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Girl In The Mirror by Lizbeth Dusseau

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Prologue

It would seem that everyone in the city was swiping newspapers at dawn, not the Mirror nor the Post, but *The* Journal Of Our Times—a small, easily tattered four-page rag sometimes weekly, published sometimes sometimes in-between; whenever its publishers had enough seamy stories, antics, jokes and pictures available to make their scandal sheet worth printing. Few people actually knew it by its name or called it any name for that matter. In some circles, it was simply abridged to The Journal, and spoken of with a snicker or a faint blush. But no man in polite company would admit that he read it. Occasionally, a secretive chuckle or two would pass between men at the clubs or taverns or in the backroom gambling parlors, but The Journal would never be mentioned in front of the ladies. No woman would admit in polite, sullied or common company that she'd even heard of such a rag, let alone read or receive a private rush from such trashy smut.

On a Friday morning in late June, the first of several extraordinary photographs appeared inside the folded pages of the latest Journal. As were all the images printed in this newspaper, this one was a salacious photograph by current 1920's standards, depicting a nude young woman—just a girl actually, but a girl old enough to know what she was doing and with the right to do it.

Yet, there was something quite different about this 'Girl In The Mirror'—as the photograph was titled—from other photographs printed in previous editions. The picture was taken of the girl's reflection in the mirror, while the girl, looking pleasantly wistful, remained somewhere on the sidelines sitting on a bed. She was turned slightly to the side and peering over her shoulder, while the camera recorded that side of her body from the top of her head to the top of her thighs. The photographer had managed to capture her face with an expression such as might commonly be seen after sexual intercourse, a post-coitus look of satisfaction.

One could almost imagine bending down to kiss her slightly rapturous face as she looked up longingly, her deep soulful eyes still gushing forth with desire. Although her body was extraordinarily lovely and her long, light hair was falling seductively about her shoulders, it was the eyes and the expression on her full lips that conquered everyone that early morning. She was nothing like the whores who typically posed for the rag, earning dimes and supper—if the photographer was particularly generous. The girl in the classless. divine in innocence. mirror was tenderhearted, and perhaps, one could easily imagine, a bit of an imp. The line of her back, as it delicately diminished into the sheets she held demurely around her hips, could inspire love poems, while the curve of her plump breasts begged for the touch of a hand, or even a firm squeeze. There was something durable about this one. Innocent, yes, but durable. A functional woman, a simple woman, a practical woman, yet flushed with a naïve and playful charm.

Such nipples! The two rounds puckered like sweet kisses from the centers of her full breasts. And that hand, lying inside the sheets between her thighs, would cause any man, vulgar or cultured, to quicken in his pants... suggestive, teasing and likely a deliberate device on the part of the photographer to make this photograph the kind of sleazy fare his customers expected. But it was still that face that drew men to the image again and again through their day that caused them to rip the picture from the paper once they finished the issue and pocket it in some secret place where it could be taken out and viewed again.

For the first time in its year long history, The Journal received a dozen letters from men interested in courting the girl, or hoping for another glimpse of her stunning, stylish, simple beauty. Many would not be satisfied until they discovered her identity. They would often gaze at young women near her age, in shops and brothels and on street

corners, in search of that face. But there was an unidentifiable quality about her that made her as mysterious as she was direct. Perhaps she was not a girl at all, but a mere invention, the result of camera angles, shadows, light and the individual interpretation of each man who adored that remarkable image.

Chapter One

Aimee Wynn Bloom exited the family home for the last time, leaving in the dead of night, lest her scheme be found out by those who had no business knowing her business. There was no one in the house to say goodbye to. Her family was gone: father killed in a railroad accident, her mother dying of diphtheria months later, her sister following shortly afterwards and her little brother gone to live with the aunt who had decided that Aimee could never raise a child properly. She was too silly a girl. The old woman made this assessment quickly, when she found Aimee fervently kissing a boy in the woodshed, wrapped in a clench so tight and so intertwined that one could only assume they would soon be grappling on the dusty floor, seeking bare flesh.

"Do what you like, girl," she told Aimee, as she pulled the eight-year-old Jarrod from his sister's side. "But don't come back to visit until you're properly situated. Your brother belongs to me now."

Aimee was tempted to argue, but it took few brains to realize that no one would come to her defense in her small village. Aimee was the senseless, frivolous one—the dreamer, the romantic, the slightly 'off' young woman with her head stuck in the clouds or in books. She'd never amount to anything. She might make a decent wife, some supposed—if you had a firm man standing over her. And she might bear children others speculated—but what good is a mother if she's too preoccupied with her daydreams to take care of her young? Perhaps a poet, a writer or an artist, but what use are they in a place where being practical is a daily necessity?

