

EROTIC INTRODUCTION



**CARMENICA
DIAZ**

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Erotic Introduction

Carmenica Diaz

Carmenica Diaz EPUB Edition

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ISBN: 978-0-244-82883-7

Introduction

This ebook contains samples of some of the published erotica by Carmenica Diaz. Note: Samples, not the full novels. Novels sampled include, A Different Marriage, Modern Slavery, Art of Revenge, Humiliation of Claudia, Diary of a Chaste Husband and Political Games.

A Different Marriage

August 2008

*the dance of lives
small smiles, sad hearts
and a million tiny lies
to hide reality.
honesty is a
prelude to a difference[1]*

Tim watched Sandra brush her hair.

Up and down; down and up!

Under and over; over and under!

It was something he loved to do, a secret pleasure. He enjoyed watching the brush move methodically up and down that burnished gold hair.

She is so beautiful!

Just how do I deserve her?

How does a man like me, get a woman like that?

Sandra felt her husband watching and turned to smile before returning to her

task.

As usual, his wife was immaculately dressed in an expensive, tailored business suit and her perfume was subtly discreet but, at the same time, beguilingly enchanting.

There was no doubt she always had to have the best, whether it was clothes, perfume or jewellery. It wasn't that Sandra Heath was a spoiled, rich brat. Quite the contrary, but she enjoyed the better things of life and despised shoddy workmanship almost as much as she disliked an absence of beauty or style.

Of course, Tim did not begrudge his wife spending money on clothes. Why would he? In a way, it was her money! Well, most of it, anyway and she had earned every penny!

Sandra was a very successful business consultant who counted some of the largest corporations as her clients. Totally focussed when it came to business and very professional in presentation, she was much sought after by corporations for those difficult projects, usually the ones with restructuring or moving people.

Tim watched a little from the side lines and marvelled at how assured and poised his wife was as well as extremely ruthless when it was necessary.

Sandra worked for her own small company but kept the number of employees down to a minimum. There were many offers for Sandra to join some of the well known global consultancy firms but she always declined. Tim suspected it had something to do with loyalty – loyalty to her staff and her clients – he didn't really know as Sandra just smiled and brushed it off.

At the end of the day, by running her own business, Sandra took home most of the money! As such a high powered executive, Sandra earned almost four times what Tim did as an accountant at Myerson, a middle sized manufacturing and distribution business.

Still, after almost five years of marriage, the money did not matter or come between them. It certainly did not affect Tim's ego as he admired and respected his beautiful wife. He also loved her very much and was quietly pleased when Sandra had chosen to change her surname to his when they were married.

He had expected her to retain her maiden name, to remain Sandra Polson for

business purposes but she did not and became Mrs Sandra Heath!

It was significant because immediately after her first marriage dissolved, Sandra had returned to using Polson.

Her first marriage had been brief and a long time ago. Sandra had raised her daughter as a single mother and built her business. The fact she could chose her own hours, as a contracted consultant was a huge benefit for the young single mother.

Tim, and Sandra's daughter, Carolyn, were courteous but would never be close. Carolyn was working in Australia and returned to the U.K. only a few times each year. That, of course, allowed Tim and Sandra more time to themselves.

Tim was secretly glad that such a beautiful, charming and intelligent woman chose him!

Sandra was beautiful!

Tall, slim with curving hips and large breasts, Sandra turned heads every time she walked into a restaurant or any public place.

As well as the beauty, Sandra also possessed certain sureness. Not quite arrogance, (although some women said she was rather masculine in that regard), but her demeanour was more confidence in her own intelligence and ability. Therefore, there were occasions, when focused on the current project at hand, that Sandra appeared aloof, cold and a trifle arrogant.

Tim didn't mind at all. It added colour to some of his secret, private fantasies.

He watched her finish the brushing, wondering again how it was he had been so lucky for a woman like Sandra to fall in love with him!

Sandra looked at her husband's reflection in the mirror, stopped brushing her hair and smiled.

'You look a million miles away, darling. What were you thinking about?'

'I was thinking of how much I loved you.'

‘So sweet but you’re making that up!’

‘No,’ Tim protested, ‘I really was.’

‘Then, that’s doubly sweet!’

‘Do you?’ Tim asked slowly.

‘Do what, darling?’

‘Love me?’

‘Of course! Don’t be a silly billy, you know I loved you.’

Tim nodded. He did know and that was the reason he knew he was lucky!

‘I think it is time to open a bottle of wine, darling,’ she said.

‘Of course. Red or white?’

‘It’s a special occasion so I suggest one of the good reds we laid down three years ago.’

‘A special occasion?’ Tim asked cautiously. ‘Have I missed something?’

‘No, I don’t think so. I have just been thinking about things so we need to talk.’
Tim’s heart sank and he looked at her with pale concern. Sandra chuckled softly.
‘Why do men go pale when their wives say they want to talk?’

‘I’m not sure. Maybe it’s a reflex action or something. Should I be concerned?’

‘Just get the wine, darling,’ Sandra laughed and the hairbrush began to move again.

Sandra sat opposite Tim, picked up the wineglass and inhaled the bouquet.

‘Very nice,’ she said approvingly. ‘How old is it?’

‘Five years.’

‘That’s appropriate, isn’t it?’ Sandra smiled.

‘If you say so, although I am at a loss...’

‘We’ve been married five years, darling.’

‘Today is not our wedding anniversary,’ Tim said quickly. ‘It isn’t.’

‘I know.’

He watched his wife taste the wine and smack her plump lips appreciatively.

‘To us,’ Sandra said, raising her glass.

‘To us,’ Tim echoed, and they sipped the wine in silence.

‘Are you happy, darling?’ Sandra asked after a moment.

‘Of course. Very happy.’

‘But life isn’t perfect, is it?’

‘It is for me.’

‘Liar!’ Sandra said calmly.

‘Darling, it is perfect. You are perfect!’

‘You really are a liar, darling. There is that matter we last discussed nine months ago.’

‘What matter?’ Tim asked, playing for time, mind racing.

‘You know very well, darling,’ Sandra admonished calmly.

‘I’m afraid I can’t recall...’

‘Darling, we are always honest with each other, aren’t we?’

‘Of course.’

‘Then, let’s not play games. I think we’re beyond that, don’t you?’

Tim stared thoughtfully at his glass, outwardly calm but his heart was racing.

‘I remember it well,’ Sandra said. ‘You confessed to me when we were staying in that small hotel in Venice. The one by the Grand Canal? You told me some interesting things. It must have been the Italian wine as you were quite forthcoming. Usually you’re so careful with your private thoughts but not that night.’

Tim studied his glass as he recalled the moment very well. Truthfully, he didn’t know whether he was excited or afraid that Sandra also remembered that tempestuous night.

In a moment of deep honesty and, perhaps hope, he had revealed to his wife his desire to be dominated.

In fact, he had described in detail his desire not only to be dominated but to be controlled absolutely. He even told her of his need to be humiliated and sexually denied.

The revelations had poured from him, perhaps assisted by wine but he held nothing back.

Sandra had not been shocked, although obviously surprised, and had asked many questions, forcing Tim to open up even more. They had spent all of the night talking.

Tim had revealed himself with brutal honesty and laid everything before his wife who had calmly absorbed it all. It had been a cathartic experience for Tim and an educational one for Sandra.

The next morning, Sandra had thanked Tim for being so open and honest while he nursed a dull headache.

Damn Italian wine!.

‘I need to think about all of this, darling,’ she had said.

‘Of course,’ Tim had mumbled, deeply ashamed in the cold light of day.

He had, he thought, successfully buried his submissive desires and managed to live a normal life but every now and again, those illicit needs would surface.

He was very honest with himself.

Why am I like this?

Why do I need to submit and want to submit so badly?

‘I’m in the middle of some deep business commitments,’ Sandra had said, ‘but when they have been completed, we will talk some more about this. Thank you, darling, for being so honest with me.’

Then, she had kissed her husband’s forehead and they had gone on with their busy lives as if nothing had happened.

But, of course, something had happened!.

Now, Sandra suddenly wanted to talk about it – again!

‘Do you remember, darling?’ Sandra pressed.

Tim cleared his throat.

‘Ah, yes, I do. You were right; it must have been the Italian wine...’

‘So,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘it was just the wine talking? You don’t want me to dominate you, to control you completely?’

Tim felt his face grow warm as he searched for the right words.

Sandra watched him, a strange look in her eyes and they sat in silence. Sounds from the outside world intruded faintly but did not affect the couple in the opulent living room.

‘I didn’t say that,’ Tim answered at last, his eyes darting away.

‘I truly don’t understand, darling,’ Sandra said softly, ‘what you would get out of all the things you told me about.’

‘I...I don’t know how to...how to explain...’

‘Try.’

Tim swallowed and stared at the floor.

‘I don’t know why I feel this way,’ he said softly, ‘but I would like to step outside of my role as husband.’

‘Hmm? And I?’

‘Yes,’ he whispered, ‘I would like you to discard the role of wife so...so...’

‘Go on, darling,’ Sandra said quietly, ‘I’m listening.’

‘I want to give myself to you.’

‘Isn’t that what marriage is about?’

‘Yes,’ he croaked, ‘of course it is but I want to give myself completely, not hold anything back, to be used by you for your pleasure...’

‘That sounds harsh...’

‘It is but...but...I would...enjoy it...’

‘I see,’ she said softly. ‘How? What do I do for you?’

‘Nothing,’ he whispered, head down. ‘No expectations of anything. You would live a life focused on you! The opportunity to be as spoiled as you like, to do as and what you like. The complete freedom,’ Tim said hoarsely, ‘to experiment to find out what you would want without inhibition or concerns about me.’

There was a strained silence in the room.

‘Sexually experiment?’ Sandra asked softly and Tim nodded.

‘Do you love me?’ Sandra asked at last.

‘Of course I do!’ Tim said hoarsely.

Sandra smiled softly, her finger tracing the edge of her wineglass.

‘Darling, the business deal I have been working on was finalised on Friday.’

‘Congratulations,’ he murmured, thinking the awkward conversation was over.

Was he disappointed that it didn’t go anywhere again?

‘We should celebrate...’

‘Perhaps. Now, I feel like some taking some time off, to explore things.’

‘Things?’

‘Yes, things,’ Sandra said quietly and sipped her wine again.

Tim felt a little uncomfortable as his wife continued to study him. Finally, she broke the strained silence by asking one simple question.

‘What you just said. Do you really want it to happen just as you said?’

Tim swallowed.

‘Do you want me to dominate you, darling?’ Sandra added.

It was, as the cheap novels say, the moment of truth. Dare he answer yes and admit to those dirty little secrets he had hidden away for so long.

Should he take the step, finally take the momentous step, and confront his desires?

Or, should he just say no?

Rationally, Tim knew he should just laugh it off and tell his wife she was being silly, that it had all been a joke and that they should go on with life.

However, deep down, Tim knew he would regret it for the rest of his life, always wondering what would have happened if he had told Sandra the truth.

‘Yes,’ he whispered.

There, it was out!

Out, at last!

Sandra studied her husband for a moment and took another sip of the wine.

‘Is it just sexual domination?’ Sandra asked at last and Tim shook his head slowly. ‘I mean, have you been going to...well, other people?’

‘Of course not! It’s not just the sexual domination, it’s you.’

‘Me?’

‘I’ve always had submissive fantasies,’ Tim said honestly, ‘but I always was afraid to follow them through.’

‘And now?’

‘Now, I love you and trust you. It’s not just domination; it’s domination by you!’

‘I see.’

Sandra smiled warmly at Tim who looked uncomfortable.

‘Do you remember our conversation in Venice?’

‘Yes,’ he said softly.

‘We ordered another bottle of wine and you told me of “The List”?’

“The List” was a web site that listed the top twenty female domination books as voted by readers of well known BDSM site. Tim had revealed to Sandra that he had read them all and fantasised about the scenes depicted in those stories applying to him.

By her!

Dominated, humiliated, controlled, used and abused by Sandra!

‘Yes?’ Tim said warily.

‘I’ve read them,’ Sandra said softly, reaching for the bottle. ‘More wine?’

Oh!

Wordlessly, Tim pushed his wineglass across the table.

‘You...you read them?’

‘Read them all, darling,’ she said evenly, ‘read every one. “The List” is,’ she said with a smile, ‘quite a little inventory of rather deviant behaviour!’

‘Oh...’

‘It was my little self-imposed course of study on female domination and I did find aspects of it quite appealing.’

‘You did?’ Tim asked excitedly and Sandra smiled at her husband’s eagerness.

‘Certain aspects,’ she said carefully. ‘I also attended quite a number of lectures at the Open University on the psychological aspects of sex. Of course,’ Sandra said with a small smile, ‘I pretended I was studying for a degree. In a way,’ she said softly, smile fading, ‘I was studying for our marriage!’

Studying to save a marriage or to destroy it?

She toyed with the wineglass, then inserted her forefinger in the wine and sucked it from her fingertip, an act Tim found strikingly sensual in its nature.

‘I’m willing to do it,’ Sandra said after a long moment.

Tim’s head jerked up and he stared at his wife with a mixture of shock and happiness.

‘You...you are?’

‘Yes but on my terms.’

‘Of course,’ Tim said quickly.

‘No, darling,’ Sandra said slowly, ‘I mean it! Only on my terms!’

Tim was about to ask his wife to explain but decided to wait.

‘Here is what I suggest,’ Sandra said after a moment. ‘The first of the month is next Friday, a week away. I suggest that we both take a month’s break from our careers and spend four weeks together in a manner I see fit. Do you understand, darling?’

‘I...I think so...’

‘Let me be perfectly clear about it,’ Sandra said evenly. ‘For the calendar month I will be completely in charge and you will be relegated to the position of submissive servant. In reality, a slave but I much prefer the term servant! You will willingly forgo all your rights for the month and you will accept whatever I wish. Your purpose for the month will be to serve me in whatever way I desire. For the month, I can experiment sexually as I see fit and you will not complain! Do you agree?’

‘Yes! Of course...’

‘Don’t agree so quickly, darling,’ Sandra said. ‘In fact, I want you to think about it very carefully as the month may not turn out as you want. I will push your boundaries during that time and test you and your submissiveness. I am interested to see just how far you will go.’

And how far I will go!

‘I understand,’ Tim said carefully.

‘Perhaps you do, perhaps you don’t.’

‘I think I do,’ Tim said hesitantly, ‘the month will be a trial for us...’

‘No,’ Sandra said quietly.

‘No?’

‘It will be a trial for me, darling, but not for you. I will trial the situation for a month and if it agrees with me, I will decide our future.’

‘Ah...’

‘Not you, me!’

Oh!

‘Is that clear?’

‘So,’ Tim said slowly, ‘you’re saying this could be permanent?’

‘Yes. Does that shock you?’

Yes!

‘Ah...not sure...’

‘That is why, darling, you have until Friday to consider it. There are no safe words for the month, darling, anything goes.’

‘A...anything?’

‘Yes,’ Sandra said, eyes calmly fixed on his. ‘No limits!’

‘Oh, but...’

‘That is exactly what it sounds like, darling, no limits! Does that alarm you?’

‘No, I...I find it very exciting.’

‘I’m sure you do. You will think about it?’

Tim nodded quickly. He knew he would think of nothing but!

‘If you agree, I will give you a document to sign. If you decide not to test your boundaries for the month, we will go away together and enjoy a normal vacation. However, if you decide to go ahead, you should sign the document.’

‘What’s in the document?’

‘A formal agreement that will make it easier for me to legally assume control of you, darling, making it very clear that I am the Mistress while you are nothing but a servant!’

Tim’s eyes widened and he shifted on the chair.

‘From what I understand,’ Sandra said, ‘you receive a sexual charge from humiliation and complete submission?’

Tim wanted to hide and felt his face glowing with shame and excitement.

‘Ah...yes...’

‘Then, you should find my terms acceptable as you will be humiliated as you submit to me. Completely submit! I will make sure it will be humiliating for you so think about it carefully. If you wish to submit to me for the month and, perhaps, permanently, you really do need to consider it deeply. This is not a game! If you agree, it will be a hot July!’

Tim’s cock was already trying to get hard and he smiled.

‘It sounds like fun.’

‘It will be fun for me, darling,’ Sandra said calmly, ‘but I’m not so sure about you! Remember, there will be no safe words, nothing you will not do! Anything goes for the month and, maybe, beyond that!’

Tim stared open mouthed at Sandra and smiled as she picked up the bottle of wine.

A telling moment of silence.

A momentous moment!

‘Now, let’s say no more about it until next Friday. Let’s have another glass, darling and then walk down to that rather nice Italian restaurant for dinner.’

Lying in the darkness, staring up at the ceiling and listening to Tim softly snoring, Sandra wondered if she really had the courage to go through with the month.

Yes, she had sounded confident and assured when talking about it with Tim but there were many small doubts pickling inside her head.

Moreover, there was no doubt there was a certain illicit sexual attractiveness to the idea but would she be brave enough?

Sandra loved her husband, loved him deeply so could she really hurt him, humiliate him and, perhaps, do terrible things to him.

Even though he wanted it?

He wants it!

Moreover, after reading all the material and researching female domination, Sandra admitted that she also wanted the month to go ahead!

We will both discover some things about ourselves.

*You're only two and the whole wild world revolves around you,
and nothing happened yet that you might ever wish to forget.*

It doesn't stay that way, if I could I'd make stay that way.

*And this you will recall in after years,
though you may weary of this vale of tears -
these days remember, always remember[2]*

Sandra sat at the dining table and wondered if Tim was now signing the document upstairs.

It was Friday. A bleak day for that time of the year but the weather was so changeable - strangely cold one moment and then boiling hot the next. It reminded Sandra of that old joke. What do you call rain in England? The answer was, of course, summer!

At this moment, however, the weather was unimportant.

For the first few days of the week, they had both avoided any reference to their discussion or the proposal for a month of submission by Tim.

And a month of control by me!

Perhaps it was nervousness on both their parts but for a few days, they pretended that everything was the same, that no hidden secrets were revealed.

Although, they both knew it was not the same, that a secret part of Tim's life and, undeniably, Sandra's life, had been revealed! Therefore, there was a distinct undercurrent of sexual tension and anxiousness.

Tim had tentatively attempted to talk about Sandra's offer on the third evening, clearing his throat with an anxious splutter that heralded an attempt to discuss a personal matter. However, no discussions were forthcoming. Sandra had simply said she was not interested in any further discussion regarding his fetishes.

