

-SYLVIA-

I am scared to death.

I look out the car door as we drive. This place is huge. It's not like Arthur's place at all, either. I can see just by the outside of it. There are rooms everywhere. It's a hive. Arthur's place has big open rooms, wide floors, tall ceilings. This place looks vast; a labyrinth. Six stories high, then a roof. Maybe there's a seventh floor. Everything about it looks stacked down. It looks more like a prison.

"This is gonna be easy." I lie aloud "Big place like this, lots of places to hide."

We drive by it, Arthur and I. I'm trying to think about the complex inner workings of this monstrosity, but really I'm focused on the deafening silence between us, and how I want to break through it at long last.

"So I can't make my move until just after nightfall. Sundown is at 5:30. The security will be loose until Curosa comes home, then it will be locked down."

"That's right. What else?" Arthur asks, making sure that I've been paying attention. For the past few days as he grilled me on the job.

"It was a hotel once. It was the most fancy hotel around. A view of the lake, and only 20 minutes out of town. It's surrounded by farmland and undeveloped countryside. There's nobody else in a 3 mile radius."

"Focus Sylvia."

Dammit Arthur, I memorized my notes on it, I'm just telling you what you told me.

"What do we know?" He asks

"Curosa keeps the keys on him. To get to them I have to locate him specifically. Most of the rooms will be empty. There will be staff everywhere. Maids, groundskeepers; He has hired his own security force. He is rumored to keep several women with him on the premises. Cameras will be operational, but most of the lights will be out to save juice. There are no motion sensors, but there are security patrols. Stay in the shadows, stay in dark corridors. Enter from behind the greenhouse where there is a low spot on the fence, and there's a blind spot to the hotel. Get the key stamped while Curosa is asleep. Be in and out by 5 in the morning."

"What don't we know?"

"How much security? How many doors are open? Where will Curosa be at any given time?"

Inside the car are my night clothes, a camo jacket and matching pants a knotted climbing rope, my lock pick, an LED flashlight, Bear-repellent pepper spray, binoculars, clay stamp and my camera. I will go in, find out where the key is, stamp it on the clay and get out. Plug me in and turn me on.

“What do the Hindenburg, the Titanic, Three Mile Island and Chernobyl all have in common?” Arthur asks me.

I know about the Hindenburg. I saw the Titanic movie last year for the first time, and Chernobyl was like an atom bomb or something.

“What’s three Mile Island?” I ask him.

“It was a nuclear melt-down.”

“Well, what? They all made front-page news?”

“Yes. And, they all happened on third shift.”

“So what?”

“So that means that you have to get them when they’re lazy, and not caring about the details. Third shift should be when security will be the most sloppy. Prowl the place, but don’t make any big moves until after midnight.”

The clay stamp is like a compact with artist clay put in it and flattened out. There’s wax paper in between the two faces of clay, so they don’t stick together. Arthur showed me himself. When the time comes I press the key on one side, then on the other, and I have to make sure that I get a good imprint. Then the wax paper goes back into the compact, and I close it up. Mission complete.

“There is no snow forecast tonight, but there will probably be frost in the morning. Keep your footsteps off the grass as much as possible when you leave. Who am I?” He asks me

“I don’t know you.”

“Why did you do it?”

“I did it on a dare to break into the house and take some pictures to prove I did it.”

“Do you realize you could go to jail for this?”

“No. It was just a stupid prank. I’m sorry.”

Arthur is just grilling me because I promised him not to get him or Loopy involved in case I got caught.

Stamping the key once I'm inside, that's the simple part. The hard part is I'm going in alone. I can't let anyone know I'm there. If anyone finds me I have to get out fast. I have no idea what this place will look like internally. I have to get inside, avoid security and cameras. No phone, no contact, no help.

I've sworn my secrecy to Dave and Arthur but who knows if they trust me. Maybe they don't. Maybe I don't trust myself. I can't get caught. We approach my drop off point, and boy do I have a surprise for him. He pulls to a stop inside a small grove near the field of grass. There are no other cars around. No other people. We are alone. I turn to him.

