

*I don't care what you do to her...
Just get it on tape!*

a 'sex-thriller' by
**Jo-Anne
Wiley**

PORN

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a novel by Jo-Anne Wiley

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Prologue

The girl didn't like it. But she had promised, and so she followed along obediently, just behind the man with the synthetic snakeskin boots. His nylon jacket was frayed at the cuff; the threads fluttering in the wind. And the backside of his dark jeans were greasy, like he had sat in something, something slimy. He smelled stale, all sweat and boozy. She wrinkled her nose and placed a wobbly foot on the first step up to the double doors and wondered momentarily, if her ankle might fail her, under the weight of her bony frame.

This was all her sister's fault; a year older and kinda boy-crazy. To be expected, she guessed, of a lamebrain teen. Only he wasn't a boy, and her sister should have known a hell of a lot better. The man drove them out to his beach house in a raunchy red Camaro with the top down. He laughed too easily, and too much, and sipped Jack Daniels from a mickey as he drove one handed, his other arm draped casually across her sister's shoulder.

No. She didn't like this. Not one bit- being all the way out here. Alone. Cut off. And all that sand with the ocean off

somewhere, heaving, heaving; reaching and receding-sounding like a living thing, an entity from one of her old nursery rhymes come to life: A double-headed serpent with forked tongues that she was sure would swoop down and, grabbing her by the head, swallow her whole.

Her senses balked and reluctantly she allowed herself to be led along, up the sand-blasted boards, across the sun-bleached deck to where the guy was pushing back the main doors.

Her sister stood, eyes circled in awe. The vaulted ceiling, the sunken living room and the view of the ocean through floor to ceiling glass; neither of them had ever seen anything like it, except in one of their mother's magazines, maybe. They turned to each other and her sister smothered her giggles in a cupped hand.

But abruptly, things turned very adult.

As soon as the door was locked, the younger girl watched as the guy made his move, throwing an arm about her sister's neck. Without regard, he casually ran a hand over the front of the girl's shirt, handling each puddin' breast in turn. The older girl gawked; a look of surprise, quickly followed by shock. Color flooded her cheeks but she did nothing except turn her face away. It was a very grownup thing, she understood, to let a man touch you there. And, unlike her kid sister, she was a grownup, and she wanted her sister to know it too. So she stood, flat-footed, rooted, and let the man run his hands over her body.

And then the fat man with the funny voice came out of the kitchen with the drinks. He handed each girl a glass. It tasted like lemons but the fumes filled the younger girl's nose. It's liquor, she knew. She'd never had liquor before, except for the small glass of wine her father allowed at Christmastime. But there was something more. Her lips and gums were strangely numb and she felt queer inside her head.

"What'dyah want to do to 'em?" the guy asked.

The fat man turned, looked at her, then at her sister, like he was deciding between peanuts and popcorn. "I'm gonna fuck the one with the tits," he poked his chin toward the older girl, "and push the head of the little one between my legs; make her watch as I wrench her sister. Make her sister bleed... That should scare the bejesus outta her," he laughed. "After, you can do what you want."

His friend's jaw hardened. "You're an insidious bastard, aren't you?"

"Hey. It pays the taxes on this friggin' barn and keeps you in boots, booze and gasoline. Now keep trained on the kid's face, would yah? I want that look of horror etched in her eyes."

"I guess..." The man shrugged submissively. "Let me grab a handheld and you can start in on 'em."

Chapter One

The turbofans spooled back and the blue and white seven-four-seven swooped, reluctantly easing its grip on the sky, the air buffeting its hull. The aircraft shuddered briefly as wheels-met-earth and rolled smoothly along the tarmac.

Inside the busy LAX terminal a PA speaker crackled: Arriving, from Munich and New York. Lufthansa Flight 345. Gate forty-seven.

As the ramp extended to meet the plane, sweaty men in cheap polyester suits and slack ties, hustled to extract briefcases from the overhead bins. But when she stood, there was an audible hush in first class: The undeniable elegance of her movements stilled the men.

And then her stature- she towered triumphantly over them.

After twelve hours in-flight, she remained unruffled. Dressed in black, her slim dress could have been cut from spandex. She wore black gloves, nylons and heels. Her straight dark hair hung between sculptured shoulder blades, almost to her waist, and softly swayed like a mantle. A stylish hat was sloped forward with a severe veil that partially obscured dark makeup and the intense look about her eyes. Her lips were the color of blood against skin as white as icing sugar. She carried no luggage.

The men parted as she took languid strides toward the exit and no man could resist a second glance, to re-assess as she stepped past.

She strode up the ramp on four-inch heels. She considered her prodigious height a disadvantage; it attracted attention. But she couldn't resist the sense of superiority it afforded. And she lauded it shamelessly over all men.

