

## The Golden House

One day, speaking with Maria, one of my best friends from high school, with whom I've traveled and with whom I have always had affinities for; we imagined how our lives would have been if we hadn't had families that sheltered us for so long, that hadn't sent us to good schools, or to Cartagena when we were 15 years old. She is a really cute girl, who is always going out with boyfriends or with guys who fall in love with her and every time they manage to be with her they promise her a better future, they take her to Peñalza, to parachute, to travel around South America, they take her to Andrés Carne de Res every Saturday evening, to Miami... anyway, each one did his best to seduce her. I Always fucked with her and told her that I'm going to train her to become a beauty queen so she could go to the Miss Universe contest because it wouldn't be too hard for her to get the crown... a bit of silicone and that's all.

We thought about what we would have done to help the livelihood of our houses. We could have babysat, cleaned houses, stole wallets, sold fruit, candy, marijuana and cocaine on the corners, and later, after we had made some money, we would have drug lords as boyfriends. It wouldn't have been too difficult, and still fun. We always trust that happy ending. Why to keep killing our selves forever? It wouldn't be good that our children had to go through the same struggles.

Little by little we were going crazy, imagining the love hotels and bars where the drug lords would end up taking us, how the trips to the United States or Caribbean cruises would be, where we were finally going to snort all the coke that came to us, and since that would be the perfect moment to have a slender body and a beautiful eyes, we shouldn't rule out the nose job and tits that they would get us, and at that point, -you would go straight to the beauty contest-, I said. I'll fix you, I'll fuck you, I'll kill you. We started to spin around those words in a tone of a machine gun, -. I'll fix you, I'll fuck you, I'll kill you, I'll fix you, I'll fuck you, I'll kill you,- and laugh nervously. We knew that our lives could end up like that.

Now we didn't want to even think about having boyfriends. We had begun to fear even thinking about the SUV's that we would have to climb in to and the guns that we would have to carry around in our Louis Vuitton purses; on the farms and Paso Fino horses were going to ride, covered feet to head in leather suits and gold. We got into lots of responsibilities that didn't allow us enjoy the conversations that at the beginning had been so cool.

Maria went to the kitchen to make coffee; I stood there, thinking that I've had everything. Parents that love me, cool brothers, awesome dogs, a farm to spend vacations at, friends, bikes, an education at a school in the north of the city and now a career at this university. I thought about my real future, being true to myself for the second time in my life. After that bluish image with a lunchbox smell from when I was 10 years old, the questions of the teacher in social science class came to my mind, -Who has left the country?- And half of the class will raise their hands, - Who is member of a social club? Who can swim? - And many others raised their hands. I never understood why she asked such things, but I was thrilled when I could raise mine. Suddenly she began to ask us what we wanted to be when we grew up and I said, excitedly: -a maid! - The teacher suddenly turned red and tears exploded from her eyes and all my classmates started laughing at me. After everyone had said they wanted to become a doctor like their dad, a lawyer, a teacher or a pianist, I had wanted to be a maid, because every afternoon after school, I would wait anxiously to get home and help Rosi to do all the dishes and pans from lunch time. We would put a stool in front of the huge sink for me and she would sweep and mop the kitchen and the washing area. Sometimes we would switch and she would do the dishes and I would wash the floor, and that's how we would finish all the jobs.

When I had grown a little, and my brothers would bring their friends home, I wanted to take care of them, so I would make them smoothies and sandwiches. In this area I was a specialist; I was thrilled by the idea of being able to serve them, even though sometimes the friends thought that I was forced by my brothers to bring them food and carry things around for them. But for me it was a pleasure to serve them.

Six-thirty in the afternoon, while lying down on my friend's bed, watching the mountains through a huge window, I thought that what I would have really liked to be in life was a street sweeper or a maid at a family house. Cook, sweep and wash dishes... what a delight. Also, since I was in high school, I have never been able to wash a single dish without somebody saying: - Don't worry! You don't have to do the dishes Lilianita. Why don't you sit down and leave them for the maids, who are the ones who do all the housework. Or simply, thanking me as if I would die for someone else, if I washed a dish. And I really wanted to wash.

