

Sold Out

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“There are a few things you need to know before we start.”

The young girl shivered as the man's face loomed over her, his mean beady eyes boring deep into hers as he spoke. Broken spring coils poked into her back as her weight pressed into the worn mattress.

“I'm not a doctor, so this will hurt,” he told her, his lips curving upwards in a sneer.

Something told her that this man took pleasure in torturing the girls that came to him in their hour of need. She looked away, staring instead at the desperation around her.

Dark shadows bounded across the bedroom walls as a yellow lightbulb swung gently from a long wire in the ceiling, its movements stirred by the humid breeze seeping through a crack in the window. Except for that little crack, the window itself was boarded up, keeping the bedroom in almost permanent darkness. Eyes narrowed, the young girl tried to guess the original colour of the walls before they became tainted with various shades of brown.

“I'm also not a friend, so don't bother crying. I don't give a damn and it'll just put me in a vile mood,” the man continued, his voice threatening.

Fear clutched at her heart as the young girl turned to look at him, seeing an evil glint enter his eyes. The man bent towards her suddenly, closing the distance between their faces by

several inches. She cowered, spying at him through half-closed eyes. She almost choked on the mixed stench of alcohol and cigarettes that came from his breath.

“That's right,” he whispered. “Be very afraid. I don't take any nonsense. What I do take is immediate payment, in whatever form I think is necessary.”

The man's eyes wandered all over her face while his cold clammy hands caressed the inside of one thigh. The young girl stiffened involuntarily, but forced herself to relax when she saw a hard look come over the man's face.

“You're a very pretty one, aren't you?” he snickered, fingers tracing lazy circles higher on the same thigh.

The young girl trembled. Tears gathered in her eyes but didn't fall. She didn't dare to shed them for fear of his reaction. She didn't know the man's real name but she'd heard him being called 'The Butcher' by the older girls and she wasn't eager to learn why.

“One last thing,” said The Butcher, his face now so close to hers that she could feel his damp breath on her skin. “Do exactly as I say, or you won't be the only one to pay.” His hand left her thigh and tapped on her bulging stomach.

The young girl's eyes widened in shock. Her hands gripped the sides of her stomach protectively as the man threw his head back and laughed. His cruel laughter reverberated

in the tightly-closed space.

“Now, have I made myself absolutely clear?” The Butcher asked.

Without uttering so much as a whisper since she arrived, the girl nodded quickly.

“On to our business then,” he said, walking to the end of the bed with the sagging, pokey mattress on which she laid at his mercy.

Sounds of dull metallic clanking came to the young girl's ears. Turning her head to one side, she glimpsed a squat tray table with several rusty surgical equipment tossed carelessly onto it. She watched The Butcher pull on a pair of dirty latex gloves. He turned, catching her staring at his hands.

“Only the good Lord knows where you girls have been,” he pointed between her legs.

Ashamed, the young girl closed her legs.

The Butcher laughed again and turned back to his tray table. He picked up a pair of stained forceps and inspected it, relishing the sharp intake of frightened breath coming from behind him. Putting the forceps down, The Butcher then picked up a worn curette.

The girl shrank deeper into her pillow, panic in her eyes as The Butcher waved the end of

the curette menacingly. The instrument was crusted with dried blood and worn with use, but its pointed end glinted in the dull light of the bulb swinging above her.

“We won't be needing this now,” The Butcher informed the young girl, revelling in her apparent relief. He added, “But soon.”

The curette made a noisy clank as The Butcher threw it amidst his other tools of horror. He pulled the backrest of an office stool that had seen better days. Its wheels squeaked across the floor, the torn cushioned seat powdering dust and old cotton fibers as The Butcher plunked himself into it.

“Now spread your legs,” The Butcher ordered.

A tear slid down one cheek as the young girl did as she was told. She closed her eyes and clenched her teeth against the assault that she was about to endure from this odious man. She felt The Butcher's gloved hands flapping her skirt higher up and then pushing her thighs even further apart.

“That's a little better,” said The Butcher, leering at the sight of the most private part of her body.

The young girl saw The Butcher's head disappear between her legs and braced herself for the worst. His breath was hot against her thighs. She gasped in pain as she felt the

rough thrust of his fingers into her.

“Relax, or you're going to make this even more difficult,” The Butcher told her. “That's it, just let go.”

