

The Brothel

by Mikko Tirkkonen

<http://www.lilwolf.biz/>

Released under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License.

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/>

THE BEAD OF SWEAT GLITTERED AS IT FELL. Susy barely had time to turn her head. The drop hit her cheek and rolled down instead of landing in her mouth. She quickly wiped it off.

“Uhuh.” The man on top of her grunted, oblivious TO how much he was sweating. He wasn't a small man. Even with her legs spread he barely fit in between them. The fat of his stomach rested on her belly as he made his thrusts.

Susy listened to the bed creak and stared past the man at the ceiling.

I hope it doesn't break. The manager would hate to wait for a new bed.

Given the bulk of the man it wasn't an unfounded fear. He had had trouble fitting through the door. He breathed heavily. There was a slight wheeze in every inhale.

I hope he doesn't have a heart attack. He'd crush me if he fell on me.

She didn't wish it on the man. Hank was a regular and all around a nice guy. Never hit anyone and always gave a little bit of extra tip to the girls. He couldn't help his weight. A combination of medication and illness had made him that way – or so he had told. Who knew if it was true. Maybe he just liked to eat a lot.

What ever the case, he had said the brothel was the only place he could enjoy the closeness of a woman.

Susy shifted her gaze form the ceiling and towards the man. His shoulders were just as hairy as his chest and back. The dark brown hair was cut short. The natural curls could barely be made out. His eyes were closed.

He was close.

“Hngh..”

There it was. The final thrust. For a while his entire body stiffened before finally relaxing. With heavy breaths he rolled over to the other side of the bed. It let out creaks in objection, but settled down without falling apart.

Finally.

Susy wasted no time getting up and making her way to the small table. She grabbed the silvery cylinder and opened up the window. A river flowed right next to the building, several stories down. On the other side of it a row of red brick buildings lined the river bank. It was early evening and a cool breeze blew from

up the river. The sudden chill hardened her nipples and made her wrap an arm around herself, right below her breast. It pushed her breast up and together ever so slightly.

She pushed a button on the cylinder and put it in her mouth, inhaling. The taste of strawberries made her mouth water and washed away any memories of Hank's smell.

Susy blew out a cloud of steam.

"I think I love you," Hank huffed from the bed.

Susy turned and gave the man a brief smile. "You don't love me, Hank. You just enjoy my body."

The man prodded himself up again the end of the bed. He examined Susy for a bit. Barely in her twenties, her black hair flowed over her shoulders. Someone with a mean spirit might have called her breasts saggy, but to him they were perfect. Not too big, not too small – the perfect size to bounce around when free. There was a bit of extra softness to her stomach and waist, but those were what made her so attractive to him.

"I can't deny loving your body," he finally admitted with a grin.

Susy took another breath from her silvery cylinder. She waved to a ferry man passing by with his dingy. The grin she got in return seemed to promise a visit.

Never waste an opportunity for a new client.

The manager had been very specific about that. He had stressed the importance of it to every newcomer and those that did not heed the advice were usually those who didn't stay for long.

"But you're always nice to me," said Hank. "Nicer than the other girls."

"That's what you pay me for," said Susy, not wanting to give the man any false hope. She took another breath from the cylinder and put her head further out the window to look up and down the river. The window next to her was also open and Faith was there, cooling off much like she was. The two women exchanged brief smiles. Past her Susy could see the tall chimneys of the factories down stream. The black smoke they billowed out was thankfully blown away from the city that day.

"Money doesn't mean you have to treat me like you do," said Hank. He didn't

sound offended at being rebuked so bluntly.

Susy looked upstream on the river. The river curved and went under a bridge not far off. She could see a couple walking on the bridge, the man in his black top hat and the woman with a folded in sunshade. They must have been out the entire day. Maybe a late picnic in the park. She could only imagine how nice it must have been. No one asked a whore out for such things, not even Hank. They'd talk all sweet when they were still in the room, but the moment they stepped out they'd deny ever being there.

"Money means you've hired me for the hour," said Susy and turned to regard Hank. "If it's sex you want then that's what you get. If it's niceness you want then that's what you get. That's all there is to it."

Hank chuckled. It made his belly wobble along with every other piece of fat on his body. "You're honest today, aren't you?"

