol. 1 at 96-97 and 103.

⁷ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 11, Maxwell Dep. Tr. at 55:19-58:23 (July 22, 2016).

⁸ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 4, Figueroa Dep. Tr. at 200:6-18; 228:23-229:21.

3. **It is an undisputed fact that Rinaldo Rizzo testified that Defendant took the passport of a 15-year-old Swedish girl and threatened her when she refused to have sex with Epstein.**

Rinaldo Rizzo was the house manager for one of Defendant's close friends, Eva Dubin.

Mr. Rizzo testified - through tears - how, while working at Dubin's house, he observed Defendant bring a 15 year old Swedish girl to Dubin's house. In distress, the 15 year old girl tearfully explained to him that Defendant tried to force her to have sex with Epstein through threats and stealing her passport:

Q. How old was this girl?

A. 15 years old.

Q. Describe for me what the girl looked like, including her demeanor and anything else you remember about her when she walks into the kitchen.

A. Very attractive, beautiful young girl. Makeup, very put together, casual dress. But she seemed to be upset, maybe distraught, and she was shaking, and as she sat down, she sat down and sat in the stool exactly the way the girls that I mentioned to you sat at Jeffrey's house, with no expression and with their head down. But we could tell that she was very nervous.

Q. What do you mean by distraught and shaking, what do you mean by that?

A. Shaking, I mean literally quivering.

Q. What did she say?

A. She proceeds to tell my wife and I that, and this is not -- this is blurting out, not a conversation like I'm having a casual conversation. That quickly, I was on an island, I was on the island and there was Ghislaine, there was Sarah, she said they asked me for sex, I said no. And she is just rambling, and I'm like what, and she said -- I asked her, I said what? And she says yes, I was on the island, I don't know how I got from the island to here. Last afternoon or in the afternoon I was on the island and now I'm here. And I said do you have a -- this is not making any sense to me, and I said this is nuts, do you have a passport, do you have a phone? And she says no, and she says Ghislaine took my passport. And I said what, and she says Sarah took her passport and her phone and gave it to Ghislaine Maxwell, and at that point she said that she was threatened. And I said threatened, she says yes, I was threatened by Ghislaine not to discuss this. And I'm just shocked. So the conversation, and she is just rambling on and on, again, like I said, how she got here, she doesn't know how she got here. Again, I asked her, did you contact your parents and she says no. At that point, she says I'm not supposed to talk about this. I said, but I said: How did you get here. I don't understand. We were totally lost for words. And she said that before she got there, she was threatened again by Jeffrey and Ghislaine not to talk about what I had mentioned earlier, about -- again, the word she used was sex.

Q. And during this time that you're saying she is rambling, is her demeanor continues to be what you described it?

A. Yes.

Q. Was she in fear?

A. Yes.

Q. You could tell?

A. Yes.

A. She was shaking uncontrollably.⁹

4. It is an undisputed fact that Lyn Miller testified that she believed Defendant became Ms. Giuffre's "new mama".

Lyn Miller is Ms. Giuffre's mother. She testified that when Ms. Giuffre started living with Defendant, Defendant became Ms. Giuffre's "new momma."¹⁰ Incredulously, Defendant testified that she barely remembered Ms. Giuffre.¹¹

5. It is an undisputed Fact that Detective Joseph Recarey testified that he sought to investigate Defendant in relation to his investigation of Jeffrey Epstein.

Detective Recarey led the Palm Beach Police's investigation of Epstein. He testified that Defendant procured girls for Epstein, and that he sought to question her in relation to his investigation, but could not contact her due to the interference of Epstein's lawyer:

Q. A cross-reference of Jeffrey Epstein's residence revealed which affiliated names?

A. It revealed Nadia Marcinkova, Ghislane Maxwell, Mark Epstein. Also, the cross-reference, any previous reports from the residence as well.

Q. During your investigation, did you learn of any involvement that Nadia Marcinkova had with any of the activities you were investigating?

Q. The other name that is on here as a cross-reference is Ghislane Maxwell. Did you speak with Ghislane Maxwell?

A. I did not.

Q. Did you ever attempt to speak with Ghislane Maxwell?

A. I wanted to speak with everyone related to this home, including Ms. Maxwell. My contact was through Gus, Attorney Gus Fronstin, at the time, who initially had told me that he would make everyone available for an interview. And subsequent conversations later, no one was available for interview and everybody had an attorney, and I was not going to be able to speak with them.

