

Violetta: The Last Woman Standing

By : Zero Gravity

A sex filled, dramatic retelling of the Akira Kurosawa classic Yojimbo in a contemporary setting, and starring Violetta, a drug cartel assassin on the run from her enigmatic past. Violetta stumbles into the crumbling town of Bison Gap on her way to the Canadian border. The town is being torn apart by two rival criminal organizations; the Knight Crusaders motorcycle gang and local mafia, The Booker family. The cold blooded assassin recognizes an opportunity to make some quick coin before riding off into the Yukon sunset, and things go pretty much according to plan until Violetta meets...the girl. Ain't that always the way it goes. Think of this as a Tarantino directed adult film if it helps.



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FAIR WARNING: This story contains graphic violence and graphic sex, course language, foul manners and some shoving. For those of you who are fans of my romantic stories, thanks for checking this one out, I'm very sorry to say that, while there will still be buckets of hot sex, there's not going to be any hand holding or love falling in this one. I'm really sorry, please don't hate me, I just wanted to try something different. I'm sure I'll be back to the mushy stuff in no time.

Violetta: Chapter One: The Long Road to Hell

The girl traveled by day, cautiously, heading for the Canadian border. She had stolen another piece of shit car every few states, and tried to keep a low profile. She had been heading North on US-29 but, the closer she got to the border, the more likely she was to be spotted. 29 would take her straight and true into Canada, but there was no way she was crossing over at a legit customs station; she would find some border town to lay low in, and cross over through the wilderness somewhere. Instead of tracking North, she got off of US-29 and took the endless, straight expanse of the I-90, heading west across the middle of South Dakota. Once she neared the Montana state boundary, she veered north again, using the network of state highways and county roads to slip back and forth across the state line as she zig zagged toward the northern border.

She was sure all the State Police between Miami and Big Sky country had her picture tacked up on some coffee stained bulletin board somewhere, but the cops were clueless, as they had always been. They would be covering the routes into Mexico, if they bothered to look for her at all. She wasn't running from the cops.

Of course, there was no way in hell the girl could go back into Mexico, all of Latin America was probably going to be too hot for her for the next goddamn decade. She scanned the flat, desolate horizon, still white with Snow, even at the beginning of April. "*Dios*," she thought, "this is no country for a self respecting *Colombiana*. Of course, she hadn't really been Colombian for a long time, and she hadn't really respected herself for even longer.

Eventually, the girl stopped for gas, near sundown, at a roadside gas station. She pulled the battered Ford Ranger in front of the two pumps and opened the door. The attendant, sitting in the little safety glass booth, took one look at her, and put the phone he was playing with back in his pocket. He stood up from his stool and straightened his parka, preparing to do a little customer service.

The girl was dressed like a migrant worker. She wore a humble wool sweater over a plaid checkered, man's work shirt and threadbare Levis. Her feet were clad in dirty running shoes and her hair was tied up under a light blue bandana. Despite the lateness of the hour, she still wore a pair of cheap, gas station sunglasses. For all her attempts at looking unnoticeable however, she couldn't, or at least hadn't, taken steps to conceal the fine lines of her lithe body. She stood around five foot seven, with a lean, compact, figure. She was narrow through the waist and hips, and even through her jeans, an idiot could detect a perfectly formed pair of legs.

The attendant, a blotchy faced gringo, his lank, brown hair plastered to his skull with some kind of pomade, approached her, smiling a yellowish, gap toothed grin. "What can I do for you seniorita?"

"Uh, fill please?" the girl said, making her accent thick.

The attendant removed the pump nozzle and inserted it into the tank. While fuel filled the truck's tank, far too slowly for the girl's taste, the attendant attempted to engage her in some small talk. She just looked at him helplessly and gestured, feigning ignorance of the finer nuances of the English language until he gave up. The pump clicked off, he shuffled over, topped the tank once and said, "Fifty two eighteen please.". The girl

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withdrew a small, crumpled ball of bills from her jeans pocket and peeled off three twenties, leaving her, apparently, with not too much left. She paid him, and as he fished her change out of the fanny pack that evidently served as his cash register, she said, "Scuse, please, where is Hotel?".

The dim bulb took a moment to comprehend her meaning before recognition dawned on his acne scarred face, "The nearest hotel? Well, that'd be the Northwestern, up in Bison Gap, about twenty miles up the way you was headed. Look, I know it's getting' late but if I was you, I'd probably try to head straight through to the state line tonight, I don't think you want to be stayin' in Bison Gap all by your little old lonesome."

"Gracias," the girl said, climbing back into the truck and starting it up. As she pulled out of the service station and back out onto county road 24, she reached over and opened the glove compartment. She withdrew the small, black, .380 semi auto. She racked a round into the chamber and then she reached back and tucked it into the waistband of her jeans, underneath her shirt. She drove the rest of the way into Bison Gap.

It was dark by the time she reached the tiny hamlet of Bison Gap. The "Now Entering" sign that the girl passed on the edge of town looked like it had been used for target practice by generations of .22 wielding teenagers; it boasted a population of four hundred thirty. The town was a one street shithole, dark and desolate, with only a few commercial structures sitting, mostly blacked out, on the main drag. As the girl drove the pick up through town, careful to observe the speed limit, she noticed only two businesses had their lights on, despite the fact that sundown had only been ten minutes prior. First, she passed the Bison Market, a convenience store and deli, made from corrugated tin and a few grimy opaque, panes of glass that could once have been windows. A few locals stood out in front, underneath the blue green glow of the single halide street light. Catty corner from the store was the an old west style, unpainted wooden building with a large sign that read, "Cody's", as well as a neon red sign that flashed the word "PEN". The "O" had been burnt out for God only knows how long. The place could only be the local cantina. Directly behind the bar, on a side street, she could see the three story brick building bearing a faded sign that read "The Great Northwestern Inn" painted directly on the cracked, red brick.

The girl stopped the beaten up Ranger in front of Cody's, and gave the cab a once over before exiting. She made sure the case was tucked away under the seat, and grabbed her worn, olive green, canvas knapsack before climbing out into the bone crushing cold of the South Dakota evening. Her arrival did not go unnoticed by the men standing out in front of the convenience store, smoking and drinking tallboys of cheap, watery beer. She was as aware of them as they were of her, but she ignored them, and headed into the bar.

Cody's was a dive, an empty dive. Two ancient pensioners sat at a table in the corner, each with rocks glasses half filled with bourbon. They conversed in hushed tones, and stopped altogether when the girl entered the bar. Thick silence pressed against the walls of the joint, the girl felt as though she had interrupted a funeral, one with no mourners, still awaiting the arrival of the corpse.

The bartender, a paunchy, middle fifties man with dirty white hair and mustache, had heard the door open, and came around the corner of the "L" shaped bar. He looked surprised to see a new, female face. The girl approached the bar, putting her backpack on a stool. She stared at the dusty row of beer bottles on the bar shelf as the bartender stared at her.

"Dos Equis," she said, her speech still heavily accented. She put two fingers above the bar, about the height of a shot glass and said "Rum." The bartender looked at her strangely for a second and sucked air through his teeth. "Darlin'" he said finally, "I don't think you want to do any drinkin' in here tonight. I'm not tryin' to be rude, this ain't no racial thing or nuthin', just trying to do you a favor. It's just after six, if you hop back into your truck and start now, you can make Buffalo in little over an hour. Why don't you just head on up to the next town, and do your drinkin' there, huh?"

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"I stay Hotel?" the girl said haltingly.

"Oh Jesus sweetie, you're just not understandin' me." the bartender said, as if he was talking to a slow child, "It's not safe for a woman alone, hell, anyone, in this shithole anymore. Do us both a favor and get yourself gone before the K-crew come in OK?"