Susy put the cylinder back on the table. It had done its job. There was a sweet taste in her mouth and the guilt of having had sex with the man had been washed away. It wasn't often that she had to resort to using it, but for some reason Hank had hit a nerve today. "I am what I am and words aren't going to change that fact."

Hank lumbered up from the bed. He was a tall man and Susy had to tilt her head to look up at him. Most doors would have him bending down not to hit his head and the bulk of his body meant he'd often have to go through sideways or otherwise angle himself the right way to get through. He grabbed his clothes from the chair and started putting them on.

"I won't bother you any more then," said Hank as he pulled on his tent like trousers.

"But you've still got half an hour left," said Susy and looked at the clock sitting on her vanity. Every whore needed a clock. How else would you know how long a client had left and how much to charge?

Hank gave her a smile. "Enjoy the break." He pulled on a shirt and angled himself inside a black jacket. He then dug out his wallet. He laid out the bills on the table. There was the standard fee and an extra hundred just for Susy.

Now I feel bad for being so straight forward with him.

“Hank, that's too much..”

The man raised a hand to stop any objections. “I'm the client. I decide how much I pay. You deserve every bit of it.”

He walked up to her and gave her breasts a gentle fondle. Susy didn't mind. He wasn't rough and it was what he had paid for and he certainly had not gotten his moneys worth if she was asked. He leaned down and planted a kiss on her forehead.

“I'll see you again in a few days,” said Hank and let go of her. He guided himself out the door and left her alone in the room.

Susy went to the table and leafed through the bills.

Maybe I was too hard on him.

She grabbed her share of the money and stashed it in the drawer of her vanity, inside a small locked box. She didn't really know what she was saving the money for. She was there of her own will and there weren't many things she longed for. She had no free days on which to go out and spend the money. Maybe, unconsciously, she was saving for the day when she'd be too old to draw any customers.

She spent a moment cleaning herself with a wet cloth. There was always a basin in the room with water in it. Staying clean was important in her line of work. No man wanted a whore that looked like she'd been with three other men that day.

She started to get dressed. The manager had a philosophy of letting the girls decide what they wore and Susy had never been one to dress up like many others did. They'd wear nothing but some stockings and a corset that did its best to make them look slim with big breasts. She went for class instead, wearing dresses you could have seen at high society parties. They weren't made by the famous designers, of course, she couldn't afford that, but she knew a seamstress willing to do some quality work for fair money.

So she put on the dress she had chosen for the day. A blue thing that hugged her waist and settled itself in layers over her chest. The hem left her legs exposed from the knee down, but covered the backs of her thighs. A moment of combing her hair and fixing her make up by the vanity had her looking as fresh

as ever.

She gave the mirror a smile.

That should do. As fresh as I was in the morning.

Happy that she was presentable she grabbed the managers share of the payment and left the room. The wooden floor of the hallway creaked under her bare feet. She had never been one for shoes. Doors lined the corridor and when she passed some of them she could hear men moaning, some girls giggling and most of all beds wailing for their fate.

She went down the stairs and walked a similar corridor that followed the buildings square shape before making it down to the ground floor.

The stairs ended in a lounge that welcomed any new comer with its warm colours and sociable atmosphere. There were couches and lounging chairs strewn all around the large area, some occupied by girls waiting for clients and others by customers that had already found what they wanted and were just waiting to finish their drinks. There were a few tables as well for enjoying a meal.

Next to the stairs there was a long, curving counter that had shelves filled with bottles behind it. A single door led to the back. Stools were lined up in front of it and a few of them even had customers sitting there. It wasn't just the girls that brought in money for the place. There were the drinks as well.

Susy made her way to the counter and gave the manager a look. He was busy polishing off a glass. His well groomed moustache and black vest had him looking more elegant than was suitable for someone tending a bar. He put down the glass and turned his attention to Susy.

"He was quick," he noted.

"That's Hank for you. He told me I could have the rest of his time off." Susy gave the manager the money. He counted it before ringing up the register and depositing it there.

Susy looked around the lobby. One figure caught her eye. The up curling moustache, the slightly grey hair and the black suit with a purple vest underneath was an unmistakable combination.

"Is that who I think it is?" she turned back to the master.