Q. Okay. During your investigation, what did you learn in terms of Ghislane Maxwell's involvement, if any?

⁹ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 14, Rinaldo Rizzo's June 10, 2016 Dep. Tr. at 52:6-7; 52:25-53:17; 55:23-58:5

¹⁰ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 12, Lynn Miller's May 24, 2016 Dep. Tr. at 115.

¹¹ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 11, Maxwell Dep. Tr. at 77:25-78:15 (April 22, 2016).

THE WITNESS: Ms. Maxwell, during her research, was found to be Epstein's long-time friend. During the interviews, Ms. Maxwell was involved in seeking girls to perform massages and work at Epstein's home.¹²

6. **It is an undisputed fact that Pilot David Rodgers testified that he flew Defendant and Ms. Giuffre at least 23 times on Epstein's jet, the "Lolita Express" and that "GM" on the flight logs Stands for Ghislaine Maxwell.**

Notably, at Defendant's deposition, Defendant refused to admit that she flew with Ms. Giuffre, and denied that she appeared on Epstein's pilot's flight logs.¹³ However, David Rodgers, Epstein pilot, testified that the passenger listed on his flight logs bearing the initials – GM – was, in fact, Ghislaine Maxwell, and that he was the pilot on at least 23 flights in which Defendant flew with Plaintiff.¹⁴ The dates of those flights show that Ms. Giuffre was an underage child on many of them when she flew with Defendant.¹⁵

7. **It is an undisputed fact that Sarah Kellen, Nadia Marcinkova, and Jeffrey Epstein invoked the Fifth Amendment when asked about Defendant trafficking girls for Jeffery Epstein.**

Both Sarah Kellen and Nadia Marcinkova lived with Jeffrey Epstein for many years. They both invoked the Fifth Amendment when asked about Defendant's participation in recruiting underage girls for sex with Epstein. Marcinkova testified as follows:

Q. Did Ghislaine Maxwell work as a recruiter of young girls for Jeffrey Epstein when you met her?

A. Same answer. [Invocation of Fifth Amendment]

Q. Have you observed Ghislaine Maxwell and Jeffrey Epstein convert what started as a massage with these young girls into something sexual?

A. Same answer.¹⁶

¹² See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 13, Recarey Dep. Tr. at 27:10-17; 28:21-29:20.

¹³ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 11, Maxwell's April 22, 2016 Dep. Tr. at 78-79, 144.

¹⁴ See McCawley Decl. at Exhibit 41, Rodgers Dep. Ex. 1, GIUFFRE 007055-007161 (flight records evidencing Defendant (GM) flying with Ms. Giuffre).

¹⁵ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 15, David Rodgers' June 3, 2016 Dep. Tr. at 18, 34-36; see also Exhibit 41, Rodgers Dep. Ex. 1 at flight #s 1433-1434, 1444-1446, 1464-1470, 1478-1480, 1490-1491, 1506, 1525-1526, 1528, 1570 and 1589.

¹⁶ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 10, Marcinkova Dep. Tr. at 10:18-21; 12:11-15.

Kellen testified as follows:

Q. Did Ghislaine Maxwell work as a recruiter for young girls for Jeffrey Epstein when you met her?

A. On advice of my counsel I must invoke my Fifth and Sixth Amendment privilege . . .

Q. Isn't it true that Ghislaine Maxwell would recruit underage girls for sex and sex acts with Jeffrey Epstein?

A. On advice of my counsel I must invoke my Fifth and Sixth Amendment privilege . . .¹⁷

Similarly, Jeffrey Epstein invoked the Fifth Amendment when asked about Defendant's involvement in procuring underage girls for sex with him.

Q. Maxwell was one of the main women whom you used to procure underage girls for sexual activities, true?

THE WITNESS: Fifth.

Q. Maxwell was a primary co-conspirator in your sexual abuse scheme, true?

THE WITNESS: Fifth.

Q. Maxwell was a primary co-conspirator in your sex trafficking scheme, true?

THE WITNESS: Fifth.

Q. Maxwell herself regularly participated in your sexual exploitation of minors, true?

THE WITNESS: Fifth.¹⁸

8. It is an undisputed fact that Juan Alessi testified that Defendant was one of the people who procured some of the over 100 girls he witnessed visit Epstein, and that he had to clean Defendant's sex toys.

Juan Alessi was Epstein's house manager. He testified as follows:

Q. And over the course of that 10-year period of time while Ms. Maxwell was at the house, do you have an approximation as to the number of different females – females that you were told were massage therapists that came to house?

