

VIGILANTE

“A Sizzling Hot Mystery”

by

SIERRA JAMES

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Excerpt:

Vince pulls her T-shirt off, her jet-black hair is tossed, and her firm breasts are waiting for his mouth. Vince licks her hard nipples, and Ginger moans with pleasure. He tugs at her shorts and pulls them down to the floor. She steps out of her shorts. Again, no panties. She's completely nude. He holds her naked body in his arms, and she reaches around - takes his hand and guides him to her bedroom.

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Description and Dedication

“Vigilante” a story about a woman who is the victim of child rape and child trafficking. The heinous crimes in our society are sometimes beyond comprehension. However, they happen every day. Some criminals are convicted and locked in cages. However, the vast majority of criminals use our cities as their private playgrounds and move about freely without even as much as a slap on the wrist.

The author will send the reader down a path of thought-provoking ideas about who is right and wrong. The reader will never find a dull moment in this fast-moving story of mystery, romance, and eroticism.

Who defines a criminal act? Who decides right and wrong? Should the public play judge and jury? Would our society be safer without certain predators lurking inside our cities, towns, and communities? Who's a predator, and who isn't? Again, who decides?

Of course, we would be safer without certain people, but who decides who is dangerous and who isn't? Some of our own 'Protect and Serve' police are predators, and many people fear them, even if they are innocent. Who should we trust? Who do we trust not to harm us?

Child Sex Trafficking has been in existence for many years all across the USA and other parts of the world. Recently it has become a hot subject due to the high numbers of children being abducted and smuggled into the USA from our southern border. Drugs used to be the big profit maker for drug dealers.

However, they have quickly discovered that human trafficking is much more prosperous.

Each child was rapped and rented out several hundred times or even thousands of times. The ages of children being abused and trafficked are anywhere from 3 years to about 16. (Boys and girls).

Pedophiles have an insatiable sexual appetite to have sex with children. These children can best survive by obeying their handlers. Handlers treat sex slaves as a business. The more money the child sex slave earn them - the better they are treated.

Many children are killed or die within only one or two years after they begin their heinous life as child sex slaves.

In this dramatic story, Ginger survived and is a compassionate woman, but she's obsessed with certain men. She is intelligent, sexy, and can arouse any man, any time, anywhere. Vince, another main

character, is a gentleman, professional, competent, good looking and doesn't appear he would hurt a fly.

They both enjoy passionate hot thrilling sex. By the end of the story, the author reveals the mysterious reason they are lovers. The sexual bond is not an accident.

Dr. Kramer is the psychiatrist who tries to warn and babysit his patients. Still, sometimes his words land on deaf ears, even when he's usually right. Dr. Kramer truly cares for his patients. However, there is just so much he can do.

The author reveals the truth and leaves the reader satisfied, but with a thought-provoking, mind-blowing reader experience that will bring YOU to a shocking end. You decide who is right and who is wrong.

I dedicate this eBook to all the missing children who become human trafficking victims for the hideous child sex trade industry.

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Chapter One

The Waiting Room

Vince is rushing through his apartment, getting ready. He has an appointment.

He quickly looks in the mirror, fixes his hair with his hands. He's a very handsome man, but the type of man who doesn't know how handsome he is. He's about 6 ft tall, medium complexion. He works out but is not fanatical, as he has a very natural build. His thick dark hair is also very appealing. He's 38 years old and enjoys playing tennis.

Vince runs out of his apartment, down a few steps, and out to his car. Vince is driving a new black BMW, and he's looking good driving it too. He backs out of his space and drives down a very crowded street in Los Angeles, California. Vince is frantically late for an appointment. A slow-moving car is in front of him. He honks and passes.

Finally, he reaches his destination and jumps out - hands the keys to a valet and hurries through a rotating glass door of a tall luxury office building. He walks straight to the elevator, hustles inside, and pushes the 8th-floor button. There were others in the elevator, but Vince has his mind on his appointment.

He gets off on the 8th floor and walks over to a door. Accidentally, his reflection is caught on the glass, quickly combs his thick dark hair with his hand, and opens the door. He walks over to the receptionist, signs in, and takes a seat.

Across from him is a very alluring woman wearing a micro-short black skirt, thin red blouse, and black high heels. She sits with her legs crossed, reading a magazine. She's bouncing her leg up and down. Vince notices her calves. She has strong legs, and he can't miss her voluptuous breasts that were just barely peeking through her thin red blouse.

He's sitting straight up in his chair-tapping his right foot. He can't keep his eyes off of her. She has full puffy lips and is wearing ruby red lipstick. Her jet-black hair hangs loosely on her shoulders. Vince looked away several times and

even looked for a magazine to read. Every time he looks away, his eyes found their way back to her.

She notices his brief glances and adjusts herself. Right when she knows he's looking, she slowly uncrosses her legs. She purposely and slowly parts her creamy thighs just long enough so Vince could see that she isn't wearing panties. Vince is quick to notice. Vince could clearly see her naked kitty. She slowly crosses her right leg over her left while adjusting her short black skirt. Her sensual movements are driving Vince crazy.

The receptionist said Dr. Kramer will see you now, Vince. Vince stands up and looks down at the woman one last time and smiles. She smiles back.

Vince walks into the psychiatrist's office and lays on the couch.

Dr. Kramer said. "Vince, I'm glad you made it, even though you're late. I don't want to treat you as a child, Vince, but every time you're late, you cause my other patients to wait as well. Your tardiness affects many people, not just you. Your self-esteem suffers each time.