She then coolly informed him, that he knew what his options were, and should consider them deeply before making a decision. Sandra had emphasised that this was not a game and, therefore, her offer should receive careful consideration as required for any serious undertaking.

That had surprised Tim but he had not attempted to pursue the matter. Sandra made it easier by simply going away, claiming a business conference out of town and left Tim alone with his thoughts.

A month of submission.

No, wait, it could become permanent!

Of course, Sandra did not attend a conference at all. Instead, she spent two days in a luxurious location, thinking and finalising the last of the preparations. Moreover, wondering if she had the strength and the nerve to go through with everything she had researched.

Would he go ahead with it?

After all the research Sandra had done she was convinced her husband would go ahead, and they would embark on a month long sexual adventure.

However, she was not sure how long it would last, how long he would submit and, more importantly, how long Sandra could keep up being the dominant partner.

Five years was not a long time for any marriage and Sandra had hopes that she and Tim would be together for a very long time. However, they were contemplating putting that entire relationship at risk by exploring Tim's sexual fantasies.

Could their marriage survive if they didn't investigate dominance and submission? Would they be like so many couples and not talk about the really important things in life and just pretend that everything was fine?

There was no doubt, Sandra could not accept a relationship like that!

Sandra loved Tim and was, fundamentally doing this for him, giving him what he craved. The question was, did he really crave total submission, or was it just a dreamlike fantasy? When confronted with reality would Tim would be cured? Somehow, though, Sandra doubted that!

The risk was that the coming month could shatter their marriage and destroy their love. Not if Sandra dominated Tim cruelly but if she wasn't controlling enough and it all became a superficial game! That was the risk.

It was a huge risk but Sandra intuitively knew that if Tim did not experience total submission, he would crave it for the rest of his life. Who knows, he could even begin to blame Sandra and even resent her!

No, even though the risk was huge, Sandra felt she had to go through with it and approached the planning with the same meticulous approach she applied to her business projects.

It was not an easy decision, as Sandra did feel a little uncomfortable about dominating her husband but, after a while, the more she thought about it, the more it began to appeal.

It was, she knew, all or nothing!

It could not be a game of pretence, as Tim would see through that! No, this had to be real!

It had to be everything Tim wanted and more!

Sandra smiled slyly to herself.

Besides, the sex between her and Tim had faded over the past eighteen months. Yes, they had both been busy and used that as an excuse but Sandra felt the reason was deeper than that.

It was clear that she was not giving Tim what he desired and, truthfully, Tim was not providing Sandra with intimacy and sexual energy.

Now, Sandra felt the small tremors of a long forgotten sexual spark reigniting! Her imagination was in overdrive and for the first time in a long time, Sandra actually considered masturbating!

But she didn't touch herself! That would be, in a strange way, giving up! If this was to work, Sandra had to receive sexual satisfaction from the new relationship!

Could she be that free?

It was a nervous thought but Sandra decided to hold her sexual energy in reserve and, once again silently went over all the ideas and plans.

Sandra had made the decision to proceed down this uncertain path almost three months previously but had not said anything to Tim.

Until last week!

Sandra smiled when she remembered the nervousness Tim exhibited when discussing his need for submission.

Now, Tim was upstairs, studying the document while Sandra sipped tea.

Will he sign it?

Will he go ahead?

If Sandra was honest with herself, she would know that if Tim did not sign the agreement to submit to her for one month, she would be disappointed!

Tim was a little nervous when he finally appeared in the doorway, uncertain how

to treat his wife now that he had taken the big step.

He had read the document many times and its contents were startling in concept and simplicity.

By signing it, he agreed to submit totally to Sandra for the entire month, something he wanted to do so that was agreeable.

The second paragraph said that if the month was to Sandra's satisfaction, all assets would be immediately transferred into her sole name and he would accept permanent servitude.

However, the final paragraph rocked him!

If at any time in the month, I disobey Ms Heath or refuse to carry out instructions by Ms Heath, divorce will be instigated immediately.

Divorce! Ms Heath! No longer Mrs Heath!

Tim wanted to discuss that paragraph with his wife but felt that she probably would not wish to. Sandra had made it clear that it was his choice, that he could accept or reject the document.

If I don't sign it, we will just carry on as before.

Now that lid of Pandora's Box had been lifted in such a titillating manner, Tim knew life would be frustrating and boring. He could not envisage going back to that old life.

No, I have to try this!

I will regret it if I don't! I will submit totally for the month!

Silently, he placed the signed document on the table in front of his wife.

Sandra looked at the signature and smiled softly.

This is it!

And away we go!

Our own kinky adventure!

‘I hope you are completely sure about this, darling,’ Sandra asked, picking the document up.

‘I am...but...’

She sensed his uncertainty and knew it was about the last paragraph in the document.

‘I am perfectly serious,’ she said calmly, ‘about divorce. Regard it as an incentive to adhere to the agreement. I am going to give you what you want, darling, but there can be no way out for you. I will divorce you,’ Sandra said firmly, ‘if you break the agreement,’ and Tim knew she meant it.

Startled, Tim looked at his wife, the woman he loved enough to completely trust with his desires. Tim had been truthful with a woman for the first time in his life, revealing his true self and he could not go back to hiding again.

Sandra’s expression softened.

‘We will still be friends after the divorce, even companions but never Mistress and servant or husband and wife!’

Tim shifted uncomfortably but did not say anything. Sandra wondered if he had an erection!

She glanced at the front of her husband’s trousers but did not see any evidence of his arousal.

‘Sit down, darling, I have some things to tell you.’

Cautiously, Tim sat down as his wife folded the document and placed it in her large designer handbag.

‘Firstly,’ she said calmly, ‘I have purchased a house.’

A house?

They had always discussed important matters before and now, Sandra calmly

announced she has purchased a house without discussion or his involvement!

Startled, Tim looked up at his wife and opened his mouth.

‘I have not given you permission to speak,’ Sandra managed to say in an outwardly calm voice, although her heart was pounding.

Her eyes bore into his until Tim looked away.

She bought a house without telling me!

It was devastating news and it hurt him but it also reinforced that things had changed! It was more telling than ordering him to kneel, to perform oral sex. Far more telling and a little bit final!

‘Secondly,’ Sandra went on, ‘I have determined that it is necessary to control your orgasms. Stand up and drop your trousers.’

Stunned, Tim slowly stood up as Sandra also stood and walked to the cupboard. As Tim unbuckled his belt, feeling foolish and a little aroused, he saw his wife take a cardboard box from the cupboard and place it on the table.

‘Underpants as well, thank you,’ Sandra said in a business-like manner as she sat back down at the table.

Tim gulped as his cock was beginning to harden and he did not really want to reveal his arousal yet.

Somehow, an erection in front of his fully clothed wife would make him feel vulnerable and very weak as well as very submissive.

Foolishly, Tim had thought there would be a gradual escalation of kinky games over the month but Sandra seemed determined to begin dramatically.

Then, it came to him that he did not have a choice.

Slowly, he pulled his underpants down and stood in front of his wife with his trousers and underpants around his ankles, dressed only in his shirt.

Sandra glanced at her husband’s lengthening cock as she snapped lemon-yellow

latex gloves on her hands.

‘I can see you enjoy this already.’

She looked up at her husband’s red face and smiled.

‘Put your hands behind your back, darling, and do not move them until I tell you to do so.’

Her voice was calm. In fact, it was very similar to the calm and yet professional manner Sandra adopted when dealing with employees at her office, waiters and shop assistants.

Underlings!

‘Enforced chastity was a common theme in the documents I read,’ Sandra said calmly. ‘It seems it is a common desire amongst submissive men. Is it one of your fantasies?’

Tim blushed and managed to mumble, ‘yes...’

‘Excellent,’ Sandra said with a satisfied grin. ‘That means we have started off on the right foot!’

Gloves on, Sandra brought a silver metal object from the box and held it up so Tim could see it. He recognised it immediately as an expensive male chastity belt and his cock twitched.

Its claim was that it was impossible to break and to remove without the key!

Many times, he had investigated that particular chastity belt on the internet and dreamed of being forced to wear one, of being forced to be chaste until his keyholder decided.

It seemed his fantasy was about to come true and the keyholder would be his wife!

Sandra smiled at the penile movement and slipped her thumb and forefinger around the base of his cock.

‘It seems your cock enjoys the idea of being celibate.’

She gripped his cock and brought the chastity tube close to its head. Somehow, the fact his wife had donned latex gloves to touch him, reinforced the new perspective of their relationship. There was nothing sexual in her demeanour! Sandra was almost detached and slightly bemused which made it all the more humiliating for Tim.

In addition, that, of course, brought his submissive leanings to the surface and he became even more aroused.

‘Goodness, darling, you’re almost stiff! I can’t put this on when you are aroused!’

Appearing exasperated, Sandra shook her head slowly and frowned as if she was disgusted by her husband’s behaviour.

It was an expression Tim had seen on his wife’s face before. It was when an employee or a pet disappointed her! Tim flushed and looked away, not knowing if he was expected to say or do anything.

Strangely, a school memory surfaced, a memory of Tim standing in the headmistress’s office when caught for small misdemeanour.

Sandra looked up at Tim with a slight frown. Embarrassed, Tim looked away again to avoid her suddenly knowing and powerful glance.

‘I’m afraid, I’m on a tight schedule,’ Sandra said in a matter of fact tone, ‘but it is quite important to get you fitted before we go.’

Fitted?

Go?

Her hand cupped his balls and, shockingly, Sandra said calmly, ‘I wonder if pain will cause that irritating erection to fade? Keep your hands behind your back,’ she added in a very calm, steady voice.

Tim gaped at his wife but kept his hands behind his back.

I want this!

I am sick but I want this!

Sandra gently squeezed Tim's balls and smiled when she saw his eyes blink rapidly. Calmly, she took a tuft of his pubic hair and ruthlessly pulled sharply on it. Tim swallowed and clenched his jaw, ready for the pain when it came.

But no further pain occurred and his cock remained embarrassingly stiff.

To Tim's relief, her hand dropped away and Sandra stood up.

'I have to make a telephone call. You will stand like that until I return. Hopefully, you will not continue to find your situation arousing and when I return, I will be able to fit you.'

Standing in the middle of the living room with his trousers and underpants around his ankles and hands clasped behind his back was not particularly sexy to Tim.

In fact, he felt ridiculous but he had signed the agreement and the understanding was that the month long domination would be completely on Sandra's terms.

As it should be as she now controlled him!

Why do I crave this?

Why do I enjoy it so much?

I wish I was different for Sandra's sake!

I wish I could be normal.

Sandra was on the terrace and the French doors were open so Tim could vaguely hear her speaking on her mobile. She seemed to be smiling and laughing with someone and Tim wondered who it was.

I have no right to know anymore!

I have chosen this!

Sadly, it's what I want.

Suddenly, there was a distance between the two of them and Tim felt like he was on the outside, looking at his powerful wife.

He thought of his friends and colleagues and knew that none of them could ever understand Tim's desires and needs. He knew they would only see him as some sick, pathetic person and feel sorry for Sandra!

Suddenly, Sandra appeared in the French doors, the morning sun sending strong rays against her dress, silhouetting her lithe body.

She is so beautiful!

Tim was almost overwhelmed by her beauty and the power that now seemed to emanate from her.

For the next month, I only exist to serve her, to give her what she wants which is what I want!

I want to do that, I want everything to please her, to give her pleasure while I have none.

It is a strange world and I am one of its strangest occupants!

'It seems to have gone down,' Sandra said with satisfaction, looking pointedly at Tim's half flaccid penis.

Tim noticed she was still wearing the latex gloves as his wife sat purposefully in front of him.

His cock twitched and Sandra saw it.

'Oh, it seems I make it hard,' she said with a sly smile. 'Try to think of cricket or digging in the garden, darling, while I fit you!'

Her latex covered fingers expertly threaded his cock through the tube and then fitted the ring between his shrinking balls and his body. It all came together with two loud clicks as Sandra closed the locks.

It felt strange and Tim stared down at the gleaming silver tube that now encased his cock.

Smiling, she showed him a new silver locket, which she hung around her slender throat.

‘The keys are in this locket, darling. For the time being, anyway.’

It was a subtle threat and Tim felt a small sensual shiver.

Sandra peeled the latex gloves off and stood up.

‘Remove all your clothes and give me your keys, wallet, credit cards – everything.’

Tim blinked rapidly.

‘E...every...’

‘I did not give you permission to speak,’ she scolded him. ‘I am in charge here! You will do what I wish, when I want and without protest or discussion! You are my servant, nothing more!’

Sandra delivered the verbal onslaught calmly and without emotion but each word was, to Tim, similar to being slapped in the face!

Silently, he stepped out of his trousers, retrieved the articles his wife wanted and placed them on the table.

Sandra was expressionless as Tim removed his shirt and socks.

‘I have put your clothes on the bed in the spare room. You will wear what is on the bed and nothing else. Is that understood?’

‘Ah...yes...ah...’

‘You may call me Ma’am.’

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ he said sheepishly, cock pulsing slightly within the chastity tube.

‘When you are dressed, you will find my red suitcase and matching overnight

bag in the study. Bring both down here. Hurry, the car will be here in half an hour.'

Tim hurried upstairs, head spinning and the chastity tube gripping his cock. The constant metal embrace of his cock felt strange. He also felt a shivering thrill knowing the chastity belt could not be removed without the keys that now, apparently, lived in the locket around Sandra's throat.

Naked, he stepped into the second bedroom and stared at the clothes on the bed.

A pair of his gardening jeans – ripped knees and worn holes in the thighs and the button was missing, the metal zipper dodgy at the best of times.

The T-shirt was grey and stained but, thankfully, was not torn.

A pair of all canvas tennis shoes – no longer white – grey and stained with small holes in the uppers with one black lace and one brown.

Nothing else.

Nothing!

Nothing at all.

Nothing.

He dressed slowly and stood in front of the mirror, one hand holding the jeans up.

It was strange.

The dishevelled man looking back at him was still himself but Tim wondered if he saw something else in his own eyes.

Sandra suppressed a smile when she saw Tim struggling with her suitcases while holding his jeans up.

‘Put the cases by the door,’ she said, turning away to his her smile and her eyes.

When she turned back, Tim was standing near the suitcases with a sulky look on his face, left hand holding his trousers up.

‘The jeans appear a little loose,’ Sandra observed. ‘Perhaps it’s because you have no underwear. You need something to hold them up, a belt of some sort.’

If Tim thought his wife would send him upstairs to find a belt in his wardrobe, he was mistaken.

‘Here,’ she said, taking something from the drawer of the occasional table.

It was a tie. One of Tim’s expensive and Italian patterned ties!

Not only was it costly, the tie was one Sandra had given Tim for their wedding anniversary! It was expensive and beautiful!

And now, he had to thread it through the belt loops of his ragged jeans and tie a knot in it! The symbolism was not lost on Tim! The purpose of the tie had changed, as had the purpose of his own life!

As he threaded the tie through the belt loops and tied it firmly, Tim realised that everything had changed. That Sandra was serious and this was not a game!

Sandra silently watched her husband knot the tie around his waist and then cover it with the T-shirt.

I wonder if it hurts him to use that tie that way?

Sandra had decided she would perform better with mental domination! That form of power was such a female thing! Already, she saw the results in her husband’s eyes.

I must push on! Remember, he wants this, even needs it!

‘When the car arrives,’ Sandra said, picking up her handbag, ‘you will put my overnight bag in the boot. The driver will open it for you.’

Driver?

‘You will take my suitcase to the bus stop where you will take a bus to the coach station and then travel by coach to my house.’

My house!

Tim’s mind was reeling as he tried to comprehend what his wife was so calmly saying.

‘Your coach ticket and instructions are in this envelope,’ Sandra said, holding a white envelope towards him.

Slowly, Tim took it.

‘When you arrive at the village, you will walk to my house. Please go around the back and use the servants’ entrance. I’m afraid you will never walk through the front door.’

Never!

Tim’s imprisoned cock swelled uselessly against the chastity belt.

‘There is money for the bus in the envelope. Don’t lose it, otherwise you will have to walk to the coach station. Take care of my suitcase as you will be punished if it is damaged in anyway.’

She smiled softly.

‘Put the cases near the front gate. The car will be here soon.’

Tim struggled with the cases again. The overnight case was light while the larger suitcase was rather heavy.

He longed to rip open the envelope to discover where he was going but something stopped him.

Truthfully, he was a little stunned by the events and his mind was reeling as he watched Sandra lock the front door.

Dropping the keys into her handbag, she stopped in front of the gate.

Tim hurriedly opened the gate and blushed deeply when Sandra said softly,

‘good boy.’

The car arrived on time and the driver tipped his cap to Sandra but said nothing to Tim.

Does he know what we’re up to?

He couldn’t!

The driver opened the boot and Tim quickly put the overnight bag in as Sandra slid into the back seat. The driver closed the rear door and Tim saw his wife was reading a magazine as the driver closed the trunk.

She did not look up as the car drove away, leaving Tim alone with the large suitcase and one small white envelope.

The instructions in the envelope were specific and meticulous. The typed words listed the number of the bus he was to catch as well as the fare. Coins for the precise amount of the fare were in the envelope. As he read it, Tim wondered if Alison, Sandra’s secretary had typed the instructions.

Also, in the envelope, was a coach ticket to a village called Angels End in the Cotswolds! He had never been there or heard of the village, but he guessed he was in for a long and uncomfortable journey.

Moreover, the suitcase was heavy with no wheels so he had to carry it everywhere!

It was a new suitcase; one Tim had not seen before and he wondered if Sandra had purposely purchased one without wheels so he would have to carry it.

Has she become so carefully cruel?

He tried the catches and found the suitcase firmly locked.

Sighing, he picked the heavy case up and trudged down the street to the bus stop.

[1] Prelude to a Difference – from a small volume of unpublished D/s poems by Carmenica Diaz

[2] These Early Days – Everything But The Girl

Modern Slavery

Prologue

Once, I had a normal life.

I don't try to think about it too often as it overwhelms me, reminds me of what I have lost. It is just the past, that I have sadly left behind.

Forever!

The bottom line is that I have lost everything!

Many people have said that before, I am sure, when they have lost their fortune or their wife. Perhaps, after another form of personal disaster, they may have lost their house or a loved one, maybe just a favoured pet animal but all personal tragedies.

Even though all of that can be very tragic and overwhelming, it is not losing everything!

I, on the other hand, have lost everything!

Many would claim that I am exaggerating, that I could not have lost everything. I mean, I still have life, don't I?