At Immigration she produced a diplomatic passport with an assumed name and was processed immediately. A red light blinked and she looked up. Security camera. She hesitated and wondered if the veil would be sufficient. But

then shrugged. Once she had accomplished her task, she would be gone before anyone had a chance to review security tapes.

Two men in dark suits awaited her arrival.

She was ushered toward the rear of a Mercedes limousine where a red flag fluttered from the fender. It was embossed with the gold, double-headed Imperial Eagle. She would have preferred the old Hammer & Sickle. She had been born a Communist and clung stodgily to her beliefs. She had considered carefully as many of her comrades turned to moderation but to her, that was a show of great weakness and she staunchly toed the old Party's hard line. Some things were beyond her control; she understood that. But still, she had her ambition.

One of the men opened the door and she slipped into the car. The attendant cocked his head slightly, in acknowledgment of her superior rank and also to afford a glimpse of flexed calf muscle, while his empty hand ached at the thought of reaching out and cupping her behind. But that would be a career-ending indiscretion, and worse, might land him in a prison cell. For the rest of his life.

The car pulled away from the curb, went out through the gate and rolled down West Century Boulevard toward Highway 1. The woman watched with interest through the side glass. She had never been to LA; never been to the States. But she was here now, under express orders. She was to force her father to return to Moscow. Or kill him.

She smiled.

Whatever worked best for her.

Ka-thunk. Ka-thunk.

Monica Selleck, seated on the bed, tossed a tennis ball. It hit the carpet, bounced against the far wall and rebounded. Ka-thunk.

She plucked it out of the air with her left hand and sent it back across the room. This time she caught it with her right

hand. Right to left. Left to right. She had amazing hand to eye coordination.

Monica glanced down. "You ever shoot a dirty movie with that thing?"

Katie sat cross-legged on the floor where she cradled a Canon G21 digital video camcorder in her lap and was busy with a wad of tissue, cleaning the lens. "A dirty movie? Like porn?"

Monica tossed the ball again. "Not porn, you idiot. You know- something artistic."

Katie added a drop of lens cleaner to the tissue. "The camera belongs to the school. Something artistic wouldn't help my grades any. How come you ask?"

"How come?"

"Yeah," Katie said, all pugged. "I mean, why would you want to know?"

"It's this guy I'm seeing. His friggin' birthday is coming up and I need to get him something. Crap. The guy already has everything a guy could want in the whole friggin' wide world. But I want to give him something- well you know- something kinda special."

"I see..." Katie went back to cleaning the lens. She had never shared her roommate's dilemma when it came to men, but she could grasp the problem easily enough. With her head of big blond hair and her dazzling green eyes, Monica was the type of girl who made young men ask themselves what would it take, and older men, how 'much' would it take? And Monica was definitely a how much kinda girl.

Katie knew that Monica judged a man by how good the two of them would look together at the social functions she favored, then his ability to keep her in shoes and, last of all, his key ring. Monica's current boyfriend had a key to a Lamborghini.

"So you plan to give him a video." It was by no means a great stretch of the imagination to deduce what Monica

wanted. "And you want me to shoot it," Kate concluded.

"Well I was just thinking, is all."

Katie paused a moment. Worked it through. The dopey idea from her dopey roommate might be something different. Certainly more interesting than filming a fake newscast presented by one of the air-headed journalism students. "So what did you have in mind?"

Monica's brows knitted and the tennis ball swept past her fingertips for once. "You mean it? You'll do it?"

Katie set the camera aside. "No. I didn't say that. I want to know what you have in mind?"

Monica leaned back against the wall and looked toward the window. She hadn't thought things through and was at a loss. "I guess I could lay across the bed, here. Pretend to be friggin' myself."

Katie snorted. "I know you'll find this hard to believe but me watching you give your clitoris a workout is not a burning ambition of mine. And doing yourself on the bedspread is so-o pedestrian. Sorry. You'll have to come up with something better than that."

The color rose in Monica's neck. "Pedestrian?"

"Yeah. As in bor-ing."

Monica looked around for the tennis ball. "Well, top-of-the-class cinematography student, what do you suggest?"

Katie thought a moment. "You're on an athletic scholarship, right?"

"Yeah. You know that. Tennis. Been playing ever since I could lace up a pair of trainers."

"You ever play tennis in the buff?"

Monica's eyes widened. "Naked? You've got to be kidding..."

Katie picked up her camcorder and trained it on Monica. "Not in the least. Might be kinda fun, don't you think?"

Monica wasn't so sure. "But who would I play?"

"Does it matter?"

Monica took a moment to consider that. "Biff."

“Biff?”

Monica smiled a kitty-in-the-cream smile. “Yeah. Biff Lancaster. He’s the tennis pro at my club.” She ran a pointy tongue along her upper lip. “He has the hots for me.”

Katie dropped the camera back into her lap. “Do tell.”