A. I cannot give you a number, but I would say probably over 100 in my stay there.

Q. I don't think I asked the right – the question that I was looking to ask, so let me go back. Did you go out looking for the girls –

A. No.

Q. – to bring –

A. Never

Q. – as the massage therapists?

A. Never.

Q. Who did?

¹⁷ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 8, Kellen Dep. Tr. at 15:13-18; 20:12-16.

¹⁸ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 3, Epstein Dep. Tr. at 116:10-15; 117:18-118:10.

A. Ms. Maxwell, Mr. Epstein and their friends, because their friend relay to other friends they knew a massage therapist and they would send to the house. So it was referrals.

Q. Did you have occasion to clean up after the massages?

A. Yes.

Q. Okay. And that is after both a massage for Jeffrey Epstein, as well as clean up after a massage that Ghislaine Maxwell may have received?

A. Yes.

Q. And on occasion, after -- in cleaning up after a massage of Jeffrey Epstein or Ghislaine Maxwell, did you have occasion to find vibrators or sex toys that would be left out?

A. yes, I did.¹⁹

9. It is an undisputed fact that Defendant was unable to garner a single witness throughout discovery who can testify that she did not act as the procurer of underage girls and young women for Jeffrey Epstein.

Defendant has not been able to procure a single witness - not one – to testify that

Defendant did not procure girls for sex with Epstein or participate in the sex. Even one of her own witnesses, Tony Figueroa, testified that she both procured girls and participated in the sex.

Another one of Defendant's witnesses, Ms. Giuffre's mother, named Defendant as Ms. Giuffre's "new mamma." Indeed, those who knew her well, who spent considerable time with her in Epstein's shared household, like Juan Alessi, Alfredo Rodriguez and Joanna Sjoberg, have testified that she was Epstein's procress. Others who lived with her – Jeffrey Epstein, Nadia Marcinkova, and Sarah Kellen – invoked the Fifth Amendment so as not to answer questions on the same. No one has testified to the contrary.

B. Documentary Evidence also Shows that Defendant Trafficked Ms. Giuffre and Procured her for Sex with Convicted Pedophile Jeffrey Epstein while She Was Underage.

1. The Flight Logs

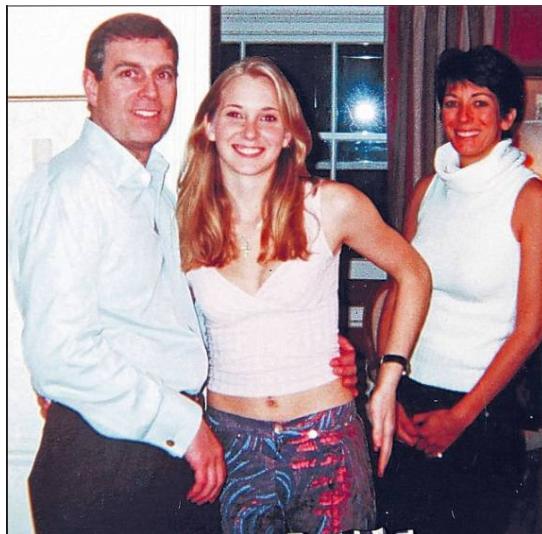
Defendant has never offered a legal explanation for what she was doing with, and why she was traveling with, a minor child on 21 flights while she was a child, including 6 international flights, aboard a convicted pedophile's private jet all over the world. Her motion for

¹⁹ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 1, Alessi Dep. Tr. at 28:6-15; 30:51-25; 52:9-22.

summary judgment – as well as all previous briefing papers – are absolutely silent on those damning documents.

2. The Photographs

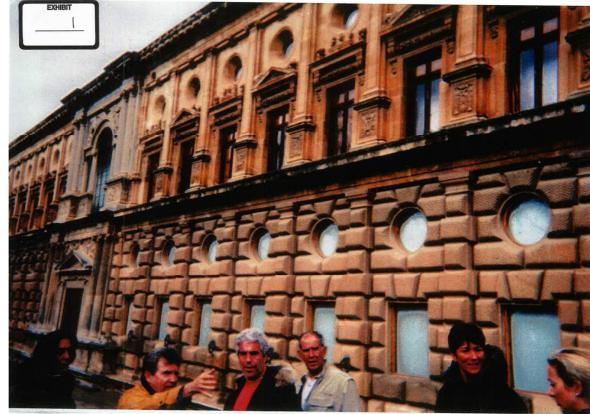
Throughout a mountain of briefing and, and even in her own deposition testimony, Defendant never offered an explanation regarding Ms. Giuffre's photographs of her, Defendant, and Epstein. She never offered a legal explanation for why Prince Andrew was photographed with his hand around Ms. Giuffre's bare waist while she was a minor child, while posing with Defendant, inside Defendant's house in London. This particular photograph corroborates Ms. Giuffre's claims, and there is no other reasonable explanation why an American child should be in the company of adults not her kin, in the London house owned by the girlfriend of a now-convicted sex offender.²⁰



