

# Don't Trust Me(Gadzookziie Spice 99 Challenge)

By : Mistress of Word Play

The story of Cassandra a working girl and her pimp Thomas Dillon. My challenge was to write a story based on the song Don't Trust Me. Here is what I came up with. Hope you like it.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Mistress of Word Play](http://booksie.com/Mistress%20of%20Word%20Play)

Copyright © Mistress of Word Play, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## Don't Trust Me(Gadzookziie Spice 99 Challenge)

She walked into the bar a girl not quite nineteen, who looked more like someone in their thirties. The black dress she wore barely covered her slightly rounded bottom and the front of the dress was cut low exposing the top part of her cleavage. She had donned a pair of black tights not for modesty's sake, but because it was cold on the street. It was the day before Christmas and times were hard for a working girl like Cassandra. Cassandra that was her given name, but she liked being called Cassie so she never told anyone her real name. Cassie just sounded sexier to her. She had long dark auburn hair and legs that didn't quit. With her shoes off Cassie was five foot six inches tall, most of that length was legs. Her lips were adorned with a bright, sparkly purplish red lipstick and her eyelids had three layers of mascara applied to them. She had a faint Yankee accent when she spoke which people in Texas did not find charming what so ever.

“Hey Cassie,” Thomas her sometimes boyfriend, full time pimp called to her, “get your fine butt over here right now!”

Cassie smiled at the guy near the bar who was looking her up and down. She was used to attention and she liked it. Good thing, prostitutes got lots of attention especially in a bar on Christmas Eve. Sucking her stomach in and throwing her breasts upward and outward she glided over to Thomas making sure the guy got a good look at her.

“Hey Thomas,” Cassie said kissing his forehead, “how's tricks?”

“I was just about to ask you the same question, girl,” he snapped back.

Cassie had parked herself across from Thomas and ordered a cocktail from the waitress. The waitress was eyeing Thomas as she walked back to fill the order. Cassie felt the color rising in her cheeks.

“Who is she, Thomas?” Cassie blurted.

“She just wants a piece of me,” Thomas replied grinning sheepishly, “I may oblige her later on.”

Cassie shot a look at Thomas that would have sent any normal man to his knees, but Thomas picked up his drink and swallowed the bourbon without remorse. He did however notice as he smoked his cigarette that Cassie had new bruises on her forearms.

“Where in the hell did you get those?” he almost screamed the words at her.

“Some John who didn't want to pay,” Cassie replied, “when I told him tough that's the breaks he grabbed my arms and gave them a squeeze. I got loose and sprayed him good with that pepper spray you gave me. He was one mad soul, because I lifted his wallet.”

“Nice work,” Thomas almost purred the words at her, “let me kiss them and make them better.”

Cassie smiled and batted her eyelids at Thomas as he began lightly kissing her up and down her injured arms. The cute little blonde waitress returned with Cassie's drink and Thomas reached out and ran his hand up the woman's thigh. She groaned softly and leaned toward Thomas. Cassie sat watching for as long as she could and then stood up and bitch slapped the waitress. Red marks appeared where Cassie had smacked her. The waitress frightened by the exchange ran toward the kitchen.

## Don't Trust Me(Gadzookziie Spice 99 Challenge)

â Thomas,â Cassie practically hissed the words at him, â I have had enough of your crap and I am going back home. At least there I donâ t have to walk the street and do the things you expect of me. I thought you loved me.â

Thomas smiled at Cassie. It was a dangerous smile, but Cassie had no way of knowing at the time how deadly it was.

â Well little Miss High and Mighty,â Thomas chanted, â your Daddyâ s girl and he set you up for life, but here you are playing the game just like the rest of my girls. You know you wonâ t leave me baby because we are tight. Yes sir, you and me girl against the world.â

With this Thomas walked around to where Cassie was standing and bear hugged the more than slightly angry young woman. Cassie tried to pull away from him, but after a minute or two she just stood there lost in his embrace.

â Yes Thomas,â she finally sighed, â we are tight. I just donâ t understand why I canâ t be your only girlfriend. Why are you with all those other women?â

â Well baby itâ s like this,â he said trying not to laugh, â youâ re a whore and I canâ t trust no whore. My Daddy told me that when I was twelve and I know he was right.â

It was as if someone had poured cold water on her. She stood silent as a statue for a moment and thought about all the times she had caught him cheating, lying, and stealing from her. Moments of anger and heartache came in a rush till she had to steady herself by grabbing onto the table.

â You know what I think baby girl,â Thomas said smirking at her, â you got no trust fund and this is the only means you have of surviving.â

Cassie never said a word. Her face was white as the napkin she was using to clean the lipstick off her lips. She would not let him see her cry, so she turned and made her way back out of the door.

â You aint going nowhere,â Thomas yelled at her as she made her escape, â Youâ ll be back. Yes sir, youâ ll be back.â

Cassie didnâ t come back. She left the bar and made her way back to the apartment she shared with Thomas. Her suitcase was packed and she had taken off all her war paint. A different woman stared out at her from the mirror.

â You,â she said pointing at her image in the mirror, â I like.â

She hitched a ride with a nice looking college student that was going in the same direction she was. He was a grad student at the university in her home town. They rode in silence listening to the radio and from time to time commenting on songs they both liked.

The radio announcer halfway through one of Cassieâ s favorite songs broke in with an important news bulletin.

â The infamous pimp Thomas Dillon,â the radio announcer said, â has just been arrested for the murder of a young woman. Authorities say Mr. Dillon thinking one of his girls was getting ready to break away from her life of prostitution accidently killed a waitress at a local bar who was waiting for him at his apartment. We will update you as we receive more news.â

## Don't Trust Me(Gadzookziie Spice 99 Challenge)

The college student could not understand why the pretty young thing he had picked up wanted him to pull over to the side of the road. As he did Cassie threw up.

Tears streamed down her checks and the young man could hear Cassie saying, â Thank you, Lord.â

Don't Trust Me(Gadzookziie Spice 99 Challenge)

Don't Trust Me(Gadzookziie Spice 99 Challenge)

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-26 20:26:00