“Well he does,” Monica bristled. “His tongue practically drags when he sees me play. But he’s such a duffer. His name isn’t Biff neither. That’s something he came up with. I found out from the club secretary: His real name is Cecil. Oh god, can you imagine?” Monica covered her mouth with a hand. “A tennis pro named Cecil- and well, besides. I’ve got my own coach. A real one.”

“So this Biff-Cecil character will do it? Okay. One night at the club; after hours. What do you think?”

Monica was warming to the idea. “Yeah, he’ll do it. Things close down after ten but I’ll ask him to stay late and leave the lights on. He’ll drop a load in his shorts.”

Katie had to laugh. “Strip tennis.”

“Strip tennis?”

“I don’t know squat about tennis, but the game is divided up into sets, right?”

Monica was catching on. “That’s it. Two outta three wins the match.”

“Perfect. So you don’t wear a bra.”

“Beg your pardon?”

Kate tried to stifle her smile. Monica might be tops at tennis but she was slow on the uptake. Especially math. “You wear your tennis outfit and a pair of pants under it. Two articles of clothing, got it? Lose two sets and you’re naked.”

Monica smiled her pussycat smile again. “Yeah. Perfect.”

Monica set it up for Thursday evening.

At the end of school-day, Kate backed the Honda Civic her mother had let her borrow around to the loading gate. She signed out two Canon XF400 camcorders with tripods and a Canon G21 handheld.

“Heavy shoot,” the guy with the clipboard noted as he hauled across two photo floods.

“Yeah,” Kate agreed. “And bring me a couple of extension cords. Fifty-footers. I’m shooting Monica Selleck’s game at the tennis club tonight.”

The guy smirked. “I’d love to get a load of that.”

Most guys would, Katie thought. “A look at the video will cost you a dinner and a bottle of good wine,” Katie retorted, knowing the guy didn’t have any coin.

The guy blew out a breath and extended the clipboard. “Sign.”

Katie arrived at the tennis club at ten-thirty and parked by the main entrance next to Monica’s red MGB convertible. As soon as the car lights were off, a heavy-shouldered guy in tennis whites pulled the doors back and locked them open.

He shot Katie his all-the-girls-love-me smile showing off caps as white as his shorts. “Here. Let me give you a hand with that.” He struggled a camera case from the hatchback. “Names Biff, Biff Lancaster. I’m the Pro here at the Club,” he said without much modesty. “You’re Katie?”

Kate handed him another case. “That’s right. Monica’s already here?”

“She’s on the court, warming up.”

Katie shouldered the third camera bag. “Lead the way. It will take a few minutes to set up.”

Monica was batting the ball against a wall. She wasn’t tall, something she’d probably lost sleep over. In fact, Monica was little, but undeniably as cute as hell. She looked absolutely precious in a shorty, lavender tunic. And with her hair pulled back in a cocky ponytail, she could have been mistaken for a fourteen-year-old.

Biff went back to the car for the photo floods.

“You tell him yet?” Katie set the camera case on the ground.

Monica watched Kate replace the SM memory card in the camera with one of her own. "Uh-uh. I thought I'd wait for you; to help explain."

"Me?"

"Well it was your idea."

Kate opened the other cases. "You gonna chicken out? - crap, I just knew it."

"I can't chicken out." Monica swung her racket without enthusiasm. "We'll tell him together, okay?"

Katie blew hair out of her eyes and replaced another memory card. "Geez."

Kate mounted the two stationary cameras on tripods, one located at the end of the net, the other on the opposite side of the court, toward the back. With the fill lights set and Monica positioned behind the serve line, Kate trained the lenses and adjusted the zoom on both cameras. Then she picked up the handheld.

"I'm ready," she announced. "How 'bout you?"

Monica looked up reluctantly to where Biff was bouncing a tennis ball with his racket. "Yeah- I guess. Let's get it over with."

"Biff?" Katie called out. "Monica and I want to explain something to you."

Biff ambled to his side of the net. "Shoot."

"Two outta three sets," Monica started, then hesitated.

Biff nodded. "Uh-huh..."

Kate took a breath. "Look Biff. Monica wants to play in the nude. I'm going to get her on film."

The color drained from his face. "I... I didn't get that right." He swayed on his feet like a tree about to topple.

"You heard right, Biff," Katie pressed on. "Look, you like her. And she's got a great little body. You don't mind do you?"

Biff looked from Kate to Monica and back again. "You're kidding me, right? This is a joke. You're trying to put one over on me."

“It’s not a joke.” Monica shot back, a touch of indignation rising in her voice. “Christ, you’re always staring at me.”

Kate stepped in. “It’ll be like the old poker game, Biff. Each time one of you loses a set, you remove an article of clothing. It’s simple.”

Biff bit his lip; still not convinced he wasn’t being made out to be a goat’s ass. But Kate was right. Monica did have a nice body and the chance of having a look at her naked was worth being made out to be a goat.

“Toss for service,” Monica said.

“I’ll start the cameras.”

