

Meet The Investors

"I don't know about this, honey," my wife said, her petite silhouette standing in our home's entryway. "We don't need the money. We're doing just fine without it..."

"I know," I smiled at her. "I'm just going to hear what they have to say. I won't be signing anything, I promise."

She pursed her lips, face shadowed in the night. The house behind her was lit well enough, a glowing aura surrounding Linda as she gazed at me – beautiful as the day I married her.

"Trust me," I spoke softly. "These aren't the type of people you turn down without at least hearing them out."

"They aren't the type of people you turn down *at all*."

The worry in my wife's voice was like a cold knife twisting in my chest. Dealing with The Company was bound to make anyone nervous. A shadowy organisation that was, quite blatantly, above the law? Their reputation was...

I shook my head.

But I wouldn't be *dealing* with them. I'd go, hear what their man had to say, politely decline, and leave.

"It'll be okay," I promised.

My wife, my business partner, my love. There was nothing in the world I wouldn't do for her, no lengths I wouldn't travel to see her smile, make her happy. Our little tech start-up was Linda's baby. Her brainchild. It was that in which my wife had placed all her hopes and dreams. No way was I going to let The Company get their dirty little fingers all over it.

"Just wait and see."

Linda and I had been together forever. Or, at least, for as long as I could remember. We'd been neighbours growing up, best friends from the moment we could walk and talk, sweethearts from the moment those first romantic feelings had blossomed. Until this weekend-long 'business trip', we've never actually been apart before.

Sitting in a comfortable, first-class plane seat, my mind was consumed with thoughts of my beautiful wife. Her laughter, her happy smiles and joyous giggles.

I couldn't help it. Much as I tried to hold back, I found myself checking my phone every few minutes – staring at the picture of my wife that I'd set as my phone's wallpaper. No new messages, no missed calls. No doubt, my wife was at work – taking care of business while I went on this frivolous, if necessary, trip.

Try as I might, I couldn't stop staring at the picture of my wife like a lovesick teenager.

In it, she was wearing jeans and a slightly-stained black hoodie. Casual clothes on a face and body screamed 'tomboy'. Petite, small-breasted, but still more than pretty. She had short blonde hair, green eyes. And an aversion to make-up – not that she actually needed it.

As I thought about it, I couldn't help but grin.

I don't think I'd seen my wife wearing a dress more than twice in her entire life. One for prom, the other on our wedding day.

My heart ached even as I smiled.

Separated from her for just a few hours, and I already missed her like I hadn't seen her in weeks. I really was hopeless when it came to Linda. Whipped through and through, and more than happy to be so.

"You must be Michael," the man in the limousine said with a sly grin. "Please, have a seat. Make yourself comfortable."

I was outside the airport, having just been escorted here by one of The Company's

men. Now, I was gazing into the open door of an expensive-looking limousine, eyes on a man in a black business suit who could only have been one of The Company's higher-ups.

Not wanting to be rude, I smiled at this crook, climbed into the open door and sat down on a long, leather sofa.

The man in the suit tapped on a touch-screen embedded in his seat's armrest, and the limo's open door closed soundlessly behind me. Another few taps on the touch-screen and the limousine was underway, taking us to wherever the meeting would formally take place.

"Well," the man grinned. "This must all be very exciting for you, ey Michael? An opportunity to sit at the big boy's table."

"It's Mike," I said, a bit too curtly. I kicked myself mentally, had to remind myself to be polite and amicable. Making enemies of *these* people would not be wise. "I mean... My friends call me Mike."

"Hah!" The man grinned wider. "We're already friends then? That's good to hear! A man can never have too many friends. Especially ones in high places, ey? You and I are going to get along swimmingly, I can feel it."

I nodded my head, gulping down the bile I felt rising in my throat.

"Since we're already such good friends, Mike, I suppose you can call me Buddy. Because that what I am. Your Buddy."

The man was mocking me. He might be smiling, might sound earnest and eager, but I could see the laughter in his eyes. This man was *not* a friend. And never would be. As soon as this meeting was over and done with, as soon as this weekend was concluded, I'd fly back home and never see this smug bastard ever again.

I smiled, inclined my head.

"Nice to meet you, Buddy."

When the limousine pulled up outside a strip club, I thought there must have been some kind of mistake. A GPS error or something. But, when Buddy used his touch-screen to open the limo's door and began to rise from his seat, I was quickly corrected.

This wasn't a mistake. This strip club was where we were meant to be.

This was where our meeting was going to take place.

"Come on," Buddy smiled, waved his hand for me to follow. "If we don't put these lovely ladies through college, who will?"

Baffled, and more than a little insulted, I had no choice but to follow after Buddy as he walked into the strip club.

Those first few steps into the strip club were unreal. Like walking onto a completely different planet. One minute, I'd been surrounded by elegant luxury. The next, I was stepping into a musky building that looked like it hadn't been cleaned in years. Loud, bassy music filled the air, the entire room filled with the scent of cheap booze and smoke and filth. Small tables with stools, larger tables with half-circle sofas, a stage for strippers to dance on, with raised platforms dotted around the room that held a stripper-poles and floor-lights.

In the few moments it took me to get my bearings, Buddy had already marched off to the other side of the large room. He waved me over, led me into a private room.

A small room with a single raised platform, surrounded in comfortable sofas and chairs.

We weren't alone, either.

While no-one occupied the seats around the island, the platform itself – and the stripper-pole attached to it – very much *was* occupied. A tall stripper with red hair, slender body and huge fake tits. She had a navel piercing, a tribal tramp-stamp on her lower back and another tattoo down the left side of her body. With the heavy make-up she had on, it was impossible to tell the woman's age – she could have been eighteen or thirty for all I

knew.