Maria came with the glass coffee pot, the one that has a metal strainer that you push down, and which leaves some sediment in the coffee, just as I like it, delicious. It seemed that she had been thinking about the same thing as me. She timidly asked me if I would sleep with someone for money. I burst out laughing at the question, because between our friends, we were known for being easy with men, which was bullshit, she also started laughing. Then I realized that she could have misunderstood my laugh and

believed that I was making fun of her. I stopped laughing and poured the coffee, and then a little more seriously I said, "I don't know, it depends. And she said, -And if you get five thousand dollars?- So I said, -I would have to see his face before, it would depend on that; well why not? As long as they don't hurt me, it would be fine.

Prostitution it's a difficult subject. In the end, no one can reach a conclusion regarding this work, plus, is not even seen as a decent job, rather as an easy job. As if prostitutes did not have to be social communicators, have body language as any theater actor, the ability to please and a strong character to go against most values of society, besides requiring physical strength to protect themselves from some of their customers.

In my family with tradition "paisa" from Medellín on one side and Pereira on the other, this subject is a hotspot. It has always been passed over. I imagine that in Maria's house, they are from Manizales, which is almost the same area, so it might be the same. One night, a couple of months ago, my mom took me to the office supply "Comercial Papelera" on 98th street and 15th avenue. Around that area there where some transvestites hiding in a parking spot of a family house. When I saw them, I pointed out one of them to my mother so she could see a wig that looked like the one I had asked them for as a present for my birthday. She stressed out and said -poor people! They have to sell their body to be able to eat-. I told her I didn't think that she had to feel sorry for them; they are people who are working to eat, as she had been doing all that morning and afternoon. I didn't think that seemed fair because they probably liked their jobs. My mom, seeing that I was so sure of the subject and of my position on the topic, which we had never spoken about, and trying to protect me from any street risk, she told me a story about my uncle, showing me that this could be risky even in the best families. He had a wood shop in an industrial neighborhood called Paloquemao. One night he left the shop and went to where the hookers were, and picked one out who supposedly was gorgeous. They went to a pay-by-the-hour-motel, "one of those holes" she said. When they entered the room he realized that the woman who had kissed and grabbed his leg all that time had been a big drag queen, with bags of water as her boobs. He ran away, said my mother laughing. Imagining my mother telling the story was very funny, and the story itself was pretty funny too.

But our desires were still there, embedded in the conversation. Mari remembered that once her brother told her, terrified, that the sister of his ex-girlfriend, a female administrator from Los Andes University who lived in Miami six months ago, supposedly already had an Audi and an apartment. A friend they have in common told him this. - Where does all the money come from if she just recently graduated?- Mari asked, and he said, -Yes I'm getting there, Cristina is an expensive whore, who is always traveling with millionaires, going to Paris, Greece, Japan, from one embassy to the other, working of

course. He could not believe it. He was very impressed because in addition to being the sister of his ex, they had been good friends. All Mari said was -Well, but I imagine that now she has her customers, because in the beginning it must have been difficult. Now she has probably gotten so used to it and can do it with out even thinking, so it should be ok, like any other job. Her brother seemed shocked, and said, -well, a whore is a whore and she will never get over that, or overcome it.

We left it like that. I went home to sleep because it was already late, and the next morning we were going to go bikeing all the way out to where the toll is on the highway. I walked North on Seventh Avenue, freezing on that cold Friday night. People were beginning to get to places and starting to drink. There where passing “Chivas Rumberas” every five minutes and the cars where going really fast, some of them raceing. I was afraid one of them would crash into the sidewalk and there would end my life, smashed by a drunk’s car. I decided to get down to Ninth Avenue through 76th street; everything was quieter there so I was able to keep thinking about prostitution. I didn’t know if Mari wanted to sleep with someone for money just to see how it was, and did not know if I wanted to either. We talked about it but superficially and never thought about whether we actually wanted to do it or not. But at the same time I felt that what was intriguing me was aroused in part by the question of Mari, maybe it was a a repressed desire that never wanted to rise up to the level of reality. I remembered once being in my house reading the testimony of a woman who was a prostitute in a magazine. So when I arrived home, I began to look for it and found it. It was Adela Fernandez magazine, a really old one, which I had once brought back from the farm. The article was called –Drugs, journey of no return?-, It had evidence of drugs in the war, in art, in madness and in sex. I went through it and found an interview that Adela did with Ingrid, a 45 years prostitute, she was a: drug addict, manic depressive, millionaire and every time she would emerge from her depression she would get crazily horny. I began to read, super intrigued, and than called Mari and read her some pieces.