Chapter Two

What Kate knew about tennis wasn't worth a damn, but she could tell Monica was good; really good. Biff had won the toss and his serve was a hard drive to center court. Monica got her racket under it and easily flipped the ball into the far left corner. It caught Biff flat on his heels and he watched helplessly as the ball bounced once inside the baseline before dribbling out of bounds. He was off to an embarrassing start.

And Monica kept turning up the heat.

When it came to be her turn at service, she aced him with the first drive. The ball just caught the outside corner of the serve box, did a weird little spin and rolled out over the sideline. With twenty years of tennis behind him, Biff had never witnessed a serve like it. He dropped his head and tried to set the humiliation aside; a fluke, he thought. But when she did it again, from the opposite side of the court, he had to wonder if he was in trouble.

Biff had a problem with the far left corner and once Monica had found his weakness, she used it relentlessly against him. Meanwhile, Kate darted back and forth with her handheld, working the angles hard to catch the close-ups without getting in way of the play. The stationary cameras caught everything else.

The first set went to Monica, and Biff, feeling he was about to be made the butt of a first-class joke around the tennis club, pulled his shirt up over his head. Kate had to take a moment to admire his chest and arms. He was a major-class lout, a plugger with no imagination, but she had to wonder what that muscle would feel like; how it would be to have those arms wrapped around her shoulders.

Monica laughed. What she lacked in strength, she more than made up for with speed and agility. And Club Pro or not, Biff Lancaster was no match for her deadly accuracy. Monica knew intuitively where she needed to place the ball and hit the mark every time.

But in the second set she appeared to falter. To lose concentration.

Then Monica missed.

Biff had struggled to underhand the ball; a high Hail Mary lob that was meant to buy him enough time to re-position himself and prepare for what was sure to be a blistering return. But Monica missed.

She took a halfhearted swipe like she held a fly swatter before the ball bounded up at her feet. But then, spinning full circle, her racket connected with a vicious, double-fisted backhand. Later, in Kate's video, the speeding ball would appear as a fuzzy-white line. It clipped the tape at the top of the net, rocketed past a stunned Club Pro and just caught the baseline. There was a puff of chalk dust. The ball had enough back spin to send itself twenty feet straight up into the air. It reversed direction and when the ball landed on the blacktop, it rolled listlessly back, to stop by Biff's sneakers.

It was an amazing shot, the type of shot that had you anxiously awaiting the instant replay. And Monica had showed off her prowess just to prove she could; to herself and to the others. But the shot didn't count.

Then she started having trouble fielding his serves. And Monica kept returning the ball to his right-hand side; his strong suit, placing the ball within arm's reach. He would bash it away and she would miss the return. Finally Biff began to loosen up and enjoy himself. Any self-doubts he may have harbored, dissipated.

"I'm gonna beat your ass," he shouted with no attempt to conceal the glee he was feeling.

"You win the match and you can spank my ass," Monica retorted and drilled a ball into his kneecap just to keep him from running away with the game.

To Kate, it was obvious that Monica was throwing the contest. But Biff was too full of himself to realize what was happening.

“Your ass is mine,” he shouted back when Monica failed to return his serve again. “Your cheeks will burn for a week.”

Biff won the set and Monica, turning toward Katie’s camera, unzipped the front of her lavender tunic. With a haughty expression about her eyes she leaned her tennis racket against the net. Crossing her arms in front, she gripped the hemline and pulled it up over her head. Her breasts sprung free like two pixies let out to play.

Kate worked the zoom on the G21 handheld. “I just knew she’d have a nice set of boobs,” Kate mumbled under her breath, mentally comparing Monica’s to her own fully developed mammaries. “I just freakin’ knew.”

Biff let out an audible groan.

She turned to Biff clad in underpants. “Your serve, asshole,” Monica said.

Monica was small, as befitted her tiny frame, but the conical cones of flesh, crowned with large pink buttons, were perfectly matched and delectable to watch in motion. There was a firm ripple as Monica bounced on her toes, readying herself for Biff’s serve and her breasts stretched and lifted as she extended an arm to meet the ball. Kate, kneeling close by, caught the movement through the lens.

Biff missed; didn’t even get his racket up in time. He couldn’t pull his eyes away from the sassy little blonde on the other side of the net. She aced him twice before he got his wits back; but only to the point where he managed to lob a return. Monica sent it straight back.

He steadied himself. If he could just maintain control for this last set, he would have her standing naked at center court. And he wanted that more than anything. The ball whistled by just outside his reach and in frustration he rapped his tennis racket against the asphalt.

But then Monica began to slip. She mishandled the ball twice, and once, completely misread his body movements and raced to the wrong side of the court. It was a costly

blunder and put him ahead. One more point and he would have her; two sets to one.

Biff tried to relax. "Match point!"