"I apologize. It appears I've been late all my life." Vince said.

"How is your life going, Vince?" Dr. Kramer asked.

"Doc, it's going very well," Vince said and smiles.

"Dr. Kramer, do you believe in love at first sight?" Vince asked.

"No, I don't. It's an emotional illusion, and someone like you should be cautious about having those kinds of thoughts." Said the Doc.

"Doc, it sure seems like it's possible," Vince said.

The psychiatric session lasted for about 45 minutes, and Vince left and drove back to his office.

Chapter Two

Tennis Anyone?

Six days later . . .

Vince pulls up at the Tennis court. He's wearing the usual tennis garb; a white shirt, white tennis shorts, and Nikki tennis shoes. He quickly grabs his tennis racket from the back seat.

He's late and runs to the front entrance of the tennis club and quickly opens the door. The tennis club matches members with other similar ranked tennis players for a match. Vince doesn't know who his play match will be.

Vince stands at the counter. The assistant manager tells Vince his match player is in the restroom right now. Vince turns around and takes a seat. Vince is sitting while leaning forward, staring at the floor and twirling his racket. Suddenly, out she walks.

Vince looks up and is in shock, and his eyes open wide. It's the gorgeous woman from the waiting room. She's wearing a totally black tennis outfit; a black shirt and black tennis shorts. Her tennis shoes are even black, but she's wearing red socks.

Vince stands up and smiles. She smiles.

"So, we meet again. I'm Vince."

She says. "Isn't this ironic?" Ginger quickly extends her hand. Vince accepts her hand with a gentle squeeze. She squeezes back but much tighter. Vince is wearing a ring, and he could feel a slight pinch from her firm hands. Ginger looks directly into Vince's eyes and smiles.

Vince and Ginger walk to their assigned tennis court. Ginger serves the ball. Vince is super surprised by her powerful swing. She can hit a ball harder than most men. Ginger is obviously taking this game seriously. Vince is doing everything he can to impress her with his tennis moves, but nothing is working.

Ginger is winning all points but two. Vince serves the ball, and Ginger slugs it back without hardly any effort. Vince hits it back to her. She runs up and smashes the ball. Ginger slugs the tennis ball as if it were a bullet from a rifle. She returns the ball with a powerful and shocking blow. The ball smashes Vince in the middle of the chest.

Vince is knocked down, and he can feel the burn. Ginger stands on her side of the court, holding her racket, and doesn't say a word.

Vince slowly got up and said. "I'm done."

Ginger smiles and jumps over the net. She runs over and plants a big kiss on Vince's lips.

Ginger says, "Vince, you're a great tennis player."

"Yeah, well, you beat me fair and square," said Vince.

"Let's meet later for a drink, want to?" Ginger asked.

"Sure, why not," Vince said. He was catching his breath.

Ginger never mentions the powerful and painful blow she sent crashing into Vince's chest and never apologizes. Vince tries to man up and doesn't mention it either.

Chapter Three

Ginger and Vince casually sit at the impressive upscale bar. The bartender is sporting a white long sleeve shirt and black bow tie, and black vest. The 5-star restaurant lounge is decorated with dark mahogany wood, a beautiful and exclusive establishment. Vince has a membership in the private area of the lounge.

A woman approaches.

"We have your table ready, Mr. Moray; please follow me." said the hostess.

The hostess walks over and swings open two large dark mahogany doors. She shows Ginger and Vince to their table right by the large bay window overlooking Los Angeles's hills. It was an incredible view. Vince pulls the chair out for Ginger, and they both sit down. The table has an elegant white linen tablecloth, and it drapes almost down to the floor.

Both of them instantly look out the window and enjoy the view. Vince is nervous because Ginger has been on his mind since the first minute he saw her in the waiting room. He's thinking of the moment when her thighs parted, exposing her nicely shaved parts. He gets hard anytime he thinks of that time in the waiting room.

It's as though Ginger can read Vince's mind. Ginger slides off her right high heel under the table and slides her foot into Vince's crotch, and presses. Ginger doesn't say a word; she stares out the window. Vince is a gentleman. He's excited but feels like this could be a dream. Reality has not set in yet. Vince is thinking, and it's a good thing the white tablecloth hangs low enough to hide her wondering foot.

"Do you like red wine?" Vince asked.

"I love it. I like anything RED." Ginger smiles with a smirk.

The waiter comes to the table, and he asks for their order.

Vince said. "We'll have two glasses of red wine, a matter of fact, bring us a bottle, and you choose it.

The waiter said, "Yes, Sir," and he scampers off.

The white tablecloth is long. It hangs down over the table, enough to cover most any activity under the table. Ginger's foot is still massaging Vince's growing bulge. She's wearing ruby red lipstick and a long slinky backless black dress with a slit up the side. Her red high heels make her about 3" taller. Ginger is only about 5'4".

"So, do you like how my foot is massaging your cock right now?" Ginger asks.

Vince just took a drink of water. He coughed and almost spurted water out his nose, but he was able to maintain it. Ginger smiled and gazed back out the window.

Vince is thinking, Damn, I bet her body looks incredible naked.

The waiter returns with two wine glasses, and he opens the wine bottle. The red wine is poured. Vince motions that the wine was superb, and the waiter continued to pour for both glasses. Vince requests a hors d'œuvre.