This was the general evaluation of Aimee Wynn Bloom by those who knew her. When she was left an orphan with one young sibling, she was hardly able to take care of herself—in her aunt's opinion—let alone a rambunctious child. When Aimee abruptly moved to the city, everyone was shocked she had the spunk, the determination and the cleverness to make such a drastic change in her life. But Aimee didn't see herself the way other people saw her. She understood that she was a dreamer, given to fantasy and romantic ideals, but she understood as well, that inside her beat the heart of a much stronger woman than anyone would guess. She knew how to be practical—her mother, her aunt, the village, and the circumstances of living in a farming community had taught her that much—she just preferred her own way when it was feasible. When her 'own way' wasn't prudent, she knew how to live efficiently. She knew she'd needed to get a decent position in the city and find decent quarters to live in. That was exactly what she planned to do the moment she stepped off the train.

As she walked from the train station toward town, looking for a proper single ladies hotel, she passed a general merchandize store with a sign in the window, "Clerk for hire." Marching inside the shop with her head held high and a sincere smile on her face, she declared to the proprietor, "I believe I'm the woman you need." Although her palms were sweating and her voice threatening to crack, she managed to contain her nervousness.

"Ya do, huh?" the wrinkled elderly woman shuffled toward her, peering up at her sideways through a pair of thick glasses. She held her cane in front of her with both bony hands to steady her balance and scrutinized the lovely face before her. "Used to hard work?" she asked.

"I was raised on a farm. I've known my share."

"And what do you know about a business like this?"

Aimee stared around. "Not very much, but these are the things of general living, food, clothing, sewing items. I'm familiar with them all, and I'm very smart."

"I'll bet you are," the old lady teetered a bit as she continued to stare at the girl. It was as though she couldn't take her eyes off this pluckish innocent. "Ya pay attention to you work and your deportment. Won't put up with

sullenness, or bad behavior, if you understand what I mean. I run a decent place here and I expect the help to be the same way."

"Of course, you do," Aimee smiled.

"When can you start?"

"Right now, if you like."

"Then start right now," the old lady said, "I'm Emma Whittier, and you?"

"Aimee Wynn Bloom."

"Then, Aimee Wynn Bloom, you can get your apron in the back." Emma Whittier pointed to the doors at the far end of the canned goods. "They'll be one hanging on the rack there. You can replace it with your coat and leave your bag below it."

A lazy beam of sunshine gave the room a surreal glow, while at the same time casting its sensuous warmth on the entangled lovers. Her thighs were full, her ass plump and round, and from behind, the pooch of her female splendor glistened with the pre-cum seeping from her vagina. She straddled her lover at his hips, peering down at the thick stalk rising from a wet nest of pubic hair like a pistil from the inside of a flower. Taking the fat member in both her hands, she jacked it hard, while gazing at the man's euphoric face.

"I think I should tie you down and torture you," she spat out.

He moaned a bit, and then suddenly jerked from his sexual reverie, saying groggily, "Whaddaya say?"

"That I should like to tie you down the way you tie me."

"Like hell, you will!"

"Ooo, you are so magnificent when you're angry," she cocked her head, letting her red hair tumble to the side, as the curls once piled atop her head fell into a sensuous disarray about her white freckled shoulders.

"You gonna fuck me or not?" the miffed man raised his head and stared her down.

"Oh, you know exactly what I'm going to do," she seethed. Her hands still held his wondrous prick. They began working again, double time, double fast, making certain that her lover could do nothing more than fall back against the mattress and moan with pleasure.

Satisfied with his response, the redhead rose to her knees and moved forward, positioning her pussy at the top of his penis head. She swayed teasingly, while the wetness dripping from her pussy mingled with his wet pre-cum and her internal muscles tightened in expectation. While her hair flailed back and forth about her shoulders, her pussy danced on his tip of his prick until he was practically begging to impale her. Then she finally let her throbbing hole slip over the slick rod, so that the fine stalk was buried deep within her.

"Come 'ere," he said, pulling her down to him as their groins rocked together in a steady rhythm. He held her tightly, crushing her big breasts against his chest, feeling her hot nipples press into him like bullets. He could have easily climaxed in a matter of minutes, but he wanted more from her than something this sexually simple. Reaching down, he felt her ass, gave the bounty a few good squeezes, enough to make her answer with a ringing, "Ouch! You brute!"

"Take it, bitch," he warned her.

She wriggled down on him more and squeezed her inner muscles about his prick.

He responded, squeezing her ass even harder, then he moved his fingers deep into her anal cleft to find the puckering hole of her anus. As his scheme took shape in his mind, he moistened his fingers in the messy bath where her cunt met his cock. Then with a merry determination, he inserted two, then three fingers into her asshole with little regard as to how the rude invasion felt to her.