Monica was not about to let him win easily. If he was going to get a treat he didn't deserve, he was going to have to work for it. He backhanded her return and she sent the ball to his right side. Monica charged the net, caught the ball just as it crossed and sent it straight back, to his left this time. He had to dive for it. Biff got his racket under and lifted it high.

Monica sensed the lob and raced to the back of the court. She made it and this time connected. She aimed directly at Biff's head and drilled it. Biff had to lurch to one side to make the return.

The game was suddenly fast and furious and Kate's arms grew weary as she followed the action with a camera weighing over three pounds. She began to think that Monica was going to push the game to a tie-breaker. But no, Monica tired of the sport. She wanted it over and deliberately sent the ball to Biff's right hand side and within easy reach. Monica moved forward toward her left. Biff, seeing where she was headed, steered the ball to her right and it landed with finality in the empty corner of the court. Game. Set. Match.

He had won and he let out an Indian whoop when he realized his dream had suddenly become reality.

Monica dropped her underpants and with hands on hips, kicked them defiantly into the net.

Monica stood under the lights at center court, naked except for her runners. Kate zoomed in on the tassel of corn silk that sprouted from between Monica's legs and when Monica saw where the camera was pointed, she reached down and ruffled the trimmed pubic hair with her fingers.

But there was something more happening there; lower down. The hairs were gooey, stuck together and clung to the insides of Monica's thighs. As Kate watched through the

viewfinder, Monica's hand lingered a moment and one finger ran deeper than the others. She tensed and her loins quivered. Then abruptly, she turned and bent forward to give Kate a view from the back.

Biff was pleased to see Monica was a true blonde and letting out another yip. He jumped the net and surprised Monica by throwing an arm around her waist and lifting her feet from the ground. He spun her around like a toy and carried her toward the chairs along the sideline. Kate followed, eye to the camera.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Monica was screaming. "Put me down."

Biff pulled his chin away from the punch she threw. "We're not done yet."

Monica started squirming, lashing out with her feet and trying to reach him with balled fists and knees. "You asshole. Let me down."

Biff controlled her with one arm and ran his free hand across her breasts. He grabbed and tugged at each nipple. "I won. And you promised. Now pay up."

Monica struggled harder. "You don't really think I meant it." She was kicking now in an attempt to get free.

Kate momentarily thought about putting the camera aside, but she couldn't. She kept her eye to the viewfinder and with the rush of adrenaline pulsating in her veins, she watched Biff plunk down in a chair with Monica on top.

"Time you got yours, you stuck up bitch," Biff threatened, bending Monica across his knees.

Kate moved around to face Monica. She focused on the look of fear and disbelief in Monica's eyes as Biff run a hand up between her legs. Then there was the look of shock, iced with pain as Biff brought his hand down across her ass. There was a crack like a dinner plate hitting the floor.

"Ow, shit. That fuckin' hurt."

Kate saw the tears spring up but kept right on shooting.

Monica saw the lens tighten on her face. "Fuckin' help me," she cried out.

Kate stood up, bit her lip, took a step back and looked around for one of the stationary cameras. It was right there by the net. Kate got a hand on the tripod and dragged it over. She swung the lens around and re-focused as Biff brought his hand down a second time.

Kate heard Monica screaming and hoped the microphones were tuned. She worked steadily as Biff beat Monica with an open hand, tracing the camera's eye along the length of Monica's squirming body and finally rounding up on the tight buttocks. Monica's legs were parted and Kate got close-ups of the pouting anus and lower, Monica's moist vagina. She was secreting heavily, despite herself. Then, pulling back, Kate captured the last few strokes as Biff ripened Monica's bottom with a hard hand.

Biff finally stood and unceremoniously dumped Monica's nude body onto the damp grass. "There. That'll teach you to flaunt it."

Monica twisted, a look of horror spreading across her face. She cupped herself between the legs and bounded to her feet. "Fuck you," she screamed. "Fuck both of you." And scurrying like a crazed rodent, she scooped up her clothes, raced across the court and disappeared into the clubhouse. A moment later, her MGB cranked to life. She hadn't taken the time to dress.

Kate was overcome with a sudden desire to get home. Her watch told her it was after midnight and Biff was gloating. She broke down the stationary cameras and loaded them into their cases. The photo floods were next.

Biff's eyes flickered. "I'll help load the car," he offered.

In return for what? Katie thought as she rolled up an extension cord. He took the cameras and then came back for the lights. With cords draped from both shoulders, Kate followed him out.

“Well that was interesting,” Biff said. “I don’t know whether to thank you or Monica.”

“Just thank your stars you got a piece of her,” Kate replied, her voice traced with malice. “It’s what you wanted. She’s way outta your league, otherwise,” Katie added and she leaned into the Honda’s hatch to place the cords on top of the cases. Astounded, she felt his hands close on her hips from behind.

Biff squeezed. “Yeah. But how ‘bout you. You ever play games- in the nude?”

Kate stiffened, feeling ice water awash in her guts. “Don’t...”