Ginger is still slowly stroking Vince's cock with her foot, and she feels his dick growing. Vince keeps both hands on the table and acts like nothing is happening.

"I'm glad we're together this evening, aren't you?"

Ginger says in her husky sultry voice.

"Yes, I am glad, and I have to admit something. You've been on my mind since the first day we saw each other in the waiting room."

Vince said while looking down at her red-polished fingernails.

Ginger looks directly into his eyes and softly says, "Ditto."

Ginger is thinking . . . of course you've been thinking of me, and I gave you a perfect reason too.

Vince clears his throat and gets serious. He adjusts the knot of his tie.

"I see Dr. Kramer because of my anxiety issues."

Vince said.

Ginger says, "I see Dr. Kramer because I'm a sick psychopath."

Vince giggles and says, "That's funny."

The waiter returns from the kitchen with fresh hummus, tabouli, steamed clams, and pita bread. The wine bottle is nearly finished. Vince and Ginger are feeling good.

Ginger said. "I'm a very private person, are you?"

"Good, we have something else in common. Ditto on privacy." Vince quipped back, smiling, and drinks the last gulp of wine.

"If everything goes right, we'll have lots more in common." Ginger quipped.

Ginger smiles and touches Vince's hand. She squeezes it, then moves her foot from his crotch and slides it back into her high heel.

Ginger stands up, leans over, and whispers into Vince's ear. "Follow me."

Still holding Vince's hand, she guides him towards the women's restroom. She sneaks a peek inside the restroom to make sure it's empty – it is. She guides him inside. It's a very posh restroom. White marble countertops and the dark mahogany stalls went from the floor to the ceiling and very private. Vince is just going along for the ride.

Ginger guides Vince to the back stall, swings the door open, shoving him inside, latches the door, and pushes him against the wall. She lustfully kisses Vince passionately, sliding her hands up and around his crotch. She softly bites his lip and sucks his tongue. Vince is rock hard. Ginger is already wet and excited.

Ginger frantically unbuckles the belt on Vince's Khaki slacks, slides them down to his knees. His purple boxers follow. Vince quickly springs into action. Ginger goes down, slides her mouth over the head, and sucks. Ginger is frantically performing like a woman who enjoys a man. She takes her left hand and massages while sucking and stroking. His member is slippery wet from Ginger's mouth. Vince is about to explode.

Vince says in a loud whisper. "Stop, baby."

Ginger stands up, and Vince turns her body around. He pulls up her slinky dress; she's not wearing any panties. Vince got a view of her gorgeous naked ass. He feels her wet pussy from behind, and she moans. Vince slowly inserts just the head inside and pulls it almost out, but he pushes it in a little deeper, allowing her to get used to it.

Once again, he pulls himself almost out and plunges deep inside. Again, Ginger moans. He gives her his hard hot rod slowly at first.

Ginger says in a loud whisper. "Vince, give it to me!".

He feverishly pounds her from behind. Her tight ass barely jiggled.

Ginger moans. "I'm Cumming, don't stop."

Vince was about to explode - Ginger came, and her pussy is pulsating on Vince's hardness.

Vince, let's loose. "Ugh!" he shot his joy juice.

"Oh, your hot cum feels so good," Ginger says in a loud whisper.

Ginger does something unexpected. She quickly turns around; while sitting on the commode, she sucks and drains Vince's last

drop. This puts Vince in another world. He looks down at her. Ginger's luscious red lips wrapped around his thick cock are locked into his memory.

He thinks, I've never had a lover like this, what an incredibly sexy woman. Ginger finalizes the sexy session with a bit of a bite on the tip of Vince's member.

He lets out a muffled scream. Ginger looks up and smiles.

Suddenly, they hear the door open, and two women are talking and giggling. Vince and Ginger remain quiet. The two women just wanted to have a quick private chat because they left within seconds.

Ginger and Vince quickly adjusted their clothes. Ginger went to the mirror and fixed her lipstick with her finger and a Kleenex. Vince combed his hair with his hands, as usual. They returned to their table as if nothing happened.

Chapter Four

Meeting with My Psychiatrist

Vince is lying on the couch, staring at the ceiling.

Dr. Kramer is sitting in a dark leather high wing back chair beside him.

Vince said I've met the most incredible woman, Dr. Kramer."

Dr. Kramer said, "Yeah, tell me about her."

Vince's not sure how the doctor would react if he knew he was fucking one of his patients, so he kept it private.

"Doc, she's the sexiest woman I've ever known, and she makes me feel like a man," Vince said.

Doctor says, "Well, that could be a good thing. Would it be fair to say she appreciates and values your masculine qualities?"

"Oh yeah, she knows all about my masculine qualities." Vince quips.

The doctor responded. "Vince, I want you to be cautious with the type of women you date. I don't believe you're ready for a full-blown relationship right now. The last woman ripped your heart out and nearly ate it, remember? As a matter of fact, that is why we have these sessions.

I really feel you need a few more sessions with me before you start seriously dating or choosing a woman for any long-term relationship."

Vince is lying on the couch with a secret because he fucked the doctor's patient just a few days ago, and it was the most exciting sex he ever had. Vince is thinking, I want more of Ginger, and I don't want the Doc to tell me "no."

Vince tells the doctor about his anxiety and tells the doctor he's starting to feel better. He's feeling less stressed and more confident.

Dr. Kramer ends the session by clearly explaining to Vince.

Dr. Kramer said, "I believe you are getting better, but I don't believe you have the ability to choose a woman who will be kind and loving to you."