"K-crew?" she asked. She spoke the word with much less of an accent now, but the bartender didn't appear to notice.

"Knight Crusaders; Bikers." He replied, "Tryin' to take over what's left of this godforsaken town from the Bookers."

The girl removed the sunglasses she wore and looked squarely at the bartender. He noticed; they always noticed. The girl had been cursed with a pair of sublime amaranthine eyes; depending on the light, they ranged from indigo to a deep purple. Her goddamn eyes and the beauty of the face they rested in had done nothing but damn her from the day she was born.

"Dos Equis." She said again, her accent noticeable but light now, "Rum."

"Goddamn it girl," the bartender started and then cocked his head, listening. The girl heard it too. The low, distant rumble of a big engine chuffing through blown tailpipes. "Look," the bartender said urgently, "Go in the back, there's an emergency exit. Wait until they come in, then sneak out and run around to your truck. Get the hell out of here."

The girl pounded her clenched fist down on the table. In it was a crumpled twenty dollar bill. She glared at the bartender like a viper, her violet eyes flashing venomously. The bartender shook his head and took a dusty shot glass from under the bar and slammed it down in front of her. He shuffled off then, fetching her order. As he did so, the sound of the engine grew ever louder. The girl turned on her stool and looked casually, out the large plate glass window, into the street. The bartender returned with a bottle of Mexican beer and a dust covered bottle of Bacardi AÑejo. As he poured her shot, he said, "You got maybe fifteen minutes before you end up duct taped to the back of some asshole's Harley sweetie, something I can call you before that happens, maybe something so's I'll know if your family comes lookin' for ya'?"

She turned her head slightly, still watching the street. "La Chica." She said simply.

"Nice knowing ya' Lachica," the bartender said, "I'm Uncle Jack."

The roar of the bike became overpowering now, as she could see it, topped with the wiry silhouette of its rider pull up across the street in front of the mini market. Two of the parking lot gawkers walked over and began talking to the helmetless rider as he dismounted, turning off the bike and restoring the thick silence of the bar. The two old timers got up from the back table and hobbled to the front door. One of the raised a hand to Uncle Jack without turning, neither acknowledge the girl.

"Last chance Lachica," the bartender said warningly. The girl took a long pull from her beer and continued watching, until the biker and his two companions started walking across the street, straight for Cody's. The biker was average height, and skinny, with long, limp, light brown hair and a receding hairline. The taller of the two locals was also skinnier, but with a pot belly. The other was smaller and stocky, with a trimmed beard and one of those cheap trucker hats. They were both dressed similarly in grungy parkas, flannel shirts and jeans. Before they reached the bar, she turned to face the bartender, her back to the door, and downed her rum.

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The girl heard the door swing open and the gruff voices of men as they entered the establishment. She heard two voices, although she knew that there were three of them. One was blathering some inane story about a slut he had banged, probably his cousin, the girl assumed, while the other voice contented itself with grunting laughter.

"Jack, beers!" the storyteller hollered as the girl heard the heavy boots of the three men fall in around the back of her stool. The bartender scurried off to grab three bottles of bud out of the cooler, and the girl took another pull from her Dos Equis.

"Hi." the girl heard the third voice, oily and slightly high pitched, "Welcome to Bison Gap." He had the slightest speech impediment that made the "s" in Bison sibilant, lisping slightly. She felt a hand rest lightly on her back, too close to the concealed .380. She turned around not too quickly, to face her new friends. Mentally, she introduced herself to *Verga* (the dick), Chuckles and The Weasel. That's all she would ever need to know them as.

"Good evening," the girl smiled politely. She rested one hand on the neck of her beer as it sat atop the bar and her other on the seat of the stool next to her. Her firm, buoyant, apple sized breasts jutted out invitingly.

"So, what brings you to our little piece of paradise?" the wiry biker with the lisping voice she had dubbed The Weasel asked, not caring about her answer.

"Would you believe I'm here to meet my husband?" she asked, grinning slightly.

"I might believe it, but I wouldn't give a shit." The Weasel said sardonically, causing both Chuckles and *Verga* to laugh.

"And who might you boys be?" the girl asked playfully.

"We're the welcoming committee, honey, we're here to welcome you all night long." More laughter.

"Nice cut." the girl said, nodding to the black leather vest The Weasel wore over a white thermal shirt. On the back was a large Maltese cross with the word Knight above it and Crusaders M.C. Below it. The girl had at least a passing familiarity with the names of most of the motorcycle gangs that were major players in drugs, guns or whores and she had never heard of the Knight Crusaders.

"You like biker boys baby?" Weasel crowed. It came out "boyzth".

"Not particularly." she said, turning slightly to take a sip from her beer. Chuckles lived up to his name and got a nasty glare from The Weasel.

"Well that's too bad honey, because the Knight Crusaders own this town."

Uncle Jack had been standing there with three ice covered bottles of Bud for most of the exchange and chose this moment to interrupt, "Here's the brews guys! No charge of course.".

Chuckles moved to the bar and started to pass out the bottles while *Verga* said, "Go wash something you old cocksucker, this place is a fucking pigsty. The bartender, clearly not the heroic type, went off around the corner, to the empty side of the bar.

"Well gentlemen, it's been great being welcomed and all, but I've been driving all day, and I just want to get these clothes off and slide into a bed over at that Hotel." She nodded in the direction of the Northwestern.

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This elicited a hoot from *Verga*, and The Weasel just smiled, in a manner she supposed he thought was seductive. "We can get your clothes off and get you relaxed baby." he said, licking his chops like a hound. It was like she had given these morons a script, so predictable.

"Ah, *Dulce*," she said "That's sweet, but I think I'm going to have to say no." Chuckles started up again, his near constant tittering an octave higher now; Chuckles the Creepy Molester.

"I'm afraid that 'no' wasn't one of the choices Angel." Weasel said, reaching his hand out toward her face. The girl blocked his hand, but slowly, gently, and lowered it, smiling.

"*Fresco*," she said, "calm down, haven't you heard? No means no."

"Not in Bison Gap it don't" *Verga* spat.

"Is that so?" the girl said, her eyes glinting as she smiled at them.

"Goddamn right." The Weasel said as he stepped up close to her and put his knee against her crotch at the edge of the bar stool.

"And what if I say 'No' anyway?" she said as The Weasel stared into her hypnotic, orchid colored eyes.

"Then" he hissed, keeping his eyes locked with hers, "It'll be the last thing I hear you say, because we'll stuff a bar rag down your throat and have you anyway."

"I see," the girl responded, arching her eyebrow, "are we just going to do it right here?"

"Now you're seeing the light girlie," Weasel said, grinning his brownish wolf smile. He looked around the bar, at the plate glass window that looked out onto the main road and the rows of windows on the west wall.

"Walk-in." he said.

The Weasel reached out and tried to grab the girl's upper arm and she pulled it away, standing up from the stool, grabbing her knapsack and throwing it over her shoulder. "Alright, *calmate*," she said, reaching out and running her index finger along Weasel's arm lightly with one hand, taking up her beer with the other, "You lead, I'll follow."

"Let's go, dumbasses." Weasel said to his pals, and they surrounded the girl, walking her in the direction of the bar's large walk-in refrigerator.

"All of you?" she asked?

"That's right baby," Weasel sneered, "we're having a party."

The girl swayed her hips, doing her best slut walk, sipping her beer, and letting her fingertips graze each of the three men's bodies as they made their way to the heavy, steel door. *Verga* opened the door and Weasel ushered the girl inside, followed by the rest of the party guests. He closed the thick, sound proof, door behind them.