He ignored her and pulling her back, she felt the bare chest she had fantasized about earlier. Kate also felt his erection in the cleft of her bum and suddenly she was incensed. Monica had provided the stimulus for the erection but he expected her to take care of it for him. To hold it inside her body so he could relieve the pressure. The thought made her crazy-mad.

He was reaching around with his hands coming up when Kate drove an elbow back. It did little to hurt him but it made her point. “Back off,” she sneered. “You’ve had more than enough excitement for one night. Save it for the old tennis broads who come to play your games.”

He dropped his hands. “Geez. I was just askin’ yah. You could be as hot as Monica, you know, what with a bit of makeup on.”

Kate couldn’t believe someone could be so crass and clueless, all in the same go. Clearly his assets were not contained in the space between his ears. But she kept her mouth shut, slammed the hatch closed and got into the driver’s seat. “Do me a favor,” she said through the open window. “Don’t call me. Don’t follow me. Don’t try to find me. Have a nice life.” And Kate started the car and left him, standing shirtless, in the parking lot.

When she got home, Monica's MGB wasn't in her parking space and her room was empty. Kate shrugged. They weren't really friends anyway, not close, didn't even hang out together. They had met when Monica answered the notice Kate had pinned to the bulletin board at school. She had been looking for a roommate to defer expenses. Katie lived in Apartment 101 on the ground floor of a low class, high rise across the highway from the college. She would have preferred an apartment on an upper floor with a view and a balcony, but ground floor living was cheaper.

She thought about a shower to rinse away the feel of Biff's sweaty hands on her breasts but she was too tired. And she had to be up early to return the cameras before classes. Instead, she poured light rum into a glass then added ice and cola from the fridge. She gulped it down, made herself a stronger one and took it to bed. That night she dreamed she was playing tennis, but her boobs kept getting in the way.

Chapter Three

Monica's room remained empty the next morning. She's spent the night with the boyfriend, Katie figured and blew it off. It wasn't the first time so, with it settled in her mind, Katie dressed in jeans, a checked flannel shirt and headed out. She would grab coffee in the school cafeteria. At the loading gate, she swapped out the SM memory cards before hauling the cases and photo floods inside.

With a coffee in one hand and the memory cards in the other, Kate stopped by the editing studio to check on the availability of a computer. This early in the morning the place was void of both teachers and students which suited her fine, considering the images she was about to download onto one of the school's machines.

The tennis match had lasted over an hour so with three cameras rolling, Kate had a hundred and eighty minutes of raw material to wade through. She began by editing out any of the shots that included Biff, and especially the spanking. In all likelihood, she concluded, Monica's boyfriend would not appreciate seeing his girlfriend's bare bottom being smoked by another man; a stranger, no less.

Kate's first class was at nine and she worked 'til ten to the hour before saving her edited footage. It was still too long; almost forty-five minutes long. But she was pleased. All three cameras had provided excellent shots from different angles, well lit and focused. Kate had the groundwork for an exciting, if not a provocative video. Only trouble was, who could she show it to?

She had a full slate of classes but Monica's nude tennis video was foremost on Katie's mind. She found herself consumed with the new project and by four-thirty, had mapped out her approach for the finally twenty-minute disc. Kate got comfortable in an editing booth, loaded her material into the computer and began to work.

Kate envisioned a fast-paced video with lots of short, action-packed shots of Monica in motion about the net. But

she also interspersed several slow motion sequences: Monica air-borne, her naked body fully elevated as she stretched for the ball. Her skin beaded with sweat, her hair flying, her breasts lifting, her nipples extended.

Kate dubbed in some raunchy music and adjusted the visuals so Monica belted the ball in time with the throbbing bass-beat. Wearing headphones, Katie watched her work unfold while she hammered the desktop to the pulsating rhythms. It was like watching a rock video. "Yes!"

She placed her disc and memory cards in her shoulder bag at seven-thirty. Katie purged the computer then headed home. The disc seemed to be hot-on-fire and she couldn't wait to get back to show the results to Monica. Kate took the elevated walkway over the highway, crossed the parking lot and, after using her key in the security door, she turned the corner and looked down the hall. The door to Apartment 101 was ajar.

That wasn't right. Both girls were fully alert when it came to security and it wasn't like Monica to leave the door open.

"Monica?" Kate moved the door back with her toe. "Monica? You here?" Kate tried again. But only the empty echoes of a departed girl answered her call.

Katie thumbed the light switch and looked along the hallway. No movement. No sound. She took halting steps and found Monica's bedroom door open. Katie reached in and flicked on the light. Monica's clothes and all of her cosmetics were gone.

And there wasn't even a note.

She twisted the lock on the apartment door before moving to the fridge. Katie sighed. Monica had even taken the leftover pizza. Katie made herself a stiff drink and, disgusted, she tossed the video disc into her desk drawer.