- Adela Fernandez: ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE, YOU’VE EARNED IT THROUGH PROSTITUTION?

- Ingrid: Everything. Sex is a force that puts everything in motion, from the feelings to the objects. I wanted to be somebody in life, but I failed as an actress. Afterwards I wanted to become a painter. but I did very badly a that too. However, while looking for an exhibition to give me some glory, I got to interact with internationally renowned artists. I never ever got an exhibition, but I got to expose, show off; showing off as the favorite mistress of some of them. I lived four years in Paris, and later had a beautiful

apartment in Piazza España, in Rome. It was in Italy where I became acquainted with the nobility. I married just to acquire a noble title. Fortunately I widowed. I got impassioned by the sexual life, and after having made a trip to China, invited by one of my best lovers, a passionate historian of Chinese torture, I began to throwgh sadomasochist parties. I was very well known as -Sade's woman-.

- IN THESE SADISTIC PARTIES, TO WHAT EXTREMES OF CRUELTY DID YOU GO?

- To the maximum extreme. At these parties the only music we listen to was Wagner, very loud. That was part of the torture; whips and needles did the rest.

- WHAT ABOUT DRUGS? DID THEY HAVE AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN ALL THIS?

- Absolutely. Without the effect of drugs, none of us would have been able to do what we did.

- SO THE DOOR TO SEXUALITY WITHOUT LIMITS WAS OPENED BY THE DRUGS?

- In fact we can say that when natural sexuality comes to an end, to it's decay, drugs, imagination, invention, make up for the natural relief of sexual orgasms.

- WHAT IS THE SEXUAL PEAK?

- The complete satisfaction and fulfillment in an orgasm, to devote oneself within a sexual act.

- WHAT IS, THEN, THE PLEASURE OF AN ORGY, OR OF A SEXUAL ACT STIMULATED BY DRUGS?

- To believe that we are experiencing everything, exuberantly, limitless: The pleasure of breaking social and moral rules, the pleasure of being demonic, the pleasure of the aberration, not as relief but as a violent rejection of the normality of life. The pleasure of hating actively, (even your own), the pleasure of sickness, the pleasure of self-destruction. Because all this is no more than: self-destruction, the aim a slow suicide, not expecting to die and to go to the hell of God, without making fun of this prophesied

punishment, before succumbing to the human hell, the real hell prefabricated and anticipating God's hell.

- YOU SAID THAT IN YOUR SADOMASOCHISTIC PARTIES YOU HAD REACHED THE MAXIMUM EXTREME OF CRUELTY. WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

- (So far all the conversation had been continuous, without any breaks. This time she looked thoughtful. Very close to us, lying on the floor there was an Afghan dog, named Greta. Ingrid called her. The dog approached her, she pet it for a while, and than finally decided to respond).

There was a party that lasted two weeks. I do not know how, but little by little it started to finish and began to leave. Two dead teenagers appeared in a bedroom and in the garden there was a girl who was dying and it appeared as if it would be difficult to save her life. Directly, I had nothing to do with these crimes, but since everything happened in my house, and given the circumstances, I was largely responsible. I paid for my fault to the authorities.

- WHAT CAUSES YOUR PHOBIA OF PEOPLE, YOUR PERIODS OF COMPLETE AISOLATION?

- I'm disgusted.

- AND... SO WHY DURING SOME PERIODS, DO YOU ALLOW ORGY PARTIES IN YOUR HOME?

- Of course, these "orgies" now have nothing to do with the ones before. The fact that there is a sexual freedom doesn't mean that there are aberrational practices. Personally, I don't have an intimate life anymore; I live vicariously through the life of my son. Often when I'm in good disposition, he brings groups of friends, and these groups seem very naive for me, a naive that certainly makes me happy.