She could have been pretty once. A beauty. But all I saw was the whore she was now. The cheap, stripper slut. Dancing and exposing herself to strangers for money.

As she spun on the pole, her eyes found me. Her full, red lips flashed a slutty, flirty smile.

My body reacted, cock hardening in my pants.

Buddy took a seat, put his feet up on the raised platform and leaned back – admiring the view.

What else could I do but sit down myself?

I tried not to look at the stripper, tried to ignore her presence. But, despite my best efforts, my eyes continuous flickered to her. To those large, round, blatantly-fake tits. Nipples hidden beneath the thinnest and skimpiest bikini top imaginable. Red, just like the woman's hair and lips.

"Any business that can't be done in a titty-bar," Buddy said, reaching into one of his black suit's pockets and pulling out a small bottle of pills, "isn't business worth doing. Isn't that right, Suzy?"

The woman moaned on her pole, bit her lip and nodded her head.

Grinning, Buddy popped open the pill bottle and downed one of the lavender tablets. Then, to my horror, he reached the bottle of pills over to me.

"These are a product one of our subsidiaries came up with, no name for them yet – but boy do they feel good. Here, try one for yourself."

I gulped, stared at the pill bottle.

Offending this man wasn't an option. I *couldn't* refuse.

So, slowly, heart pounding, I held out my hand.

The pill bottle shook, a single lavender tablet falling into my palm. An unmarked, plan-looking pill.

I shut my eyes tight as I raised it to my lips and gulped it down.

The redhead bucked and bounced, moaning loudly and freely.

I gasped, cock twitching inside her. My body felt like it was on fire, heat radiating off me as I rammed inside the slutty whore.

"Oh god," Suzy moaned above me, fake tits jumping with every rise and fall of her body. "Fuck me. *Fuck me.*"

I slapped her ass, gave it a rough squeeze.

"Fuck me mister!" The stripper whore begged, body covered in a sheen of sweat. "Pound my tight little snatch like-"

My cock ramming into her cut the slut off, forced a gasp out of her mouth instead of a word. Her body trembled atop me, quivered as another bout of orgasms hit her. Eyes rolled back in their sockets, high-pitched whine escaping her cock-sucker lips.

It was enough.

I came along with the whore, gripping onto her body as I pumped her full of my seed. Images flashed in my head of this attractive stripper; her getting knocked up, pregnant while she danced around a stripper-pole, the child growing up fatherless with a whore for a mother. Those images, unlike anything I'd ever thought about before, rocked me to a powerful, mind-shattering orgasm.

Likely, I knew, this whore was on birth control.

Still, the idea of siring a bastard on her, forcing her to raise my child without aid – supporting herself and the brat on her back – it was titillating to think about.

The whore cleaned her disgusting fluids off my cock with her mouth, disappeared out of the room just as Buddy returned – stacks of documents in his hands. He set them down on the stripper platform, careful not to place them in any wet spots.

Then, smiling, he handed me a pen – showed me where to sign.

"I..." My thoughts were slow, still blissfully stunted after that amazing orgasm. "I can't. I *want* to, but my wife... she'll never accept The Company's... '*investment*'. And she owns just as much of the business as I do, so-"

"You have nothing to worry about," Buddy smiled. "Nothing at all, Mike. Our organisation can be very... persuasive. I have absolute confidence that your wife will be made to, ah, *change her mind*."

Ominous. And ideal. This deal was everything. If Buddy could get my wife on board, I'd have everything I ever wanted.

"When you say you can be persuasive," I said, eyes on the man in front of me, "what *exactly* do you mean?"

When I arrived home, Linda was waiting for me in the doorway. Gone were her usual tomboy clothes. Now, she was wearing a housewife's dress and apron, handkerchief headband to boot. Wearing a lovely, homely amount of make-up, she looked the picturesque fifties housewife.

As I approached, she smiled.

And, as soon as I was over the threshold, inside my house with the door closed behind me, my wife lowered herself to her knees and began unbuckling my trousers.

Gazing down at her, I couldn't help but notice a disappointing lack of cleavage. Annoying, but not the end of the world. That was a failing which could be easily remedied with a bit of cosmetic surgery.

"I've been thinking," I told her as she slid her slips around my cock. "You should hand sole control of our business over to me, Linda. You won't be needing to work any more, what with our new arrangement with The Company. And your place is here anyway, at home. Cooking, cleaning, making babies. I should be the only one who has a say how the business is run, don't you think?"

Linda gazed up at me adoringly, cock still in her mouth. Eagerly, she nodded her head.

"Good," I smiled. "Good."

Amazing what my new investors could do to a person's mind. Breathtaking, really. With that kind of power and influence behind me, with their support, failure was impossible. Finally, after all this time, I had the investors I'd always dreamed of. A pathway to success that was all but guaranteed. And for what? A couple of underhanded dealings every now and then; some money laundered here, some illicit activities there? Nothing I couldn't handle.

As my wife gagged on my cock, a strange thought occurred to me.

With all The Company's powers of persuasion, what if *I'd* been one of their victims? What if they'd altered my mind to think the way I did, enjoy the things I enjoyed?

I almost laughed out loud at the silly notion.

Why on Earth would The Company want to manipulate *me*? I was a business man, a smart man. Only a fool would turn down the generous offer they'd made me, and I was no fool. Not now, not ever. No, I was no tool to be controlled. As my wife would attest, I was the controller.