Once, I chose between so called life and death and I chose this life! It is worse than death!

Why?

Although I am alive, in a way, I don't even have life!

I have lost everything that signifies that I am a worthwhile human being with dignity and self-esteem as well as personal choice.

I am, in reality, nothing. There is nothing that cannot be done to me and I must accept whatever pain or humiliations are thrust upon me!

Choice is an alternative for normal people, not slaves!

I have none of the things that signify humanity and, sadly, I never realised were so important. Foolishly, I thought sports cars, women and money were the most important things in life!

What a bitter and irrevocable lesson to learn!

Normal is not a word that can be applied to me in anyway.

I truly have nothing!

I am a modern slave!

Teetering on the Edge

‘Rhonda!’ My personal assistant bolted from her desk and almost ran into my office. She tottered on her stilettos and I hid my smile as I knew how nervous she was.

Last week, during her monthly performance review, I had read her the riot act and put her on notice of dismissal. One more fuck-up and she was gone! Kicked out on her shapely arse and losing the high paid job she enjoyed. So, she had to treat me like a king! Life was so sweet!

‘Yes, Mister Johnson?’

‘I need the monthly report. The old lady wants it!’

Rhonda blinked at my completely disrespectful term for the chairman of the company, Ms Van Horn. I didn’t care as I knew Rhonda would be too afraid to rat on me. Besides, even if Ms Van Horn heard and sent one of her flunkies down to ask me, I would just smile, lay on my English accent and lie.

Ms Van Horn liked me, anyway. At least, I think she did, as it was a little hard to gauge her feelings about anything. She was a wealthy but flinty bitch who was ruthless in business. As far as I could see, she had no social life and only focussed on business. Lauren Van Horn was about forty, fifteen years my senior and I couldn’t see any husbands or lovers on the playing field.

Still, she was a good looking woman! She obviously looked after herself and, let's face it, she had all the best beauty treatments that money could buy! If they said that injecting bat shit into your arse would make you beautiful, Van Horn had the cash to do it! Anyway, she was always on her own when it came to red carpet events.

I had taken that as a signal and had tried to chat her up at the first company conference I attended. It had been a personal disaster as Ms Van Horn had given me a chilly smile and simply walked away.

It was strange to be turned down as I usually had my way with any woman I desired. Young, English, fit and good looking in a Tom Cruise sort of way, I usually had no problems at all. But Ms Van Horn had shown no reaction at all. In fact, she had seemed bored!

At our next meeting, she had coolly watched me do my presentation. When I finished, I waited for her response but Ms Van Horn simply rose and left the room, her simpering flunkies running after her.

Hours after the presentation, Mathews, my immediate boss informed me that I should practice more. I was dumfounded. 'Practice? What are you on about?' It appeared that the mighty Ms Van Horn thought my presentation was not up to standard. 'Not up to bloody standard!' I had exploded. 'Who the fuck does she think she is?'

'She's the owner of the corporation,' Mathews said mildly, 'That's who she is. Some of us think she is important!'

'I don't give a flying fuck! That old lady...'

'Now, Aaron,' Mathews had said quickly, 'Don't come unglued. She's a stickler for details and expects the very best...'

'She's a stupid old bitch!'

'Aaron!' Mathews looked around and then spoke urgently while seizing my shoulder. 'Shut the fuck up! Don't speak so loudly! Ms Van Horn has ears everywhere! You do not want to aggravate her! I've heard rumours...Well, best left unsaid. Now, your next presentation is in a month so practice and make sure it's better!'

‘I’m going to resign,’ I sniffed, ‘If she doesn’t want me here...’

‘Quit if you like,’ Mathews said wearily. ‘I’m kind of sure Ms Van Horn won’t care at all. And if you can find a job that pays as well as this gig, well, let me know! Practice that presentation, Aaron,’ he said and walked away.

‘How goes it, Aaron?’ Kimberly asked with a broad smile as I pored over my desk. She was a colleague and although she dealt with me politely, we both knew we were competitors on the slippery corporate ladder.

She was beautiful with large breasts and striking blonde hair. In any other circumstances, I would have come on to her but as we were competitors, I couldn’t give her anything to use against me.

‘It’s brilliant,’ I said with a forced smile.

‘Just love your charming Brit accent, Aaron,’ Kimberly said sarcastically with a sly smile. ‘Your demographic presentation is tomorrow. Do you think you’ll be able to charm Ms Van Horn?’

Did I? I didn’t think so if past meetings were a basis on which to form an opinion.

Especially after the encounter in the lift the other day.

I had seen her in the lift (sorry, elevator) and Ms Van Horn had looked around when she regally entered. Everyone shrank back and smiled. Only Kimberly had spoken to her, greeting her with a cheerful, ‘Good morning, Ms Van Horn.’

Ms Van Horn had smiled bleakly, nodded and turned away. As she left the lift, her cold eyes fell on me and I smiled weakly but she was gone.

‘I don’t actually think charm has any relevance,’ I said haughtily. ‘I think it’s the facts and the outline of the division strategy that will interest Ms Van Horn.’

Kimberly grinned and sauntered to the office door, her arse moving seductively in the tight knee length skirt.

‘You know,...’ she said as a parting shot, ‘...your limey accent becomes more pronounced when you’re worried and nervous!’

‘How...how did you think it went?’ I asked Mathews as we walked hurriedly down the hall.

Mathews shrugged. ‘It seemed fine to me, Aaron, but you never know with Ms Van Horn. She never gives anything away. I’d hate to play poker with her!’

‘I think it went well,...’ I murmured as we stopped in front of the lift, ‘...except for my stuff up on the projected numbers but I think I recovered well. Do you think I recovered well?’

Mathews was about to answer but Kimberly joined us at the lift and looking up at the floor numbers, said, ‘I think you made a hash of that, Aaron.’

‘Who asked you!’

‘Just offering my opinion. Ms Van Horn didn’t like it!’

‘And just how do you know that?’ I hissed. ‘She gives nothing away...’

‘Maybe not to guys,...’ Kimberly said mildly, ‘...but chicks see the signs! She didn’t like it, Aaron,’ Kimberly said as the lift doors opened.

Kimberly walked inside and smiled at us. ‘Going down?’

Mathews and I shook our heads.

As the doors began to close, Kimberly said, ‘She didn’t like it, Aaron. You’re toast!’

The doors slid shut and I turned to Mathews. ‘Do...’

Mathews patted my shoulder. ‘Don’t worry, buddy, we’ll know soon enough.’

‘But...’

‘She’ll call me if she didn’t like something,’ Mathews said wearily, ‘She always

does.'

'How about a weekend in Vegas?' Tom Whitfield was perched on my desk and waving airline tickets at me.

'Vegas? What on earth for?'

I was a little distracted as even two days after my presentation, Mathews had not received any word from Van Horn.

Even though I told myself that no news was good news, I was still worried.

'What for? Hey, come on man,' Tom grinned. 'Beer, showgirls and gambling! That's why we go to Vegas!'

'I don't think it would interest me...'

'What?' Tom looked at me disbelievingly. 'One of the greatest pants men I have ever met and he doesn't want to go to Vegas? Man, the women there are legendary! When was the last time you scored? I bet it was that Latino chick a month ago and you only took up with her after you broke up with Kelly!'

'Maybe,' I said, looking out the office window.

Kelly, tall, blonde and warm had, in truth, broken up with me. She had, of course, claimed we could still be friends, that it was her and the place she was in at the moment and all that rubbish American girls go on with when they dump you!

There it is, she dumped me!

Kelly called me from time to time to maintain the pretence that we were still friends and I played along just to hear her voice.

'A month, man? That's not like you at all! Come on, a weekend in Vegas will do you good.'

'Where did you get the tickets?'

‘I won them in a poker game.’

‘I didn’t know you played poker.’

‘Only every now and again. Look the tickets are good for this weekend. Are you up for it? Come on,’ he wheedled, ‘A few days drinking, gambling and whoring! What is there not to like?’

I laughed. ‘Why not,’ I said. ‘Let’s hit Vegas!’

‘Now you’re talking, my man!’

The first day was fun. We drank, watched a few shows and played the tables.

Then Tom started getting interested in the poker tournaments. To humour him, I sat in with him, and to my surprise, I won.

In fact, I won more than Tom.

‘I’m done,’ Tom said bitterly, ‘let’s find some chicks and fuck them silly!’

‘You go ahead,’ I said distractedly, ‘I think I’ll stay.’

‘Aaron, come on. Don’t get in with these guys, man, it’s out of your league.’

‘Can I remind you,’ I said icily, ‘that I am winning?’

Tom sighed and raised his hands in surrender.

‘Okay, okay, do your thing and I’ll do mine!’

I really didn’t hear him leave and turned back to the cards.

I did not see Tom again until we were leaving. He was quite cold with me but I shrugged it off as I had my own worries. The cards had gotten the better of me and I lost five thousand dollars.

The disgust at my stupidity stayed with me when I paid the smiling goon the money and trudged to the hotel room for some much needed sleep before the flight home.

‘Did you win?’ Tom asked at last when we were airborne.

‘A little,’ I lied.

‘You wasted a weekend, bud,’ he growled. ‘I found us some stewardess but you were out of it!’

‘Sorry,’ I said as lightly as I could, lost in thought.

He stared at me for a moment and then returned to his magazine.

When we landed, Tom nodded curtly to me and walked off to find his own cab, rather than sharing one with me.

In my apartment, I threw my bag onto the sofa and collapsed next to it, flicking the TV on with the remote.

What a wasted weekend!

I was watching some lame show when my mobile rang.

It was Kelly. ‘Hi Aaron,’ she said.

Her voice still gave me goose bumps and I wondered why she insisted on keeping in touch. It was torture.

‘Hi, Kelly,’ I said as brightly as I could.

‘How was your wild weekend in Vegas?’ Kelly asked archly.

‘It wasn’t so wild, I’m afraid,’ I said, ‘Not for me, anyway.’

‘No? Do you really expect me to believe that? You and Tom in Vegas? Is there a showgirl left unmolested in all of Vegas?’

‘Don’t be like that,’ I said mildly. ‘Ask Tom. I played cards while he did whatever he did.’

‘Played cards? Did you win?’

‘A little,’ I lied again. ‘It was just for fun, something to do.’

‘Sounds boring to me,’ Kelly said but I could tell she was pleased that it sounded like I had a boring time. ‘Don’t forget the party for Lisa.’

‘Party?’

‘The party for her engagement to Mark? Surely...’

‘I didn’t get an invitation,’ I said evenly.

‘Oh...’

‘I guess Lisa didn’t want me there since you and I broke up.’

I guessed that Kelly knew that I hadn’t received the invitation and was playing some female game. Frankly, I was so exhausted, I didn’t care.

‘Look,’ I said, ‘I’m really tired so I’m going to crash. Goodnight, Kelly.’

‘How was the weekend? Bachelor boys berserk in Vegas?’ Kimberly asked with a sneer.

‘Go away, Kimberly,’ I sighed, trying to concentrate on the report that covered my desk in pages.

‘Ooo,’ Kimberly said mockingly, plump red lips pouting, ‘Don’t tell me our little Brit boy didn’t get any over the weekend?’

I tried to ignore her as Kimberly lounged in the doorway to my office but it was difficult. She was such a tall, sexy woman and Kimberly always wore a little more perfume than other women did so I could smell the exotic aroma from my desk.

She said nothing for a moment and I hoped she was going but, after a moment, she purred, ‘I had a coffee with Ms Van Horn this morning.’

It had the desired result.

‘What?’ I demanded, immediately looking up and Kimberly smiled in satisfaction at my reaction. ‘When?’

‘At breakfast,’ Kimberly said airily. ‘We had breakfast together,...’ she added with a malicious smile, ‘...to discuss things.’

‘Things? What things?’ I quickly asked.

‘Just girl talk really, and a little chat about my career. Have you ever had breakfast with Ms Van Horn, Aaron?’ Kimberly asked innocently.

‘No,’ I snapped angrily, looking down at the report to avoid her mocking eyes, ‘I haven’t!’

‘You should really try to get to know her, Aaron,’ Kimberly taunted. ‘Ms Van Horn is a very interesting woman with wide experience and interesting tastes.’

‘What sort of tastes?’ I asked, in spite of myself as it gave Kimberly another opening to taunt me.

‘I guess you’ll just have to get to know her to find out that sort of info, Aaron. Bye, bye!’

She gave me a wave and sauntered off, her long legs attracting my eyes just as she knew they would.

There was no doubt, Kimberly was the most ambitious and ruthless woman I had ever met in corporate life!

There were times when she actually frightened me with her single minded approach to getting ahead in business! Her ambition was such that I thought Kimberly should have been born a man!

But then, that gorgeous body of hers would have been wasted!

And what a body!

Fallen

A week later, Mathews looked a little worried when he walked into my office.

He closed the door behind him so I became worried.

‘What’s up?’ I immediately asked.

‘There’s been a restructuring...’

‘Restructuring? I haven’t heard anything!’

‘No,’ he said sadly. ‘It was a quick process. Kimberly is now in charge of the complete department. It’s a big promotion for her,’ Mathews said sadly.

‘Kimberly? What about you?’

‘I’m going upstairs so it’s not so bad.’

‘What about me?’ I asked with a sinking heart, as I could not stand to report to Kimberly.

‘We are opening an office in Vegas,’ Mathews said, looking down at my desk. ‘You will operate it.’

‘Vegas? There’s no work for us in Vegas? What on earth...’

‘Ms Van Horn thought it was a good idea,’ Mathews said woodenly. ‘Aaron,’ he said quickly, ‘It’s the only slot I could find for you. Ms Van Horn is not that enthusiastic about you...’

‘Oh,’ I said miserably, ‘I see. She wants me gone?’

‘Out of sight, out of mind for a while. Vegas is not so bad,’ he said with false heartiness. ‘You’ll like it there.’

‘What if I refuse?’

‘You’d better find another job, Aaron, if you refuse,’ Mathews said sadly.

‘What if I go and see Ms Van Horn...’

‘Don’t waste your time. Just go to Vegas!’

‘I want you out of here by tomorrow,’ Kimberly said with a cold smile.

I shrugged, ‘Fine.’

‘And I expect a report on the Vegas operation by the end of next week.’

‘I’ll do my best...’

‘Don’t try, Aaron, deliver!’

Kimberly walked away and I noticed that Rhonda, Tom and Kristi looked away when I looked at them.

Vicki, a tall, beautiful black girl stalked to my office and lounged in the doorway, arms folded across her stupendous breasts.

‘I’m going to get this office redecorated,’ she sneered, ‘Put a little taste into it.’

She’s getting my office!

I said nothing and put the rest of my belongings in the box.

‘Enjoy Vegas,’ Vicki laughed as I walked past her, one small box of my personal belongings under my arm.

I was supposed to find an apartment in Vegas but I stayed in the small hotel room I took when I first arrived. Somehow, it meant that my Vegas stay was only temporary and that, someday, I’d be going back to L.A.

The work was non-existent and my telephones were ominously silent.

I sent reports in but after a while, I realised that no one actually read them. I was the invisible man in the invisible branch office!

Out of sight, out of mind!

To fill in time, I began dropping into the casino that Tom and I had first visited.

Before I knew it, I was playing cards with a small select group of men.

At first, I won big but then, I began to lose and lose consistently.

I turned to alcohol to anaesthetise me but that became a personal disaster as well.

I had reached rock bottom.

‘Johnson!’

Blearily, I looked up from my desk and saw the two goons in the doorway. Both wore sunglasses and both had small, knowing smiles.

‘What?’ I said, heart thumping.

‘You owe, Johnson,’ one said, walking towards me, ‘Owe big.’

‘Owe what?’ I said as coolly as I could, although I was shaking with fear.

‘Don’t be a smart cunt, Johnson! I bought your debts from the casino! You owe me big time and I always collect!’

‘I’ll pay it back,’ I blustered.

‘He says he’ll pay it back, Frankie,’ the one leaning on my desk said to the older one in the doorway.

‘I heard. I don’t believe he would be such a jerk to say that but I heard it. It just goes to show, Milo,’ Frankie said to the younger man who was leaning on the desk, looking directly into my eyes.

‘Show what, Frankie?’ Milo asked without moving.

‘That losing cunts like this one will say fucking anything!’

‘Have to agree, Frankie,’ Milo said stonily.

‘Hey,’ I said, trying to muster a smile, ‘I will pay it back! I just need time!’

‘Pay it back with what, Johnson?’ Frankie asked conversationally. ‘You don’t think I haven’t checked you out? You’ve got nothing in the bank, your credit cards are maxed out and you don’t even make any money on that apartment of yours back in Los Angeles. The rent you get just covers the mortgage! You’re fucking broke, Johnson!’

I gulped as he was quite correct! The weeks of drinking and gambling were really just a haze as I was in the grip of severe depression after my life had been turned upside down.

‘I’ll...I’ll find the money,’ I said desperately, ‘I really will...’

‘Frankie laughed and Milo smirked.

‘Don’t be fucking insane, man,’ Frankie scoffed. ‘You ain’t got no money! You’re fucked!’

‘I have my apartment back in L.A,’ I cried. ‘It must be worth something...’

‘The furniture will be worth a little but not nearly enough to get you out of the shit hole you’ve dug yourself.’

‘Please...’ I whispered but Frankie shook his head.

‘I’d like to help you out, man, I really would but I have my reputation to consider.’

‘I...’

‘Help him up, Milo. We’re going for a ride into the desert, Johnson.’

The desert!

It was a Vegas myth that the desert was where the Mob took their victims.

‘No! I’ll get the money! You must have known I would, otherwise why would you buy my debts?’

Frankie laughed softly. ‘I got them for thirty cents in the dollar as a favour to a friend and I thought I’d get something but after checking you out, I know I’ll get

nothing! I have turn this into a win and the only way for me to do that is to reinforce my reputation. Let's go, Johnson!'

As they bundled me out of the office, my head spinning, I found myself wondering what sort of favour involved buying some loser's gambling debts!

There was another man driving but he didn't say a word when sale roughly pushed me into the back seat. Frankie and Milo sat on either side of me and said nothing as we drove to the outskirts.

I thought of begging but knew it would be useless. My life was over! I was finished!

I'm going to die!

Die!

'Do you even know,...' Frankie asked after quite a long period of silence, '... how much you actually owe?'

I shook my head, heart pounding painfully and feeling sick with fear.

'You owe the casino over two hundred grand! You really are a loser, ain't ya?'