Vince said. "You're probably right, Doc."

Dr. Kramer added. "Vince, I know I'm right. Please take my words seriously. You can't tell the difference between a Bengal Tiger and an ordinary house cat at this point in your life. I know you're feeling more confident, but please trust me. OK?"

"Yes, I understand, Doc," as he bows his head.

Chapter Five

Second Date

Four days later . . .

Vince is pacing the floor in his large office. The legal secretary walks in.

“Please do not let me miss my doctor’s appointment. I almost forgot last time.” Vince said.

She said. “No problem, I already have it posted on your calendar.”

Vince’s becoming impatient while waiting for a phone call from Ginger. Ginger is a respected trauma nurse and works at the emergency center at the local hospital. High-profile doctors and the hospital staff highly respect her. Everyone at the hospital knows her extra compassion.

Ginger has ridiculous hours, and her life is wrapped around her duties at the hospital emergency center. Frequently, Ginger is almost obsessed with her job as an emergency room nurse. She deals primarily with people who have critical injuries, emotional trauma, and she works with the room surgeons.

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It’s about 10 pm. Ginger finally rings Vince’s phone.

She says. “It’s late. Let’s not go out. Bring over a pizza and a bottle of wine to my place, and let’s play.”

“Sounds like a plan” I’ll be there within the hour,” Vince said.

Ginger opens the door, wearing a very short, over-size torn T-shirt and short jean shorts. She’s barefooted. Vince stands there with a pizza and a bottle of wine. She dashes over, opens the wine, and pours two glasses. Vince lays the pizza on the kitchen counter.

She lifts her wine glass to his and says.” Cheers!”

Ginger takes a big drink of wine and says, “Oh my god, I needed that - I’m so glad you came over tonight. I need a good fuck.”

Vince is not used to a beautiful professional woman being so direct, but he loves it. Ginger turned around to pick

up a dropped napkin and exposed more of her ass, and Vince could feel his dick twitching.

He wants more of Ginger.

Ginger walks over and loosely drapes her arms around Vince's neck.

She gently kisses his lips and says, "I think you're so handsome, and I want your delicious cock again."

She drops one hand down and rubs his bulge. As Vince's cock grows and it makes Ginger want him more. Vince is hard as stone.

Vince pulls her T-shirt off, her jet-black hair is tossed, and her firm breasts are waiting for his mouth. Vince licks her hard nipples, and Ginger moans with pleasure. He tugs at her shorts and pulls them down to the floor. She steps out of her shorts. Again, no panties. She's completely nude. He holds her naked body in his arms, and she reaches around - takes his hand and guides him to her bedroom.

Ginger lays on the bed. Her beautiful body lying on her black satin sheets is truly exotic. Her red pillowcases set the stage for an erotic sexual experience. Vince quickly removes his clothes - he's totally aroused. Ginger is very limber as she opens her legs open for Vince. She is wet and ready.

Ginger says, "Vince, come fuck me. Please hurry. I need you now."

Vince doesn't waste any time. He mounts her immediately. He plunges deep inside, and Ginger lets out a loud moan.

Ginger says, "God, I love your hard cock- give it all to me, baby."

Vince thrusts in and out, in and out. It didn't take long, and Ginger let out a loud scream saying, "I'm Cumming!!!"

They switch positions, and Ginger crawls on top. She fucks like it was the last fuck she'll ever get. She rocks on his hardness.

Ginger is strong and knows how to take care of her man. She laid on top and moved her hips up and down. Her wetness and her ass are engulfing his hard rod with an erotic rhythm he's never experienced.

Vince said, "Baby, slow down. I'm about to explode."

Ginger says, "No, I like how you feel inside. I don't want this to end, baby."

Ginger's sex talk excites Vince even more....he explodes inside her. Vince does something she doesn't expect this time. He quickly turns Ginger on her back and ravishes her wet lips with his mouth

and tongue. His tongue finds her clit and sucks it. Ginger is moaning, and then her moans turn into whimpering cries.

Ginger lets out one big scream. "Oh my god....I'm Cumming!"

Vince keeps sucking and tantalizing her clit.

"No more, no more." moans Ginger.

Vince's face is slippery wet with their cum and body fluids.

Ginger reaches for Vince's face.

Ginger said. "Kiss me, baby. I want to taste our juices on your mouth and tongue."

Vince didn't argue. He passionately kisses Ginger sharing the juices with her. She reaches down between her legs. She inserts her fingers inside her and brings more juices for them to share. They both lick and suck the juices from her fingers.

Vince is thinking. This is the most erotic woman I've ever met.

They lay in bed exhausted and wet.

Ginger says. "Wow, what a great fuck, that was amazing. You're a great lover, and your hard dick is absolutely wonderful. Vince, baby, you make me cum so good."

Vince feels like a man and is loving what he hears. The women in the past seldom complimented him as Ginger does. It's good to hear. He's thinking. No other woman has ever made me feel like this. I feel like a real man.

They erotically enjoyed each other by candlelight. There's a red stick candle on the nightstand, and it is lit. Ginger reaches over, brings the stick candle, and hovers it over Vince's chest. She allows the hot wax to drip down. Vince winced, then she immediately dripped a bit of burning candle wax on his limp member.

Vince said. "No, that hurts!"

Ginger just smiles. She rolls over and puts the candle back on the nightstand.