"I'm not supposed to be Batman, you know."

"How about Catwoman?"

"Here's hoping!"

"OK, Sylvia. He looks behind the car. Get changed."

This is when I have to commit to doing it. All or nothing.

I take off my shirt, Arthur looks straight ahead, and occasionally in the rear view. I unhook my bra and still he won't look at me. I undo my jeans, and slide them and my panties all the way down to the floor of the cabin. He still doesn't pay any attention.

"Look at me, Arthur."

When he finally stops looking away and looks at me, that's when I feel it. I feel so vulnerable, and so calm. His eyes cut right through me and soothe.

"You're pretty, Sylvia."

"No I'm not, but still."

"Your face is pretty your hair is cute. Face me for a second."

I lean back against the car door.

"You got these adorable porn-star titties."

"What?" I say laughing; just as I was about to back down.

"Well, look at them, they're perky and they don't lean a bit to either side, they just aim straight

ahead, round, and I assume soft.”

“Well, that's flattering, I guess.”

He's leaning in close now. Oh, God.

“You're sweet, Sylvia. Pretty, and cute, but what I really like about you is you are sneaky.”

Speaking of sneaky before I can even know what's happening he's picked me up by my bare ass, and set me on his lap, while my legs trail over into the seat next to us. Laying where they gave in, and didn't have the strength to follow me. I wrap my arms around him, and he caresses me gently. Then he scooches my feet over to our side of the car, so I'm sitting all the way with him.

“I think sneaky is sexy.” Then we kiss.

-DAVE-

Dear Lord,

Be with her. Guide her to her goal.
Make her brave and strong to do that which she must do.
What is right and wrong, and great or small
in the entire universe rests in your mighty hand.
I pray for you to bring her safely out of this trial.
Lord help her and bring us all to safety and salvation.
She is only just a girl, Lord God.
What is she to be thrown in with the likes of me?
How can she be misled by a snake such as Arthur?
I beg you lord that whatever may happen you will get her out of this.
Her soul and her future can't be on my conscience.
Show her grace, she deserves something better.
Let her steal this key and be done with it.
For your grace, for your kingdom, for all time;
Lord Jesus

Amen.

-ARTHUR-

I enjoy the sexual pleasure of giving sexual pleasure. It is animal for us to desire sex, it is human for us to give it wanting only the pleasure for the other. Besides I totally have to bait her into thinking that after the job she's going to get laid.

The two folds of her sex are small and soft and go so evenly in my caress. Her left hand is over mine, her right hand reaches to the back of my neck, grasping at finger fulls of hair. Her breath is gasping, quick.

I feel like a child molester.

"How old did you say you were again?"

"Seventeen. It's the age of consent in this state."

"OK. Are you consenting?"

"Fuck yes."

I still feel a little off about it because She might have matured but she's still no taller than a fifth grader. I close my eyes and just try to read her just by feel and touch alone. I maneuver to the crest of the pussy, and find exactly what I'm looking for.

"Oh, yeah. Right there, baby."

I open my eyes again. She puts my hand on her breast and I massage it and knead it firmly, and increase the pressure on her crotch a little. Her head goes back over my shoulder, teeth clenched, eyes closed, she growls carnally. Again I close my eyes, and for a while minutes, just try to keep her in suspended frenzy.

Holy shit. I bought this car three months ago, and I'm only now christening it? I'm slacking off these days.

"Faster, Arthur, Faster."

"I bet you're a screamer aren't you?"

I caress the crest with my thumb, as I put my middle and pointer finger in for penetration. Her G-spot should be about here. Her chest heaves upward, and her hand grips tight on my hair, as her other hand flies to the door armrest for something to hold onto.

Yahtzee.

"Oh, God! Right there. Don't stop."

So I just keep going as per request. I sense this is drawing to a close. She lifts one of her legs, and throws it back over to the passenger side. The sweat on her has broken from legs to forehead, and she lets go of her grip on my head, and recoiled to put it over my shoulder.

"Oh. That's so Good. Fuck. I'm going to do it. I'm going to come!"

Obviously.