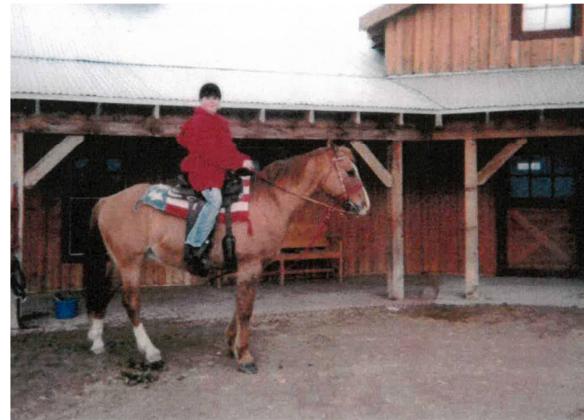
Ms. Giuffre also produced pictures of herself taken when she was in New York with Defendant and Epstein, and from a trip to Europe with Defendant and Epstein:²¹

²⁰ See McCawley Dec at Exhibit 42, GIUFFRE007167, Prince Andrew and Defendant Photo.

²¹ See McCawley Dec at Exhibit 42, GIUFFRE007182 - 007166.



And, Ms. Giuffre has produced a number of pictures of herself taken at the Zorro Ranch, Epstein's New Mexico Ranch, two of which are below.²²



Finally, among other nude photos, which included full nudes of Defendant, Ms. Giuffre produced images of females that the Palm Beach Police confiscated during the execution of the

²² See McCawley Dec at Exhibit 42, GIUFFRE007175; 007173.

warrant, including one photograph revealing the bare bottom of a girl who appears to be pre-pubescent (Ms. Giuffre will only submit its redacted form):²³



3. The Victim Identification Letter

In 2008, the United States Attorney's office for the Southern District of Florida identified Ms. Giuffre as a protected "victim" of Jeffrey Epstein's sex abuse. The U.S. Attorney mailed Ms. Giuffre a notice of her rights as a crime victim under the CVRA.²⁴

Re: Jeffrey Epstein/ **NOTIFICATION OF**
IDENTIFIED VICTIM

Dear : .

By virtue of this letter, the United States Attorney's Office for the Southern District of Florida provides you with the following notice because you are an identified victim of a federal offense.

4. New York Presbyterian Hospital Records

Ms. Giuffre has provided extensive medical records in this case, including medical records from the time when Defendant was sexually abusing and trafficking her. Ms. Giuffre produced records supporting her claim of being sexually abused in New York resulting in both

²³ See McCawley Dec at Exhibit 44, GIUFFRE007584.

²⁴ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 30, GIUFFRE 002216-002218, Victim Notification Letter.

Defendant and Epstein taking Plaintiff to New York Presbyterian Hospital in New York while she was a minor.²⁵ The dates on the hospital records show she was seventeen years old.

5. Judith Lightfoot Psychological Records

As the Court is aware, Defendant propounded wildly overbroad requests for production concerning the past eighteen years of Ms. Giuffre's medical history. Defendant repeatedly and vehemently argued to the Court that it was essential to procure every page of these records in a fanfare of unnecessary motion practice. *See, e.g.*, Defendant's Motion to Compel (DE 75); Defendant's Motion for Sanctions at 10 ("Ms. Maxwell has been severely prejudiced by Plaintiff's failure to provide the required identifying information and documents from her health care providers."). Ms. Giuffre and her counsel took on the considerable burden and significant expense of retrieving and producing over 250 pages of medical records from over 20 providers, spanning two continents and nearly two decades.

Now that those records have been collected, Defendant's 68 page motion makes no reference to a single medical record produced by Ms. Giuffre, nor a single provider, nor a single treatment, nor or a single medication prescribed. After Defendant's repeated motion practice stressing the essentiality of these records, this may surprise the Court. But not Ms. Giuffre. Defendant's requests unearthed documents that are highly unfavorable to Defendant that corroborate Ms. Giuffre's claims against her.

Years before this cause of action arose, Ms. Giuffre sought counseling from a psychologist for the trauma she continued to experience after being abused by Defendant and Epstein. A 2011 psychological treatment record, written by her treating psychologist, unambiguously describes Defendant as Ms. Giuffre's abuser:

²⁵ See McCawley Dec at Exhibit 33, GIUFFRE003259-003290.