The bartender, Uncle Jack, just shook his head as they escorted the girl past his perch at the far corner of the bar. Jack figured that the girl was a whore, and heard somewhere that there must be work in this hellhole, maybe over at The Parlour, the little brothel operated by the Booker's. If that was the case, and she was hard enough, maybe she could do OK here, at least for a little while.

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When they got into the walk in, Weasel put his hands on the girl's hips and started to push her over a tower of Miller High Life cases, but she danced out of his grasp, dropping her pack on the floor, and said, "Hold on *compa*," as she got down on her knees on the ice cold concrete floor. "Let's get better acquainted *mis amigos*." she smiled wickedly, "Time for a little sword fight, no?". *Verga* and *Chuckles* both looked like someone had stuck them in the ass with a pin; they started to unbuckle their belts, almost in unison.

The Weasel moved more slowly, he started to unbuckle and then stopped. He reached down and grabbed the girl by her chin, forcing her eyes to meet his lusty gaze. "I know what your game is bitch," he snarled, "You think you're going to get by passing out a couple of blowjobs, and that may be fine for these numbnuts," he nodded at his friends, "but you better know you aren't walking out of this refer before I get a poke at that sweet, brown, pussy of yours.",

"I wouldn't have it any other way *mi amor*," the girl said, licking her lips.

Weasel started to unbuckle as *Verga* and *Chuckles* approached, their pants and boxers down to mid thigh, their cocks already out and rising steadily. The girl judged that *Verga's* tale of inbred lust, the one he was sharing when he walked into *Cody's*, must have been all talk, because he was hung like a bull...mouse. *Chuckles* on the other hand had some lumber swinging, and he started to stroke it a few feet from the girl's face. She looked at his tool and had to admit, after a shower and a flea bath, under different circumstances, she might have been able to appreciate it. "No, no, let me." she said, reaching out with both hands and taking the thugs' stiffening dicks into her hands. She started to jack them both slowly as *The Weasel* finished dropping his jeans; another small fry.

"I want your mouth, whore." Weasel said.

"Hold on boys," the girl said, starting to unbutton her top. She had positioned herself, on her knees with her back to the cases of beer, the three men faced her in a semi circle in the tight confines of the long, narrow refrigerated room. She removed her shirt slowly, letting the anticipation build. When she got it off, the sight of her tiny nipples, made rock hard by the refrigerated air, strained at her simple, black bra made *Weasel's* eyes glaze with lust. She handed the shirt up to *Chuckles*, and said, "Hang this over there, *compa*, I wouldn't want to get any of your...juices on it." she said with mocking shyness. *Chuckles* politely complied.

"Start sucking bitch!" *The Weasel* demanded impatiently, but stood still when he saw the girl was reaching behind herself the unclasp her bra. As she did so, she leaned into him, preparing to take the head of his terrifying four inches into her mouth.

The girl's fingers easily found what they were looking for, not the clasp on her bra, but the three inch, folding, straight razor fastened to one of the straps. As she loosed it from its hiding place and unfolded it with one hand, she grasped the neck of her now empty *Dos Equis* bottle as it waited on the floor, in front of her knees.

The girl knew the entire sequence of motions, the tightly choreographed dance of death that would ensue as soon as she moved. She could see every step in her mind's eye. There was no fear, no uncertainty. She acted.

The girl shot to her feet, with her chin tucked down into her sternum. The crown of her skull impacted *The Weasel* directly under his chin, breaking teeth and snapping his jaw shut with an audible "Clack!". He staggered back, stunned.

As she rose, she passed the razor blade over *Chuckles's* cock, splitting the top of the swollen shaft like an overcooked *Ballpark*. He howled and instinctively grabbed his crotch with both hands and tried to limp to the door. With being able to use his arms to balance, and with his pants around his thighs, he staggered and toppled over.

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Men and their dicks; it never failed to amaze the girl. Once, in Mexico, she had stabbed a man's bodyguard in the neck, and he still tried to kill her with his bare hands. He had raised his arms and tried to crush her throat with his hands even as his lifeblood jetted from the wound in his neck in great gouts, painting the stucco walls of the plaza a lurid crimson. She had watched him die, fascinated, while she blocked his rapidly weakening attempts to strangle her. Cut a man's jugular, and if he's angry enough he'll go to hell trying to take you with him, but put a shaving cut in his penis, and all he wants is to find the world's greatest surgeon, right away.

By the time she stood completely, *Verga* started to reach for her but she had planned the sequence too well, she brought the beer bottle up with lightning speed, smashing it into a universe of tiny, glinting shards of green glass on the side of his face. After completing its arc, her hand swung back and jammed the jagged edges of the broken bottle neck she still clutched into his left eye. Too stunned from the blow to scream, but she drove him back against the wall, pushing the bottle deeper and waving the razor against the left side of his neck. Here, she had miscalculated a little. A jet of *Verga's* blood sprayed forth and soaked her checkered work shirt as it hung on one of the cooler's shelves. "Pendejo!" she spat as the man fell to floor, his hands trying to reach his open throat and the tattered remains of his eye all at the same time.

Chuckles was trying to push himself off the floor. He was making a high pitched, pig like, squealing noise, that the girl gratefully silenced by standing over him, grabbing a handful of his dirty, curly hair and cutting his throat. That left only the Weasel. Less than five seconds had elapsed, since she had pulled her blade, she figured she could take some time with her only remaining date for the evening.

The Weasel, still groggy and teary eyed, was reaching back, under his vest so the girl kicked him in the jaw, hard, with her dirty sneaker. She pounced on him, putting the blade against his neck, and reached around his waist. She found the handle of a revolver and pulled it out. A nickel plated, short barreled, .357; it reminded her of something, a blood stained hotel bathroom, back in Bogota, when she was a little girl, if she had ever really been one of those. She tucked it back into her own waistband, next to the .380.

"OK, *Mal Paraido*," she said coldly, straddling his chest and holding the cold steel of her razor against his throat, "let's have a talk about your little boys club."

The Weasel had been fairly accommodating after a few shaving cuts. He shared the history of the club in Bison Gap. The Knights were a small club of outlaw lowlifes, with only a dozen or so patched members. They had come into town about eighteen months ago, looking for a remote location with a sympathetic law enforcement presence to start a permanent meth cook. The Booker family, owner's of the local mine had control of the small black market and what few criminal enterprises there were, so they agreed to let a few Knights set up their cook out in the badlands, a dozen or so miles out of town in exchange for a healthy "lease" on the property. Things had gone great for a while, when the bikers were cooking their speed and then smuggling it out to all parts of the mid-west, but it wasn't long before the locals had begun to sample the Knight's low cost product. Meth abuse soared and productivity at the already struggling mine dropped. Ezekiel Booker, the apparent patriarch of the family, told the bikers that they had to either kick back three quarters of their profits, or get out of the county. The Knights decided that since the local law had no interest in getting between the two groups, that the Bookers could fuck right off. They refused the deal, and a war had started. Recently, however, the Knight's leader, some winner called "Zilla" had been killed, gunned down by some heavy hitter named King, that apparently worked for the Bookers. Nnd rather than retreat, the Knight Crusaders were getting ready for an all out counter assault.

The girl thanked Weasel for the information by slitting his throat quickly, and turning him over, while he struggled weakly, so that he bled into the rusted grate of the large drain that sat in the center of the gently sloping cooler floor. "Well, that's gonna make the clean up a lot easier on Uncle Jack." she thought.

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She looked at her shirt, where it hung. There was a great splash of *Verga's* "juices" all over the front. She looked down at her legs, and, predictably, some of the men's blood had stained her jeans as well. "*Putta Madre*" she swore. She only had the one disguise. All she had left in her pack were work clothes. "Ni modo" she sighed, what could a girl do. She opened her knapsack and removed a set of clothes. "Don't look boys." she said lightly, just as the last bit of light faded from The Weasel's eyes. She turned and showed her boyfriends her back as she stripped down and changed.