The Butcher continued probing deep inside her for a few extra seconds, then nodded, seeming satisfied.

“Your cervix is slightly dilated,” he said, pulling out his fingers in one swift motion. “Have you been having contractions lately?”

The young girl shook her head, still not able to find her voice in the face of this brute.

“You've got another two weeks to go to term, but the baby can come any day now,” said The Butcher. “If I were you, I'd stay close by to me.” He snickered at his own joke.

The young girl remained mute. She despised the thought of having this dirty man bring her baby into the world. But did she really have any other choice? She knew no one else in this country except the other girls who shared the same fate. She could barely speak the language despite living here for the last three years. Her environment was certainly not fertile ground for self-education. The Pimp would have her head if she so much as read a magazine.

“Now, sit up,” said The Butcher.

The young girl struggled into a sitting position. The Butcher sighed impatiently, but made no move to help her. He liked watching her suffer. After a few minutes, the young girl sat face-to-face with The Butcher. Her breaths came in rapid successions, her forehead bathed in sweat from her effort.

“Take off your blouse,” The Butcher instructed.

The young girl's fingers shook as she undid the top buttons on her pale blue blouse. She dreaded this part of the examination. She was certain that it was unnecessary, that it served no purpose other than to fulfill The Butcher's own sadistic desires.

The Butcher's eyes gleamed when he spied the bulging domes of the young girl's once-perky little breasts. He ran his tongue across his cracked lips, his pants becoming tight with arousal.

The young girl saw the unhidden desire in The Butcher's eyes and trembled even more. The last few buttons on her blouse slipped from her fingers every time she tried to undo them. She heard a grunt of annoyance and then The Butcher pounced on her.

“Here, let me get that for you,” he whispered into her ear while tearing the blouse open in one quick motion. The three buttons that were left undone popped loudly as they fell to

the floor along with her torn blouse.

The Butcher whistled in admiration. "They look like they've grown from the last time we met," he said. "Will you undo your bra, or shall I?"

Without a word, the young girl meekly unhooked the clasp on her back, loosening the bra straps and letting them slide down her shoulders. She shivered, her skin forming goosebumps as fear coursed through her veins. Her heart thundered in her ears.

The Butcher spread her thighs and stepped in between them, his arousal pressing hard against the young girl's round stomach. He pulled off the latex gloves and threw them on the bed beside the girl. Mesmerized, he brought his bare palms towards her chest.

The young girl jumped when The Butcher's cold hands cupped the warm curves of her full breasts and massaged them slowly. His fingernails were chipped and smudged with dirt. An odor of dried-up sweat came to her as The Butcher rubbed her hard nipples with his thumbs. She closed her eyes, not in desire but disgust, at his touch.

"Feels good, does it, you little whore?" The Butcher asked her in a rough voice.

"Nyet! No!" The young girl protested immediately, opening her eyes and shaking her

head.

The Butcher was taken by surprise that the young girl had spoken. Her first words since she arrived and they were in defiance of him. Enraged, he pulled back his hands and slapped her hard across her face.

“Don't you talk back to me!” he yelled as the startled girl held a hand to her reddening cheek.

The Butcher straightened her shoulders, forcing her to sit up once more. This time, he grabbed both breasts in his hands and squeezed tightly. The young girl cried out in pain, tears trailing down her cheeks.

“Let's check your tits for milk, shall we?” The Butcher said, smiling cruelly.

The young girl felt the pressure around her breasts tighten as The Butcher squeezed hard. When nothing happened, he pinched both nipples until they were raw. The girl willed her body to give up what The Butcher sought to see, but nothing dripped from her nipples.

“Looks like we'll have to check it another way, doesn't it?” The Butcher told her, his eyes glinting eagerly.

The young girl closed her eyes again, refusing to see what her body will ultimately feel. The Butcher's dry lips closed around one sore nipple as his fingers continued to pinch the other. He sucked hard, taking the young girl's breast into his mouth, playing with its nipple with his tongue and eventually biting it savagely. The stronger he sucked one nipple, the harder he pinched the other. The young girl bit her lip against screaming in utter agony. Finally, she felt both breasts being released. She opened her eyes to see The Butcher wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

“Your breasts are ready to feed your little bastard,” he told her. “Now, it's time to pay the piper.”