"Yeeah!" she came up breathless as the crude entry sent a nasty jolt throughout her body.

"Humm, don't you protest, slut," he purred in her ear.
"You love it!"

It had been some weeks since he'd been in her ass with anything—fingers, fist or cock—and she'd almost forgotten the raunchy pleasure of a good ass screw. But the more he worked the opening, jabbing his fingers deep within, the more her memory of that unique satisfaction returned. Though it was an awkward reach, in short order he managed to have made sufficient space inside her ass for his four fingers with the thumb tucked between them. He fucked her rudely then with a double penetration that made the redhead delirious and a bit mad. "Oh, oh, oh," she panted rapidly as the two holes spasmed. Her entire body jerked crazily. She was about to come, but not quite there.

Suddenly, just before the pleasure peaked, her lover pulled his hand from her ass. While keeping her cunt firmly impaled with his cock, he grabbed her about the waist, rocked to his side, and rolled her over on her back, his hips now astride her hips.

"Gotcha now!" he rose up from her chest and pinned her hands above her head. Holding them with one hand, he then fumbled at the bedside stand for a scarf. Finding what he was hunting for, he tied her wrists together and fastened the loose end of the scarf to a slat in the metal bed frame. "There! You think you can tie me!"

"Ooo, you horrible man," she whined, although there was little displeasure in the act. She stared up at him with eyes blazing, "Please, darling, just fuck me!"

"Oh, indeed I will." Keeping himself propped up on his arms, he pounded her with powerful thrusts, driving his cock into her with relentless zeal.

She was oblivious to his cruelly lit eyes or the scowl on his face. She was oblivious even when he sat back on her groin and slapped her tits until both were red. Her hips thrashed back and forth; it was a rocky ride. "Yes, darling yes!" She was coming. "Harder! More! Yes, yes yes!" "Oh, yes, you'll get it hard, little bitch." He pulled his cock from her pussy, leaving her groaning as her latest orgasm slipped away. Moving off, he tossed her to her stomach, and raised her hips high. While her head and chest and bound hands remained shoved to the mattress, she swayed her naughty bottom before his lust filled eyes.

"Been too long since I've been in your ass," he declared, while working the hole again with his fingers. He slapped her ass cheeks, bringing a bright pink glow to the pearly surface.

If he'd started on her cold, she might have hated every smack, but not now. Now, the hurt just fueled the furnace and the furnace roared with fire.

He fingered her asshole again, this time shoving as much of his hand into her rectum as would easily go. He could have forced it all inside, but that he'd do another day.

"Yes, yes, fuck my ass!" he finally heard her cry.

"My pleasure, dear whore," he said with a good deal of mirth. Exchanging his hand for his cock, he shoved his prick between her cheeks, far beyond the opening, and began a steady rhythm, with his thighs slapping noisily against her rear end.

The redhead exploded in orgasm almost instantly, and for all his desire to wait and let the orgasm build slowly, he couldn't hold back the powerful force. With a few swift thrusts into the tight-muscled channel, he came, spewing himself deep into her entrails, as he cried out something unintelligible in the guttural language of sexual climax.

"You ever going to untie me?" Angelica looked imploringly at Jonas. She batted her lashes at him flirtatiously, a bit penitently, knowing that he was better wooed with sweetness than demands. Her green eyes danced with glee.

"Maybe," he said lifting himself from the bed. He poured some water into the porcelain basin on the washstand and began to wash himself. "I really should get to work, darling," Angelica piped up again. "You know Mrs. Whittier when she's cross."

"No, I don't think I do," Jonas said flatly. "I try to stay away from the old bag if at all possible."

"She's not an old bag. It's just her arthritis that makes her complain." The redhead twisted in her scarf bondage, hoping to draw Jonas' attention to her.

"Well, then, she should retire and let you take over."

"Would be nice. But I wouldn't count on it."

"Save me having to make my deliveries. I could concentrate on what's important."

"And I support you?"

"I'm self-supporting," he snapped indignantly. "It's just that art sometimes takes time."

"You think that newspaper is art?" she said gently.

"Art of the common people, and it's gaining readers every day."

"Every day until the authorities shut you down for peddling smut."

"Smut sells, dear girl. As long as I have enough readers in fancy suits, I know I'll be safe. I give them what they can't get anywhere else, a little tease. Most of their wives have gone so dry their cunts would crack if they got fucked."

"Thought men like that had their whores."

"Some, but that's always a dirty business. The Journal appeals to the men too scared to take the risk."

Angelica was quiet for a moment, then she finally suggested, "Maybe you should put a picture of me in the rag."

"Don't call it a rag." He was annoyed.

"I'm sorry. Still, you could take pictures of me."