The cooler walls were insulated, and the door was more than eight inches thick, and Uncle Jack sat out in the bar, alone, holding a shot of vodka in his trembling hand, oblivious to the kind of party happening in his refrigerator. He had heard a little noise that could have been grunting or groaning, and he hoped that the whore was showing those assholes a really hot time. "Vlad", the biker had a real mean streak, and no matter how good she was, she'd be lucky to get out of their with all her teeth.

It didn't take as long as he expected, only about ten minutes, before he heard the cooler door open. He looked over, fully expecting to see Vlad and his lackeys coming out, laughing and buckling their belts, like the pigs he knew them to be. Instead, someone else walked out, someone who hadn't walked in in the first place.

The girl had changed clothes. She now wore black cargo pants and a black cotton tank top. She had a leather racing jacket slung over one shoulder and Vlad's .357 tucked into the front of her waistband. The bandana that had covered and bound her hair was gone now, and her blue-black tresses hung in wavy strands, down her back. Jack stared at her, his mouth hanging open, vodka forgotten in his hand.

La Chica as Jack thought of her, walked calmly up to the bar, withdrawing the magnum and laying it on the bar in front of her. "So, Uncle Jack," she purred, "tell me about the three dead men in your refrigerator."

End of Chapter One:

Next time, Violetta has a run in with the law and gets a warm greeting from the housekeeping staff at the Great Northwestern Hotel. Keep your eyes open for Violetta Chapter Two: The Hospitality Suite.

Chapter 2: Violetta Chapter Two: The Hospitality Suite

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The bartender, Uncle Jack, filled in some of the details about Bison Gap that The Weasel had overlooked before his untimely passing. Most of those details related to the other players vying for control of the town, the Booker family.

The Booker's operated the local gold mine, which had been less productive every year now, even without the town's other troubles. They managed to find other revenues to make up the difference. The Booker's had a nice, private, racket going. They recouped more than half their payroll every month, by maintaining control over liquor, by owning Cody's, and women; the brothel known as The Parlour was also run by the Bookers. Until the arrival of the Knights, they had local law enforcement exclusively on their dime as well.

Ezekiel Booker started with the profitable mine his father had left him from a claim dating back to 1908. Upon adulthood, he had turned the family business into a regional empire. In addition to the family's criminal endeavors, Ezekiel, or Zeke, owned most of the commercial property in town, along with a large number of rentals, mostly occupied by the miners employed by his company, allowing even more of the company payroll to find its way back into the company coffers.

Bison Gap wasn't an incorporated city, just a small municipality in Hardwell county. As such, the town had no official mayor or town government. Zeke Booker felt it was his right, as virtual owner of the community, to act in that capacity. Nothing got built, no business opened, and no major crime was committed, without his tacit approval.

At least, that was so before the arrival of the Knight Crusaders. The motorcycle gang had been a godsend at first. They holed up at a big, empty ranch outside of town, signing a nicely legal lease with old Zeke Booker's local real estate agency for ten times the going rate. The bikers cooked up their poison, loaded it up onto their bikes and ran it throughout the Midwest. All the money flowed back into Bison Gap, since the Knights had nowhere else to spend it. For Booker's enterprises at Cody's and The Parlour, it had been a golden age, but soon enough, everything turned to lead.

The motorcycle gang had no reservations about selling their product locally, or giving crank away to many of Bison Gap's teenaged children, especially their daughters. The town constable was colorblind to any difference between Knight money and Booker money, and even if he had tried to take a stand, he was woefully undermanned and under equipped to deal with either faction, let alone suppress the war that everyone sensed was coming. He might have been able to call in the Highway Patrol, but then he risked almost certain exposure of his years of corruption. Zeke Booker himself could have done the same thing, but had much the same reason not to. Regular citizens began to get a sense that it was time to pull up stakes, moving on down the road to Buffalo, or points farther. By the time of the girl's arrival, less than three hundred people called Bison Gap home.

The Bookers demanded more than double on the kickbacks they were getting from the Knights, and the bikers refused. Tensions escalated as mine workers and Booker's thugs fought with gang members at Cody's and even in the streets every weekend.

Zeke Booker's son, Daniel, got the bright idea to blow up the trailer the gang was using to cook, out on the edge of their acreage. That had really whacked the hornet's nest; the bikers were able to get their operation running again, from a now secret location, in less than forty eight hours, but now they were pissed. Brawling townies in the streets had seemed like good, harmless fun, but this had now become about cash business. They

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retaliated by setting fire to a dozen cars, most of the inventory, at Booker's used car lot.

Things had really come to a head about ten days ago when Zeke Booker's' right hand, some hard case called King, set up an ambush for the Knight Crusader president, ZillaMan. Apparently, Zilla and two of his brothers set out for Kansas City, incognito, a few days prior with a trunk load of meth. Somehow, word got back to the Bookers and, when the bikers came back, King was waiting with a van full of men, armed with shotguns. They simply parked the van on the side of a road that ran through a narrow pass, between two low, rolling, grass covered hills, faking a breakdown. When Zilla's car came into view, quickly pulled the van across both lanes and opened fire. There was no room to try a run around the van, and the bikers tried to flip a bitch, but it was too little, too late. Their sedan was peppered with no fewer than a hundred and fifty, twelve gauge pellets. It was a massacre. Not only had King killed Zilla and two patched Knights, the bikers had been carrying the proceeds of their meth run, rumored to be about a quarter million.

When Uncle Jack arrived at this part of his tale, the girl made up her mind to stay in Bison Gap for a few days. She had been careful, she didn't think there was anyway the cartel could track her to this off- the-radar armpit. Besides, it sounded as though, if she played her cards right, she could drive out of here with a lot more than the rapidly dwindling ten grand she had stowed in her "go" bag. Both sides in this jerkwater pissing contest sounded like rank amateurs. There was no telling how high she could push her asking price to tip the scales with her specialized skill set.

When Jack finished, the girl got up, taking the .357 off the bar and stashing it in her knapsack. She thanked Jack and apologized, insincerely, for the mess in his cooler. "What are you gonna do now?" the bartender asked, "When the Knights find out you killed Vlad, they're gonna be after your hide. If you get the hell out of here now, they may be too busy getting payback for ZillaMan to come looking for you, at least for a little while."

"Those pendejos committed a crime. When someone commits a crime, aren't you supposed to call 911?". The girl asked.

The bartender looked at her incredulously, "Didn't you hear a word I said, 911 ain't no damn good in this fuckin' town." he said, exasperated.

"Well, maybe we just need to give them a chance to do the right thing." She said, grinning coolly.

"Constable Coffey wouldn't know the right thing if it bit him in the nutsack." Jack spit.

"We'll see." she said, and ordered another rum for the road.

Uncle Jack poured her shot and said, "This one's on me, Lachica, you are one bat shit loco broad."

The girl chuckled a little and picked up the shot glass. She looked the bartender in the eye, smiling seductively, and said "That's not a name for friends. Would you like to be friends?".

The bartender swallowed nervously and said "Sure."

The girl pounded her shot and slammed it on the bar, "Then call me Violetta." she said, as she turned and walked out of the bar, into the frigid darkness of the South Dakota night.

Violetta wasn't her name either, at least, she was fairly certain it wasn't. That had been her nickname as long as she could remember. Her mother had died in childbirth, or so she had been told. Her father, El Mal Paraido, had sold her when she was only eight. She dimly remembered some adults calling her another name when she

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was very young, but all she could really remember was her father, and he only ever referred to her as Violetta; the color of her eyes.