The young girl was relieved. The physical examination for her third trimester was now over. She wouldn't be seeing The Butcher again, if she could hold her baby in until the term date. She couldn't possibly stomach another meeting with him any sooner than that.

Now came the easy part.

The young girl began putting on her clothes. The 'payment' to The Butcher didn't require her to be naked. She'd save as much of her dignity as she could.

“No,” said The Butcher.

The young girl paused, heart thumping in sudden fear of the unknown. She sat frozen as

The Butcher reached behind her and unclasped her bra, sliding it completely off her body and throwing it on the floor.

“Get down on your knees,” he ordered.

Half-naked and scared, the young girl did as she was bid. Stepping off the bed, she slowly kneeled before The Butcher. The weight of her pregnancy bore down on her knees, pushing them into the cold gritty tiled floor. Bits of wooden chips and accumulated dirt pricked her skin and she shifted her knees uncomfortably.

“This time, your hands won't be enough,” said The Butcher, unzipping his pants.

Anechka squeezed her eyes shut, biting down hard on her bottom lip to stop herself from screaming in pain. She was curled up on a thin mattress in a far corner of the dark room full of sleeping shadows. Her damp hands gripped the sides of her stomach as another sharp contraction overcame her. She held her breath and waited for it to pass.

It was several seconds before Anechka could breath easily. Her skirt was drenched in a cold sweat and something else that wouldn't stop dripping from between her legs. She

didn't know what it was, but feared that it had something to do with her baby. Panic overwhelmed her and she began to sob.

What if my baby is in danger?

Anechka's pregnancy was the first blessing that she had received since she arrived in this foreign country three years ago. The baby was her savior, keeping her from being devoured by men who lacked morals. It was the reason that The Pimp had stopped working her on the streets.

“The baby is innocent and shouldn't be harmed by his mother's lifestyle,” The Pimp had told her kindly.

Anechka had been surprised and relieved that The Pimp had not terminated her pregnancy as she'd thought he would. This kindness came with a small pricetag though.

“There are many ways to pleasure a man without having him stick his dick into you,” The Pimp informed her. “They pay less, but it's still money.”

Even though she'd been off the streets since her first trimester, The Pimp had insisted that she earned her keep by giving 'massages' to some of the clients.

“Nothing that involves an exchange of bodily fluids.” The Pimp had been strict about this. “We can't have the baby catching any diseases.”

Anechka had been grateful for this reprieve, no matter how temporary, from this world of favoring men with sexual pleasures for a fee. She hadn't known any other world since she came here when she was twelve years old. The Pimp hadn't started her working right away, but he'd spent a long year educating her on the art of pleasure.

In the second year, her forbidden fruit was ripe and ready to be plucked by the highest bidder. Men paid exorbitant amounts of money for virgins. Anechka didn't understand why this was, but she never questioned her fate. She'd been taught well. Ask no questions, speak only when spoken to and always say 'yes' to everything a client wishes.

Another contraction overcame Anechka. Once more, she bent almost double, gripping her stomach tightly. A painful groan burst from her lips this time, stirring her neighbor awake.

“Is it time?” she asked, her eyes round as she took in Anechka's appearance.

Anechka nodded, gasping for breath.

“I'll call The Pimp,” said the girl, jumping off her mattress and heading for the door.

Anechka tried to stop her, but was unable to even speak for the painful twists that churned in her stomach. It was two days since she last saw The Butcher. She could still taste his semen after he'd released himself into her mouth, breaking the strict rule that The Pimp had implemented during her pregnancy.

Anechka had no desire to have The Butcher touch her again with those dirty hands of his. She'd informed The Pimp about his transgression, but The Pimp would not act on the matter until after her baby was delivered.

Footsteps hurried towards Anechka. Even though it was dark, she recognized the shadows of The Pimp, his driver and the young girl who'd alerted them to her condition. Without a word, The Pimp and his driver helped Anechka up and took her to the car outside.

"There's no time to blindfold her," said The Pimp. "Her water has broken, so we need to move fast."

"Don't worry, we'll get there in time," replied the driver. "In her state, she wouldn't even notice where we're going."

Anechka felt a pillow being slipped under her head as her legs were stretched across the back seat. She was pale and cold. Her contractions were coming faster now. Each lasted longer and was more painful than the one before. She could hear the worry in The Pimp's

voice and smiled.

He does care for me and my baby.