Ginger gets up and walks into the kitchen. Vince watches her gorgeous body walk away. She returns with some ice cubes wrapped in a paper towel. She lays one cube on his chest where the hot candle wax is and the other on his limp dick.

Ginger softly said. "This will cool you down, baby."

“You’re such a sweetheart,” Vince said lovingly.

Chapter Six

The Boss

Vince is at the office and finding it difficult to focus. All he can think about is Ginger. Vince is a hardworking criminal attorney.

He's part of a giant law firm and is working hard to become a senior partner someday.

He has defended rapists, robbers, child molesters, drug dealers, and even killers. He has experience with supporting hundreds of evil criminals. He prides himself on knowing the criminal mindset, and he's excellent at defending them. Vince is respected among his peers as a great defense attorney.

Sex slaves in the California towns have become big business in past years. Today, it's a multi-billion dollar business. Vince's law firm is known to defend many crime bosses who run the child sex slave trade industry. Vince has created a highly respected reputation from his peers and these crime bosses. Vince has successfully defended many of these sex slave human traffickers.

Vince's boss, Gregory Yates, walks into his office and says, "Vince, I want you to take the Charlie Sanders case.

Vince said. "Thank you, Sir. I won't let you down."

His boss, Mr. Yates, said. "There is nobody else I trust to take this case. Sanders is a big rich dog, and we can't lose this case. We must get this man acquitted. He must be found not guilty!

Vince said. "No problem, Sir, I'll take care of it. I won't let you down. Sir."

Mr. Yates said. "Did you hear about James Ingram?"

Vince said. "No, what?"

Mr. Yates said. "As you know, James was the head criminal attorney here. He was killed. Nobody seems to have any suspects."

Vince said. "Well, maybe it was his wife. I hear she found out about his infidelity."

Mr. Yates said. "Who knows? I want you to focus on the Charlie Sander's case."

Yates starts to walk out of Vince's office but turns around.

Mr. Yates said. "Oh, almost forgot, I'll be gone for a couple of days. I'm taking the Mrs. to a very secret anniversary hideaway."

Vince said. "No problem. I'll be here holding the fort down until you get back."

Charlie Sanders runs a large group of young sex slaves in the Los Angeles area. It's believed that he has about 80 to 120 child sex slaves. Young girls and boys. His criminal organization earns millions of dollars, and he can easily afford an expensive legal defense.

The worst part about Charlie Sanders is; all the girls and boys he pimps out are under age, from 9 years old to about 16.

Charlie Sanders is a creepy character who caters to pedophiles and really needs to go to prison forever. Many of the pedophiles are politicians, movie stars, and even law enforcement. Vince knows this too well, but the money gained by defending Charlie Sanders cannot be passed up. Vince knows Charlie Sanders is pure SCUM.

The authorities are holding Charlie Sanders at his home with a police bodyguard while waiting for trial.

Vince is thinking about Ginger and the erotic sex they encountered. He also knows he should be focusing more on the Charlie Sanders case.

Vince's assistant walks into his office and says, "There's a woman on line three."

Vince says, "Ok, I'll take it. Hi, this is Vince Murray. Can I help you?"

A low sultry woman's voice says, "Hello, lover boy."

It was Ginger. Vince got almost instantly aroused by the sound of her voice.

"Hi, how did you get this number, and how do you know where I work?" Vince asked.

Ginger softly says. "Oh, you would be surprised what I know about you, lover boy."

Vince doesn't know what to feel. He's thinking. Should I feel violated, or should I feel flattered? Is this what Dr. Kramer is talking about? *Vince is thinking, why don't I know the right way to feel? Should I be intimidated by this woman, or should I go with my feelings? I think I'm falling in love with her. She makes me feel out of control, and I think I like it.*

Vince finds Ginger absolutely irresistible.

Ginger says, "So, cat got your tongue?"

"No, not at all. I was just reading something," said Vince.

Ginger says, "I'm in the area. I thought we would go to lunch. I'm visiting a nearby hospital in about two hours. I can drop by and pick you up.

"That sounds good, and I assume you already know the address, right? Vince said.

Ginger giggled, "I'll be there in front of your office building at exactly 11:45."

Ginger hangs up. Vince is left listening to a dial tone.

Vince is standing in front of his office building. He was early and didn't want to be late to meet Ginger, looking at his watch. It's precisely 11:45, and he looks straight ahead. In front of him is Ginger sitting in a black convertible with red seat covers. She turns her head towards Vince and smiles. She's wearing oversized sunglasses.

Vince runs over to her car and climbs inside.

She leans over and kisses his mouth while laying her right hand on his crotch. She gives his crotch a quick squeeze.

Ginger says softly. "I missed you."

Chapter Seven

I'm Hooked

Three days later . . .

Vince stands in front of Ginger's door. He's holding twelve red roses.

Ginger opens the door and says. "Red" I love it.

Thank you."

She kisses Vince's mouth, and he walks in. Ginger puts the roses in a large vase, then ignores them.

Vince is surprised. Over by the window is a candle-lit small dining room table for two. The table is set with a black table cloth, a black candle with red cloth napkins. She has food ready to serve.

Vince says. "You didn't have to go to all this trouble."

Ginger said. "You're worth it. My favorite Chinese restaurant delivered this. I hope you enjoy it."

They sit down, and Ginger takes a bottle of wine and pours it into two wine glasses. She raises her wine glass, and they click glasses.

She says, "Cheers, baby."

Vince is thinking. I'm hooked. I love this woman, and I want to be with her every day.