She left the bar and stashed her firearms in the truck, then started walking purposefully, back the way she came, to the constable's office. It was seven thirty, and there was still light shining through the windows from the interior of the small office. There was a single police cruiser in the parking lot, parked next to a nicely loaded, maroon, Ford F-350. Violetta opened the door and went inside.

The constable's office consisted of a cramped, square, central room containing three desks with computers and the various accoutrements of small town law enforcement, complete with a wall rack stocked with simple rifles and shotguns, as well as a small holding cell. There was a single door at the far end of the room with frosted glass window pane painted with the words "Constable Coffey".

A woman in a light brown constable's uniform sat at the front desk, looking through a catalog and chewing on the end of a ball point pen. She was thirtyish, just a bit on the plump side, with short red hair, tied up in a high ponytail, and bangs. Violetta immediately noticed that she was unarmed. Another constable, a slender young man in his early twenties, stood in the corner, attempting some delicate operation with the coffee machine. He wore a hip holster with a .38 revolver, standard issue for cops before this kid's father was born. They both looked up from their mundane lives when Violetta walked through the door.

She wore a tranquil half smile when she said, "I'd like to report a crime, please?".

"Um, uh, nature of the, uh, crime?" the woman said, searching her desk, and finding a clipboard with a stack of forms on it.

"Attempted rape." Violetta replied. The young constable at the coffee machine went directly to the back office door and entered, without knocking.

"Attempted?" the female constable asked, looking at the apparently calm and unharmed woman, "Are you the victim?".

"Victim?" Violetta replied, "I suppose that depends on your point of view."

The red head looked at her strangely and said, "Miss, did someone attempt to sexually assault you or not?".

"Yes." the girl answered matter of factly.

"Did you get a good look at 'em?" came a loud, wheezing voice, that of the corpulent Head Constable Charles Coffey. He was an enormous middle aged man, Violetta guessed he tipped the scales at three fifty, and was barely average height. The constable waddled out from his office door, in a wrinkled brown uniform accessorized by some considerable armpit stains. He wasn't wearing a gun.

"I didn't really bother." the stranger said, "I suppose I could go back over to the bar and get a better look at their faces."

"The men that attacked you are still over at Cody's?" the fat man asked. Red head had stopped writing on her clipboard and looked back and forth, following the conversation.

"Well, they're not going anywhere." Violetta said, a ghost of a smile passing her thin lips.

"And why is that?" said Coffey, starting to sound irritated.

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"They're dead." she answered, as though their fate had been obvious.

"What? Bullshit! Look little girl, I don't know who you are or who put you up to this hilarious little prank of yours but I've got half a mind..." the fat cop began before Violetta cut him off.

"Listen, three assholes just dragged me into the cooler, over at the bar, and tried to rape me. I killed them. You're the law, I thought you'd want to know. If you don't give a shit, I sure as hell don't. I'll just be heading on over to the hotel, and I won't waste anymore of my time." With that, she turned and exited the constable's office and walked off in the direction of the Great Northwestern Hotel, leaving the three locals looking at one another in disbelief.

"Loomis," Coffey barked, after the front door to the constable's office swung closed, "Get your ass over to Cody's and find out what the hell is going on." The young cop ran to the coat rack, grabbing his brown constable's parka and headed out the door. Coffey huffed over and grabbed his own coat, then struggled to get it on. Finally dressed, he walked out the door without a word to the red head, intending to follow the strange woman.

"Now just hold on a damn second there lady!" the obese constable said, puffing mightily as he tried to follow Violetta down the sidewalk. The woman strode purposefully back in the direction of the Hotel. She had seen the young cop, running down the other side of the street, a block ahead of her now, on his way to Cody's. By the time she got to the Hotel, Constable Coffey would have a decision to make.

Violetta slowed down to allow the grossly out of shape Coffey to catch up to her, without stopping her progress entirely. "What, now you want to take a report?" she said dryly.

"First off, what's your name?" the constable asked her.

"As a sex crime victim, can't I remain anonymous?" she asked testily.

"Not if your swearing out a complaint." he responded.

"Oh, I wasn't looking to make a complaint. What would be the point in that? I just thought you might like an explanation for the three *chaperos* in the cantina." she said sarcastically.

"For your sake, I hope you're full of shit girlie. Coffey replied.

Just then, they could both hear the slapping sound of running footsteps; the kid, constable Loomis, was sprinting back from Cody's, his revolver drawn. The killer and the constable stood there and watched for a few seconds until Loomis got within thirty feet of them. He leveled the revolver at Violetta and shouted, "Freeze! Get down on the ground!".

Violetta smiled and called back, "Which do you want me to do? Freeze or get on the ground? I can't do both."

"Get on the fucking ground, now!" Loomis shouted. She could see the gun shaking in his hand, but thirty feet of open ground was a lot to cover. Instead, she looked at Coffey, arching her eyebrow.

"Put the goddamn gun down kid!" Coffey barked, "They way you shoot, you're more like to hit me than her."

"Charlie," the kid called back, "there's three dead men in the refer over at Cody's. They've been cut to ribbons."

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"Did I lie." Violetta said, grinning coldly.

"Are you armed miss?" Coffey asked her.

"Only with this," she said, slowly pulling out the still folded straight razor from her front jeans pocket.

"Why don't you do me a favor and toss it over here, before the kid shoots me, huh?" he said calmly.

Violetta shrugged and tossed the blade at the ground by Coffey's boots. "I'd like it back, it's my lucky charm." she said.

The shaky kid started walking closer, gun still pointed at the mysterious woman. "Put your hands behind your back ma'am." he said, tension strained his high voice near to breaking.

"Dammit, Loomis, holster your weapon!" Coffey yelled.

"Charlie, she cut up that biker, Vlad, and Jim Starks, and that Nussbaum moron that was always hangin' around with 'em. We gotta take her in to the lockup!" the kid insisted.

"Oh, I don't think you want to do that, do you constable?" Violetta smiled knowingly at Coffey.

"Put the gun down Mike." the fat man said again.

"Charlie!" Loomis whined.

"Think about it for fuck's sake, Mike! Even if she didn't kill those assholes in self defense, by morning the rest of those biker fuckheads are going to know what happened to one of their own, and they're gonna come looking for her. You really want her, in our office, with nothing but you, me and Ruthie standin' between them?"

Constable Loomis holstered his revolver and stood, clueless now as to how to proceed. "Go on back to the office kid, get started on the paperwork. Just write it up as a justifiable alright?" Coffey instructed. Mike Loomis just shook his head and started walking back to the office.

The fat man grunted slightly as he bent to pick up the razor that the girl had tossed to him. He unfolded the short, rectangular blade and studied it for a moment, and then turned his gaze onto Violetta. She said nothing, but met his gaze coolly. It wasn't just that she was unafraid, she was almost daring him to do something. "I'm trying to figure out which you are." He said finally.

"Which?" the girl said.

"Yeah, you killed three men, one of them a real hard case, in a small, enclosed space, using just this." he wagged the blade at her, "So that makes you one of three things: a psychopath, a professional, or just the toughest bitch ever recently released from what I imagine was a very long, hard stint in a women's pen somewhere."

Violetta laughed, "I pick soybeans."

"Bullshit!" snorted the fat cop, "I figure you're probably not the serial killer type, what with you marching into our office and giving it up like that. If you just got off lockdown somewhere, I guess you're even less likely to admit what you did, so that leaves a professional. Is that what you are, a hired gun? Maybe the Booker's

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brought you into town to help 'em with their little biker infestation?"

"No" she said flatly, "at least, not yet."

"So," the corpulent cop said shrewdly, narrowing his eyes, "if you weren't called up to this cesspool, that must mean you are on the run, headed for the border. How am I doing?"