She pulls me in to kiss me strongly, and beneath her kiss I can hear her orgasmic roar as her belly clenches, and her back goes tight. When she pulls away, still with a muted-by-habit scream, she torques upward and spills a not so insignificant amount of female essence on my pants and the car seat. Well, fuck.

I take out my stimulator hand, and wipe it try quickly on my pants, before bringing it up to rub her heaving belly. With my other hand I move the hair out of her eyes

"Oh, wow. That felt so good."

"You seemed tense, so I hope this relaxed you more."

"Tense? About what?"

"You have to break into the hotel now."

She smirks, sarcastically.

"Oh, that? Pfffft."

"You know how much older I am than you?" I ask, with a sad kind of introspection.

"How much?"

"Eleven years."

"You know how much I care? Zero."

So we sit there, but the daylight is burning away. We have work that must get done. Somewhere deep down I feel dirty. Maybe if I'd have taken some Prozac or liberty caps earlier I'd probably not feel so odd at the moment.

"OK. Get dressed." I tell her. She quickly shifts to the passenger side and reaches in the back for the shopping bags with the needed gear. She does herself up in her infiltrator suit. It's gonna be cold out there, but she should be OK. I spent \$600 the other day getting her all the gear she'd need for this. She wears black. Black pants, black gloves, black socks, black boots, and a black vest with pockets for everything she'll need inside. The one exception is the rope which she has to carry to the place and hide when she gets there. She buttons up the vest. There are no zippers. Buttons are quieter.

"Don't put any two things in the same pocket on that vest. They might rattle"

"I know, I know."

"Just move quick. Remember to avoid people as much as possible."

"Yeah. Yeah. Yeah."

"Do you have everything?"

She taps her pockets one at a time.

"Flashlight, glow stick, 8x mini-Binoculars, lock pick, Camera, clay stamp, pepper spray."

She points to her wrist

"Watch"

She holds up the rope from the back seat, and brings it up front.

"Knotted rope."

She brings up the camouflage outdoor gear.

"Camo"

She holds up the black spandex ski-mask

"Mask."

I nod then I point to the red ribbon which I tied off yesterday when I was planning her escape.

"You see that ribbon, Sylvia? When you are done tomorrow morning come to this spot and go to that ribbon. One of the tails has a safety pin on it, pin the two tails together, and go in

the woods and look for more ribbons. When you get to the white ribbon you're at the end of the trail."

"OK, then I go until I get to a white ribbon."

That's right. To the north-west, that's the opposite of where the sun will be, there is a hill go up and on the other side is a broken down shed, with a rusted dead car in front of it. Go in the shed, and I will get you at noon."

"White ribbon. Hill. Shed."

"Remember to pin the tails together. That's my signal to come get you."

"What if I don't pin them together?"

I make my face very serious. "Then I assume you got caught and I leave town immediately."

"Wow."

"Yeah. This is serious, Sylvia."

"I can do it, Arthur. It's not impossible."

"Yeah." I smile. "Just like my house; just like the locker-rooms."

"Just bigger." She's still in high spirits when she says it. A little sex goes a long way. I give her a last, and lasting smile.

"Good luck, Sylvia."

Her spirits fade into earnest determination, and she puts on the camo-pants and jacket quickly, and gets out of the car. She's got everything on except for the mask, and she looks back at me.

"Arthur, when I say I love you I mean it. This plan might make me rich, I don't care. I want us. Just think about that."

She closes the door and dons the mask before heading off into the woods. I don't waste any time in putting the car in reverse and getting out of the grove and onto the pavement. Nothing can stop her now. Everything I've done is on the line, but if this works, I can't even imagine how wonderful everything is going to be.

I glance back at the mansion from further away as I drive past on a more distant road. I don't think there are any hunters out there today. My thoughts have become so paranoid.

I'm worried about her getting shot now? Please.

I can't help thinking, though, that this will take a miracle. Ken has me thinking about religion a lot recently. Why I have to do the things I do.

You don't find redemption by your wanting to go to Heaven.
You find it from your willingness to go through Hell.

Send questions, comments, corrections, criticisms and thoughts to
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