He turned to her as he finished washing his genitals and studied the picture she made for him. Though his eyes were fixed on her, his mind seemed far away. "Maybe."

"Maybe? Why maybe?"

"I don't know what I'm looking for..." his voice trailed off as he lost himself in thought.

"Not me?" she said a bit despondently. She twisted more.

"Yes, you, darling, but you're too much like..." He stopped.

"Like what?"

He didn't answer, just shook his head.

"What are you not saying, Jonas?" she pressed.

He moved to the bed and leaned over her grinning. "You're getting awfully testy for a woman all tied up."

She smiled to pacify him. "But I really have to go to work."

"Yes, so you do," he agreed. He reluctantly untied the scarf and slapped her ass as she bolted from the bed. She playfully slapped him back and darted for the toilet. Her round ass jiggled and her breasts swayed back and forth. She was a lovely picture.

"Angelica Barth," the redhead introduced herself to the new girl in the shop.

"Aimee Wynn Bloom," the new girl ducked her head a bit humbly and smiled as she went about her work, carefully logging items in a ledger.

"You don't like to be friendly?" Angelica queried, as she leaned casually against the counter.

"Oh, yes I do," Aimee's head shot up. "It's just that this is my first day, and I want to make a good impression."

"You've already made a good impression, if you were hired. You'll learn quickly that Emma's a sweet old thing with hardly any brains left."

"Humm. She didn't strike me that way."

The door to the shop suddenly jangled and a man dressed in a dark formal suit walked in, moving directly to the counter. Both young women stood up a little straighter, Angelica nodding to the gentleman rather formally. "You're new," he said to Aimee. He didn't ask as much as state the obvious.

"Yes, sir. And how may I help you?" She spoke politely in a humble manner that was both natural and endearing. She was a bit nervous for she'd never seen a man like the one who addressed her now.

"A pouch of tobacco and a tin of shortbread," he said.

Aimee moved for the items, while Angelica stared at the man for a minute. "Nice to see you, sir," she said as she pulled away from the counter and went to work sorting fresh vegetables in a bin.

The gentleman nodded and returned his gaze to Aimee, who by then had packaged his purchase and added the total of his bill. Money changed hands and the man nodded pleasantly as he turned to leave.

"Oh, my! I've never seen anyone like that," Aimee whispered when he was out the door. Her face was flushed, and her heart beat rather strangely, while the oddest fluttering sensation warmed her belly. She couldn't fathom why. "His skin is so dark." She stared at the front window in awe, as she watched the man retreating in the distance.

"He's African. His name is Mr. Rys," Angelica said flatly. "Really? He is rather charming, not a savage at all."

"And you're fresh off the farm, aren't you?" Angelica laughed. "This is the 20th century, girl. Africans don't have to be savages any more than the rest of us. Trust me though, they can be divine in bed," she said with a knowing twinkle in her green eyes.

Aimee, who had never heard such blunt talk, kept silent.

"Don't mind me, hon. If anything, I'm always direct on just about any matter." She smiled and resumed her task, pinching fresh melons and grapefruit.

Aimee went back to her work, nursing that crude and savage sensation she was feeling inside her underwear.

The shop closed at six o'clock. After the door was latched and the front light turned out, Aimee and Angelica swept it

clean preparing for another day. Emma Whittier, teetering on her cane, watched, nodding all the while, with a vapid smile on her ancient face. Once the store was cleaned to Emma's satisfaction, the girls were free to go.

"So, you are really new in town, huh?" Angelica wondered, as they put on their coats and Aimee picked up her bag.

"That's what I said," she stated. She was still a little unsure of Angelica. Though she was quite friendly and certainly very blunt, there was something about her she didn't trust, an underlying cunning, perhaps. A girlish thing, reminiscent of cliquish friends from her school days.

"And no place to stay?" Angelica when on.

"I made inquires about several ladies hotels. Emma says there's a very nice one just down the street."

"That dreary old place?" the redhead screwed up her nose. "I wouldn't spend my last night on earth in that stuffy fleabag." The fearless Angelica suddenly grabbed Aimee by the hand and led her out the door. "You're going home with me," she said firmly. "And no arguments."

Aimee stopped in her tracks. "But I couldn't impose on you."

"It's no imposition. There's a vacant room in our boardinghouse and I'd love to have you there."

The deal was settled just that quickly. Aimee was too overwhelmed by the effusive Angelica to protest further. Without further discussion, the two were out the door and headed in a direction opposite where Aimee would have gone, apparently bound for the boardinghouse where Angelica lived.

Aimee viewed the old brick house and its broad front porch, scrutinizing every line and angle, feeling a little disappointed in the tacky, worn exterior—especially when this had been touted as the better of her alternatives. But it was too late to change her mind about her lodgings for the night. The sun had dwindled down to nothing, about to