"For a guy who supposedly treats his office like a car dealership, you may have once made a pretty fair cop." Violetta said, not without a little warmth.

Coffey snorted at the girl's assessment, irritated by her sass. "You should get the hell out." he said finally.

"Everyone keeps telling me that since I got to this pinche town. The most hospitable people I've met were the pendejos that tried to rape me." the girl joked.

Coffey lowered his head, and ran his hand through his thinning, gray hair. "This used to be a nice town once, a real sweet deal. We got fat and happy, until the vultures descended, guys like King and the Knights, and now you." As he continued, Violetta wondered if he ever stopped to consider that he and Booker had been vultures as well, they just didn't want to share. "There are still a few good people here, ones that don't work for ol' Zeke, or snort that dogshit those bikers are cooking up. I'd hate for them to get hurt in all this. Why don't you just head on out before things really go to shit, huh?"

"Sorry lawman," Violetta smiled tiredly, "I've been driving all day, and slaughtering pigs to boot, so I really just need to get some sleep. If I try to drive on now, I'm liable to kill some of those good people you're so concerned about. If you're not arresting me, I'm going to go over to that Hotel, getting a room, and sleepin' like the dead. In the morning, I'll consider your request."

"A woman that could do what you did tonight has just got to be wanted somewhere," Coffey said, playing his last card, "suppose I send up a red flag with your description to the Staties."

Violetta called his bluff; "Well, Constable Coffey, you could certainly do that, do you think there will be enough room in the back of one of their cruisers for both of us?"

Coffey shook his head again and tossed the razor, still opened, to the girl. She caught it deftly, one handed, folding it closed as she returned it to her pocket. "Have a nice night Constable Coffey." Violetta said, before walking past him, back toward Cody's and the hotel. He did nothing to stop her, and was still standing alone on the sidewalk between the constable's office and the Bison mart when she walked away.

Violetta stopped at her pickup and grabbed her gear, and the case, and then she headed past the bar and on into the Great Northwestern Hotel. The Northwestern was one of only two brick and masonry buildings she had seen in Bison Gap. The other was a few blocks down central street than she had been, but she guessed that it was most likely a bank. The hotel had an old fashioned revolving door in its entrance, complete with full length, frosted glass panes set in the brass frames. Violetta pushed her way into the lobby of the small, old fashioned, hotel.

The lobby of the hotel may have been in regional good taste, but to young latina who had spent most of her life either within walled compounds in various South and Central American jungles, or later, within some of the equally inhospitable jungles of some of North America's inner cities, it looked like something out of an old western movie. There were a few plain wooden tables and chairs arranged around the lobby and a large, flagstone fireplace in the east wall. Above the fireplace, dominating the room, was the massive stuffed head of a buffalo.

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Behind the lobby desk, a tiny, middle aged Korean woman sat, reading a magazine. She stood up when Violetta entered the room and waited, looking at the stranger curiously. After taking in the floor plan of the lobby, noting both a rear exit and an "employees only" door, she approached the counter.

"A room for the night, a suite, if you have one." she said.

"You alone?" the older woman said.

"Yes." the girl replied.

"Have Ambassador suite, very nice, biiiiig bathtub." the Korean said, smiling and holding her arms apart, testifying to the size of the tub.

"Sounds fine." Violetta said, removing five crisp hundreds from the pocket of her leather racing jacket and laying them on the counter. "I don't want to be disturbed tonight, understood?"

The woman's eyes glinted as she took the \$500, more than enough to cover several nights. "No problem." she said, handing Violetta an old fashioned key attached to a red plastic tag. "third floor, end of hall. You need help with bag?"

"I've got it." Violetta said, heading for the stairs.

She walked up the stairs, pausing to check out the second floor before heading up to her suite. The walls were adorned with old fashioned lincrusta embossed wall paper in a deep red, with dark oak wainscoting. The second floor consisted of a small hallway with four six doors coming off of it and a small window at the end, that looked out onto the Hotel's empty parking lot. The lighting came from a series of glass wall fixtures, made to resemble nineteenth century gas lamps.

She proceeded up the stairs to the third floor, and her waiting room. Here, the decor was similar but there were only three doors, one of which was open. A shiny brass plaque that read "Ambassador Suite" was mounted on the wall, next to the only set of double doors at the end of the hallway. Rather than head straight to the suite, she stopped and peered into the open doorway.

Inside, she saw a girl, nineteen or twenty maybe, wearing a plain, tight, yellow dress and a maid's apron, carrying an armful of towels, presumably to the bathroom. She was very thin, with dyed blonde hair and dark roots. She had pale skin with a bit of acne on her cheeks and forehead, but pretty nonetheless. She opened here watery blue eyes when she saw Violetta; "Oh" she said simply.

"Hello" Violetta smiled.

"Are you a new guest?" the maid asked, looking down at her worn, canvas, tennis shoes.

"Si, yes." Violetta answered.

"Did Mrs. Pak give you this room?" she asked, "I hadn't finished cleaning it yet..."

"No, I'm in the suite."

"Oh, OK, great, I dusted in there this afternoon, and no one's stayed in for weeks, so it should be fine, but, um, I'm Charlotte, just let me know or call down to the desk if there's anything you need."

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"Gracias, Charlotte," Violetta said sweetly, and headed to her room.

The Ambassador suite consisted of a small front room and an even smaller bedroom, both adorned with lattice patterned wall paper. The bathroom did indeed have a very large, clawfooted bathtub. There was a television, but no cable, and Violetta wasn't much of a passive viewer anyway. She ditched her jacket and tossed it onto the dressing chair in the bedroom. She was, indeed tired from her long, furtive, flight north, but it was barely ten pm and the incident with the three losers at the bar had gotten her adrenaline up. She figured that word of The Weasels passing would take a little while to reach the rest of his dirtbag brethren, and that, even if they organized and hopped onto their choppers as soon as they could sober up and get their shit together, it would still be morning, at least, before she had to deal with them. She needed something to unwind before bed, and it didn't take but a second for her to decide exactly what that was.

She stripped off her boots and cargo pants, and adjusted the ultra short Lycra shorts she wore underneath. Then she reached under her black, cotton, tank top and undid her bra, slipping it off, without removing the shirt, and draping it over the chair with her jacket. After checking herself in the full length, standing mirror, she opened her pack and removed her .380 and the .357 she had looted from The Weasel. She opened the drawer on the bedside table and placed the automatic inside, and then put the revolver on the floor, under the bed. Finally, Violetta took five more crisp hundreds from a pouch on the exterior of the soft, black case she had concealed in her truck, and then slid it under the bed with the magnum.

She tucked the money in the back of her shorts and went to the room's double doors, opening one slightly. She had only been in the room for about ten minutes, so she called out, "Charlotte?"

"Uh, yes, hold on, I'll be right there." she heard the maid say from somewhere on the third floor.

Violetta waited only a few moments before Charlotte entered the room, "What can I do for you ma'am?". She stopped short, when she saw what the older girl was wearing, or rather, not wearing.

Violetta held up the five bills up, showing them to Charlotte, and she said, "I have a problem you may be able to help me with."

The maid's eyes got big when she saw the money. "Um, what can I do for you?"

Violetta stepped toward the girl, extending an arm and catching it gently, but firmly, in her blonde hair. She pulled the surprised young maid to her and kissed her wetly, forcing her tongue between the girl's startled lips. The girl's mouth reflexively kissed back but her eyes remained open, in shock and her hands came up, but flailed, trying to decide if they were supposed to push the other woman away or not.

The fiery latina broke off her kiss and pushed the girl back a step before releasing her hair. The blonde stood there, her mouth parted, breathing hard and staring, still shocked, into the older girl's sultry amethyst eyes. Violetta held up the fan of bills again and said simply, "Si or No?"