"This Chinese food is excellent, Ginger," Vince said with half a mouth full.

Ginger said. "Thanks. I'm glad you like it too."

They finish their dinner, and Vince stands up, starting to remove his plate and take it to the kitchen, but Ginger stops him by gently grabbing his arm.

Ginger says. "Nope, tonight is not about work. This is about pleasure and relaxation."

She stands up and grabs his crotch while planting a big wet kiss on his mouth.

Again, Ginger is lustfully dressed; a mini skirt and a revealing blouse. A stylish white couch sits in the center of the room. Vince pulls Ginger over and bends her over the back of the sofa. Half of her bare ass is exposed. Vince quickly lifts her skirt up above her waist. Again, she has no panties, and her ass is fully exposed. Vince feels her moistness. He gently inserts his middle finger.

Ginger is wet and ready.

He reaches under her and massages her pussy. Ginger moans, and that's Vince's cue. He pulls out his hard manhood with his right hand while his left hand is under her waist. He gently inserts just the tip of his maleness. He slowly moves in and out, then plunges deep inside. She's hot to receive his hot rod. Ginger moves her ass from side to side because she enjoys feeling his big cock as much as possible.

Ginger says, moaning, "Vince, fuck me, baby, fuck me hard."

Vince pumps Ginger with his throbbing maleness.

She quivers and cums big.

Ginger says. "I want to cum again. Please keep pounding me, baby."

Vince fucks her faster and faster. Ginger's ass is looking very exotic, and Vince's losing control. He feels close to shooting his juice.

"Slap my ass, baby." Moans Ginger.

Vince obeys and slaps her ass.

Ginger says sternly. "Harder, baby."

Vince is pounding her and slaps her ass at the same time. Ginger's ass is pink from the slapping.

Ginger creams and cums again. Her pussy actually squirts warm body fluid all over Vince's hard hammer. This excites Vince. He explodes and slows down. Ginger feels his throbbing dick, turns around, goes down on her knees, and sucks the last bit of juice from Vince's hardness. Vince leans back and moans with pleasure. Ginger is satisfied and licks Vince's juice from her lips.

Ginger stands up and looks into Vince's eyes, and says. "Baby, that was incredible".

Vince sits on the couch. Ginger leaves the room and returns in a sheer black nightgown. She sits down close to him and plays with his hair.

Vince holds her hand and says. "Ginger, I'm feeling very close to you, and I want to make you happy."

Ginger says. "Believe me, baby, you make me very happy," and she reaches between his legs and gives his crotch a soft squeeze."

"What I'm saying is; I'm hooked on you, Ginger, and I want to be your exclusive lover," Vince says in a low voice.

Ginger softly kisses Vince. She bites his lower lip, and it bleeds.

Vince pulls away. "Ouch, my god, why do you enjoy hurting me?"

Vince puts his finger to his bitten lip and rubs it. He sees blood on his fingers. Ginger smiles and softly kisses his painfully bloody lip.

Chapter Eight

Mystery Date

Four days later . . .

It's Friday night. Vince's working late at the office. He and his assistant are working on the Charlie Sanders case. Vince's tie is loosely hanging around his neck, and he's tired. It's about 8 pm.

The secretary, Liz, walks into Vince's office.

Liz said. "I've not heard from Mr. Yates, have you?"

Vince said. "Oh, I don't know, he's a big boy."

Liz said. "Well, he's been gone all week."

Vince said. "Gosh, I've been so busy I never thought about it. Maybe they had such a good time they decided to stay longer."

Liz said. "Yeah, but it's not like him not to call."

Vince's cell phone rings. He lets it go to voice mail. He's too busy, and his assistant was available, and he didn't want her to listen to his conversation.

The assistant walks out of his office as Vince received a text message. Ginger is requesting Vince to meet her at a motel room. She leaves the name of the motel and the room number. Her message also says that she has a surprise for him and be there at 10 pm sharp.

Vince is smiling as he listens to the message.

Vince is finishing up his work, and his assistant has left. It's 9:30 pm. He didn't know it was that late. He rushes around, throws his papers in his attaché case, and slips on his sport jacket.

Vince briskly walks out of the office.

He says good night to the night office guard. He takes the elevator down to the underground parking lot.

Vince is driving like a mad man and is excited about meeting Ginger. It's only been four days, but it feels like an eternity. He called her yesterday and left a message, but she never returned his call. He doesn't want to be late for his mystery date. There is no telling what erotic sexual experience Ginger has up her sleeve.

He arrives at the motel and parks. He takes the elevator up to the 6th floor and walks quickly down the hallway.

He looks up, and he's standing in front of the motel room, number 613. He's thinking, yep, this is it, and he's super excited. He's curious about what she's wearing.

There's a note taped to the door that says, Vince, come in. He looks down and sees a spoon between the door and the door jam to keep the door open. He slowly opens the door and creeps into the room. At first, the room appears dark, except for the street lights barely shining through the curtains. As he walks into the room, he could hear Ginger's muffled moaning sounds.

He could recognize her moans anywhere, but he can't figure out why she's moaning. Vince walks slower and walks around a short wall. Now he can view the entire room. A low-light lamp is next to the bed, providing the right amount of light to see clearly.

He stood about eight feet from the bed. He's shocked and can't believe his eyes.

Ginger is completely naked and is in bed with two men.

The white man was on top of her fucking her madly, then he rolled off, and the black man took over. Ginger quickly wrapped her legs around his waist. Ginger was moaning with pleasure.