. . . [Ms. Giuffre] was approached by Ghislaine Maxwell who said she could help her get a job as a massage therapist . . . seemed respectable . . . was shown how to massage, etc., Geoff [sic] Epstein. Told to undress and perform sexual acts on person. Miss Maxwell promised her \$200 a job.²⁶

Therefore, years before Defendant defamed her, Ms. Giuffre confided in her treating psychologist that Maxwell recruited her for sex with Epstein.

6. Message Pads

Detective Recarey, the lead investigator of the criminal investigation into Epstein and his associates' sex crimes, recovered carbon copies of hand-written messages taken by various staff, including Defendant, at Epstein's Palm Beach residence.²⁷ These were collected both from trash pulls from the residence and during the execution of the search warrant where the pads were found laying out in the open in the residence.²⁸ The search warrant was executed in 2005 and the message pads collected include messages recorded in 2004 and 2005. Numerous witnesses have described that these copies of collected messages accurately reflect those taken by various staff at the Palm Beach Epstein mansion between 2004 and 2005.²⁹

The messages raise a question of fact as to Maxwell's involvement in the sexual abuse of minors and are relevant to refute Maxwell's denial of any involvement with Epstein during relevant time periods, and, accordingly her denial of knowledge of certain events.

While there were hundreds of these messages recovered during the investigation, this small sample demonstrates the undeniable reality that there exists a genuine issue of material fact with respect to Defendant's involvement in and knowledge of the activities described by Giuffre which Maxwell has said we "untrue" and "obvious lies."

²⁶ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 38, Lightfoot Records, GIUFFRE005437.

²⁷ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 13, Recarey Dep. Tr. at 45:13-25; 97:9-98:8.

²⁸ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 13, Recarey Dep. Tr. at 25:12-21; 40:5-15; 41:16-23; 42:14-43:10; 45:13-25; see also search warrant video showing the pads openly displayed on the desk.

²⁹ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 21, 1, 16, 11, Rodriguez Dep. Tr. at 73:19-74:12; Alessi Dep. Tr. at 141:18-21; Sjoberg Dep. Tr. at 64:1-6; Maxwell Dep. Tr. at 147:23-148:3; 148:19-149:14.

This sampling reveals that Maxwell, “GM,” took messages at the residence, including from underage girls who were calling to schedule a time to come over to see Epstein. This demonstrates that Maxwell was at Epstein’s Palm Beach mansion in 2004 and 2005, incidentally a time period she has denied being around the house in her deposition. *See supra* GIUFFRE001412; 001435; 001449. The messages also reveal that multiple “girls” were leaving messages that were being taken and memorialized and left out in the open for anyone to see. Certain messages also make clear that a number of these “girls” were in school. In addition to taking messages herself (and the staff working under her direction taking these relevant messages), staff employees were taking and leaving messages for Defendant. This is evidence that Maxwell was in the house at relevant times, including times that she has now testified under oath that she was not there. Other messages demonstrate Epstein and Maxwell’s friends, including Jean Luc Brunel, leaving messages relating to underage females. The following is a small sampling of such messages:

IMPORTANT MESSAGE	
FOR <u>J.E.</u>	DATE <u>9/17/05</u> TIME <u>9:56 A.M.</u>
OF [REDACTED]	
PHONE/ MOBILE	
TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION
MESSAGE <u>I left message</u> <u>for [REDACTED] at</u> <u>confirm for 11:00 AM</u> <u>and</u> <u>for 4:30 PM</u>	
SIGNED <u>T.</u> 1184	

GIUFFRE001412 (SAO01092)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE	
FOR <u>J.E.</u>	DATE <u>9/16/05</u> TIME <u>21:16 P.M.</u>
OF [REDACTED]	
PHONE <u>963 8470</u> AREA CODE <u>1</u> NUMBER <u>1</u> EXTENSION <u>1</u>	
TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION
MESSAGE <u>I WANT TO KNOW</u> <u>IF SHE SHOULD RING</u> <u>HER FRIEND [REDACTED]</u> <u>TONIGHT</u>	
SAO01456 SIGNED <u>M.W.H.</u> 1184	

GIUFFRE001427 (SAO01456)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE	
FOR <u>Jeff, my</u>	DATE <u>2/28/05</u> TIME <u>12:32 AM</u>
OF [REDACTED]	
PHONE/ MOBILE	
TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION
MESSAGE <u>She is won during</u> <u>if 2:30 is ok</u> <u>she needs to</u> <u>stay in school</u>	