The magnitude of my situation exploded within my head. My mouth wouldn't work and I wondered if I would throw up in the car.

Suddenly, the car stopped and I looked around at the empty desert.

Milo pulled me roughly from the car while Frankie opened the car trunk. I stood shivering in the moonlight, looking around and wondering if I should run.

Run to where?

There was nothing to see except the desert and the tempting lights of Vegas glowing faintly over the horizon.

'Here,' Frankie said, tossing a shovel onto the ground in front of me. 'Get digging.'

Dig my own grave!

Milo leaned against the car and began checking a wicked looking pistol while I nervously picked up the shovel.

This is how it ends!

I'm such a fool!

Tears ran freely down my face as I slowly dug the soft soil.

I'm history!

No one will know I'm buried here! Aaron Johnson will just vanish off the face of the earth like I had never been here!

What a way to end it all!

Images of Mathews, Tom, Rhonda and even Vicki spun through my mind.

Are they right, your whole life flickers in front of your eyes before you die?

Frankie and Milo watched me dig until, suddenly, Frankie said, 'That's enough.'

Miserably, face wet with tears, I looked down at the shallow grave.

'Kneel,' Milo said, moving behind me as I fell to my knees.

I heard the click as he cocked his pistol and then felt cold metal press against the back of my head.

'Say your prayers,' Frankie said, arms folded and leaning against the car. It was as if he was watching a mildly amusing incident that he had no involvement with.

The reality of my situation exploded within me. Helplessness combined with a deep sense of loss and hopelessness surged over me. Tears streamed down my cheeks for a wasted life and, shamefully, I pissed myself.

Through my fog of terror and nausea, I heard Milo say scornfully, 'He's fucking pissed himself!'

‘They always do,’ Frankie said nonchalantly.

The pistol pulled back from my neck. ‘He’s young, Frankie, maybe we could sell him.’

‘You think?’ Frankie answered somewhere in the distance.

I’m going to die! This is it!

‘Yeah, why not?’

‘He’s scrawny,’ I heard Frankie say in a doubtful voice.

‘You might get ten grand for him. That’s something and he’ll never come back to make trouble. The Feds are using new equipment to look for stiffs out here.’

‘Yeah,’ Frankie agreed, ‘I heard that too. The fuckers! Always sticking their noses in where they don’t belong!’

Frankie took a step forward and looked down at me.

Suddenly, I was conscious of my sodden trousers and the pungent smell of urine.

‘There’s a way out, Johnson. You decide.’

I licked my lips and looked up at him.

‘You die here,...’ Frankie continued, ‘...or you become a slave. Not much of a choice for a real man, but you ain’t a real man, are you?’

I shook my head quickly.

‘Hey,’ Milo laughed, ‘He knows he ain’t a real man! He’ll take it.’

‘Maybe not,’ Frankie said, leaning down. ‘Think about it. If it were me, I’d take the shot in the back of the head.’

‘Me too,’ Milo agreed.

I didn’t care, would agree to anything to escape my fate.

Milo pushed the muzzle of the pistol against the back of my neck as a prompt.

‘So, what’s it to be? Dead or a slave?’

‘Slave!’ I said in a shrill voice.

Frankie smiled and I heard Milo chuckle. ‘You sure? It aint no walk in the park. You might be alive but you die here, if you get my meaning.’

I didn’t fully understand but I grasped the tenuous life rope he offered with both hands.

‘Slave!’ I said against, the wind making my voice even more high pitched and shrill.

‘Okay,’ Frankie said with a shrug. He walked back to the car and I watched as he lit a cigarette, sheltering his cigarette lighter from the wind with his hand.

The pistol nudged the back of my neck again.

‘Take everything off and throw it in the hole,’ Milo said.

I looked at him stupidly for a moment and Milo wearily gestured at the hole with his pistol.

‘All your clothes, shoes, watch, wallet, everything!’

Quickly, in case they changed their mind, I leapt to my feet and quickly removed my shirt. Tossing it into the hole, I peeled my piss sodden trousers off as I kicked my shoes off.

Finally, everything including, my wallet and mobile phone was in the hole and I stood naked and shivering in the cool desert air.

‘Cover it up,’ Milo said as Frankie, puffing on his cigarette, watched.

When my clothes and things were buried, Milo told me to put the shovel back into the trunk of the car. Obediently, I did so, suddenly conscious I was stark naked.

‘Get in,’ Milo said, gesturing at the trunk with his pistol.

I didn't question him and climbed into the trunk.

Nothing mattered, I was alive!

Alive!

And I would do anything to remain that way!

Later, I would curse myself for making the wrong decision.

It would have been wiser for me to simply die in the desert than to embark on the nightmarish life of a modern slave!

If only I had known what life held for me, what my life as a modern slave would become!

Art of Revenge

The divorce was long over. Julia told herself, it was good to finalise a relationship.

It wasn't as if Gerald had taken her money, although he had tried. She was quite a wealthy woman and her ex-husband had certainly tried to get more money from her.

However, money was not everything.

What was important was the sense of everything being right! That the ritual of the end was observed, that she be the winner!

Unfortunately, the world saw him as the winner and Julia as the loser.

She stared at the newspaper and the wedding photograph, her hands shaking with restrained fury.

Smiling from the black and white photograph was her ex-husband Gerald Mawson, businessman and known adulterer.

Standing next to him was a young woman who was looking up at Gerald with a look of complete adoration. She was wearing a very expensive wedding dress and, to Julia's complete fury, she looked young, fertile and sexy.

The accompanying story did not hide their age difference and, in fact, made quite an important issue of it.

It did not matter the new wife was fifteen years younger than Gerald to society. In fact, Julia knew that people would congratulate him on marrying a younger woman.

That was doubly hurtful as there had been snide remarks when Julia and Gerald had married as she was older than him!

Now, he was seen as a success as he was marrying a younger woman after being married to Julia, an older woman!

Julia peered at the small print through her reading glasses to discover the bride's name was Marcie and she was nineteen! Of course, she was a "model"! Aren't they all "models", Julia thought bitterly?

Gerald did, Julia knew, had a thing for air-headed bimbos! Women with intelligence saw through him while bimbos adored him.

She tossed the newspaper onto the terrace and watched the wind play with the pages while she lit a cigarette.

Julia now only smoked very occasionally but this was a special occasion. It was, after all, her ex-husband's wedding day!

It did not matter that the wedding was at least a day old as it took a day for the English newspapers to arrive in Italy.

To Julia, this was the day!

The bastard! He did look good though, Julia admitted to herself.

Gerald was only thirty-four and managed to look much younger. The smooth unblemished skin helped as did the full head of thick hair. He was also smaller than most men were and very healthy, so he looked younger than he actually was.

The bastard!

It was ironic that he was marrying a woman fifteen years younger than he was, as the age difference between Gerald and Julia was almost fifteen years.

The mobile rang and Julia answered it.

'Did you get the newspapers?' It was Savoy, Julia oldest and dearest friend.

'I did.'

'You know he sent me an invitation to the wedding?'

‘You told me,’ Julia said with a sigh.

‘He is an evil bastard! You are well shot of him.’

‘He got what he wanted from me.’

‘But he didn’t get your money, Julia. You kept that from him.’

‘He did steal money from me, Savoy, as you know.’

‘A few hundred thousand pounds! That’s nothing to you and it tipped you off to the sort of bloke he was!’

‘Yes, probably. Anyway, he has enough of his own now. He’s very successful.’

‘Because of your contacts, darling. Don’t forget that! He ingratiated himself with your business friends!’

And now they’re all his friends!

Isn’t it enough to take my dreams and some of my money without taking my friends as well?’

‘That’s what wives do, isn’t it?’ Julia said lightly. ‘It’s the duty of a wife to help her husband’s career.’

‘Anyway,’ Savoy said, ‘you are well shot of him. I feel sorry for the girl, though.’

‘Why? She has a snared an older and rich husband. I think we should congratulate her.’

‘There is that, I suppose. Let’s hope the little bitch cheats on him quickly so he gets a taste of his own medicine.’

‘We can only hope,’ Julia said. ‘And,’ she asked lightly, ‘is his business going well?’

‘Unfortunately, it is. You know he hired Malcolm Segal?’

‘No, I didn’t. Segal is a good financier and operations man.’

‘Exactly! He’ll run the business while Gerald gets the credit! He’s such a...’

‘Bastard!’ Julia finished and the friends laughed.

‘Are you all right, Julia?’ Savoy asked after a moment.

‘Yes, I am.’

‘When are you coming back to England?’

‘I’m enjoying Italy...’

‘Bollocks! Come back. You can’t hide forever.’

‘I know,’ Julia said with a sigh.

‘Listen,’ Savoy said, ‘a woman was asking after you.’

‘Oh?’

‘She wanted your mobile number. I didn’t give it to her, of course.’

‘Who was she?’

‘She said her name was Aswan but I doubt that it is.’

‘Aswan? Isn’t that a dam or something in Egypt?’

‘Who knows. She looked Japanese or Chinese. I can never tell the difference. It’s like trying to tell the difference between the Irish and the Welsh.’

‘God, don’t say that loudly in certain parts of London, Savoy!’

‘What did the mysterious woman want?’

‘She wouldn’t say. She left me her card...’

‘What’s on the card?’

‘Just a phone number.’

‘That’s all? Just a telephone number?’

‘Yes.’

‘That’s a bit mysterious.’

‘I suppose. It’s a mobile number.’

‘Give it to me,’ Julia said, reaching for the pencil she had used for her morning Sudoku.

She wrote the number down and Savoy asked, ‘are you going to call her?’

‘I might. We’ll see.’

‘I’d better go. Come back, Julia, London is boring without you.’

‘I will,’ Julia laughed. ‘I promise.’

Julia left the piece of paper with the telephone number on the table for several hours and it wasn’t until she had poured her second glass of wine that she picked it up.

On an impulse, she called the number.

‘Yes?’

The voice was warm and female with an accent that was not easily identifiable.

‘Who is this?’ Julia asked.

‘Who is that?’ There was a teasing note in the other woman’s voice.

‘I think I have the wrong number,’ Julia said stiffly.

‘Don’t hang up, Julia,’ the other woman said.

Julia froze. ‘How...’

‘It’s very simple. The number I gave your friend was just for you. Do you still use Julia Drummond?’

‘Julia Wilkinson now,’ Julia said. ‘And your name is?’ Julia asked pointedly.

‘Rieka Ozawa.’

‘Not Aswan?’

‘I didn’t think Savoy needed to know too much about me, Julia,’ Rieka said evenly.

‘Is Rieka even your real name?’

‘Does it matter?’

‘It depends on what you want.’

‘I offer services.’

‘You’re selling something?’ Julia said disdainfully. ‘I am not interested...’

‘I think you might be interested, Julia. Would you at least hear me out?’

Julia sighed. ‘Go ahead.’

‘Not on the telephone. Let’s meet for a glass of wine.’

‘I’m not in London...’

‘I know. In fact, I know exactly where you are.’

‘Y...you do?’

‘Yes. A villa just outside of Sorrento. There is a café near the square. Shall we meet there tomorrow?’

‘I’m...’

‘I am not going to harm you, Julia. I am going to offer you something.’

Julia made her mind up quickly. ‘All right. Say, just after three?’

‘Good.’

‘How will I know you?’

‘No need to worry, Julia, I know you!’

Rieka was a small woman who had obvious Japanese heritage. She was impeccably dressed and ordered the very best wine the small establishment had to offer.

The woman looked so neat and petite that Julia felt clumsy and ungraceful in Rieka’s presence.

After the first glass of wine, Julia asked, ‘what is it you are selling, Rieka?’

‘Something quite unique.’

‘And?’

Rieka smiled thinly. ‘Revenge.’

‘Revenge? What do you mean?’

‘Revenge can be hurried and haphazard or it can be well thought out and perfectly implemented. There is an art to revenge.’

Julia looked around the café. ‘And who would I want revenge...’

‘Please, Julia,’ Rieka said mildly, ‘let’s not play games. Your ex-husband, of course.’

‘Oh...well...’

‘The idea has a certain appeal, doesn’t it?’

‘Yes,’ Julia admitted.

‘I have to warn you, that when I employ my art, the fee is substantial but you can afford it. And, trust me, the results will be worth paying for.’

‘Revenge?’ Julia looked thoughtful at the people in the square. ‘It does sound

attractive. What sort of revenge?’

‘Do you hate him, Julia?’ Rieka asked softly.

‘Well...’

‘Be honest with me.’

‘Yes,’ Julia snapped, ‘I hate him! He used me, stole from me, cheated on me and tossed me aside in such a cruel manner my self-esteem will take years to recover. So, yes, I hate him! Satisfied?’

‘Hate is a powerful motivational force. I can give you revenge.’

‘What sort of revenge?’

‘Cruel and complete. And, permanent! Are you interested to learn more?’

Julia drained her glass and smiled slowly.

‘Yes,’ she said after a moment, ‘I’m interested.’

Humiliation of Claudia

I felt triumphant as I walked through the glass entry doors, buoyed by victory and smiled at Cherry, the receptionist. 'Congratulations Ms Somerset,' Cherry called as I strode past. I gave a gracious wave, walked into the inner office as Maurice, the Managing Partner stepped from his office to greet me.

'Claudia.' He smiled broadly. 'Congratulations.' He was immaculate, as usual, in a three piece pin-striped suit. His white shirt was so bright, one almost had to squint against the light. His cologne was subtle and the tie was perfect so I knew his wife had selected it for him.

Maurice pecked my cheek and I grinned. 'Thank you.'

'This is a fine way to begin the week. A superb piece of work, the client's happy and we make money – rather a lot of money! You're gaining a rather splendid reputation in the legal community.'

'Thank you again. It was an interesting case.'

'Congratulations, Claudia,' Ben called from his office and I waved to him. Ben looked so sexy with his suit coat off, shirt sleeves rolled up and a pencil behind his ear. Big strong hands and steel grey hair, perhaps I should give him a few signals? I haven't had a man for a while.

'We've already had enquiries from potential clients,' Maurice enthused. 'You're going to be a busy girl. I've organised champagne in the conference room at five to celebrate. Well done.' Maurice walked off and I watched him talk to Mary, his secretary before vanishing into his office.

One day, I thought, I'll have an office like that!

'Congratulations Ms Somerset,' Tim said shyly as he walked by me. Tim was a young man who had joined the firm just six months ago and had fallen for Roberta, one of the secretaries. The office girls were agog with the office

romance especially as Tim and Roberta were getting married in a few weeks' time.

'Thank you, Tim. And all the best for the wedding.'

Peter and Roger, the senior partners also congratulated me and several of the junior solicitors softly applauded me as I walked towards my office. I smiled at Louise, my secretary and slumped into my office chair, kicking my shoes off and rubbing my toes through the nylon of my hose.

'Everyone's talking about it, Ms Somerset,' Louise said, grinning broadly. 'Everyone is so proud.'

'Thanks Louise,' I said, looking through the open door at the pink dress in clear plastic that was hanging on the wall behind her desk. Louise was one of Roberta's bridesmaids and there had been momentous discussions on the style and colour of the dresses. 'Any messages?'

She consulted her pad. 'Solicitors from the Justice Department wanted a chat so I squeezed them in at four thirty. And Roberta wants to know if you're coming to the Girls night on Friday?'

Being the only female Barrister had its disadvantages. The blokes all went to the Bachelor night and bonded, probably did deals while I was supposed to go with the secretaries and the girls from the typing pool to giggle at some overweight male stripper! 'I think I'm busy,' I lied. 'A family thing I can't get out of.'

'Oh,' Louise said, looking disappointed, 'that's a shame.'

'I know,' I shrugged. 'But families can be difficult ...'

'I know.' Louise rolled her eyes. 'Poor thing.'

She left and I began to massage the cramped toes of my left foot. The high heels were Italian, outrageously expensive, uncomfortable in the narrow toes and the stiletto heels were downright dangerous to walk in. I always insisted on wearing the best and being at the height of conservative fashion. It was costly but I always created a good impression in my designer skirts and jackets which showed off my figure in a restrained manner. I saw many a Judge's eyes pop a little when I walked into the courtroom.

Of course, it didn't work on the female judges – Emily Wilkinson always scowled at me and made it all very difficult for me but, thankfully, female judges were few and far between.

I spun my chair around as I continued to massage my toes and watched the drizzle run down the window glass. Although I knew I should be looking through files for tomorrow's appointments, I resisted. I was mentally exhausted, and I had one appointment in fifteen minutes and then a few celebratory champagnes.

Funnily, the idea of the champagne didn't excite me. I dreamed of my soft and warm bed. I had worked all through the weekend and even though it was Monday, I was already exhausted.

A tap on the door, I spun around in the chair and saw Louise in the doorway. 'Your four thirty appointment is early; do you want ...?'

'Yes,' I said, slipping my shoes back on, 'I'll see them now. Did you offer a tea or something?'

Louise shook her head. 'Didn't want anything.'

I nodded, Louise stepped back and ushered a woman into my office. The woman was about my age but we could not be more different. I was blonde with fair skin and considered by many to be a statuesque beauty. She, on the other hand was dark – obviously Indian or of Indian descent – a little shorter but wore comfortable court shoes which made her appear shorter and was dressed in a plain charcoal business suit – knee length skirt, jacket and blouse. She peered at the world through black rimmed sensible glasses which gave her a serious, almost bookish air.

'Hello,' I said with a smile, 'I'm Claudia Somerset. Please sit down.' I looked at her a little more closely. 'Have we met?'

She smiled thinly and nodded. 'I'm Rajani Patel. I was assisting the Prosecutor in today's case. Congratulations on your win.' Rajani inspected me, her dark eyes appearing large through the glasses.

I vaguely remembered some Indian woman seated at the Prosecution's bench and pasted another smile, trying to be the gracious victor. 'Thank you, it was a

difficult ...’

‘Does it bother you that your client was guilty and yet you freed him on a technicality?’

I blinked at her calm words. ‘The law is technical and the court decided my client was innocent ...’

‘Correction,’ Patel said calmly. ‘The court said a mistake had been made in the Prosecutions case and some evidence was inadmissible. That does not mean your client was innocent.’

‘The result was appropriate,’ I said coldly. ‘What is it, exactly, that I can do for you, Ms Patel?’

‘It’s more what I can do for you. You might wish to shut the office door.’

‘Whatever for?’ I said coolly, tapping my long fingernails on the top of the desk.

‘The matter I wish to raise with you is of a private nature. However ...,’ she shrugged, ‘... if you have no secrets from your secretary, I am happy to discuss the issue. Tell me, do you remember Tom Effingham?’