The man nodded. "It's him all right. The industrial tycoon John Homested.

He has been waiting for you.”

“Me? Why me?” She had never seen the man before. For all she knew it was the first time he was in the establishment. And he had made no move when she had come down the stairs so did he even know what she looked like or was he just asking by name?

The master shrugged his shoulders. “Who knows. His companions found themselves women already and are upstairs enjoying their time. But he, he insisted on waiting for you to become free. He hasn't even looked at any of the other girls. Just asked for a whiskey and then sat down at that table. Hasn't moved since.”

Susy frowned and glanced at the man. He was in his fifties and wrinkles were starting to decorate his strong jawed face. There was a certain refinement to him that only came with age.

Something isn't right with this.

“I don't like this,” she muttered to the master. “No one asks for a girl without having been with them at least once. He didn't react when I came down the stairs so he doesn't even know what I look like.”

“He's willing to pay,” said the master and picked up another glass to polish. “That's all that matters.”

The master could be cold at times, but at his heart he cared about the girls working for him. There was nothing like the master if a customer got rough with anyone. A broken hand was not an unusual payment before getting thrown out. Sometimes he gave a beating that proved nearly fatal and the police had talked with him more than once over such incidents. Somehow he had always managed to talk himself out of prison time.

The girls knew they were safe with him around.

It was in that that Susy trusted. If anything fishy was going on then the master would step in and keep her safe.

“I think I'll go talk with him,” she said and gave the master a smile and look that asked him to look after her. “Hank may have given me free time, but money is always money.”

The master nodded and kept his eyes on her as she made her way to the

tycoon.

“I hear you have been waiting for me.” Susy had her hands on her hips. She examined the man more closely, not missing the golden chain that went to his vest pocket. No doubt a watch that cost more than her monthly earnings.

“Susy?” the man stood up to be polite.

“I’m surprised you have to ask. Usually people know what the whore they’re waiting for looks like.” She smiled all the way through the sentence. Her remark did not seem to phase the man.

“Forgive me. I am John Homested. Won’t you have a seat?” he moved to pull a chair opposite to him so Susy could take a seat. She did as offered. There was no reason not to.

John made his way back to his own seat and took what looked like an extremely nervous gulp from his glass of whiskey.

“A friend recommended you,” he said.

Susy raised an eyebrow. There weren’t many men from his social circles that came to visit a place like this. She could not recall being with any of the few that did come.

“A poor recommendation if he didn’t not even tell you what I looked like,” she said.

John smiled briefly. “I assure you, I am not disappointed.”

It was enough to bring a smile on Susy’s lips. No matter how many times you heard it, it was always nice to hear someone found you attractive. It meant continuation for your services. “I am flattered that you would wait for me while your friends are off enjoying themselves.”

“There is a good reason for it,” said the tycoon.

“I would love to hear it,” said Susy. “For a man like you to go to such trouble the reason must be a hefty one.”

John looked around the room as if afraid someone would hear the two. It wasn’t likely given the piano playing in the corner and the overall chatter the others made. “It is important that I speak with you in private. It is not a matter to be discussed in a public place like this.”

The words did nothing to ease Susy into the situation. People didn’t have

matters like that to discuss with a whore they had never met. Something strange was going on and she didn't like it one bit.

"All right," she said, not wanting to reject the man then and there. "We can go upstairs to my room. It should be private enough."

Just as she said that, the doors swung open and a group of men stepped inside from the street. They were dressed like common workers. Their clothes had dirt on them as if they had worked the entire day on a field. Black scarves covered their faces and each of the six men brandished a gun in hand.

A single shot fired at the ceiling had girls screaming and men standing up.

"No one move!" the lead man that had fired the shot yelled. His voice carried well and everyone froze in place.

Susy noted that John had grabbed his hat and looked around with frightened eyes, trying to find a way out.

"All right. Just stay where you are and no bystander will get hurt. Where's John Homestead?" the leader looked around the room.

Please don't see him. Don't see him.

Susy tried to look as casual as possible.

His eyes came to a rest on the tycoon. The rest of his men had spread through out the room, each pointing their weapon at a group of people to keep them in check.

"Ah, there he is," said the man and started towards the table.