- I HAVE UNDERSTOOD, ACCORDING TO ERASMUS, THAT THEY ARE NOT AS NAIVE AS YOU THINK.

- I see them differently than he sees them. For me they are guys who play to impress themselves.

- DO YOU STILL PRACTICE PROSTITUTION?

- I have lover friends from a long time ago. They are the ones who provide my economy. Do you mean "provide for me economically"?

We hung up the phone; I took the dogs to the park for a walk. There was nothing there other than drunks vomiting in the trashcans and on the sidewalk. The street noise overwhelmed me, people shouting euphorically, the Chiva Rumbera reappeared more and more often... I was exhausted and happy at the same time because that night I wasn't one of those drunks. I remembered that when I was a kid I didn't have to think about these things, I only cared about my dog and my stuffed animals, that they were happy in my bed, and that none of them would be left out of the blankets and that they would not get cold in the night.

We walked along 105th street and 19th avenue and passed through the Body Tech, - where we'll be when we get the drug lord boyfriends, and not only as people exercising... we would be the owners-. When we where on 127th street she told me that on Friday of next week there would be the closing of a convention of ECOPETROL, and she had tickets because her mother is the General Director of Planning and Registry for the company. The fact is that she had a double invitation because her parents never went to those parties. They say its a huge party, with free drinks, where all foreigners go, and they only talk about business; there is a good latin band, but her parents feel lazy because there are always the same people there and they would have to dress up, so they'd rather stay at home and sleep. -Sure, lets go, we would have fun! And if we want to try what we were talking about yesterday, this might be the right place. Actually I was not so sure I wanted to sleep with someone for money, it intrigued me, but also I imagined I would feel a bit scared. -We would have fun-, and if something happened, which I actually doubted, we would take it as a fantasy. -For sure, we have to look beautiful that night; if that is our intention, we don't want to end up with just any scummy looser out there.

The day of the party came. We had tried to diet all week so that we could fit into the dresses that we had worn to the high school Prom. We looked like two dolls; we had a driver and a spectacular car. When we entered the Social Club, Los Lagartos, the torches along the road around the lake began to grow until the flames almost burned the trees. We

were very nervous. We got out of the car, went up the stairs, my hands were sweating, I couldn't wait to drink the first whiskey to clam down my nerves. It was very cold but I was feeling hot. Outside you could barely hear an organ or a violin; for sure the orchestra would arrive after the cocktail. As soon as we entered the Great Hall, half of the public turned toward us and looked at us from top to bottom, we where the two youngest at that place, men and women began to whisper, you could hear euphoric laughs coming from some groups, we kept walking in to the party and quickly enough they offered us a whiskey, the one that I had been waiting for. There was no conversation between us; we were walking together stiffly and looking straight ahead. Mari looked stressed out, I felt my face was flushed and my ankles loose in those sharp high heels that I was wearing, but anyways, we were the princesses of the night, we knew it, and nobody doubted it.

While we drank our first drink we looked at each other but didn't say a word, we drank it as if it was water, and just after they brought us the next drink, I asked her if she felt nervous. -Sure-, she said, -but let's enjoy the party and if something happens, fine, and if not, it's ok too-. We would have time afterwards for what we wanted. They brought us the next one, we had a big laugh and then grabbed it, we began to look around at people, there were almost no women in the room which was filling up more and more, a few cute guys, with whom we crossed looks pretending that we where interesting divas, I don't really know how to flirt so I felt kind of weird, but well, this was something new and I was going to enjoy it. They brought us another drink, this one we decided to mix it with some water, and to slow down. We were getting toward the center when suddenly we saw a couple of old men looking at us with dirty looks. -Typical drunk, horny, social climber, bored-. -Lets go to a different spot-, I said, and found a group of three gorgeous men, one with his partner. We stood close to see what language they spoke but didn't understand anything, so we decided to get closer. Still didn't understand a word, it could be Greek, German or even Swedish. They were very elegant. Mari told me that she had chosen the longhaired one, and actually the other was the one I liked, mine was not as tall as the blond one, he had darker skin, strong arms and legs, muscular, sharp features, square face, a big nose, dark eyes, one big black eyebrow, strong hands ... yes, I definitely liked the darker one better. Lucky me! They laughed a lot and looked at us the whole time, gave us the impression that they where flirting. We turned our backs to them and then the waiter brought us another drink, which he said was sent by those men. We turn around and thanked them, lifting the glass and smiling, so they approached us. The longhaired one, speaking in spanish asked us for our names, the one who I liked didn't speak spanish so we ended up speaking in english. Mari's guy was actually cuter, but I liked mine better, in any case each couple seemed to match. I don't know if they imagined what our interest was, in



fact I thought they had others, which didn't go beyond spending the night at a party dancing salsa with two Colombian girls.