GIUFFRE001388 (SAO01067)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR MR EPSTEIN
DATE 7/19/05 TIME 7:50 AM
M _____
OR _____
PHONE/ MOBILE _____

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: " 15
AVAILABLE ON TUESDAY
NO ONE FOR TOMORROW
SAO01461
SIGNED" R 1184

GIUFFRE001432 (SAO01461)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR J. E.
DATE 8/20/05 TIME 8:50 AM
M _____
OF _____
PHONE/ MOBILE _____

TELEPHONED	X PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: " - confirmed
at 4 PM
Who is scheduling
for morning?
I believe [REDACTED] wants
to work
SIGNED" J 1184

GIUFFRE001448 (SAO01476)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR Jeffrey
DATE _____ TIME 5:11 AM
M _____
OF _____
PHONE/ MOBILE _____

TELEPHONED	X PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: " has girl for
tonight
SAO01452
SIGNED" 1184

GIUFFRE001452 (SAO02828)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR JE
DATE 5/14 AM
M Jean-Luc
OF _____
PHONE/ MOBILE _____

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: "He just did a good
one - 18 years -
(he spoke to me & said
"I like Jeffrey")
SAO2832
SIGNED" 1184

GIUFFRE001456 (SAO2832)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR Jeffrey
DATE 6/11/05 TIME 8:08 AM
M Jean-Luc
OF _____
PHONE/ MOBILE _____

TELEPHONED	X PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: " He has a teacher
for you to teach you
how to speak RUSSIAN.
She is 2x8 years old
not blonde. Lessons are
free and you can
have 1st today if you
call
SIGNED" 1184

GIUFFRE001563 (SAO3008)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR Jeffrey
DATE _____ TIME 5:11 AM
M Ghislaine
OF _____
PHONE/ MOBILE _____

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: " would be helpful to
have a come to
Palm Beach today to stay
here and help train new
staff with Ghislaine
SAO2830
SIGNED" 1184

GIUFFRE001454 (SAO02830)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR J. E.
DATE 11/29/05 TIME 1:10 AM
M _____
OF _____
PHONE/ MOBILE (561) _____

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: " I have 2 female
for him
SAO01455
SIGNED" R 1184

GIUFFRE001426 (SAO01455)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR Mr J. E.
DATE 11/08/06 TIME 1:15 AM
M _____
OF _____
PHONE/ MOBILE (561) _____

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CAME TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL AGAIN
WANTS TO SEE YOU	RUSH
RETURNED YOUR CALL	SPECIAL ATTENTION

MESSAGE: " I have 2 female
for him
SAO01452
SIGNED" R 1184

GIUFFRE001423 (SAO01452)

The following are descriptions of a sampling of messages pads³⁰ that create a genuine dispute of material fact:

- One message pad reflects [REDACTED], who is identified in the Palm Beach Police Report as a minor, contacting Jeffrey Epstein for “work” explaining that she does not have any money. The term “work” was often used by members of Jeffrey Epstein’s sexual trafficking ring to refer to sexual massages. (See GIUFFRE05660 (“She stated she was called by Sara for her to return to work for Epstein. [REDACTED] stated ‘work’ is the term used by Sarah to provide the massage in underwear.”). **Giuffre 001462: July 5th no year to JE from [REDACTED]** “I need work. I mean I don’t have money. Do you have some work for me?”)
- Other message pads reflect [REDACTED] who was a minor, calling and leaving a message at the Palm Beach mansion that she has recruited another girl for Jeffrey Epstein. The second message demonstrates that Jeffrey Epstein required different girls to be scheduled every day of the week. The third shows an offer to have two minor girls come to the home at the same time to provide sexual massages. These type of messages indicate the lack of secrecy of the fact that multiple young females were visiting every day and at least raises a question of fact whether Maxwell was knowledgeable and involved as Giuffre has said, or whether Giuffre was lying and Maxwell was not at all involved or aware of this activity, as Defendant would attempt to have the world believe.
Giuffre 001428 – undated Jeffrey From [REDACTED] – “Has girl for tonight” ;Giuffre 001432 (pictured above)– 7/9/04 – Mr. Epstein From [REDACTED] – “[REDACTED] is available on Tuesday no one for tomorrow”; **GIUFFRE 001433 /1/17/04 – Mr. Epstein from [REDACTED] – “Me and [REDACTED] can come tomorrow any time or [REDACTED] alone” ; Giuffre – 001452 – undated Jeffrey from [REDACTED] “Has girl for tonight.”**
- Other message pads demonstrate that there was a pattern and practice of using young females to recruit additional young females to provide sexual massages on a daily basis.
Giuffre 001413 (pictured above)– JE from “N” – “[REDACTED] hasn’t confirmed [REDACTED] for 11:00 yet, so she is keeping [REDACTED] on hold in case [REDACTED] doesn’t call back;
Giuffre 001448 -8/20/05 JE from [REDACTED] -[REDACTED] confirmed [REDACTED] at 4 pm. Who is scheduled for morning? I believe [REDACTED] wants to work.”