Charlotte's eighteen year old mind raced. She wasn't a prostitute, she could have worked over at the whorehouse, but instead, she took this crappy part time job at the hotel last spring, during her senior year. Her father was the town Pastor, for God's sake. Still, she was trying to save up enough money to get the hell out of Bison Gap and go to the Junior College in Pierre, and five hundred dollars was worth more than a month of dusting unused rooms at the Northwestern. And then there was the woman; Charlotte didn't swing that way, but she had to admit the woman was gorgeous. She was sexy and exotic, oozing confidence and sensuality out of every pore. The thought that this kind of woman was choosing to offer this much money to be with the poor, local maid flattered and excited the young girl, and lesbianism just seemed so...college. But a woman, and a Mexican at that, if her daddy ever found out, he have a coronary. She made her decision.

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She reached out and took the money from Violetta's outstretched hand, tucking it into her apron. "Si." she said. She had, after all, managed a C plus in Spanish One, her junior year.

Violetta smiled and stepped close to the girl again. Charlotte closed her eyes, trembling in nervous anticipation. "Um, I'm not...I mean, I've never, um...what do you want me to do?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Relax, Bonita," Violetta said, putting her mouth against the warm skin of Charlotte's neck, "Right now, just be here with me let me show you. Charlotte rolled her head back and closed her eyes. "Okay." she breathed.

Violetta began to kiss the maid softly along her throat, threading the fingers of both hands through the girl's hair. She smelled, vaguely of body odor and cheap perfume, but strongly of lemon scented furniture polish. Charlotte stood, not exactly stiff, not knowing what to do, but the more the woman worked away at her neck, the warmer her belly got. When the woman began to run her hands along Charlotte's ribs, she felt her nipples stiffen, straining against the scratchy surface of her cheap work bra.

Violetta lifted her head from the girl's neck and started kissing her on the mouth again. She pushed the girl back against the wallpaper and kissed her ardently. Charlotte's hands came up flat against the wall and she moaned softly into the other woman's mouth. She began to kiss back, tentatively for a few seconds, but then with an increasing hunger. Violetta moved her head back, and the girl followed it, seeking to extend their kiss. The older girl grabbed the maid's hands and brought them down to her firm butt. The maid began to instinctively knead Violetta's ass cheeks, and eagerly met the woman's probing tongue with her own.

They made out, the maid pressed against the wall with Violetta grinding her body against Charlotte's abdomen. Violetta started to hike the girl's dress up, and then stopped, inspired by a better idea. She took the girl by the hand and led her through the bedroom and into the bathroom where she turned on the water to the giant bathtub. There was a bottle of lavender scented bubble bath next to the tub. Suddenly she was reminded of...before, of Mija. For a split second, the dull pain in her heart returned, but she shook her head clear, and focused on the aroused gringa standing in front of her. She poured half of the bath soap into the tub as it filled, and returned to the nervous girl.

Charlotte was still feeling anxious, but her cotton bikini panties were starting to stick to her pussy as it moistened. To her credit, she had forgotten all about the \$500, and was now just trying to reconcile what she had always been told was wrong, with what she now wanted to do so badly with the beautiful stranger.

Violetta got on her knees in front of the girl and began to slide her yellow dress slowly up her body. She kissed and licked her way up, over each newly exposed inch of flesh. As she did so, she licked her thighs, and nibbled them, causing the maid to shudder. When she got the dress up around the young girl's bony hips, she saw the wet stain that spread out all over the crotch of the girl's panties. She smiled and looked up at the maid saying, "You are very beautiful, chica."

The girl blushed and then gasped as Violetta ran her fingers over her panties, right along her rapidly moistening slit. She continued kissing her way up the young maid's body, licking her navel and pulling gently with her teeth at the small piercing she found there, furthering the girl's passionate whimpers. As Violetta pulled the dress up over the maid's pale chest, she noticed that her bra was practically empty, the girl was all skin and bones, her breasts essentially just a pair of tiny, rose pink nipples. Once again, Violetta was reminded of Mija, but this time it was passion that gripped her heart, not remorse, as she pressed her face to the girl's chest while reaching around to unhook the clasp of her dingy, white, polyester bra, letting it fall to the bathroom's tiled floor. The girl sucked air through clenched teeth when Violetta's warm, wet mouth found her nipple, and she ran her slender fingers through the latina's raven black hair, pulling her head closer to her flat chest. Violetta continued to salivate all over the girl's chest as she licked and bit playfully at the girl's ribs. Charlotte gasped, shocked and excited, when Violetta ran her tongue up her side and even through the stubble

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of her armpit before continuing down her arm and ending by sicking on her fingers. Her young pussy felt like it was hooked up to a battery, a constant low, buzzing level of stimulation was driving her wild.

The bath had filled to the top with sudsy water and Violetta shut off the tap. She stood up, and pulled her off her tank top. She started to remove her shorts but the girl stepped forward, and cupped Violetta's small, firm breasts awkwardly. She was trying to show initiative, but lost as to how to go about it. The experienced woman showed her. She put her hand over Charlotte's and squeezed her own breast hard as she pulled her closer and started kissing her again. The maid was thirsting for it now, devouring Violetta's kisses and sucking her tongue into her mouth. The brown skinned girl broke away long enough to finish stripping her shorts off and stood nude, in front of the teenaged chambermaid.

Violetta stepped into the bath, holding Charlotte's hand, and then led the girl to the tub, and helped her in. She still wore her pale pink, plain cotton panties and as they both sat down in the hot, sudsy water, and she drew breath sharply when they touched the water line, instantly clinging to her already tingling pussy. Violetta slipped a hand under the water and began to rub Charlotte's mound, through her saturated panties. Charlotte started to lean back and Violetta guided her gently to the tub's edge and started to rub her vigorously as the girl panted and moaned. When she pushed her experienced fingers into the maid's underwear, Charlotte arched her back and started grinding her hips into Violetta's insistent fingers. This caused the older girl's index finger to slide a few inches inside the teenager, making her cry out sharply. Violetta pulled the girl's wet underwear off roughly and tossed them onto the floor, glaring greedily at the maid's thick thatch of dark hair. Then she went back to finger fucking the girl's tight pussy rapidly. After a minute or two, she worked a second finger in and Charlotte's hips started to buck in the tub, splashing soapy water onto the tile floor. Violetta wanted the girl's first orgasm from a woman to be memorable, so she leaned forward and sucked the eighteen year old's soapy clit into her mouth as she continued to finger her. Charlotte came in seconds, as much from what was being done to her as who it was doing it. After her orgasm, Violetta didn't let her rest; she sucked and fringed another cum out of her teenage lover a few minutes later, as she grabbed the girl's narrow thighs with both hands and chewed at her cunt relentlessly.

Violetta took her fingers away from the girl's mound temporarily and started kissing her again, more slowly now. She took a washcloth and a bar of soap and began to wash the young girl sensually. Violetta turned Charlotte around and started to soap up her flat tummy and breasts as the girl leaned back against her, eyes closed. The older girl had total control of the young maid, she turned her head and kissed her again from behind as she pressed the soapy washcloth against the girl's mons. Charlotte moaned again, the noise stifled by Violetta's clinging lips and slippery tongue. When the girl got close, Violetta stopped this time and pushed her forward gently, bending her over the rear edge of the tub. She took the soap and the wet cloth and began to wash her again, down her back, and over the smooth round cheeks of her narrow ass. Charlotte rocked forward and squeezed the edge of the tub with white knuckles when Violetta guided the washcloth between the girl's cheeks, as she cleaned the crack of her ass.