Saturday was dedicated to vacuuming, laundry and a run to the grocery store. Katie dropped by the school to pin a notice on the bulletin board inquiring about a new roommate. She also reserved a shoulder camcorder for the

next day. There was a college game on Sunday and she had agreed to work with Erica, filming an interview with one of the team players.

From a hundred yards away, you could tell Erica was a jock. She had the size and stance of a weight trainer, or maybe a roller derby queen. A big boned girl, her parents had immigrated from some cold, snowbound mountainous Scandinavian country. Sweden, or Switzerland maybe. Some god-awful place where all you ever did was ski, or chop firewood; even in summer. But Erica portrayed all of the desirable characteristics that defined her heritage: Head of blond hair, high cheek bones, wide smile and icy blue eyes.

She was a bit meaty and, in later years, a calorie counter would be her constant companion but for now Erica had the randy look of a woman who could take it, as well as dish it out. Erica was second year journalism and had aspirations of, one day, commanding a sports deck at a regional television station. And she had the looks and personality to pull it off.

“Hey Katie,” she beamed, watching Kate haul the video camera from the back seat of the Honda. “Thanks for doing this.”

Kate liked Erica and they had worked together a bunch of times. “Not a problem. Helps my grades too, you know.”

“Still, giving up your Sunday- I appreciate that.”

Kate nodded, shouldering the camera. “What you got lined up for us?”

Erica checked her clipboard. “Interview with the new defensive tackle. Let’s go see how he’s makin’ out.”

They found Angelo seated on the bench and watching two quarterbacks warming up; tossing the ball in tight spirals. Erica introduced herself and suggested they move to a quieter spot, around the end of the bleachers. Angelo seemed to lighten at the suggestion.

Katie ran the microphone cord, plugged in the power-pack and hoisted the camera. “Ready.”

Erica looked up into the camera and smiled “This is Erica Svenson for Sidelines and we’re pleased to be introducing our viewers to The Lancers’ new defensive tackle, Angelo Cane.” She slipped in close beside Angelo to make for a tight shot and positioned the mike so it didn’t cover her sexy smile. “You’ve freshly arrived, Angelo; fitting in okay with the squad?”

Angelo was a big attractive boy, in his late teens. His corn-blue eyes sparkled when he realized he was so close to the big blonde that the hairs on her arm tickled his bicep. “Yeah. Everyone’s been great; the players and the coaching staff. I’m looking forward to learning a lot from Dale.”

“That’s Dale Everette. The Defensive Coach.”

“Mmm. Right. I’ve admired the guy for a long time and it’s a privilege to be able work with him.”

Angelo answered questions easily and Kate adjusted the camera angle to capture the eyes. Erica moved in a little closer and it made for an easy exchange of questions and answers, like she and Angelo were tight, old acquaintances even. Erica was good and put the young player at ease. But then Katie realized that Angelo had slipped an arm around Erica’s waist and was stroking her hip. Erica never let on.

“So you come to us from a small town in Michigan?”

“Yeah. Little place called Strasbourg. About seventeen-thousand,” he smiled shyly, “but we had a great school. Very competitive. We won our division three years running.”

Katie watched Angelo move his arm around and shifted her angle again so she could see.

“I saw you at practice yesterday. You’re pretty good at picking off the passes.”

Angelo was stroking Erica’s ass, his fingertips right in the cleft, groping through the loose folds of her skirt. Erica didn’t even squirm.

“Yeah. I started out as a receiver, but I was too big for it. And not fast enough. But I got pretty good hands. If the quarterback is slightly off the mark and I’m there, I can

usually get a piece of the ball,” he continued with a mild hint of self-importance.

Pretty good hands, Kate thought but kept on shooting.

Erica was being molested on camera but if she was okay with it, Kate figured it was none of her business. She kept her eye to the viewfinder as Anglo turned so he could run an open palm over Erica’s tummy. Katie had to shift her feet again to keep him in the shot.

Erica sounded a little breathy. “Anything you want to add?” she asked him, wrapping things up.

His hand slid lower. “I just want to thank everyone back home,” he nodded his head toward the camera lens. “Especially my folks. And hey dad, I still own you gas money, for all those times you drove me to practice.”

Erica turned to the camera. “That’s Anglo Cane, folks. The Lancer’s new defensive tackle. And this is Erica Svenson from Lancer Field wishing you a pleasant evening.” Erica lowered the microphone and, with a little dip, she slipped away from Angelo’s inquisitive fingers. “You get it?” she called to Kate.

Kate lowered the camera. “You bet. You were wonderful. It came across as really natural. The cable station will be pleased.”

“Beautiful,” Erica said with a satisfied grin. “Here, let me help you with some of this stuff.” She leaned down for the power-pack.

The girls turned and stepped toward the parking lot and Katie’s rusty Honda. “Hey?” The voice came from behind. It was Anglo. “Hey? How ‘bout we get together later; after the game?” He put it to Erica, ever hopeful.