‘Tom? Yes,’ I said slowly. ‘I dated him a few times ...’

‘He was my boyfriend until you sashayed in, wriggling your bottom, displaying your legs and bosom. Do you feel any qualms when you use your sexuality to seduce men and influence judges?’

‘I think ...,’ I said icily, ‘... it is time for you to leave...’

‘How long did you stay with Tom – two weeks? I was with him for almost six months until you decided you wanted him. He was devastated when you threw him aside and he ran away to Canada.’

‘I see no benefit in discussing this,’ I said as I tried to remember how long I had dated Tom. Was it two weeks? He became boring after a while and I tried to remember how I had broken it off.

‘You think you are so successful,’ Rajani calmly continued. ‘It is always easier

for an Anglo, especially one that looks like you and is happy to display her body. It is much more difficult for me – people whisper and call me Paki behind my back. Anglos cannot tell the difference between those from India or Pakistan – but I am still successful in my own way.’

‘I’m sure you are,’ I said coldly, standing to indicate the meeting was over and gestured at the open door. ‘I’d like to say it’s a pleasure meeting you but that would be a lie ...’

‘And you are very good at lying, aren’t you?’ Rajani said blithely, opening the folder that had been resting on her lap. ‘I would rather like to discuss the matter of Colleen Stevenson.’

Her words assaulted me and I felt as if I had been punched in the stomach. ‘Who?’ I said weakly.

Patel smiled at me impassively and those big dark eyes seemed to bore into me. ‘Are you sure you don’t wish to shut the door, Claudia?’

Mutely, I walked to the door and smiled nervously at Louise who was seated at her desk and obviously chatting on the telephone. ‘No calls, thank you,’ I said shakily and shut the door.

‘I don’t know what ...’ I tried to bluster as I sat behind my desk.

Rajani smiled coldly. ‘We both know you do, Claudia.’

I felt a flicker of fear at the way the woman was calmly treating me, the way she confidently used my name and her cold but condescending eyes – dark eyes that suddenly appeared to be a little predatory. ‘I...’ I spluttered weakly but she ignored me, reading from the file.

‘Colleen Stevenson, born in Liverpool on the 15th December ...’ She looked up and smiled. ‘When is your birthday, Claudia?’

‘I’m guessing you already know it’s December 15th...’

‘How interesting; Colleen was a bit of a lass, wasn’t she? I see she was arrested and convicted for possession of narcotics and suspicion of possessing narcotics for purpose of sale. And what’s this? Convicted for soliciting; Colleen was a

prostitute?’

‘Look ...’

‘Very ingenious of you to change your name and your background so you could start again, have a clean slate, so to speak. Colleen Stevenson morphed into Claudia Somerset who sailed through University apparently and graduated with Honours. And then you’re the youngest woman called to the Bar? Extraordinary - a script from Hollywood!’

‘I don’t know what you’re playing at ...’

‘I’m not playing, Claudia,’ she said mildly. ‘I have all the evidence here,’ Rajani said, patting the folder. ‘And copies elsewhere. Lots of lovely documents and photographs. The photographs from the police files are very grainy but it is plainly you. Time to confess, Claudia!’ Rajani said evenly and I swallowed. ‘It was you wasn’t it, Colleen?’

I stared at her calm dark eyes for a long moment and then looked down at my desk. ‘Yes,’ I whispered, ‘it was me.’

‘You didn’t answer my earlier question. Was Colleen a prostitute, Claudia? Were you a prostitute?’ Rajani smiled slightly.

‘No,’ I protested, ‘I had a lot of money on me and the police thought I had more than the value of the drugs so they slapped me with prostitution ...’

‘How thorough of them,’ Rajani cut me off and smiled coldly. ‘We are rather old fashioned in this country, aren’t we? A Barrister cannot practice if he or she has been convicted of a felony. I imagine the glorious career of Claudia Somerset would implode if this information was made available to the Bar Association, the police and the media?’ My stomach churned at her relentless words. ‘You would be disbarred immediately, sacked from this firm and probably charged with perjury for lying about your past in official documents of the court. I suppose a number of your clients would also be involved in mistrials as it could be claimed you weren’t able to rightfully represent them. It would be a divine mess, wouldn’t it?’ I gritted my teeth and tried to outstare this calm dark woman but she would not be deterred. ‘And then there would be the question of your degree. How did you graduate with Honours? Did you sleep with all of your professors? Or was it just furtive blowjobs in the tutor rooms?’

‘What do you want?’ I muttered.

‘Whatever I want,’ Rajani said steadily as she closed the folder.

‘How much ...’

Rajani laughed as she stood up. ‘I don’t want money, Claudia. That is so short sighted of you. Here.’ She dropped a card onto the desk. ‘This is my address. Be there at seven tonight. If you arrive at one minute past seven, I will distribute the evidence immediately. Believe me, in this age of electronic mass communication, I only have to press the send button once!’

Jumping to my feet, I desperately asked, ‘I’ll pay...’

‘Weren’t you listening? I’m not here to blackmail you for money. I want something far more worthy.’

‘What?’ I asked weakly.

‘You’ll find out tonight. I’ll leave the folder for you to look through but if I were you, I’d be very careful with it. It would be so unfortunate if it fell into the wrong hands.’

Rajani smiled and calmly opened the office door. ‘Is your firm celebrating your momentous victory?’ she asked in a polite and somewhat conversational tone. Louise turned to look at us and smiled.

‘Yes,’ I replied in a small voice.

‘Champagne all round, I expect. Enjoy it but don’t linger. It would be simply awful for you to be late for your seven o’clock appointment.’ Rajani stepped through the door, smiled at Louise and paused. ‘That is a lovely dress,’ I heard her say, pointing at the bridesmaid’s dress.’

Stunned, I numbly groped my way back to my desk and collapsed into my seat. I thought it was all in the past! All gone and long forgotten! My fingers trembled as I opened the folder and winced as my younger self sneered back from the police photographs. Taking a deep breath, I tried to rehearse excuses, reasons, anything for when it all came out but knew there was no excuse.

That Indian bitch was right! I would be disbarred, my job would vanish, I could no longer afford my house, car – anything! And I would face public ridicule and, worse, prison! I sat there for some time, staring at the photos, my mind racing with possibilities, searching for a way out but, I realised, there was no easy way out of this!

‘Excuse me, Ms Somerset,’ Louise ventured. ‘Maurice wants you in the conference room.’

‘All right,’ I said slowly, sliding the folder into a drawer and carefully locking it.

‘Are you alright, Ms Somerset?’ Louise asked, concerned.

‘Yes,’ I said softly, feeling my forehead, my stomach doing somersaults. ‘I’m just worn out; it’s been a terrible day.’

Maurice gestured at me with a champagne glass, smiled and announced, ‘Here she is – the scourge of the Police Prosecutor’s Department!’

Everyone burst into applause and I willed a smile to my lips, accepted a glass of champagne and accepted hugs, pats on the shoulder and small kisses as I walked through.

‘Well done,’ Ben said with a smile and I looked into those twinkling blue eyes. ‘Quite an accomplishment.’

‘Thank you,’ I said softly.

He leaned closer and I could smell his cologne. ‘I’ll have to keep an eye on you; you are a lady with exceptional talent.’

An hour earlier and I would have lapped up the compliments, flirted with him and probably ended with him in my bed. Now, I was sick to the stomach and just wanted to get out of there; run away to my bed where I could feel safe and warm. You can never feel safe and warm again! A cruel mental voice reminded me again of my situation and I felt my lips tremble. Don’t cry, I warned myself, don’t let on to anyone! Act – just like you’ve always done!

‘I heard you were fabulous, Ms Somerset,’ Tim said, his face a little pink and I guessed he had a glass or two of wine or beer before I arrived.

‘Thank you, Tim,’ I said as Roberta appeared, slipped her arm protectively through Tim’s and smiled at me. Women are very protective when another female, especially one they perceive as predatory, appears near their man. The gloves are off, sweet smiles with firm, possessive grips and the poor men have no idea what’s occurring right before their very eyes.

‘Roberta,’ I said sweetly, even though my stomach was churning with the thought of the seven o’clock appointment, ‘everything in order for the big day?’

‘Yes, all under control. You can’t come to the Girls night?’ She feigned disappointment and I tried to appear vaguely distraught at the loss. Roberta was always the smart one.

‘I’m soo disappointed,’ I smiled falsely, ‘but I have a dreadful family function.’

‘Really? I always thought you were an orphan?’ Roberta smiled brightly. There was the evidence that she was, indeed, the smart one in the typing pool, the one to watch and Tim was putty in her hands.

‘That’s true, Roberta,’ I said evenly, ‘but I still have distant family who seem to take an interest in me.’

‘How nice.’

‘Claudia!’ Maurice appeared and steered me towards the male partners, ‘time to celebrate with the big boys!’

He winked and I smiled weakly as he guided me towards Ben and the other senior partners, Peter and Roger were also there, holding glasses up in a mock salute and I suddenly thought how tiresome it all was. I had to get out; had to run as I had bigger problems. Suddenly, the great celebration seemed fake and insincere and I didn’t want to be there anymore.

Excusing myself, I slipped into the bathroom and stared at my reflection in the wall mirror. My mind was reeling, and my stomach turned over and over. What was I going to do? That Indian bitch was going to reveal my past; it’s over! Unless I persuade her not to! Money! What can I give her? What does she want?

I managed to glide through the celebration and then feigning exhaustion, exited and almost ran to my car. As I settled into the leather seats, my stomach churned

again at the thought I would have to give it and everything else up.

Rajani lived in a middle-class area in a small townhouse and I parked outside at five to seven. Taking a deep breath, I stepped from the car, locked it and clutching my handbag, walked up the stairs and rang the bell. I waited. Maybe she's not here; maybe she's already distributed the evidence? I rang the bell again and this time I heard footsteps on the other side of the door. The door opened and Rajani smiled coldly at me. 'You're a little early,' she said. 'Eager, are we?' Rajani turned and gestured for me to step inside and closed the door behind me.

The townhouse was well furnished. I saw bookcases lined with many books against one wall of the living room, a comfortable sofa, classic coffee table and a fireplace. The fire crackled and I longed to stand in front of it in order to warm myself and to stop the trembling. It wouldn't help as I was shivering from fear, not cold.

Rajani sat down and crossed her legs. A crystal wineglass half-filled with red wine stood on the end table and she studied me carefully. 'Sit down, Claudia. And I might point out if you have any ideas of threatening me or inflicting violence, it would be a waste of time. If I am hurt in any way, the evidence will automatically be distributed if I don't sign in within forty-eight hours. You'd better pray I'm not involved in an accident and confined to hospital.'

I sat down and perched on the edge of the sofa, handbag in my lap. 'What do you want?' I asked in a low voice.

'Straight to the point,' Rajani said, sipping wine. 'At least you're not offering money anymore.' She carefully placed the wineglass on the end table and stared at me through her glasses. 'I don't like you Claudia,' she said evenly, 'in fact, you represent everything I despise. I am going to punish and humiliate you ...'

'What? I mean ...' I stuttered.

'Silence! I am going to punish and humiliate you,' Rajani repeated firmly. 'And you are going to help.' My mind spun and I gaped at her as she picked the wineglass up again. I noticed her hand trembled and guessed Rajani was also nervous. Why would she be nervous? 'I've been watching you for sometime, watching as you wiggled your way through courtrooms and dazzling men to get what you want, stealing other women's boyfriends. I saw many a sweaty old

judge ignore proper legal argument while trying to peer down your blouse.'

'You've been watching for some time?' I found myself asking.

'Yes,' Rajani laughed dryly, 'you didn't see me, of course as I tend to merge into the background – Anglos don't see Pakis!' Her tone was sharp and I shivered at the resentment in those words. 'And of course, what you did with Tom!'

'Tom was...'

'Be quiet! Your behaviour made me very angry and I used my position to enquire into your background. Very naughty of me but I was a little cranky. On the surface, you looked very proper but I do have great attention to detail and, after a time, discovered the real story!' She replaced the wineglass. 'Of course, that made me even angrier. I suppose your qualifications aren't even valid.'

'That's not true,' I said hotly. 'I worked hard at University ...'

'Very commendable of you but that is required at University. No, I want to punish you and humiliate you. Of course, if my carefully accumulated evidence is released, you will suffer public humiliation, but I decided that wasn't enough.' My ears had pricked at the word if and I hopefully seized on it. Maybe she wasn't going to release the evidence if I play along. 'I want to make you pay for all the awful things that have been said and done to me; for how hard I had to work while you have manipulated men with coquettishly displayed flesh. No,' she said calmly, although her fingers still trembled slightly, 'I'm going to inflict private humiliations and it will always be your choice.'

'Choice?' I croaked. What choice did I have?

'Yes. I'm going to tell you the rules and I suggest you listen very carefully. Are you listening?' I nodded, heart pounding. 'Rule number one – you will never lie to me. It will only be a matter of time before I discover your lie and I will immediately distribute the evidence of your misspent youth to a rather extensive list of interested parties, including the tabloids. Is that understood?'

'Yes,' I said softly.

'In case you think you can fool me, may I point out that I am an expert in discovering falsehoods and my reaction will be swift and absolutely merciless.'

I swallowed, blinked at her dark eyes as she carefully watched me and knew she wouldn't hesitate to destroy me – perhaps she was even looking forward to it.

‘Rule number two - it will always be your choice to do what I say. I will ask you to do some rather humiliating things and it will be your choice as to whether you do them or not. If you choose to perform the tasks, that's all well and good but if you choose not to, I will accept your decision and simply distribute the information.’

‘That's blackmail!’

‘No,’ Rajani said mildly, ‘I don't think so as it's hard to see what benefit I am receiving in this enterprise.’

‘That's semantics! There must be something you...’

‘Obviously, there is no monetary value, just the sheer enjoyment of watching someone I despise humiliate themselves.’

I stared at those dark unforgiving eyes. ‘What sort of things?’ I finally asked in a low voice.

‘All in good time. Rule number three – when we are in public, you will treat me as a friend and I will do likewise; two colleagues in the legal profession who have become friends. You shall call me Rajani and I will call you, my soon to be best friend, Claudia. If you appear to be sulky, mischievous or rude, I will end the friendship through distributing the information. I'm sure you and I will be such good friends!’

Miserably I stared at my shoes and waited as my stomach churned. She's mad, I thought wildly, really insane!

Rule number four – you are perfectly free to tell anyone about your situation including the police. Of course, the moment you do, I will ...’

‘... distribute the information!’ I finished and she smiled.

‘Such a fast learner – perhaps you really did do all that work in university.’

I sat waiting as Rajani sipped her wine again. ‘Rule number five?’ I asked after a

moment.

‘There isn’t one,’ she smiled. ‘Do you understand the situation – completely understand?’

I was in a fix and I knew it. What could I possibly do to escape her clutches? There was no doubt in my mind that she was ruthless and hated me. My life – my entire world – would be destroyed if that information was distributed. I would lose everything! I was poor once; I don’t wish to be poor again! She had me and there was nothing I could do about it! ‘Yes,’ I murmured sadly.

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes.’

‘Excellent.’ Rajani placed the wineglass down with a shaking hand. ‘I’ve always wanted to say this; your time starts now!’ She smiled nervously and said, ‘Let’s have a demonstration. Take off your clothes.’ I gaped at her, shocked as this was one element I had not considered! Rajani smiled wryly. ‘It appears you choose not to strip for me. The experiment didn’t last so long after all.’

‘No! Wait!’

Those dark eyes watched me through her glasses. ‘Wait?’ she said coolly. ‘I think you have made the decision not to remove your clothes. Goodbye, Claudia, I will read about you in tomorrow’s newspapers.’

I quickly stood up, kicking my shoes off. ‘I’ll do it...’

‘No, I think you’ve had your opportunity...’

‘Please...’

‘Unless you ask me to watch you take your clothes off.’

Ask her? But...if I didn’t...if I didn’t...

My face burned brightly and I felt hot and weak. ‘Please watch me take my clothes off, Rajani,’ I murmured.

‘What a good idea,’ she said sarcastically. ‘Completely naked,’ she added in a calm voice and I slipped the jacket off. ‘That looks rather expensive,’ Rajani said conversationally, ‘what designer?’

‘Valentino,’ I said, pulling my blouse out of my skirt.

What I am doing, my mind silently screamed, stripping in front of another woman! Is she a lez? Wait, didn't she say Tom was her boyfriend? Bisexual then?

‘It’s lovely. Are you a natural blonde?’

I was about to automatically answer when I remembered the rule about lying. ‘Not really,’ I said as I slowly unbuttoned the blouse.

‘I suppose I’ll see in a moment,’ Rajani said with a sly grin, reaching for her wineglass and I blushed even more deeply.

Taking a deep breath, I peeled the blouse off and dropped it on the sofa. Immediately, I felt exposed as Rajani looked at my La Perla bra but I tried to ignore her, telling myself to treat this as if I was at a medical examination.

‘A lovely bra,’ Rajani said, ‘expensive but tasteful. What I rather hoped from you - rather than something tawdry and overtly sexual.’

Unzipping my skirt, I stepped out of it, placed it on top of my jacket and, face now very hot, stood in front of my tormentor in bra, knickers and pantyhose.

‘Pantyhose?’ Rajani said with some surprise, ‘For some reason, I had thought you would wear stockings and a suspender belt. Do you wear stockings?’

‘Sometimes,’ I mumbled.

‘Ah, when you want to bedazzle some poor unsuspecting male? A little flash, a small peek and they’d be putty in your skilful hands.’

Was she laughing at me?

Another deep breath and I peeled the hose down; sitting on the sofa to remove it completely. Staring fixedly at a point above Rajani’s head, I unclipped the bra and it joined the other clothes on the sofa.

‘I thought you were larger,’ Rajani said conversationally, eyes fixed on my swinging breasts, ‘but you’re about a C-cup?’ I nodded, face red and fought the urge to fold my arms.

She had a slight smile on her face as I peeled my knickers down and off; standing with my hand in front of my groin and the other across my breasts.

‘Don’t be shy,’ Rajani teased, ‘I want to see all of you; hands on head.’

I blinked small tears back and placed my hands on my head while my tormentor’s eyes swept over me.

‘Such white skin,’ she said softly, ‘and I see you trim down there?’

‘Yes,’ I mumbled, face still hot and eyes lowered.

‘Attractive. Rather a neat kitty,’ she said casually, ‘but the outer labia are reasonably prominent.’