Mine was called Dimitris and Mari's Kostas. The two were Greek and worked in a multinational company called ExxonMobil. They had come to Colombia to learn more about a business, a protocol contract in the Tayrona National Park. This was a project with the National Hydrocarbon Agency to explore 4.4 million acres in the Colombian Caribbean waters. Very interesting, but I was not interested. I was focusing on how when the time came he would take me to his hotel; I was going to say yes, but that he had to pay me. It seemed insane, because to go with him was not complicated, but to ask for money? Really stressful! How was I going to do it?

Finally the band started playing, awesome! I was already half way drunk and needed to burn off some alcohol, so we started dancing. Mari's guy was such a bad dancer; every time we could see through the crowd we laughed. Mine was a better dancer, especially salsa, because he had lived with a French woman who had taught him. We danced and danced like Mari and her blond. The last time I saw her through the dancing crowd they were kissing. She is fast! But five minutes later I was kissing too, I was laughing inside, and although my guy was very sweet, I knew that if we ended up in bed, I would never be able to charge him, not even a cent. No way, how do prostitutes do it? Is it clear from the beginning? Will they kiss all night, or will it go straight to the point? I was not going to worry anymore about trying to be a prostitute; in the end, what I wanted and still want, is to be a maid: cooking, washing floors and dishes. I wasn't going to kill myself wondering how I was going to get two cents from a guy who I had just met. I didn't know if Mari was going to feel cheated, or if she was thinking the same thing, anyway she looked very happy with her blond guy.

Dimitris asked me if we should leave. I said yes, but told him I wanted to go home and not to his hotel. They whispered with Kostas and then the four of us left together. I asked Mari if in the end we were going with them or not, because apparently they wanted to leave straight for the Victoria Regia, and she said that she was not going to charge him anything, but that we should go to the hotel. After hearing that I felt a big turn off and got a chronic laziness. I wanted to get home, to melt mozzarella cheese in the microwave and go to sleep with my dogs, I didn't want to go and have sex with this cool guy. I was tired so I told her that I would rather stay in my house. I asked Mari if she preferred to come with me, she thought for a while and agreed, apparently we were in a similar situation; they were nice but cool. They begged us for a while but we were not flexible, we stayed at my house.

We woke up and commented in the night: they were nice but we didn't make it, we are douchebags, all this paraphernalia to end up doing nothing, but we had fun, we had a good time. Now, Mari was more eager to sell her body, she really wanted to know what that was, she wanted to try, it was her greatest wish and I was the only one she had trusted that with. I was not bothered by the idea of doing it, but it was, as I said before, a fantasy.

These days I spoke with Felipe, I told him I was writing this story about prostitution and asked him where the fancy prostitutes stood, because, if we were going to stand in the street, at least we should get paid well! He said that in front of the Pizza Show on 116th Street and the parallel road to the highway, -so we can go one of these days,- I told Mari, - whoever goes there, would know that we are prostitutes and that they have to pay us-. We arrange everything to go the next Thursday night.