This message pad reflects that a friend of Jeffrey Epstein is sending him a sixteen year old Russian girl for purposes of sex. **Giuffre 001563 (pictured above)- 6/1/05 For Jeffrey From Jean Luc “He has a teacher for you to teach you how to speak Russian. She is 2X8 years old not blonde. Lessons are free and you can have your 1st today if you call.”**

- This message pad directly refutes Maxwell’s sworn testimony that she was not present during the year 2005 at Jeffrey Epstein’s Palm Beach mansion because this shows [REDACTED] leaving a message for Jeffrey at the Palm Beach home that she was going to work out

³⁰ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 28.

with the Defendant on September 10, 2005. The police were only able to retrieve a fraction of these message pads during their trash pull but even in the few they recovered, it shows Maxwell was regularly at the Palm Beach home during the time period she claimed she was not. To the contrary, she was both sending and receiving messages and messages, like this one, reflect her presence at the mansion. **Giuffre 001412 – 9/10/05 (during the year Maxwell says she was never around) JE from [REDACTED] – “I went to Sarah and made her water bottle and I went to work out with GM.”**

- These message pads further corroborate that Defendant lied in her testimony and she was in fact in regular contact with Jeffrey Epstein during the years 2004 and 2005. For example, the message from “Larry” demonstrates that Defendant is at the Palm Beach mansion so frequently that people, including Epstein’s main pilot Larry Visoski, are leaving messages for Maxwell at the Palm Beach house. **Giuffre 001435 7/25/04 – Mr. Epstein from Ms. Maxwell – “tell him to call me”; Giuffre – 001449 – 8/22/05 – JE from GM; Giuffre – 001453 – 4/25/04 for Ms. Maxwell From Larry “returning your call”;**
- This message pad shows that Defendant was clearly actively involved in Jeffrey Epstein’s life and the activities at his Palm Beach mansion. **Giuffre – 001454 – undated Jeffrey From Ghislaine – “Would be helpful to have _____ come to Palm Beach today to stay here and help train new staff with Ghislaine.”**
- This message pad clearly reflects an underage female (noted by the police redaction of the name) leaving a message asking if she can come to the house at a later time because she needs to “stay in school.” **Giuffre 001417 (pictured above)– Jeffrey 2/28/05 Redacted name “She is wondering if 2:30 is o.k. She needs to stay in school.”**
- This message pad reflects a message from [REDACTED] who was under the age of eighteen at the time she was going over to Jeffrey Epstein’s home to provide sexual massages according to the Palm Beach Investigative Report. **Giuffre 001421 3/4/05 to Jeffrey from [REDACTED] “It is o.k. for [REDACTED] to stop by and drop something?”**
- These message pads reflect the pattern of underage girls (noted by the police redaction of the name on the message pad) calling the Palm Beach mansion to leave a message about sending a “female” over to provide a sexual massage. **Giuffre 001423 11/08/04 To Mr. JE – redacted from – “I have a female for him” Giuffre 001426 (pictured above) – 1/09/05 JE To JE from Redacted – “I have a female for him.”**
- This message pad reflects the pattern and practice of having young girls bring other young girls to the house to perform sexual massages. Indeed the “[REDACTED]” reflected in this message pad corresponds in name to the “[REDACTED]” that Tony Figueroa testified he initially brought to Jeffrey Epstein during the time period that the Defendant was requesting that Tony find some young females to bring to Jeffrey Epstein’s home. See Figueroa at 184-185. The Palm Beach Police Report reflects that “[REDACTED]” and “[REDACTED]” also brought seventeen year old [REDACTED] to the home to perform sexual massages. See GIUFFRE 05641. [REDACTED] thereafter recruited a number of other young girls to perform sexual

massages as reflected in the Palm Beach Police Report. **Giuffre 001427 (pictured above) – 1/2/03 – JE from [REDACTED] “Wants to know if she should bring her friend [REDACTED] with tonight.”**