I hated her! There she was casually discussing my private bits while I stood exposed. I had never felt as vulnerable before as I did at that moment.

‘Your nipples are hard – are you cold? Stand in front of the fire.’

I kept my hands on my head and walked, conscious of my jiggling, loose breasts, to stand in front of the fire.

There was no sound in the room apart from the crackling fire and my own distraught breathing. Awash with shame and humiliation, I stood facing the fire, hopeful she wouldn’t order me to turn around.

She didn’t but what Rajani did say was much worse.

‘Bend over.’

I gulped but did as she said; my breasts hanging like udders, my hands still on my head and my face alive with embarrassment.

‘Tight bottom – do you exercise?’

‘Yes,’ I mumbled, ‘three times a week.’

‘How disciplined.’ I heard her giggle. ‘You can stand up, turn around and drop your hands.’

Rajani was grinning at me as I lowered my hands and something made me not cover myself – what was the point – it would just emphasise to her just how vulnerable I felt.

‘When did your period finish?’

‘Last week,’ I muttered, looking everywhere but her smiling face. Why was she asking these questions?

‘What birth control do you use?’

‘The pill,’ I murmured.

‘Well,’ she said, sipping her wine, ‘this has been very educational. You don’t look so powerful without your knickers on, do you?’

‘I suppose not,’ I muttered.

‘You look vulnerable. Do you feel that way?’

‘Yes,’ I answered softly, wondering how she saw so easily into my thoughts.

‘You can get dressed.’

Quickly, I scrambled for my clothes and dressed while she watched. ‘I think you understand everything Claudia,’ Rajani said calmly as I stepped into my shoes.

‘Yes,’ I murmured bitterly, tucking my blouse into my skirt.

‘Everything is your choice; you have the right to say no to me.’

‘Yes, and then my life is over!’

Don’t cry, I told myself, don’t cry in front of this bitch!

‘Every action has a consequence, Claudia,’ she said gently. ‘Even those actions which occurred many years ago. I think,’ she said evenly, eyes holding mine, ‘we should have lunch together. Why don’t you telephone me tomorrow?’

It wasn't a request, I knew that, and I nodded dumbly, standing and waiting.

'Goodnight, Claudia,' Rajani said calmly, 'you can see yourself out.'

Fighting the tears, I almost ran down the corridor, out the front door and to my car. The tears began to flow when I was safely inside my car and I sobbed quietly for a few moments, head against the steering wheel until I could regain control.

That bitch! She enjoyed it; I know that she did, the evil kinky Paki bitch!

Her voice murmured softly within my reeling mind. People whisper and call me Paki behind my back. Anglos cannot tell the difference between those from India or Pakistan.

Guiltily, I glanced at her front window, started the car and drove away, wiping my eyes with one hand, the other on the wheel.

I have just stood naked in front of a woman who inspected me as casually if I was a kitten in a pet shop!

What am I going to do?

The tears began again and I cried as I drove as I knew I could do nothing. What was more frightening was the thought of what she would make me do next!

Diary of a Chaste Husband

24 December

I've decided I will commence the New Year with a journal, a diary of sorts that will only focus on my sexual activities. It sounds rather grandiose when I write it like that.

However, I feel the coming year will be quite a year as far as our sex life goes. This will be our watershed year.

Some background for you, my inquisitive reader.

Amanda and I have enjoyed a stable marriage. We are confidants and best friends as well as husband and wife. Our marriage has endured the raising of one child, illness, financial hardship and, finally, wealth. The relationship is solid and very comfortable. Perhaps a little too comfortable for both our tastes.

After twelve years of marriage, our sex life reached a plateau and stalled until Simon, our only child was enrolled in a very exclusive boarding school.

Amanda and I were reluctant to send him away, but he was so keen to go (all his friends were going) and our business was going very well so we relented.

I had always thought that parents who sent their children away to school were selfish and not affectionate. Both Amanda and I did not like the idea, but Simon so wanted to go. He went away to school with no sign of apprehension. When he returned the first time from school, we saw only excitement and happiness.

With just the two of us in our large home, we began to experiment sexually. Suddenly, our sex life became alive again. It was fun and very sexy. For a while. And then...

It became boring again.

We did not discuss it. I had my business to run and Amanda was focussed on her

design consultancy and friends.

However, I began to roam through the internet and discovered tease and denial. It aroused me like nothing had before. as did all submissive activity.

I discussed the game – for, at that stage, I thought it was nothing more than a sexual game – with my wife. Surprisingly, she readily agreed to say when I could orgasm.

Forbidden to orgasm for a few days was a pleasant build up and we often played small games of denial with Amanda telling me I could not come while I had to service her orally or with my fingers.

We also found it quite easy to discuss all types of fetish and, in fact, Amanda began to surf the web as well. We were two middle-aged people who were excitedly discovering sex again!

We had no idea just how weird and exciting sex could be! Lying in bed at night, we would talk and chuckle about some of the weird things we had discovered on the web!

And Amanda was taking charge more and more. Of course, I did not complain once!

Amanda had told me yesterday that I would enjoy a chaste Christmas with no orgasm until late on Boxing Day when Simon, who was home from school, would go off to stay with friends.

A chaste Christmas!

It would be difficult, but I would have the Boxing day orgasm to look forward to.

25 December

An extensive Christmas feast!

Amanda never looked more beautiful and sexier! I hoped I could endure until

Boxing Day. It was, after all, just one day and the release after a few days of denial was always wonderful. Somehow, the orgasms were more powerful and exciting after a period of denial.

Amanda proposed a toast and looked down the table at me with a sly smile as she raised her crystal wineglass.

She was very sexy and, I think Amanda knew it. Perhaps, my wife was becoming to enjoy the teasing and denial game even more.

‘To life and many Christmases to come,’ Amanda toasted. We all agreed, raising our glasses in unison. It was an exciting Christmas for another reason.

My business had been sold to a conglomerate and the final transfer of the purchase price (considerable) would officially occur on New Year’s Day.

Amanda and I would soon be very wealthy and people of leisure.

26 December

We waved goodbye to Simon and then smiled at each other. Alone at last!

After a few drinks, Amanda smiled a very naughty smile and told me to follow her upstairs.

It was quite unlike her to be so slyly commanding and I thrilled at the dominant way she had softly ordered me to our bedroom.

Ever since we had begun our naughty games of tease and denial, it was obvious that Amanda was becoming more and more dominant. As if to compensate, I became more and more submissive and, therefore, our games were quite exciting as I discovered I was, indeed, quite submissive.

In the beginning, Amanda would tell me to describe fantasies while we fucked. We were always surprised by just how potent Amanda’s orgasms were after the outrageous fantasies I had described.

As far as the fantasies were concerned, nothing was off limits and our fevered

imaginings became even wilder!

Upstairs, Amanda told me to wait for her naked while she used the bathroom.

Laying on the bed, my cock hard and pulsing, I waited for the bathroom door to open.

At last, it did.

Amanda appeared in the door, wearing a powder blue negligee, a Christmas gift from me and frowned slightly at me on the bed.

‘Why are you on the bed, darling?’

‘You said...’

‘I said to wait, my darling,’ she said with a sly grin. ‘When we tell Sandy to wait, what does she do?’ Sandy was our aged Cocker Spaniel.

‘She waits on the floor?’ I said, cock rigid.

‘Exactly!’ Amanda said in mild triumph.

Slowly, I moved off the bed and knelt on the floor.

‘Good boy,’ Amanda said with a giggle, patting my head as she moved to the chest of drawers under the Constable print.

She turned slightly and posed in the powder blue negligee.

‘Do you like your Christmas gift on me?’

‘You’re beautiful,’ I said hoarsely.

‘I’m not sure about the colour. I think black or red is more in tune with my wicked thoughts, darling.’

‘You look brilliant!’

‘After almost so many years, darling?’

‘Yes. Even more so.’

‘You charming boy! I like the negligee. It’s very sheer and quite naughty. Was it expensive?’

‘Quite.’

‘Good. We can afford anything we want now. I got you a special Christmas gift. Would you like to see it?’

‘Of course,’ I murmured, cock throbbing.

Smiling, Amanda retrieved something from the drawers and my heart stopped still when I saw she was holding a very plastic pink dildo.

Stunned, I could only gape at it.

‘Do you like it, darling?’

‘Ah...what...how do we use...’

Visions of Amanda fucking me with the dildo loomed large in my consciousness, but I did not know if I was ready for that much submissiveness.

‘Silly boy! I’m not going to use it on you! Goodness, no! You use it on me. It is time I experienced something a little bigger. This is eight inches, darling so it’s quite a bit bigger than yours!’

Amanda twirled the pink dildo in the air so I could see it clearly.

‘It’s very realistic, darling. In real life it would belong to a white porn star! Not like your little fellow at all, is it? This is so sexy! Look, it is very masculine with all these straining veins!’ Her finger traced the shaft. ‘Quite big bulging balls, darling, and a suction cup base for those times you are not around to hold it for me.’

Hold it for her? My demure Amanda had certainly changed!

And, I found out just how much her shyness and naivety had vanished when she had me pleasure her with the dildo!

Surprisingly, she was not backward in telling me exactly what I had to do with it and I soon found myself holding the dildo in both hands, thrusting the thick dildo in and out of her wet pussy while licking her clit.

Amanda writhed around the bed with great sensual abandonment and enjoyed two orgasms! Two!

I was exhausted by the time she exploded into her second bout of ecstasy. My cock was so stiff and hard I could almost come from rubbing against the bed sheets.

Amanda insisted on another orgasm and would not even listen to my protests.

In fact, she made me beg her to deny me her pussy forever while I thrust the dildo in and out of her cunt with my hands.

‘Please don’t let me fuck you again!’ I panted, pushing the dildo in and out of her now sloppy and enlarged sex.

‘Beg me again!’ Amanda gasped, head back and eyes closed.

It was an electrically erotic scenario and I found myself responding as Amanda crested the pleasure plateau and came again.

‘Ban me from your cunt, ma’am!’ I cried, thrusting and licking while Amanda bucked against the tousled bed.

She looked so beautiful and I hungered for her.

Deep down, however, I knew my cock was not enough for her! I could never have fucked her three times like the dildo!

Thankfully, three orgasms were enough. She sleepily looked at me and smiled.

‘That was nice.’

‘What about me?’ I asked plaintively.

‘What about you?’ Amanda asked in a chilly voice.

‘You said I could come on Boxing Day...’

‘I changed my mind.’

‘C...changed your mind? Amanda,’ I wailed but she would have none of my whining.’

‘Stop that! It is my prerogative, darling, to change my mind. I’m in charge, aren’t I? That’s what you want, don’t you?’

Mutely, I just nodded.

‘You can spurt tomorrow. Now, I’m going to sleep.’

So, sadly I wasn’t allowed to orgasm that night.

Amanda looked so peaceful and satisfied when she fell asleep while I tried to think of cricket or some other boring sport in an effort to forget about my quivering cock.

27 December

We slept in and I woke with an urgent erection that would not subside, even after a visit to the toilet. Amanda thought it was humorous and told me to wank while she watched.

‘Oh. Couldn’t you...I mean, couldn’t you...’

‘No,’ Amanda said with a yawn and a big stretch. ‘I can’t be bothered. You can wank. I find it funny to watch you tug at it.’

It was embarrassing and not as enjoyable as I had fantasised, but I did it, just so I could come.

She watched me but I could tell Amanda was bored. It was becoming increasingly obvious that she did not enjoy the game when I received pleasure. I realised at that point that Amanda enjoyed it more when she was denying me pleasure.

28 December

Went to a dinner party with friends.

It was murder getting a taxi, but Amanda insisted, said it was easier as we both could drink as much as we like.

Oliver and Nancy wanted to know what Amanda and I were going to do once the business was sold.

‘I really don’t have a clue,’ I said with a glance at Amanda.

‘Oh, come on, Lachlan,’ Nancy pouted, ‘you must have some idea!’

‘No, not really. What do you think, darling?’ I warily asked my wife.

Amanda had drunk at least two more wineglasses than I had, so I was worried the “spiteful” Amanda might come out to play.

It was my secret way of describing the flashes of spiteful temper than suddenly flared up when Amanda was irritated by something or someone, usually me.

‘Oh, there are many possibilities,’ Amanda said smugly, sipping from her wineglass.

‘You two are up to something,’ Nancy said with glee. ‘I can tell.’

‘No...,’ I said quietly, ‘...we aren’t...’

But Nancy had moved on to another group without waiting for my explanation, taking Amanda with her and leaving me with Oliver.

Oliver was a doctor and was absurdly middle class. I felt sure he only engaged in sex in the missionary position! I often wondered what Nancy saw in him.

‘You should invest the lot,’ Oliver said gruffly. ‘I can give you the name of a fellow in the city who has contacts.’

‘I have an investment advisor, old chap,’ I said calmly. ‘Hey, who is that?’

‘That’s the woman who bought the old Jamison house.’

‘Really? That was worth a packet, wasn’t it?’

‘Apparently, she’s rolling in it. American,’ he added as if that explained everything.

‘Has she got a name?’

‘Lauren or something like that. Fancy another drink?’

‘Why not.’

The party ended and, somehow, Amanda and I found a taxi.

We were both sloshed. Fell into bed and were asleep in minutes.

29 December

A lazy day. Amanda did not seem inclined for any sexual fun at all so I didn’t try.

We had been married so long that I had come to recognise the signs when Amanda wanted to play.

Or, I thought I did.

Recently, she continued to surprise me and there was a passionate, sexy side appearing that I had not really seen in Amanda before.

Of course, she enjoyed sex and had always done so but ever since we began playing games and exploring the kinky side, Amanda had grown in confidence and sensuality.

I suppose I can take the credit!

I showed her the benefits of tease and denial play, followed by exploration of some very wicked fantasies. If I had expected her to be concerned about my confession that I was submissive, I had been disappointed.

In fact, she seemed happy to discover that I would happily give up control.

The Christmas dildo had been a shock and the fantasy of complete denial she had me invoke while we played had titillated and even worried me a little.

After so long together, Amanda continued to surprise me.

Tentatively asked her how long I would have to wait for sex and Amanda had nonchalantly dismissed my question with a wave of her hand, saying, 'I don't know. I'm reading, darling. This is a very interesting article. Please don't interrupt me.'

And that was that!

30 December

'Amanda?'

'Hmmm?'

'What will we do when the money comes through from the sale?'

Amanda shrugged.

'I don't know. Why worry about it now, the money hasn't come through yet.'

'It will the day after tomorrow...'

'Are the banks even open on New Year's Day?'

'Probably not but it is all electronic these days.'

'I'll still believe it when I see the numbers in our bank accounts.'

'Yes, I suppose I will as well. Do you have any ideas, though?'

Amanda looked up and smile slyly.

'Ideas, darling?'

'About the money?'

‘One or two.’

‘Would you like to share?’

‘When we have the money, darling.’

I shrugged and frowned at my newspaper.

31 December

I hovered in the foyer, restlessly looking at my watch.

‘The taxi will be here soon,’ I called up the stairs where my wife was dressing.

She didn’t reply so I hurried up the stairs and found Amanda sitting at her dressing table, putting her earrings in.

‘The taxi will be here in a minute.’

‘It can wait,’ Amanda said calmly. ‘There.’

She studied the earrings in the mirror.

‘Do you like them?’

‘Very nice. Are they new?’

‘Yes, they are.’

She stood up and picked up her shawl.

‘You look fabulous,’ I said.

Amanda smiled naughtily at me.

‘It’s new as well,’ she said, smoothing the cream evening dress down with her hands. Her wedding rings glittered on her fingers.

‘It’s very sexy.’

‘Sexy?’

Amanda raised an eyebrow.

‘Do I make you hard?’

‘Yes,’ I said thickly, hoping we were about to embark on our of our naughty games.

‘Good. Keep it hard for me, darling,’ she said, putting the shawl around her shoulders. ‘The idea of you with a stiffy all night makes me rather cheerful. Your bowtie is crooked. Here, let me.’

She fixed my bowtie and smiled at me as I fidgeted.

‘The taxi,’ I began but Amanda silenced me.

‘I’m ready, darling so stop panicking. It is just a taxi driver, for goodness sakes.’

I followed her down the stairs, inhaling her perfume.

‘Is that a new perfume?’

‘Very observant of you, darling. Now, we must socialise at this party...’

‘I know,’ I said wearily.

‘I’m in the mood for dancing.’

‘Oh. Do we have to...’

‘Not with you, darling! You have two left feet! No, I’ll find some willing partners.’

The way she said was seductive and teasing with an electric sizzle of dominance.

My cock was rigid in my evening trousers.

Amanda and I had fantasised often about cuckolding, but I had always thought it was just a fantasy.

‘We must be together at midnight,’ Amanda said just as the taxi sounded its horn.

‘For Auld Lang Syne?’

‘Correct. We are always together at midnight on New Year’s Eve, darling. It’s our little tradition.’

‘I know.’

‘Come on, darling, let’s not keep the taxi waiting. And please try to stand up straight. You look appalling when you slouch!’

Yes, darling,’ I said with a sigh.

The party was packed with revellers and Amanda dashed off with Nancy to dance. The hosts had brought in a sizable big band that played the old dance standards so it was a perfect opportunity for middle-aged people to gyrate around the floor in a futile attempt to remember youth.

‘Why...’ Oliver said grumpily, gesturing at Nancy and Amanda dancing together on the dance floor, ‘...it is perfectly acceptable for women to dance together but if two chaps did it...’

‘Do you want to dance with a bloke, Oliver?’ I joked and he frowned at me.

‘Don’t be absurd, Lachlan! I’m just making the point, that’s all.’

‘Perhaps it’s a hangover from Queen Victoria.’

‘How so?’

‘There was no law against female homosexuality because the good Queen thought it absurd that females would be sexually attracted to each other.’

‘Perhaps. Women touch each other all the time so I suppose it’s another explanation.’

‘The more likely explanation, Oliver, is that husbands don’t like to dance. Husbands like you and I.’

‘Good point.’

I looked around. 'Can you smoke in here?'

'I thought you gave them up?' Oliver said with a deepening frown.

'I have. Just enjoy a ciggie every now and again.'

'There's no smoking in here, I'm afraid but there is on the terrace.'

'I'll just dash out there, then.'

'Should I tell Amanda you're smoking?'

'Don't be an utter bastard, Oliver,' I said and slipped into the crowd towards the terrace.

It was a little chilly outside and I was the only courageous smoker. I lit the cigarette and watched Amanda and Nancy dancing together through the French Doors.