Don't come this way. Don't come here.

Susy felt herself shrink as the masked man came closer. She glanced at John who now seemed to have accepted his fate. The anxiety had vanished and he was no longer looking for a way to escape. The only thing he'd done was grab hold of his top hat.

Then the master was there.

Out of nowhere, he appeared in front of the man and blocked his path.

"Out of the way," the gunman grunted and pointed his gun at him.

"You are disturbing my customers and employees. I ask that you leave now." There was no worry in the masters voice and he stared down the gunman with calm eyes.

For a moment the gunman stood there silently, staring at the unarmed bartender. He then burst out laughing.

Not good. Not good. Get out of there, master. He's going to kill you.

Susy watched in horror as the gunman squeezed the trigger. For a moment she expected the master to do something. Knock the gun out of the man's hands, punch him, something.

The gun fired.

Blood sprayed on Susy. She watched in horror at the gaping hole in the back of master's head. Her mouth was slightly open. A bit of blood slithered in from the corner of her mouth.

Not this again. Not again. No.

The memory washed her away. No longer was she a whore. The room had changed from the lobby into a small one room apartment. She was looking at the world through the eyes of her five year old self. Her feet hung from the chair, barely scraping the floor if she pointed her toes down. She had a piece of paper and some charcoal in hand. She was drawing what looked like a house and a collection of stick figures.

Her mother was in the kitchen. The smell of boiling cabbage filled the room. The sound of a knife hitting wood told she was still chopping up what ever else was going in to the soup she was making.

Her father sat in a chair by the fireplace. A pipe hung from the corner of his mouth and the occasional puff of smoke carried the bitter smell to Susy. To her it was the smell of home.

No. I don't want to see this. Stop!

The door smashed open. Her father stood up from the chair, but not before three men had rushed in. They subdued him quickly. The scream of her mother had her running to hide, but strong hands grabbed her from behind. She struggled, but what could a five year old do against the strength of a grown man?

I don't want to remember. Not this. Make it go away!

Her mother was shoved next to her father. They were both kneeling on the floor. The fire cast shadow on their faces, making their terrified expressions more monstrous. Susy could barely recognize them.

She looked around.

The faces of the three men were a blur. She could tell they were grinning, but the features were not there. She could not have identified any of them. They spoke, but the words were lost to her. She saw the knife get pulled out.

No!

Her mother was the first one. The sharp knife cut her throat, letting loose the crimson torrent. The man brought the bloody knife to Susy. He pressed the moist blade against her lips. The taste of iron was in her mouth, despite holding her lips sealed. The man laughed and then went to her father. A throat was cut again, the blood flowed. The man brought the knife to her lips once more.

No! I don't want this. Not here.

He said something.

“Are you listening to me?”

Susy blinked. The memory faded. He realized the gunman was standing in front of her, looking down. You could tell he was angry, despite the scarf covering much of his face. You could tell from his eyes.

“Yes,” Susy muttered and lifted a hand to her lips. She wiped away some of the blood around her mouth.

“Then do as you're told!” the man grunted.

Susy looked across the table. John looked at her with curiosity, as if he had forgotten the man looking for him. He gave her a look that urged to do as the man was ordering.

“I'm sorry. What am I supposed to do?” she asked. The flashback had drawn her in completely. She had not heard what was being asked.

“Oh for..” the man muttered and grabbed her by the arm. There was nothing gentle in the way he pulled her up and shoved towards the masters dead body. “Clean that up. We don't need a body in the middle of our stage. Not his anyway.”

Her dress made her trip and land face first in the puddle of blood forming underneath the masters head. Dead eyes looked at her when blood hit her lips again.

No, no, no, no, no..

Her dead parents laid on the floor. There was more blood around the room.

Susy looked down at her small hands. They were crimson in colour. Barely a patch of pink skin could be seen. She looked around. A torn off arm rested not far from her. The more she looked around the more body pieces she found. Guts hung on the back of the chair she had been sitting in only a brief moment before. The paper on which she had drawn was soaked in blood.

All the men were dead.

Don't look in the mirror! Don't look!

It was a memory she had no control over. Her five year old self walked over to her parents bed and grabbed the small hand held mirror of her mother. It wasn't a high quality one, but enough to let her see what she feared. Yellow eyes stared back at her. They were her own eyes.