On Thursday after school I called her up and asked her if we were still up for going. We arranged to meet up at Pomeriggio Caffee, where we would change clothes and have a coffee. From there we went to my house and did all the final touches to get ready! She brought me high heel boots because I didn't have any, we put on lace thongs, she was wearing a miniskirt and a strapless, and I was wearing a very tight dress in which my boobs almost didn't fit, both had a garter belts and boots that went all the way up to the knees, red lips, black eyelashes and eyebrows, and over we were wearing long coats, so we wouldn't be so obvious. We took a cab because we didn't know how or where we would end up. We reached 116th Street and the freeway. At that point I was more nervous than the time before, but my attitude was a bit more secure and I already wanted the first client to come. When we got out of the taxi it was about ten o'clock at night. We didn't know what to do so we stood on the corner. There were no prostitutes around there, so we got upset thinking that it was a waste of time -What if Felipe has lied to me! -. Ps-ps-ps we turned around. There was a guy dressed like a penguin, in a tuxedo, who asked us, -Ladies, you came to give service?- - What service? -I asked him-, and he said -service...-, and Mari said, -yes, yes sir...- -come with me, it's in the house next door, right on 116th Street-.

It wasn't on the corner; it was the house just next to Pizza Shop, a stone house, beautiful, three floors, very fancy, a spectacular high fence. The man said that it was safer there and that the owner would love to have us working with him that night. You could tell it was a serious place because the gentleman was in a very nice uniform and the house was very luxurious. We went in and they treated us like queens. They asked if we were new in the business, for sure they could tell. I was enjoying the situation and the best thing that could happen had happened. The owner arrived. A man with a tie, short, with a potbelly, very nice, he could have been my dad. He told us not to worry and explained how things worked there. As we were new, we had to fill out a form, which we did, and then they took

a digital photo of each of us. He took us to an office and explained that he had different plans that we could subscribe to if we wanted to work there, but that we didn't have to tell him yet which one. The plan that we liked is called a prepayment. They give you a cell phone, and paid five hundred thousand pesos per fuck. And you could also just be a companion to the client, and in that case we would get paid by the hour. That night, since we were new, we were going to get paid three hundred thousand by the fuck, without counting the tip. He recommends that we stay around and see how the other girls behave, and in about two hours, it would be our turn.

Right there, there were rooms, jacuzzis, columns, mirrors everywhere and some furniture. The customers who were there were all kinds of men, but I could recognize the typical young guys from the New Granada school, young and old yuppies, and here and there a fat man full of gold chains. There was a bar in the center of the space where all the girls were sitting on, some talking. We sat on a sofa nearby. The men were out there talking to a girl already or just having a drink while seeing which of them would they choose that night. You could see people with experience, the girls on the bar cheering and laughing. "There's a girl from our high school," said Mari, -What?- -That one, the one in blue. I could not believe it. "Of course! We use to take the same school bus.- I said, -What a surprise! Do you think she remembers us?- -I believe so- Mari said, and we kept talking and looking. Things were not as fucked up as we had imagined, there was elevator music and the lighting was very cool. When a man would go and choose one of the girls, they would relocate walking next to each other, and talk for a while on one of the sofas that were out there. They would have a couple of drinks and eat a little something. It seemed like making friends. Then they would go up the spiral marble stairs. On the second floor, in the large space, apart from one another and separated with marble and bronze sculptures, there were jacuzzis. You couldn't see from one to other, everything was very luxurious. People could only go up to the second floor if a room was already assigned to them. To the right there was a golden arch and other marble stairs and then the rooms. We had seen all this because the owner had given us a tour earlier and we had already been there for two hours, chilling and talking about the place and the customers.

Suddenly two men in their 60's came to us, -Do you want to dance?- We hadn't realized that behind where we were there was a mirrored dance floor. -We can't yet,- I said. They turned and went to the bar, picked up the girl from our school and another one who was actually very cute. Just then the owner came to us and asked if we were ready to sit at the bar. I was sure that more than one of the men who were there had their eye on Mari. We went to the bar; we were already horny from the intrigue. Suddenly two very similar yuppies came to the bar, one of them was about 30 years old and the other