She is still, after all these years, beautiful.

A tall man with grey hair suddenly stepped towards them and cut in. He danced with Amanda while another bloke danced with Nancy. My cock swelled at the sight and I wondered if Amanda would ever cuckold me.

'Excuse me, do you have a light?' I turned and saw the American woman smiling at me, cigarette in a long cigarette holder in her hand.

'Of course.'

As I lit her cigarette she offered, 'I'm Lauren.'

'Lachlan.'

'Thank you.'

She puffed on the cigarette holder and looked through the French Doors. 'Do you have a wife?'

'Yes. Amanda. That's her in the cream dress.'

‘Dancing with Owen?’

‘I don’t know his name.’

‘Owen Sinclair. He’s rather big in finance, I believe. Stocks and bonds.’

‘Even after the Global Financial Crisis?’

‘Most people just say GFC,’ Lauren laughed.

‘I think that just makes the event seem common and even insignificant.’

‘That’s true. Why aren’t you dancing with your wife?’

‘I’m not much of a dancer.’

‘Why is it men don’t like dancing when women love it?’

‘It’s an ancient question...’ I said, ‘...and I don’t have the answer. Do you have a husband?’

‘Not at the moment,’ Lauren said easily. ‘I seem to have lost another one.’ I laughed at that and she smiled. ‘Do you have children?’

‘A son. You?’

Lauren shook her head. ‘It’s cold out here. I’m going back in.’ She removed the cigarette from the holder and tossed it onto the ground. ‘Nice to meet you, Lachlan.’

‘You too.’

Just before midnight, I found Amanda and we held hands as the party crowd counted down to the New Year. As the clock struck midnight, we kissed, and I felt Amanda’s hand slyly fondling me through my trousers. I was instantly erect.

‘We’ll have some fun when we get home,’ she murmured in my ear as we hugged.

‘Good.’

‘Don’t drink too much. I want you hard.’

‘As you command.’

We kissed again and socialised until it was polite to leave.

That night, we made love slowly. I lay on my back and Amanda mounted me, slowly pushing my cock inside her and smiling down at me.

‘I thought you were going to deny me your pussy?’ I murmured as she began to move against me.

‘Not this time,’ she murmured, eyes closed and tweaking her breast. ‘Don’t come.’

‘I won’t.’

‘I mean it.’

‘I know.’

I watched her move above me, taking in the calm beauty of her face and the way she abandoned herself to pleasure.

Amanda appeared to be so demure, so conservative to everyone else but only I knew how wanton and sexual she could be.

And, how kinky!

Somehow, I held on and didn’t come until Amanda had enjoyed a soft orgasm that blossomed through her with a warm glow.

‘Nice,’ she said, stopping.

‘Good.’

‘I might have a quick shower before bed.’

‘What...what about me?’

‘What about you?’

‘I...I thought I’d come...’

‘Not this time.’ She smiled when she saw how downcast I became. ‘Did you have your heart set on an orgasm, darling?’

‘Yes, I rather did,’ I said sulkily.

‘Poor you.’

Amanda lifted herself off me and my semi-heard cock slapped against my belly. Amanda looked down at it and smiled. ‘Not so hard now. I don’t think you really want to come, darling.’

‘I do.’

‘I thought you like to wait, liked me to deny you.’

‘Yes, but...’

‘Only on your terms? That doesn’t seem to be effective, darling. It should be on my terms, should it not?’

‘Yes,’ I said sullenly.

‘Did you get the smaller ring for your chastity belt?’

Mutely, I shook my head. I had purchased a CB-600 a few months prior.

Amanda had been greatly excited at the idea of holding a key to my cock, but we were both disappointed when we discovered I could easily pull out of the chastity belt when flaccid.

‘Why not?’ Amanda asked.

‘Any smaller and it would cut off circulation and that would be dangerous.’

‘I see. Well, that is disappointing. I wish they would design one that would work for you.’

‘Maybe you should design it.’

‘Perhaps I should.’ Amanda stood by the bed and smiled at me. ‘Would you really like to come?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then kneel on all fours on the floor. If you are still in that position when I come out of the shower, I’ll milk you.’

Happily, I knelt on the floor on all fours and Amanda giggled as she shut the bathroom door.

She took a long time in the shower on purpose to make me wait. By the time she emerged in her nightdress, my knees were sore and I had lost my erection.

‘No stiffy, darling?’ Amanda chirped as she walked behind me.

‘You were a long time,’ I said accusingly.

‘So?’ Amanda said coolly.

‘I want to come.’

‘It’s not about what you want, darling. Or, that’s what you explained to me when we first began discussing the dominant wife scene. Have you changed your tune?’

‘No,’ I grunted. ‘It’s about you.’

‘Then, stop whining.’

She sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at me. ‘I danced with a man tonight.’

‘I saw you.’

‘He was a good dancer and quite handsome.’

My cock began to stir, and Amanda was quick to see it.

‘You’re getting hard? Talking about dancing gets you hard?’

‘No, of course not...’ I mumbled.

‘Ah, it’s about me with another man. That scenario again. What do you call it?’

Amanda knew very well what it was called but she enjoyed making me say it.

‘Cuckolding,’ I muttered.

‘That’s right. Look, your dicky is hard!’

Shamefully, she was right. I suddenly felt her foot under my balls, rubbing.

‘Very hard now,’ Amanda observed, foot rubbing my balls.

My face was hot with embarrassment as I crouched naked on all fours beside the bed with my wife casually rubbing my balls with her foot.

‘The idea of me being with another man makes you hard. That’s a little sick, isn’t it?’

‘Ah...I don’t know what to say about that...’

‘Just the truth will do.’

‘I suppose it is sick but...’

‘But what?’

‘I can’t help it. It’s just a fantasy, ok?’

‘Are you sure? I mean, denying you orgasms was just a fantasy as well but you still bought that chastity belt.’

‘That was a failure...’

‘I know that!’ Amanda said crossly and her foot stopped moving.

I waited, staring at the carpet, for a few moments until Amanda used her toes to playfully manipulate my balls again.

‘So vulnerable, aren’t they? I mean, I could kick you right now and it would be, I

believe, very painful.’ I shuddered at the thought and then I heard her giggle.
‘Open up your legs further.’

Nervously, I complied, and I felt Amanda’s foot brush under my balls. ‘You’re very hard now. Does the idea of getting kicked in the balls turn you on as well?’

‘Ah...no...’

‘Liar!’

‘It’s not the pain...it’s the submission and...’

‘And what?’

‘Er...humiliation...’

‘I see. You are hard because I’m making you crouch on the floor like a puppy?’

‘Yes,’ I said through gritted teeth, my face hot.

‘Well, as illuminating as this conversation is, I think I’m ready for bed. What would make you come quickly?’

‘Ah...not sure...’

‘I don’t know why you keep lying. You said humiliation turns you on?’

‘You know it does,’ I mumbled.

‘Yes,’ my wife chuckled, ‘I do. I want you to crawl into the bathroom and get the knickers I wore tonight out of the clothes hamper.’

I started to crawl towards the bathroom.

‘Wait. I haven’t finished. Do you know which ones I wore tonight?’

Embarrassed, I looked up into my wife’s laughing eyes. ‘No...’

‘White with cream lace around the leg holes and down the front. Bring them to me in your teeth.’

Amanda chuckled when I crawled back into the bedroom with her soiled knickers hanging from my teeth. She took them from my mouth and ordered me to turn around.

Squatting behind me, Amanda wrapped the panties around my rigid cock.

‘I’m not really in the mood, darling,’ she said giving my cock a few weak tugs through the silk, ‘so you’ll have to concentrate and come quickly.’

‘I’ll do my best,’ I said through gritted teeth.

Gone were the days of love and affection in our lovemaking but that was, I knew, my fault. I had divulged too much information and, consequently, my wife knew too much about me. Amanda knew what sexually pushed my buttons.

‘Does that feel nice?’

The touch of the silk between her hand and my cock did feel nice. Soon, the humiliation and submission brought my orgasm bubbling through my balls.

‘Tell me when you’re coming, darling. I can’t tell with your dicky wrapped in my silkies.’

‘Agh!’

I came in a rush and Amanda milked me savagely, draining the last drops into the panties before releasing me. ‘You didn’t warn me,’ she said crossly, climbing into bed.

‘It was quick...’

‘You’re always quick! Put those back into the hamper!’

I hurried into the bathroom and when I returned to the bedroom, the light was off and Amanda was turned away from me.

Sighing, I dressed in my pyjamas and crawled into bed.

What a way to begin the New Year!

Political Games

Billie checked her lipstick for the final time, screwed the cap back on and dropped the lipstick into her handbag.

Today, her handbag of choice was the Sarah wallet by Louis Vuitton in the gorgeous Rouge Fauviste tones. The bag was new and matched the exquisite high heel shoes Billie had purchased for exactly this day!

This day had been a long time coming but, at last it was here!

Today, Billie Armstrong dressed for herself and not for the approval of the voters!

Burgundy coloured knickers, bra and slip. Very sheer black pantyhose and a dark grey Italian designed suit with a blouse that had hints similar to the red of the handbag. The new shoes were remarkably comfortable for such fashionable footwear and the red leather contrasted with the gleaming black nylon of her tights.

Even her Gucci sunglasses were new and by the time the day was out, Billie would have a new hairstyle.

For five years, she had dyed her natural honey blonde hair to a dark brown. According to her husband and Samuel Truman, her husband's political manager, the voters would not approve of a blonde wife!

‘You have to be conservative, Billie,’ Jeremy had said earnestly.

And Billie, against her real nature, had become conservative. Too bad now, though, and, by lunchtime, Billie Armstrong would be sparkling blonde again. Smiling, Billie gathered the handbag and walked downstairs to the kitchen.

‘Good morning Mrs Armstrong,’ Ellen the housekeeper said. ‘Your tea and toast is on the table.’

‘Thank you, Ellen but I don’t feel like tea and toast this morning. Could you whip me up some eggs?’

‘Eggs, Mrs Armstrong?’ Ellen said, glancing at Gemma Cleary who was sitting at the table, sipping coffee.

Gemma was Billie’s secretary and assistant. That’s what they told everyone but, in fact, Gemma was a spy for Billie’s husband, the Right Honourable Jeremy Armstrong MP, Shadow Secretary of State. It was never mentioned, of course but Billie knew the real story.

She had been a political wife for almost nine years so she knew exactly what was going on, although Billie never revealed to anyone that she knew everything!

Gemma was nice young thing and Billie often wondered about her as she always seemed eager to assist in any way. Despite the somewhat conservative suits Gemma wore, her voluptuous body could not be disguised completely. Her skin was china white and her hair a colour that verged on being red but wasn’t. Even though Gemma tried constantly to emulate the softly modulated tones of the BBC newsreaders, every now and again, she slipped back into her Liverpool roots.

‘Eggs, Mrs Armstrong?’ Gemma asked anxiously with a nervous smile. ‘Are you hungry?’

‘Gemma,’ Billie said evenly, ‘I’m always hungry. I’ve decided that the diet is pure bollocks! Scrambled eggs please Ellen, on toast.’

‘Well, okay, Mrs Armstrong,’ Ellen drawled.

Gemma studied Billie for a moment, shrugged and slid some papers across the table to Billie.

‘The latest polls are brilliant! Mister Armstrong is way ahead of the Prime Minister as well as ahead of Mister Bowling.’

Rodney Bowling, a man ten years senior to Jeremy Armstrong was the current Leader of the Opposition!

‘Hooray,’ Billie said sarcastically, ignoring the papers.

She did not bother to tell Gemma that she had been receiving the up to the minute poll results on a regular basis. Billie knew exactly what the results were!

Billie had set a target approval rating for her husband and that number had been reached! He was now extremely popular and his approval rating was ahead of the current Leader of the Opposition and now, that of the P.M.

‘If all goes well at the party meetings, your husband will be Leader of the Opposition!’ Gemma said, trying to encourage Billie.

Billie nodded but said nothing.

‘So, Mrs Armstrong,’ Gemma continued, moving to explain further. Billie thought Gemma viewed her as an idiot. Well, she’ll soon learn I’m not!

‘When your husband is finally Leader of the Opposition...,’ Gemma continued, ‘...and wins the next election, you’ll be the wife of the Prime Minister!’

‘How awful,’ Billie murmured and stirred her tea.

Gemma studied Billie again, wondering if she should ask her about that comment but decided against it. Gemma knew that most people went through days when they hated their job. She did! Unfortunately, those days were becoming quite a regular occurrence lately.

‘Shall we go through your diary, Mrs Armstrong?’

‘No, thank you, Gemma,’ Billie said with a smile as Ellen placed the plate of scramble eggs in front of her. ‘That was quick, Ellen.’

‘I wanted to get them made before you changed your mind, Mrs Armstrong. It’s good to see you eating properly.’

‘I wasn’t going to change my mind.’

‘Mrs Armstrong...,’ Gemma said, ‘...we should run through your engagements...’

‘Don’t bother, Gemma. Cancel them.’

‘C...cancel...cancel your engagements? But you have a speech at...’ Gemma said desperately, panic rising within her eyes.

‘Cancel it all, Gemma.’

‘It has taken months to get an invitation...cancel...’

Billie looked at Ellen who was surveying the scene with obvious amusement.

‘Ellen...,’ Billie asked sweetly, ‘...am I speaking English?’

‘You sure are, Mrs Armstrong,’ Ellen said in her American drawl.

Ellen had lived in the U.K. for fifteen years but still maintained her accent. She was also completely uninterested in politics, which was one of the things Billie liked about Ellen.

‘Just thought I’d check as Gemma doesn’t seem to understand me,’ Billie said calmly. ‘These eggs are delicious.’

‘Glad you like them, Mrs Armstrong. Would you like some pancakes?’ Ellen asked mischievously, enjoying the look of confused horror on Gemma’s face.

‘You know, Ellen,’ Billie said, ‘I think I will! With Maple syrup.’

‘I have some strawberries I could...’

‘Let’s have the lot, Ellen and why not some fresh cream?’

‘Coming up, Mrs Armstrong!’ Ellen said with a throaty chuckle, moving pots and pans around on the stove.

Jeremy Armstrong stood by the hotel suite window as he adjusted his tie. The television set was on with the sound down and the room service wait was wheeling the breakfast trolley out after clearing the table where Jeremy, Zoë and Samuel had a working breakfast.

Samuel Truman was his Political Manager while Zoë was Jeremy's assistant and all round minder. Truman was a good looking man with curly hair and what could be described kindly as a Roman nose.

He favoured black rimmed glasses as a woman had once told him he looked like a young version of Sir Michael Caine.

'Can we arrange that photo opportunity at the university, Jeremy?' Samuel persisted.

'It won't be easy,' Jeremy said. 'The twins have just started university.'

'How about you and Billie drive to Cambridge and the story will be you are visiting your sons on their first days at university?'

'I suppose we could do that. You'll have to check with Gemma. Fuck, this tie just won't knot!'

'Let me,' Zoë said smoothly, quickly unknitting the tie.

Zoë was tall and black with a very businesslike manner. At times she could be quite blunt and hard which was perfect for Jeremy. Both Zoë and Samuel acknowledged that Jeremy could be lazy and, sometimes, a loose cannon.

The political advisors often said that Jeremy would be nothing without their strategic planning and advice!

She seemed to wear similar clothes every day. Severe black short jacket, matching black pencil skirt, black nylons and sensible black shoes. The blouse varied from day to day and every now and again, Zoë swapped the skirt for black trousers and wore a white blouse with a striped tie. As she was exotic and beautiful, the masculine garb seemed to highlight her curves and feminine face.

Zoë, of course, reported to Samuel and obeyed Samuel's orders, even though she was supposedly Jeremy's assistant.

Gemma also reported to Samuel so Samuel always knew what his candidate's wife was up to. Even though the Right Honourable Jeremy Armstrong was counting on having the numbers to overturn Rodney Bowling as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, Samuel Truman pulled the strings!

‘Rodney Bowling made a mess of that news conference last night,’ Samuel said, flicking through his papers.

‘I saw it,’ Jeremy grunted. ‘He didn’t get the policy right on Third World Aid.’

‘He’s a fool! Your Parliamentary colleagues will see that soon!’

‘How are our numbers going?’

‘We are closing in,’ Samuel said with a grin. ‘Soon we’ll be able to canvas openly to force Bowling to call a vote on all Parliamentary leadership positions! You’ll romp it in especially with poll numbers like these,’ Samuel said, waving the newspaper at Jeremy. ‘You have an approval rating for preferred P.M. of forty seven per cent! Bowling is twenty nine per cent and the bloody Prime Minister can only manage twenty!’

‘When do we make a move?’ Jeremy said as Zoë finished tying the knot and patted his shirtfront. ‘What do I do next?’

‘You don’t have to do anything, old man,’ Samuel said. ‘I called a few more of your colleagues this morning to make sure they’ve seen the latest poll numbers.’

‘Who did you call?’

‘The waverers! They’re getting nervous. I keep telling them the P.M. will call an early election while Bowling is Leader of the Opposition. The Party will be crucified in the election if that happens.’

‘Will that happen?’ Jeremy asked nervously.

‘No!’ Samuel said scornfully. ‘The prime minister won’t call an election[3].’

‘If the P.M. does, Bowling couldn’t win, could he?’

‘It depends on the Government. Oppositions don’t win elections, old boy, Governments lose them!’

Jeremy nodded. He had heard that saying a million times since he began his political career.

‘No previous Leader of the Opposition has had your approval ratings, Jeremy, over such a short time,’ Samuel crowed. ‘We have to get you into that job! If we don’t fuck up, the Party will vote you in as Leader and when the P.M. gets the bollocks to go to the polls, the election is ours for the taking! You’ll be Prime Minister!’

Jeremy looked out the window. It had taken nine years of hard graft, of lying and negotiating to get to this point. In a matter of weeks, he would stab Bowling in the back and sweep him aside to take on the leadership.

Everything was going to plan!

Jeremy smiled and turned back into the room as Samuel’s mobile rang.

‘You look good,’ Zoë said, flicking some lint from the shoulders of Jeremy’s suit. ‘Don’t slouch when speaking, sir.’

‘You always say that.’

‘It’s my job, sir.’

‘But, I don’t slouch!’ Jeremy protested.

‘You do when you have both hands on the lectern. Don’t do that! Stand straight and move your eyes around the room.’

‘I do know how to communicate, Zoë,’ Jeremy snapped.

‘Of course you do, sir. A few reminders can’t hurt.’