Aaaarrghhhh!

"Is she all right in the head?" the masked man asked. No one answered him.

Susy tasted the blood. It was now a familiar taste. It had a calling to it that she could not deny. She saw herself in the dead eyes of the master. Yellow eyes stared back at her.

A smile crept on her lips.

She laid a hand straight into the puddle of blood and pushed herself up. For a moment she admired her bloody hand before taking it to her mouth and licking it.

"Doesn't look like it," said one of the other men from by the stairs. Everyone in the room was looking at Susy. Some with disgust, some with fear, others with pity. The masked men, they looked angry for the most part.

"Hey, crazy woman. You there?" asked the man that had blown masters brains all over Susy.

She turned to regard the man. Her eyes startled him.

"I'm here," said Susy and lowered her hand. Before anyone even realized it she was standing next to the man.

"What th.."

There was a snap and the man fell to the floor, limp like a small child's stuffed doll. Susy stretched herself as if she had just woken up from a good night of sleep. A stunned silence took over the room.

Susy turned her eyes to John. There was a fire in him, as if he had hoped to see what he was witnessing. She smiled at him and turned to face the remaining men.

“Kill her!” yelled one of the men and guns were raised against her. The gunshots made people in the room flinch and scream. None of the bullets found their mark. One of the brothel whores fell, holding her neck, blood trickling from between her fingers. A potential customer joined her, clutching his chest and the spreading flower of crimson on his vest.

The sound of bone cracking announced her arrival by the nearest gunman. The weapon dropped to the floor and the cry of pain was stifled by her fist knocking his teeth back in and forcing its way down his throat. Down the arm went, past her elbow. She looked the man in the eyes and grinned. She spread her fingers, moved her hand around and gathered as much to hold on as she could. Then she yanked the hand back out. Blood and innards came out with her hand. The man went limp and she let him collapse to the floor.

Why am I doing this? Why does it feel so good?

Susy stared at her bloody hand. The blood covering it glistened in the light. It almost seemed to talk to her. The call of it rang in her ears. More, more, more..

A bullet nicked her shoulder.

The pain was brief and vanished almost as quickly as it had come. Susy turned towards the man holding the gun responsible for it. She could see the panic grow in the man's eyes. He fired another shot and missed. Her steps were certain and quick, too quick for the man to reload his six shooter.

The metal casing fell to the floor.

The man's ripped off arm fell soon after.

Wings off a butterfly.

Susy ripped off the other arm and tossed it in the lap of one the girls. The horrified scream made her smile. It was too easy. The men had thought they were coming for an easy kill. Six against the lone Homestead. They had been mistaken. They had not expected her. How could they? Even she had not known what she was.

She still didn't.

Turning her attention to the remaining three men made one of them turn pale and run out the door. It made her laugh. She didn't recognize the laugh that bubbled up from her throat. It was as foreign as the enticing nature of the blood on her hands.

A quick step and she was next to another gunman.

She didn't waste time with him. A hand through his stomach was enough to send him kneeling and ripping his throat open with her other hand sent him tumbling to the floor, gargling blood.

When she turned around the last man had disappeared out the door as well.

Everyone in the lobby was staring at her. Most looked horrified, some were starting to realize the gunmen were gone, some who had already realized that were starting to worry about Susy.

What have I done?

The strength escaped her feet. She fell to her knees and looked numbly at the floor. She had just killed four men like it was nothing. She had been brutal about it and she had enjoyed it. It was the same that had happened in her memories. In her childhood.

She heard the steps of men rushing down the stairs. No doubt John's companions rushing to aid their friend. Too late.

Footsteps coming closer made her look up.

John stood above her. He looked pale, but at the same time there was a fire in his eyes, the sort a man who had been searching his entire life for something would have when he found it.

"What am I?" It was all Susy could think of to ask.

John smiled and offered her a hand. "A thing of beauty."

She looked at his hand for a moment. She glanced at the dead master. Taking the hand offered seemed like the best choice. John pulled her up to her feet and retained his hold on her.

"I will tell you everything if you come with me."

Susy needed no further words to convince her.

The two walked out the door, leaving behind the carnage.