gentleman was about 55. The younger one approached Mari and the father talked to the girl sitting on the other side of me. I stayed there a little nervous, when Mari stood up we squeezed hands, and she left for the table where they were. I saw again a very cute, typical schoolboy with four friends. He was the one I had already looked at when we were on the couch, but he was now about to come and get me. He had his back to me, but he turned around and looked at me just when I was watching him, so he turned back nervously, typical beginner, as if he had not looked. He still looked like a teenager, his head and hands slightly larger than his body. The leader of the table stood up and came to me, -come and sit with us,- as soon as I arrived and sat down, all his friends left him alone with me. We started talking, he was very shy, but he had already been drinking because they were coming from the school's fashion show. Indeed it was his first time. I didn't tell him that it was mine as a whore too. I asked him out to dance and told the DJ to put on Merengue. We danced holding each other tightly, I hugged his neck and soon I realized that Mari was already on her way up the marble staircase. We continued dancing, two other couples were around us, I could feel he was hard already, I too was very horny, we started making out, I felt like at a school bazaar party, with that nerve in the stomach and my hands sweating. He asked me if we could go to the second floor, I said sure, but they had to give us a room, and explained to him what was on the second floor. He called a waiter and told him he wanted the best room. I didn't know where this kid would get that amount of money from, but since he was so drunk, perhaps he would pay with his father's credit card without caring too much. We went to the second floor and he began kissing my neck against a column, he was pressing his pelvis against mine, he lifted my dress and we went into the jacuzzi, I still had the garter belt and the thong on. I took his clothes off and grabbed his cock. We were not allowed to have sex in the jacuzzis, it was only an introduction and outside there were terry robes. This kid was going crazy!, he told me that he couldn't wait any longer, and that we should go to the room. I didn't get to go completely in, the water was just up to my belly button; he was totally wet though, because when he went down to take my stockings off with his mouth he got them completely wet. When we got to the room and saw everything we had I almost fell on my ass. Besides the bed, there was special furniture for having sex and mirrors on the ceiling and walls; for sure that room was one of the most expensive ones. Immediately after we arrived I got on the furniture and handed him a packet of condoms, he laid in bed and asked me to put it on, I rolled it up and we played for a while in bed. It was all very experimental, neither knew if what we where doing was right or wrong, but I tried to pretend that I was secure. He said he wanted to tie me up to the bed, for sure his friends had told him to do that, so he took the phone and ordered a ribbon. They brought a long fuchsia satin rope on one side and velvety one on the

other. He told me to lie down on the bed, he tied me up while I was facing up, with open arms and legs; he knelt down and jerked off with my tits. He was medium, a good size. He slipped it into my mouth, the taste of condoms was horrible, but I had to do it, he was actually moving well, then he started to move down and went inside, I tried to move but couldn't too much since I was tied up, the ribbon went through my arms, waist and legs. We started to have sex, he was rough and was going crazy and I screamed with pleasure. He untied me and I went on top, then I pulled him up and took him to the furniture for sex, where he would be standing up and I would be kind of lying down. I could tell he was going to come so I took it out, he was desperate, and went back in, he was sweating and told me go back to the bed, where after the first movement inside of me he came.

We stayed there for a while, turned on the TV and watched some porn, he said that he was having a really good time, I stood up and went to take a shower, I thought about Mari: How was it going for her? Hopefully as good as for me. When I was shampooing, he jumped in the shower with me, and when we were done he wanted to have sex again. This time he wanted me to get on the floor furniture where I had to get in the doggie style position. I put the condom on him with my mouth and sucked it for a while, and then he went to the back and wanted to fuck my ass. I told him to get some lubricant because was too painful, so he called, and they brought us some right away. He was very horny and told me this was his first time having anal sex. It wasn't my first time, but the first one that I actually enjoyed because the lube was really good. He went for a while in the ass, then we went to the bed, and I sat on him and started to move. I was very horny, and felt like I was going to come soon, moaning hard, and suddenly he said, "Come, come, I want you to come," and I groaned, I stayed still with my legs straight. He went on top and kept moving, I moved again, my heartbeat was racing, I liked being there, and felt nostalgic since it was almost over, I wanted to stay with that kid and fall in love with him. I knew I had had a good experience; one is very vulnerable while they are there, alone, naked, something bad could happen at any time. Although this child was the best thing that could ever happened to me, I would have wanted to hang out with him, so that he would love me and make love every day. Tears came out; he took the last jump and ended resting to my side, back to me. He went to the bathroom, took a shower and asked me for his clothes, -It's in the closet,- I said. He grabbed them, put them on and didn't say anything else. He left and I stayed in bed, crying, with a crush on this boy that had just used me. I remembered his smell and the taste of his sweat; I wanted to see him again. I got dressed quickly, but when I went out he wasn't around anymore. I went to the reception but my client had already left. The receptionist asked me how it had gone, I said very well, - Yes, you like it? Are you going to start working with us? - I don't know sir, I have to talk to Mari. But inside I felt that I didn't

want, I felt bad, used, recycled, and was a bit sore. I asked the man if Mari had finished and he said yes.