Erica looked back and wiggle-waggled a hand in his direction. “Sorry big guy. I’m engaged.” A diamond on her finger caught the sunlight.

Dumbfounded, Anglo’s mouth sagged. He remained rooted to the artificial turf.

Erica took hold of Katie's arm and hurried her toward the car. "Christ. The kid's still in his freakin' teens," Erica hissed.

Katie stumbled to keep up. "I never knew you were engaged."

Erica chuckled. "I'm not. The ring belongs to my mother. I use it as a stage prop from time to time. Works pretty well, don't you think?"

"You bitch," Katie huffed. "Let's get outta here before he gets his second wind. How about The Down Under for a quickie."

"Yummy," said Erica.

The Down Under was a basement pub not far off campus. On a Sunday afternoon it was quiet, just a few guys taking in a ballgame on the flat screen so Kate and Erica were able to settle into the privacy of a corner booth.

Katie had a dozen questions gnawing, but, chewing a lip asked, "The cable station keeping you busy?"

Erica looked for a waitress. "More like the other way around," she said. "I keep presenting them with ideas. Sometimes they bite, sometimes they don't. But I figure the more on-camera experience I get, the better my chances at a job after graduation." She locked eyes with the waitress and raised a hand.

"You'll pull it off," Katie reassured her. "Standing in front of a camera is way more high-profile than standing behind it. And you've got the looks and personality. Some station will scoop you up and consider themselves lucky."

"From your lips to God's ears," Erica said. "But what about you? Any prospects?"

"Hi guys." A woman in a black skirt and starched arrowhead apron stood at the side of the table. "What can I get you?"

Katie glanced up. "Rum and diet cola, thanks."

"Rolling Rock on tap?" Erica asked.

The waitress nodded. "Twelve or sixteen ounce?"

Erica looked sheepishly at Kate. "Sixteen sounds 'bout right."

The waitress trotted off toward the bar.

Kate picked up the thread of the conversation. "If I'm lucky, I'll probably end up running wires and plugging in lights for some hick station somewhere. Maybe after a couple of years it will lead to something. I'm prepared to be patient."

"Yeah. Patience... I've got an older sister that might have some options for me. At least I'm hoping she'll help."

"An older sister?" Kate's eyebrows arched. "First I find out you're engaged and now an older sister. It's been quite the day."

The waitress was back with the drinks.

"Alisha," Erica said, sipping her beer. "Her name's Alisha and she's a sound techie. She's on the IATSE call list."

"IATSE? The stage hands union? I hear that's a hard nut to crack."

"Yeah. She had a boyfriend who got her signed up. She's not a full time member but they call her when they need extra help or just to round out the technicians on a project. She works on all kinds of stuff: Commercial work for ad agencies, television productions, movies, even stage shows and concerts. She gets called in enough times to pay the rent and she likes the freedom. It's not a nine-to-fiver."

"And she can help you find a job?"

Erica watched the bubbles swirling in her mug. "Maybe not directly." She took another sip. "But she knows people and she has an ear to the ground. I mean you never know, right? Jobs can come from the strangest places. Before I was born my dad was scuffing around doing odd plumbing jobs. Well he's working on this guy's house and the two of them hit it off. Thing is, the guy was with the Fire Department and before long, dad's working for the City. You just never know."

That sounded like fairy-tale stuff to Kate but she nodded. They both lifted their glasses, both in thought, both

frightened by the uncertainties that awaited them after graduation.

An awkward silence was interrupted when Kate finally stirred. "Interesting interview with Anglo Cane."

Erica looked up, a dubious cloud of concern hovering about her eyes. "It happens sometimes," she said, "that's all..." Her voice trailed and she went back to her drink.

"Sometimes? You mean it's happened before?"

Erica exhaled and leaned back. "Look. They think they have an advantage; because it's on camera. Like they've got you cornered. I just hope you had the lens trained above my waist."

"Of course," Kate reassured her. "None of what he did was recorded. I mean if I hadn't looked up from the viewfinder, I would never have suspected he had a hand between your legs. It's just that I have a hard time believing you let him get away with it. You carried on like nothing was happening."

"I didn't want to lose the interview." Erica suddenly smiled. "Mark of a true pro, don't you think? The show must go on!"

"Sure. Stick it on your resume."

"Maintains professional, on-camera presence, even while being groped about the crotch." Erica broke out into a larger smile, her eyes dancing. "Something like that, you mean?"

"Yeah. Something like that..."

"The weird thing is, if he had tried that at a social function, like a party or something, I would have freaked and hit him in the face. But on camera? I don't know- it's different somehow."

"Different?"

"Yeah. Sensual I guess. I get a queer feeling, a buzz, and I kinda like it. I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist at heart, but it figures, right? I mean you'd have to be, to stand there and think people watching are interested in you as a person. That they like you. Find you sexy, even. You have to have a