Vince is confused. Is this reality or a fucking nightmare? He's confused and is forced to turn his head away from the scene. Vince quickly walks out of the room and runs down the hallway. He's in mental pain and jumps into his car. He smashes his fists on the steering wheel and speeds off. Vince has tears running down his face. He has no idea where to go or what to do. He's hurt and running on pure emotion.

Vince is not thinking clearly. He's full of sadness, pain, and rage.

Chapter Nine

Jealousy is a Killer

Same night.

Vince sits at a small dark bar. There's an early edition newspaper lying on the bar. There is an article on the front page: PROMINENT CRIMINAL ATTORNEY, GREGORY YATES FOUND DEAD.

Vince is in shock and rapidly reads the article. His mind is clouded with all types of emotions. He just witnessed the woman he loves in bed with two men; now he's reading where his boss is dead. Vince rubs his head and loosens his tie.

Vince asks the bartender for three shots of Crown Royal. Vince quickly shoots them down one after another. A client from the past is sitting at the other end of the bar. Alex is a pocked marked man wearing a black leather sports jacket. He's not Vince's friend. He's a drug dealer that Vince defended once, and Vince got him acquitted.

Alex wants to help his counselor. Vince will not share his personal issues with Alex, but Alex knows Vince is emotionally fucked up. Alex offers Vince some snow. It's been years since Vince did any cocaine, and Vince accepts.

They walk to the car. Alex is driving a new white Mercedes. They both engage in a bump of cocaine.

Vince says. "Wow, this feels almost pure. This could give someone a heart attack, Alex.

"You know me, counselor, I only get the best." Said Alex.

They walk back into the bar, and Vince orders another Crown on the rocks. It's 4:30 am. Vince's heart is pounding, and he's drunk. His rage has intensified. The bump of cocaine perked Vince's mind up, and his thoughts are spinning with questions.

He thinks, I love Ginger, how could she do this to me? His boss is dead, and his most prominent client, Charlie Sanders, might as well be deceased. What should I do? He's thinking . . . *I thought she loved me? How could she do this to me? How can I fix it? I don't want to lose her. What did I do to deserve all of this? Indeed, she didn't expect me to join her little orgy? Now that my boss is dead, will I become a senior partner quicker?*

Vince's phone is vibrating. He's receiving another text from Ginger. The message says – I'm at my apartment. Do not show up

before 6 am. I want you. Please come to me, baby. Again, Vince's heart is pounding. He wants to rush into her arms – but he has emotional and mental pain with the memory of her fucking those two men.

Vince thinks he needs to get answers to what is happening in his drugged induced and alcohol-soaked mind, and he can't wait. He needs resolution, and he wants it now.

He runs out to his car and drives about five miles to Ginger's apartment.

Vince is thinking of the last woman who ripped his heart out. He received no resolution and no closure. Vince and his fiancé were about to be married, and she left town with his cousin just two weeks before they were to be married. The pain and humiliation he felt were unbearable. This incident put Vince into serious therapy with Dr. Kramer.

His fiancé and his cousin were never seen again by the family. Vince can't bear to be a victim again. He must make this right with Ginger. Vince is thinking - *maybe he should follow her request and not show up until 6 am.... or perhaps if he shows up early at her apartment before 6 am, he will catch her doing something else crazy.*

Vince is not thinking clearly. He feels rage, but he's hoping for the best. Vince wants Ginger and doesn't want to lose her, but at the same time, he's in mental pain. He's drunk, and his head is spinning.

He parks his car and briskly walks up to her apartment. Vince trips on the last step. He's anxious, and the adrenaline is pumping hard. Vince is scared and doesn't know what to expect. He stands in front of her door. It's about 5:45 in the morning.

He puts his ear to the door. Again, he could hear Ginger moaning and loud whispers. He could even hear her sexual moaning sounds – the slapping together of two bodies. *Surely, she's not doing this again? He thinks.*

Vince feels nothing but anger and is full of rage. Enough is enough. His mind is reeling with thoughts of revenge. He's thinking. I will not be a fool again. I must confront this directly. He knocks on the door as hard as he could with his fist. Nobody opens the door. He knocks on the door again as hard as he could. No answer. He puts his ear to the door, and he can still hear fucking sounds, and Ginger's moans are even louder.

Vince is ready for battle whoever opens the door. His hair is messed up, half of his white shirt is hanging out of his pants, and he's drunk.

He backs up and runs at the door - body slams the door. It doesn't budge. Again, Vince steps back about 6 feet. He runs at the door and body slams the door as hard as he can with his shoulder. The door flies off one of the hinges, splinters of wood are tossed into the apartment, and the door is open wide. Vince stumbles inside.

He looks around the room and doesn't see anyone. He stumbles a few more feet into the apartment. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Ginger. She's aiming a gun at him.

She growls. "Lights out, mother fucker!"

Ginger wastes no time. She fires three bullets into Vince's chest from a powerful 357 magnum; a bullet instantly pierces Vince's heart. He has a dead stare. His body drops to the floor, face down. Ginger walks over and watches his red blood spew from his body. Ginger grabs her camera sitting on the table and takes four digital pictures of Vince's lifeless body from different angles. Vince is dead.

She steps over to the small table where the small tape recorder was sitting. She turned off the tape recorder... it was the sexual sounds and moaning that Vince heard outside her apartment door.

Ginger casually calls 911.