- This message pad reflects multiple sexual massages being scheduled for the same day which corroborates Virginia GIUFFRE, [REDACTED] and Johanna Sjorberg's testimony that Jeffrey Epstein required that he have multiple orgasms in a day which occurred during these sexual massages. **Giuffre 001449 (pictured above) – 9/03/05 JE from [REDACTED] – “I left message for [REDACTED] to confirm for 11:00 a.m. and [REDACTED] for 4:30 p.m.”**
- This message pad shows a friend of Jeffrey Epstein's discussing with him how he had sex with an 18 year old who had also been with Jeffrey Epstein. **Giuffre – 001456 (pictured above)– undated JE from Jean Luc – “He just did a good one – 18 years – she spoke to me and said “I love Jeffrey.”**

Law enforcement was able to confirm identities of underage victims through the use of the names and telephone numbers in these message pads:

Q. The next line down is what I wanted to focus on, April 5th, 2005. This trash pull, what evidence is yielded from this particular trash pull?

THE WITNESS: The trash pull indicated that there were several messages with written items on it. There was a message from HR indicating that there would be an 11:00 appointment. There were other individuals that had called during that day.

Q. And when you would -- when you would see females' names and telephone numbers, would you take those telephone numbers and match it to -- to a person?

THE WITNESS: We would do our best to identify who that person was.

Q. And is that one way in which you discovered the identities of some of the other what soon came to be known as victims?

THE WITNESS: Correct.

Q. Did you find names of other witnesses and people that you knew to have been associated with the house in those message pads?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q. And so what was the evidentiary value to you of the message pads collected from Jeffrey Epstein's home in the search warrant?

THE WITNESS: It was very important to corroborate what the victims had already told me as to calling in and for work.³¹

7. The Black Book

Palm Beach Police confiscated an extensive lists of contacts with their phone numbers form Defendant and Epstein's residence.³² Ghislaine Maxwell maintained a contact list in an

³¹ See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 13, Recarey Dep. Tr. at 42:14-43:17; 78:25;-79:15.

approximately 100-page-long hard copy, which was openly available to other house employees. It consisted primarily of telephone numbers, addresses, or email addresses for various personal friends, associates, employees, or personal or business connections of Epstein or Defendant. Prior to being terminated by Defendant, the Palm Beach house butler Alfredo Rodriguez printed a copy of this document and ultimately provided it to the FBI. This document reflects the numerous phone numbers of Defendant, Epstein as well as staff phone numbers. Additionally, and importantly, there are several sections entitled “Massage” alongside a geographical designation with names of females and corresponding telephone numbers. These numbers included those of underage females (with no training in massage therapy) – including [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] – identified during the criminal investigation of Epstein. This document is an authentic reflection of the people who were associated with Epstein, Defendant, and the management of their properties, and the knowledge each had of the contents of the document.

8. Sex Slave Amazon.com Book Receipt

Detective Recarey authenticated an Amazon.com receipt that the Palm Beach Police collected from Jeffrey Epstein’s trash. The books he ordered are titled:

- (1) SM 101: A Realistic Introduction, Wiseman, Jay;
- (2) SlaveCraft: Roadmaps for Erotic Servitude – Principles, Skills and Tools by Guy Baldwin; and
- (3) Training with Miss Abernathy: A Workbook for Erotic Slaves and Their Owners, by Christina Abernathy, as shown below:

³² See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 45, Phone List, Public Records Request No.: 16-268 at 2282 – 2288.



This disturbing 2005 purchase corroborate Ms. Giuffre's account of being sexually exploited by Defendant and Epstein – not to mention the dozens of underage girls in the Palm Beach Police Report. Additionally, Defendant testified that she was not with Jeffrey Epstein in 2005 and 2006 when he was ordering books on how to use sex slaves; however, record evidence contradicts that testimony.

9. Thailand Folder with Defendant's Phone Number

Defendant also was integral in arranging to have Virginia go to Thailand. While Epstein had paid for a massage therapy session in Thailand, there was a catch. Defendant told Virginia she had to meet young girls in Thailand and bring her back to the U.S. for Epstein and Defendant. Indeed, on the travel records and tickets Defendant gave to Virginia, Defendant wrote on the back the name of the girl Virginia was supposed to meet, and she was also instructed to check in frequently with Defendant as it was further signified by the words "Call Ms. Maxwell (917) [REDACTED]!" on Virginia's travel documents. In this case, Virginia also produced the hard copy records from her hotel stay in Thailand paid for by Epstein. *See McCawley Dec. at Exhibit 32, 43, GIUFFRE 003191-003192; GIUFFRE 007411-007432.*