Having been pampered and washed, Charlotte's asshole was now ready for a little attention. "Oh my God!" she cried, when she felt Violetta's tongue run up and down her cleft. The older girl reached up and pulled Charlotte's cheeks apart to grant her greater access. She started to rim the inexperienced girl, who had never even heard of such a thing.

"Play with yourself, Bonita." she ordered, and Charlotte complied all too quickly, bringing her fingertips to her clit and pressing, hard as Violetta's tongue continued swabbing her delicate pucker. Charlotte came for a third time, with her index finger fanning her clit and Violetta's tongue buried as far as it would go inside her tender asshole.

Once Charlotte had come again, Violetta pulled the plug in the bottom of the tub and stepped out, helping her lover out as well. She towed the girl dry, as they continued to kiss. Charlotte was feeling much more

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comfortable and confident by now, and she showed it by taking one of Violetta's baseball sized tits into her mouth. She was tentative at first, touching the nipple with her tongue, and then closing her tiny lips around it, but soon she was practically nursing at Violetta's left tit like a newborn while her hand squeezed her right breast firmly.

Violetta cooed at her, and closed her eyes. She let her mind drift to another bathtub, not so long ago, but very far away now. She had held precious Mija like this, their first time, when Violetta had been too weak to resist the young girl's clumsy attempts at seduction. She had never been able to be as strong as Salvador, and she fell to the temptation that he always resisted. After that night in the tub with Mija, she finally understood why he had done so. Mija had taken her heart that night, and in so doing, started Violetta on the tortuous road that brought her here, to find herself fucking some white trash hotel maid in this flat, frozen, stretch of Hell.

The assassin's nostalgic musings were interrupted when the girl's hand found Violetta's shaved pussy and began to rub, clumsily. She stopped Charlotte and said, "To the bed, mi amor."

She led Charlotte to the king sized bed, that took up most of the floor space in the tiny bedroom of the suite. They laid down together, and Charlotte looked into Violetta's intoxicating heliotropic eyes. "I want to make you feel good too." she said shyly, "What should I do?"

"You're already doing it Mija," she said, allowing herself to pretend. The girl thought it just another Spanish endearment. "Come up here and sit on my face, Bonita." she said, helping the girl get one leg over her head, allowing her tongue easy access to both of the girl's tender openings. Violetta went to work, but soon, Charlotte realized she could get to her lover's pussy from that position, and, in light of the pleasure the older girl had given and continued to give, she bent forward and started to lick at Violetta's hairless slit, tentatively at first but with increasing passion and rising tempo. They sixty-nined like that, until Charlotte's inexperienced mouth finally brought Violetta to a blistering orgasm. There were tears in her eyes as Violetta called out, "Te amo, Mija!" ; she was lost in the power of her climax.

Violetta lay with the maid for a while longer, kissing her and stroking her sweaty hair, but eventually she whispered to the girl, "I don't mean to be rude chica, but you should go. It may not be safe to fall asleep around me tonight."

"What do you mean?" the girl asked, her head draped across Violetta's chest.

"I rubbed some men the wrong way when I came into town tonight. They may come sniffing around, looking for trouble."

"Was it the Booker's guys or the K-crew?" the girl asked, knowing that in Bison Gap, trouble always meant one or the other.

"The Bikers." she answered.

Charlotte sat up in bed and looked at Violetta urgently, "Then you should go, now, tonight! Get out of town before they come looking for you. Those guys are animals."

Violetta smiled, "They're animals, si, but dogs at worst. I am a wolf. Don't worry about me, Bonita, I just wouldn't care to see such a sweet thing like you get hurt accidentally."

"You're not scared?" the girl said incredulously, "Who are you?"

"Call me Violetta." was the answer.

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Charlotte got out of bed and picked up her yellow dress from the floor. As she put it on, she said, "Will you still be here tomorrow Violetta?"

"I think I'll be here for a few days at least, Bonita."

"I...I could come and, uh, clean your room again tomorrow, that is, if you want me to." The maid said nervously.

"I'm not sure I can afford too many nights of your personal housekeeping attention, little one." Violetta joked.

"No, no, I mean, it wouldn't cost you anything, I could, you know, just come by." Charlotte stammered.

Violetta got out of bed and crossed the room, taking the young girl in her arms and kissing her again, softly this time. When she pulled away, the girl bit her lower lip and looked at her longingly. "I don't know if I'll be back at the hotel tomorrow night, but knock on my door, we'll see what happens" Violetta said. Charlotte kissed her once more, lightly, on the cheek, and said "Okay, thank you. It was incredible. I hope I can see you tomorrow. Goodnight." With that, the maid slipped quietly out the door, and off, either to finish her tasks, or slink back home, Violetta knew not.

She prepared for bed by taking the black case out from under the bed and opening it. She considered for a while before withdrawing a flashbang grenade. On the odd chance that the girl tried to sneak back in for seconds, she chose something non-lethal. She grabbed a roll of electrical tape, a length of twine and her grenade, and walked to the double doors that led out to the third floor hallway. She taped the grenade to the wall, just inside the doorway, and then strung a length of twine from the grenade's pin to the door knob. If either door was pushed or kicked open, the grenade would knock whoever came through right on their ass.

With the room so secured, Violetta took the .380 out of the dresser and placed it on the bed. She climbed under the covers and turned off the light. She closed her eyes, and as always, struggled to prevent her mind from dwelling on the past. When she finally fell asleep, she dreamed of Salvador.

By the time she was twelve, so many unspeakable things had been done to her that she couldn't recall them all, but in the end, she had done something even more horrible, which brought her to the attention of the man who had purchased her. He saw, in the girl's terrible act, the gleam of potential. Rather than continuing to pimp the young violet eyed girl, he sent her to Salvador; for an education. She dreamed of Salvador now, his short, black beard, and his bulging muscles and thick belly, and she dreamed of his hands, so large, and strong. The skin always rough, dry, and smelling of gun oil and Semtex.

Salvador had educated her indeed. The girl learned to read and write, to speak some English and a little German, along with mimicking the accents of several Spanish speaking countries. She learned to handle firearms and explosives. Violetta studied violence and academics, with equal fervor. She turned out to be a brilliant, determined, child.

Her tragic life had made her cold, and calloused at such a young age. By the age of eleven, her owner had forced her to undergo La CirugÃ­a, the surgery, a procedure that would render her unable to bear children. They had taken even that precious gift away from her, before she was even old enough for it to matter.

Salvador had been the first man to show kindness to her, without taking from her or hurting her. He was strict, but ultimately gentle with the girl. She stayed with him for four years, entering his remote Mexican workshop a child whore and leaving, a skilled, and blooded, assassin.

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Violetta dreamed of her mentor, and, as she had every night for nearly a year, she dreamed of Mija. She awoke, seven hours later, to the ringing of the room's house phone; the front desk. She was awake and alert instantly, grabbing the receiver and answering, "I told you, I did not want to be disturbed."

"Very sorry, men here to see you." came the voice of the manager, Mrs. Pak

"Tell them to leave a message, I'll get back to them.". She said, not expecting it to do any good.

It didn't. "Men insist." Pak said, sounding tense.

"Alright." Violetta sighed, "Tell them I need to get dressed, I'll be down in a couple of minutes. Why don't you try and find some work to do away from the lobby alright?".

"OK, OK, I tell them you coming down." the Korean woman said, and then clicked off.

"I must have been exhausted." Violetta thought, "I can't believe I slept through a dozen Harley's pulling up right below me.".

The girl pulled on her work clothes and tucked the .380 back into her waistband. It was time to greet the locals.

End of Chapter Two.

In the next chapter, Violetta gets a job, makes a big bang with all the boys down at the office and goes out for a round of drinks in Violetta Chapter Three: The Nine to Five Grind.

Violetta: The Last Woman Standing

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