In a fearful voice, Ginger says. "I'm scared. A man just broke into my house, and I shot him. I think he's dead."

Operator said. "Stay right there, remain calm, and we'll send a unit there immediately. Ginger rubs onion juice in her eyes to make it appear she's crying.

The police arrive - the door is open, and Ginger is sitting on the couch. She rocks her body to display emotional turmoil. The police took pictures, questioned Ginger, then carried Vince's body out in a body bag.

Ginger told the police the body was that of a man she was briefly dating and no longer wanted to see again in a quivering voice. He wouldn't take no for an answer. He had been following me all evening. He knocked, but I wouldn't let him in.

One of the police officers said to the other in a low voice. "This is clearly an act of self-defense. After all, the jerk kicked the door plumb off the hinge."

Chapter Ten

Meeting with My Psychiatrist

Three days later . . .

Ginger walks into Dr. Kramer's office, and Dr. Kramer was sitting in his chair reading the newspaper. He looks up over his glasses.

He says. "Hi Ginger, I was just reading about a patient of mine who missed his appointment, now I know why . . . he was killed."

Ginger cheerfully says, "Oh yeah, was it a man or woman?"

Dr. Kramer said. "It was a man, and it says a woman shot him."

"Was he someone who could be dangerous?" Ginger asked.

Dr. Kramer said. "I certainly didn't think so. This news disturbs me. What a shame."

Ginger tested the doctor to see if he would accidentally leak out some information and see if Vince ever mentioned her. After all, they both share the same psychiatrist.

Ok....lets talk about Ginger.

Ginger lays down on the couch. Dr. Kramer is sitting in a chair next to her.

Dr. Kramer is reading over his notes.

"According to our last visit, you were telling me about something very traumatic that happened in your younger years. Would you like to talk about it?" asked Dr. Kramer -My notes say that you were a sex slave from eight years old until you were about 16 years old?"

"Ginger said. "Yes, that's true." Ginger said. "I was kidnapped at a local mall parking lot. I have ripped away from my family and everyone I knew. I was totally dependent on the criminals who stole me. They fed me and protected me. I was a profit source. Most of the sexual acts happened at night. I slept mostly during the day."

Dr. Kramer said." Oh my god, I had no idea."

Ginger continued. "Each evening and into the early hours, I was raped repeatedly by 20 to 30 or more men. One after another would open the door and walk inside the darkroom. I was raped about 30,000 times from eight years old to a few days before my

16th birthday; Sundays were my day of rest. I was a huge profit source for the sex traffic handlers."

"How did you cope and keep your sanity, Ginger?"
Asked the doctor.

"The other girls taught me to disassociate or think of something else other than what was happening to my body at the time. I would imagine helping my mother with the dishes, or I would think about my birthday parties.' Said Ginger in a distant voice.

"How were you ever able to escape this horrific situation?" Dr. Kramer asked.

"An angel helped me to escape, or at least that's what I call her. She took me to meet her family, and they took care of me. My family lived clear across the country." Ginger explained.

Dr. Kramer asked. "That must have been painful for your family, and they must have missed you very much."

Ginger said. "I wasn't the same girl. I couldn't go home and face my family. I was a different person. My angel and her family provided the means for me to get an education, and I became a trauma nurse. I'm in contact with my parents, and they are very proud of me. My angel is my best friend. She's a legal secretary for a very high-profile law firm here in Los Angeles."

Dr. Kramer said. "This is our fourth session, and you never brought this child abuse event until the last part of our last session. We need to address this issue. Ginger, you're wearing red lipstick, red fingernail polish, and red high heels, and I also notice you always wear a combination of red and black."

"I'm not surprised you noticed, Dr. Kramer, that's your job, but most people seldom notice it. I wear red and black, and there is also red and black in many other parts of my life. I wear it as a reminder," Ginger said.

"Black indicates the darkness I endured during those years. The room was also dark when the men rape me so that I couldn't identify the men. The red indicates the RAGE I feel for anyone who partakes, encourages, or profits from child sex slavery. I never want to forget what happened to me because evil can only prevail when good people do nothing".

Dr. Kramer. "Yeah, I can understand why you say that, my dear. I'm sorry you had to endure such a traumatic experience. I'm glad you're alive. Many of the children are killed and sometimes just for the fun of it."

"I know. I witnessed several girls who were strangled and thrown away like yesterday's trash". Ginger cries.

Dr. Kramer sits down next to Ginger and wraps his arm around her shoulders to comfort her. Ginger snuggles her face into his shoulder and sobs.

A few hours later . . .

Ginger is sitting on her sofa inside her apartment. There is soft jazz music playing in the background. It's evening, and the curtain is open. The night stars are twinkling. Ginger takes a sip of her red wine and sits the wine glass back on the coffee table. She reaches for her laptop sitting on the coffee table and sits back on the sofa. She opens it, and within a few clicks, she calmly brings up a full page of dead bloody body scenes.

Ginger browses all the dead men in all types of scenarios, page after page. She goes to the next page and focuses on her last successful kills.

She looks at James Ingram and Gregory Yates' bloody dead bodies, then she focuses and stares at Vince's photo. Vince's blood-soaked lifeless body lays on the floor.

SHE FELT the BLACK darkness that is fresh in her mind, and Vince's RED blood reminds her of her anger and rage she feels when she's sitting alone.

Ginger cries out loud in an angry RAGE-filled voice.
"ANOTHER ONE BITES THE FUCKING DUST OF HELL!"

The End.

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