It was already 4 in the morning and we had said we would wait for each other. I looked for her around the couches and saw her lying down and crying in the back. It scared me seeing her like this; we went to her home immediately. In the taxi, she told me how badly it went for her. -These two gentlemen were just sick, the old man did nothing, only looked naked, with his cock resting on his legs. Disgusting. We went up the stairs and they made us get in the Jacuzzi together. Laura, the other girl was an expert. She told them that if we were going to do extreme things they would have to pay each a hundred thousand pesos more-. – Go ahead we will pay the two hundred more!- Said the guy. -She let them yell at her and miss treat her-. -We went in the water, we were forced to touch each other and kiss while they stuck their fingers in our ass, it was very uncomfortable. They took off their shoes and put their filthy legs in the water, they made me lie down so one of the jets would go in my vagina. I was obviously freaking out but after a while I tried to relax, and I came in a second... that was the only cool thing. They saw my face feeling pleasure, and tied me up with a rope and pulled me out of the water and left me in the room. It was huge, very fucked up, it had roof bars, some devices on the walls, and a pair of automatic masturbators. In the room, the old man sat in an armchair, and made the girl and I do the 69 position. I had to suck her pussy, which I understood because she did it to me... she was nice and taught me. We didn't speak a word, as they laughed, yelled, and snorted more and more coke. Obviously the old man was never going to get hard. They made us do doggie style across the bed, face to face, and positioned the masturbators to pump up our asses... the worse pain that I had felt in my life, I almost died! What happens is that the masturbator has thorns-. Poor Mari. -Then they tied up Laura to the bars of the wall while the young man threw me to the bed, knelt on the floor and gave me oral sex. He bit my clit, he was pressing it very hard with his tongue, and putting it in too, then he put on a condom and penetrated me, I was very scared. That guy had a pig, and the other one said:- -That's right son. Go down hard, hard down, go, go, hard up, hard up, be rough with that bitch, that's why you have her and what you are paying for. As always, I want you to feel what pleasure is, tear her up, do it-. --The old man stood up and opened the closet, pulled out a silver suitcase, and took a whip and started beating Laura. She just screamed with pleasure while that this idiot slapped me. We had already changed positions and this man was never going to come with all that alcohol and the coke that he had snorted. He jumped out, and turned me around, he began to do it in my ass, and then put me on the floor furniture, he put me in doggie style and fucked my ass until he was completely exhausted. His cock was thin but so long that it touched my spine every time it went in, the worst. Then he

went out and got a ribbon, tied me up to the bars, and continued fucking me. I was miserable, I was afraid that something might happen to me, he slapped my face because I was crying so, in imitation of Laura, so he thought I was crying just for pleasure-, I told him –penetrate me more that I love it-, - that way it went better; at least he didn't slap me any more. They released Laura and while he ate me, Laura sucked his ass. Suddenly the man began to sweat and sweat and he was about to cum, I was going faster and faster and I started to scream. The man made a noise like a monkey and fell against the bed, while the father clapped and shouted at seeing his son writhing on the floor after a thousand hours of fucking... At last that son of a bitch came! They made us leave the room and go elsewhere to dress up. They stayed there, doing who knows what. I left, took a shower and then lied down on that couch, to wait for you and hide from that pair of assholes. Imagine how tough it had been, so much that Laura came out crying too, even though she had a lot of experience. The only good thing was that these dogs left us the extra hundred thousand pesos for each.

When we got home we took another shower and had an herbal infusion that I had made. While she was in the shower, we lay in bed, watching the sunrise, crawled in, shaking, hurt and really exhausted. I couldn't sleep once again, I waited there for a while holding her, until I realized she was asleep. I got up slowly, it was already about six o'clock, I went out to the terrace, sat on the floor with a poncho and recalling step by step, and I finished writing.

Liliana Vélez Jaramillo