It was Anechka's final thought as she closed her eyes and fell into a deep, dark oblivion.

The young girl saw shaky blurred images crowding above her. Every once in a while, there was a single bright yellow spot that made her squint and quickly cover her eyes with her hands. She heard faraway voices that seemed familiar.

Where was she?

As the voices became clearer, so did her sight. The young girl balked at the leering face whose damp stinky breath made her cringe.

“Yeah, looks like she's awake now,” said The Butcher to someone behind him.

Another man pushed him out of the way and held the young girl's face in between his large hands.

“Anechka? Anechka, can you hear me?” he asked, concerned.

The young girl nodded weakly, blinking several times as droplets of salty sweat dripped from her forehead into her eyes. It was The Pimp. Her teacher, lover, master. He was here at her side. She was glad and smiled up at him.

“Good,” said The Pimp, returning her smile. “You're in labor, and I need you to push really hard, sweetie. Can you do that for me?”

Anechka nodded again.

“Push when you feel a contraction coming on,” The Butcher's voice burst through the protective bubble in which Anechka was with The Pimp.

Anechka waited for the moment her body tensed with excruciating pain. Gathering all the strength that she could muster, she pushed again and again until she was spent.

“Almost there, sweetie,” The Pimp reassured her. “You're doing just great. Now, one more time with everything you've got.”

Anechka's body crisped and her stomach twisted once more. She heaved in a deep breath and pushed, screaming towards the end of her breath. At that moment, she felt

something tear right through her, giving her the relief that she sought.

“That's it! The head is out. Push one last time!” The Butcher ordered.

Only then did Anechka realize that The Butcher was holding her baby's head. With the same dirty latex gloves he'd used during her physical examination two days ago. She shuddered in disgust and hesitated, not wanting her baby's first contact to be with this monster. But she didn't have time to consider an alternative as her body tensed. She pushed for the last time, feeling the rest of her baby sliding out of her easily.

Leaning back into the thin mattress, Anechka felt her head spinning in rapid circles and her body throbbing everywhere, especially down there. Through the haze of her fatigue, she heard the dull snip of a pair of scissors and glimpsed The Butcher throwing something long, slithery and bloody into a black garbage bag.

Then, in the dim light of the dark dirty bedroom, came the beautiful cry of hope. Anechka's heart lifted in joy at the sound of her baby's wailing. She watched as The Butcher cleaned the infant, The Pimp waiting beside him with a white cotton wrap. She frowned.

“What is it?” Anechka's voice came out in a croaky whisper.

The Pimp turned to look at her, confused. The Butcher dried the baby and swaddled it in

the cotton wrap that The Pimp had been holding.

“My baby,” said Anechka. “Is it a girl or a boy?”

“Shhhh, honey, don't worry about all that. You just rest now,” replied The Pimp without answering her question.

An uncomfortable feeling settled in the pit of Anechka's stomach. She watched as The Butcher handed her tightly-wrapped baby to The Pimp. Panic filled every last nerve in her body when she saw The Pimp walking out of the bedroom without even a second glance at her.

“Wait!” Anechka cried in protest. “Where are you taking my baby?”

“Shut it!” The Butcher instructed, slapping her.

Anechka whimpered, shock and fear forcing her into reluctant silence. The Butcher leaned in menacingly, causing her to shrink back into the damp pillow.

“Your babe's going to live happily ever after with another family,” he told Anechka. “50 G's we got for your screaming bastard. Or was it a little bitch?” The Butcher grinned when he saw how crushed Anechka was at hearing this.

“Now settle down, honey. I'm not finished with you yet,” he added.

Anechka turned away as The Butcher disappeared between her legs. Her eyes held tears, but she couldn't cry. Her heart was numb, yet she felt an agonizing pinch when she remembered her baby's wails.

The Butcher began cleaning Anechka. She felt the scratchy gauze being scrubbed against her tender skin as the drip of saline solution stung her open wounds. The Butcher clucked his tongue with disapproval.

“That baby tore you so bad that I'm going to have to stitch you back up real nice and tight,” he said. “The boss can even sell you up as a virgin again in three weeks!”

Anechka was lost in her thoughts, oblivious to The Butcher's cruel laughter. In her mind, she heard her baby's high-pitched crying. She played it over and over again. It was the only memory of her baby that she'd ever have.