‘What!’

Zoë and Jeremy looked at Samuel who was frowning as he listened to the caller. ‘Fuck! All right, I’ll call you back. Keep calm.’

Samuel disconnected and frowned at Jeremy.

‘When did you last speak to Billie?’

‘Billie?’ Jeremy said.

‘Your wife?’ Samuel sarcastically pointed out.

‘I know that, Samuel!’ Jeremy snapped. ‘I spoke to her on the weekend! Why?’

‘She’s just told Gemma to cancel all her engagements for the day.’

‘What? Why?’

‘Says she’s getting her hair done or something!’

‘Did you have an argument with her, sir?’ Zoë asked Jeremy.

‘No! We saw each other for lunch on Sunday...’

‘For the photo shoot after church?’

‘Yes. We smiled and had a quick chat about the boys, how they are settling in at Cambridge, that sort of thing. She seemed fine.’

Samuel scowled at Jeremy. ‘Well, there’s something else. Gemma said your wife had eggs and pancakes for breakfast! Gemma sounded shocked by that, Zoë. Why?’

Zoë shook her head slowly. ‘That is serious, sir. It means Mrs Armstrong is off her diet!’

‘Oh. I see. Okay, Jeremy, you have to call her.’

‘Call her? Why?’

‘She’s your bloody wife, Jeremy! You have to keep her happy! Let’s be blunt here. One of the reasons you are so popular in the polls is your wife!’

‘I wouldn’t go that far,’ Jeremy protested.

Samuel sighed. ‘Tell him Zoë.’

‘I’m afraid your wife contributes a great deal to your approval ratings, sir. She’s beautiful, has a great smile, is a loving mother to twin boys that take after her and are very handsome. The magazines are already talking about them as a sort of quasi royals! Mrs Armstrong has intelligence and wit and women groups love

her when she appears at their luncheons. The fact you married very young and she was pregnant at nineteen, adds some credibility to her as far as women are concerned. Women admire her, know she's been through what they go through.'

'I suppose you admire her as well?' Jeremy sneered.

'Actually, sir, I do,' Zoë said quietly.

'Get her on the bloody phone, Jeremy!' Samuel ordered. 'Smooth this out! Gemma tells me she was scheduled to speak to a businesswoman's luncheon! We can't miss that opportunity!'

'You make her sound more important than me,' Jeremy said petulantly.

'With women, old boy, she is! You don't do so well with female focus groups! Now, fucking call her!'

'Those pancakes were delicious, Ellen,' Billie said.

'Got another one here, Mrs Armstrong, if you're interested?' Ellen said with a grin, enjoying the look of total horror on Gemma's face.

'No thank you, Ellen. I am quite full. One should always start the day on a good breakfast, Gemma,' Billie said with a smile.

Billie's mobile, which was in her handbag, began to ring. Gemma studied the handbag, knew at once it was new and wondered if she would ever be able to afford accessories like that!

Gemma loved fashion and admired Billie's new found dress sense.

Billie stood up, opened the handbag and removed the phone. She glanced at the screen and smiled. 'Just Jeremy,' she said and rejected the call.

'Mrs Armstrong!' Gemma said, horrified and rising to her feet.

'I don't really have anything to say to him. Haven't for years, actually. Now,...' Billie said, '...do you think you could call me a taxi, Ellen?'

‘Why, yes...but the car is waiting for you...’

‘I don’t want the official car anymore, Ellen. I’m not doing that stuff now.’

‘Well, okay, I’ll call a taxi for you.’

Gemma’s mobile rang and she hissed into it, ‘She rejected your call, sir! Says she doesn’t want to talk to you!’

Billie walked to the door with a smile. ‘I’ll wait in the living room, Ellen.’

‘Okay, Mrs Armstrong,’ Ellen said with a cheery wave.

‘Mrs Armstrong!’ Gemma stumbled after her, holding her mobile at arms length. ‘Your husband.’

‘Really? How boring. I don’t want to speak to him.’

‘Please, Mrs Armstrong,’ Gemma begged and, for one moment, Billie thought the younger woman was going to cry.

‘Oh, all right, then!’ She took the mobile and said brightly, ‘Good morning. What can I do for you?’

‘You’ve cancelled your engagements?’ Jeremy grunted

‘Yes. I’m getting my hair done. I’m going back to my natural colour.’

‘You...what!’

‘I think you heard. Don’t worry, I’m not using the official car so the tabloids won’t get pictures of me going to the salon in an official car. Ellen is calling me a taxi. Oh, one other thing, Jeremy.’

‘What?’

‘We should have a discussion. I want a divorce!’

She disconnected the mobile and handed it to a dumfounded Gemma.

‘There. Everything’s all right now. You can relax, Gemma. Perhaps you should

get your hair done as well? It's looking a little listless.'

Gemma watched Billie sit down in the living room and pick up a magazine as she calmly waited for her taxi.

Slightly stunned, Gemma leaned against the kitchen bench, her fingers rubbing a piece of her hair between forefinger and thumb.

'You okay?' Ellen asked.

'She...she told him she wants a divorce.'

'Good for her,' Ellen said calmly. 'About time. Want some more coffee?'

'She...she can't divorce him! Not now!'

'Girl,' Ellen said knowingly, 'I think Mrs Armstrong thinks now is the perfect time to divorce the old Casanova! Perfect! Now, did you want coffee or not?'

Dumbly, Gemma nodded.

'What did she say?' Samuel demanded.

'She's...she's going back to her natural hair colour,' Jeremy stammered, still stunned.

'Is she?' Zoë asked, interested. 'What is her natural colour?'

'Blonde! Very blonde,' Samuel said. 'One of the first things we had to change as women are threatened by blondes.'

'Are we?' Zoë said doubtfully.

'So the focus group said. We can always get her hair fixed when she calms down. What else did she say, Jeremy?'

'She...she...Billie said she wants a divorce!'

Zoë and Samuel looked at each other in horror.

‘Divorce?’ Samuel gasped. ‘Just like that? With no warning? She hasn’t warned you, has she?’ Samuel asked with a frown.

Jeremy shook his head and for a moment, he looked like a young schoolboy in trouble with the headmaster.

‘What the fuck have you done, Jeremy?’

‘Nothing,’ Jeremy said defensively. ‘We hardly speak these days...’

‘Maybe that’s the problem,’ Zoë muttered.

Both men ignored her.

‘What exactly did she say?’ Samuel asked, moving closer to Jeremy.

‘She said she was going to the hairdressers...’

‘About the divorce! Not her fucking hair!’

‘Oh...She said we had to have a discussion. She wants a divorce. Just like that!’

‘Okay, we’ll give her a discussion,’ Samuel said. ‘Zoë, tell Gemma to cancel the engagements. Say Mrs Armstrong is ill.’

‘Ill? What has she got?’

‘I don’t know. Make something up!’

‘There is that stomach virus going around...’

‘Perfect! Get onto it straight away. Come on, Jeremy. We have to get to our meeting. You can call Billie on the way.’

‘What for?’

‘To arrange a discussion! What do you think you would call her for? Zoë?’

‘Yes?’

‘Come on. You can talk to Gemma as we go!’

Gemma placed the mobile on the kitchen table and began flick through her notebook.

‘Are you setting up office here?’ Ellen asked, hands on hips.

‘I just have to make a few calls. I have to cancel all the engagements that Mrs Armstrong was scheduled for.’

‘Go and do that in the office. I have things to do and I’m not going to be tip toeing around my own kitchen because you’re chatting on the ‘phone!’

‘Hardly chatting, Ellen! This is vital!’

‘Yeah, well, do your “vital” shit in the office! I’m sure Mister Armstrong won’t mind you using it! He’s probably got a lot on his mind right now,’ Ellen cackled and began banging pots and pans.

Gemma picked up her things and hurried into the office that Jeremy used on the rare occasions he was at home.

Sighing, Gemma began to call people with the bad news.

‘Come through, Mrs Armstrong. We’re ready to look after you now. Would you like a cup of tea or coffee?’

‘Tea, thank you, Julia.’

‘Tea for Mrs Armstrong,’ Julia, the hairdresser, called to her staff as Billie’s mobile rang.

Billie glanced at the caller identification and saw it was her husband calling.

‘You want to get that, Mrs Armstrong, before we shampoo?’

‘No,’ Billie said with a smile as she turned her mobile off. ‘It’s not important.’

‘I think she hung up on me,’ Jeremy said petulantly.

‘Try again,’ Samuel said. ‘Did you talk to Gemma?’ Samuel asked Zoë.

‘Yes, sir. She’s calling the organisations now, claiming Mrs Armstrong is ill with the stomach virus. She’ll try to reschedule the events, although after cancelling at such short notice, I doubt they will want her back.’

‘We’ll just have to wear the consequences, I suppose. Any luck this time?’ Samuel asked Jeremy who had tried to call Billie again.

‘I don’t believe it! She has turned the bloody mobile off!’

Jeremy glanced at Zoë’s legs as he shoved the mobile into his inside jacket pocket and then quickly turned away.

‘Are you sure you haven’t done anything?’ Samuel asked.

‘Who can tell with women,’ Jeremy said.

Zoë looked at him coldly but bit her tongue.

Samuel pointed at Zoë and said, ‘You’ll have to talk to her.’

‘Me, sir?’

‘Yes, you, Zoë! You may be able to get her to talk to you so we can find out what has pissed her off.’

‘Why? She doesn’t even like me.’

‘Nonsense,’ Jeremy said. ‘What makes you say that?’

‘I just know, sir,’ Zoë said with a weary sigh. ‘Just call it female intuition.’

‘Well, she won’t talk to me!’ Jeremy snapped.

‘She will,’ Samuel said easily. ‘Billie said she wanted a discussion, didn’t she?’

‘Well, yes, she did,’ Jeremy said.

‘That means she wants to talk but at time of her choosing. Right, Zoë?’

How come I’m the bloody expert on Billie Armstrong all of a sudden? Zoë thought.

‘I suppose so, sir,’ Zoë said unwillingly.

‘We just have to get Billie into a room with you, Jeremy, so you can iron this out,’ Samuel said.

‘What if she doesn’t want to iron it out?’ Jeremy asked.

‘She will,’ Samuel said confidently, ‘She has too much to lose. Looks like we’re here! Looks like lots of media,’ Samuel added happily. ‘Right, Jeremy, get that fucking worried look off your dial and when they ask you about the polls remember the key messages.’

‘I know,’ Jeremy said. ‘The only poll that matters is the election and the current Leader of the Opposition has my full support.’

‘Don’t mention Bowling by name,’ Samuel warned. ‘Just keep to “current Leader of the Opposition”.’

‘I know, I know!’

‘And you, Zoë, keep trying to contact Billie. Get a time for a discussion, okay?’

Zoë nodded as the car pulled to a stop. She watched Jeremy assume his persona of confident leader and fix a charming smile to his face.

The driver opened his car door and Jeremy stepped out to a barrage of questions from the waiting media. Samuel stood by his side and nodded at everything Jeremy said as if he was hearing it for the first time.

In fact, Samuel had written every word that Jeremy recited. However, Jeremy Armstrong was such a good political actor, the words that came from his confident lips sounded new and fresh.

Zoë stepped from the car and was completely ignored by the desperate media. Usually, she stood behind Jeremy and performed what she called “the nodding

dog” as Samuel was doing.

‘Good to have an attractive bird behind him,’ Samuel had blithely said when telling Zoë to stand behind Jeremy. ‘Make sure you don’t smile! That will turn the women off who will think you want to bonk him or, worse, that you are bonking him! Have you got glasses? Wear glasses and hold a note pad of something. The blokes in the audience will like to see you while the women will be pleased to see a woman in a position of authority,’ Samuel had laughed.

Zoë walked away from the media throng and fished her mobile out of her shoulder bag. With a sigh, she rang Billie’s number but it soon became clear the mobile was turned off.

‘Sorry it took so long, Mrs Armstrong but we had to...’

‘It’s fine, Julia,’ Billie said, inspecting her new hair colour in the mirror. The entire process had taken almost five hours but Billie was not at all concerned. In fact, Julia was more concerned than Billie!

‘It took so long because of the colour changes, Mrs Armstrong. We had to strip the old colour...’

‘It’s fine, Julia. I found it to be quite relaxing. You have matched my natural colour perfectly!’

‘Those photos helped. Your natural colour will start to come through so there won’t be any great need for a touch up on the roots. Perhaps pop in for a conditioner rinse every now and again? Or a style?’

‘It looks brilliant, Julia!’

‘Makes you look younger, Mrs Armstrong.’

‘I bet you say that to all the ladies, Julia,’ Billie laughed, standing.

‘Actually, I don’t, but in your case it’s true. It’s taken ten years off you!’

Billie turned back to the mirror. Her hair was now Billie’s natural honey blonde

colour. The hairstyle was a very fashionable shortish cut and looked sleek, warm and trendy. A half fringe delicately almost covered her left eye and gave her a coquettish, sexy appearance.

She's right. I do look younger.

Not ten years, of course, but, maybe five?

Yes, definitely five!

Perfect!

Jeremy and Samuel bundled into the car and as it drove off to the next meeting, Jeremy asked Zoë, 'Did you contact my wife?'

'Her mobile is still turned off.'

'Turned off?' Samuel said. 'She'd be finished the hairdressers by now, wouldn't she?'

'Not necessarily, sir,' Zoë said. 'If she's getting her colours done, it would take hours...'

'Hours? Jesus!' Jeremy muttered.

'Keep trying, Zoë,' Samuel ordered. 'We have to clean up this misunderstanding. Check with Gemma. See if she's spoken to Billie.'

'Right, sir,' Zoë said and called Gemma.

'Hiya,' Gemma said.

'Any news?' Zoë asked quietly.

'Nope. She hasn't returned home. I've called the speaking engagements and told them she's ill. They weren't happy.'

'I wouldn't have expected they would be. Do you know which hairdresser she would have gone to?'

‘No. I asked Ellen...’

‘The housekeeper?’

‘Yes. She said she doesn’t know but I think she’s lying.’

‘Why would she do that?’ Zoë asked, glancing at Jeremy and Samuel who were reading transcripts of a speech Rodney Bowling, Leader of the Opposition, had made half an hour earlier. Samuel was circling paragraphs with a bright yellow highlight pen.

‘She doesn’t like hubby,’ Gemma whispered.

‘Who does,’ Zoë grunted.

‘Is he there?’

‘Very close.’

‘Be careful he doesn’t hear you.’

‘I am. Go on.’

‘I think Ellen is siding with Mrs Armstrong.’

‘Can’t really blame her, can we?’

‘Not really. Do you really think she’ll divorce him?’

‘Anything is possible, isn’t it? That’s politics. Call me if she turns up.’

Zoë disconnected and said to Samuel, ‘Gemma hasn’t heard from Mrs Armstrong, sir.’

‘Oh. What was that about not blaming her?’

Blast!

He listens to everything!

‘Talking about a girlfriend, sir,’ Billie smoothly lied. ‘Gemma and I know her

and she's just found out her boyfriend is...'

'Spare me the mundane soap opera, Zoë! Keep trying to contact Mrs Armstrong!'

'Of course, sir and what do I say?'

'What do you mean?'

'What is the purpose of my call?'

'To arrange a discussion!'

'Between?'

'Between Billie and Jeremy, of course.'

'That's all?'

'We're not going to do anything stupid, are we Zoë, like telling Billie I will be at the discussion?'

'No sir,' Zoë said woodenly. 'I wouldn't dream of it!'

'Good!' Samuel grunted.

Billie found a small restaurant and enjoyed a quick luncheon. After one glass of white wine, she turned her mobile back on.

Within five minutes, it rang.

'Hello?' Billie said.

'Mrs Armstrong!'

'Yes?'

'This is Zoë...'

‘Ah, Zoë,’ Billie said with a smile. ‘They got you to do their dirty work. Poor you.’

‘Something like that,’ Zoë muttered. ‘The purpose of my call is to...’

‘Arrange a time for a discussion about the divorce?’

‘Y...yes, that’s what Mister Armstrong said you said...’

‘No need to explain, Zoë. I am happy to have a discussion. Let’s say at six.’

‘Six it is. Where?’

‘Why not at home?’

‘Okay. I’ll inform Mister Armstrong...’

‘Don’t forget to tell Samuel Truman.’

Zoë was silent, wondering what to say.

‘Why would I do that, Mrs Armstrong.’

‘You know, Zoë, you and Gemma don’t lie very well. You are not in the same class as the slippery Mister Truman or my husband. Make sure you tell Samuel he should be there. In fact, Zoë, so should you and Gemma. Can you tell Gemma?’

‘Ah...of course...’

She wants Gemma and I there? What is she planning?

‘Good. I will see you all at six!’

Billie put the phone down, picked up her glass of wine and smiled.

It was all going according to plan!

‘Six o’clock at the house, sir,’ Zoë said to Samuel.

‘Great! Did you hear that, Jeremy?’

‘Yes, I did. We’ll get this sorted.’

‘Quite right. You didn’t tell her I’d be there, did you, Zoë?’ Samuel asked.

‘Ah, she told me to tell you, sir. She wants you there!’

‘Huh? She wants me there?’

‘Yes, and me. And Gemma. I’ve already told Gemma and she’ll be there.’

Samuel stared at Zoë and then frowned.

‘I don’t like the sound of that,’ Samuel muttered and Zoë suppressed a smile.

I do, she thought, turning away, I like the sound of it quite a bit! Suddenly this bollocks has become interesting!

Samuel whirled on Jeremy.

‘Are you sure you haven’t done anything lately?’

‘Not lately.’

‘What does that mean?’

‘Exactly what it sounds like,’ Jeremy said crossly.

‘Is there something you’re not telling me?’

‘You know about the affair,’ Jeremy hissed and Zoë pretended to read some papers.

‘Which affair?’ Samuel asked nastily.

‘The one with that office girl...’

‘The one we paid off, you mean! You promised you’d keep it in your trousers from then on.’

‘I have,’ Jeremy mumbled.

‘Hmmm. There’s something going on here...,’ Samuel muttered, ‘...and I don’t like it. I don’t like it at all!’

[3] In the Westminster system, elections must be held by a specified period but it is up to the Government through the Prime Minister to call the actual election. It can be early or at the due time but depends on the P.M.

Author Information

Carmenica Diaz is one of several nom de plumes the author uses.

Under the Diaz name, the author writes erotic fiction and transgender fantasy/romance fiction.

The author also writes lesbian romance fiction under the nom de plume of Jacqueline Pouliot.

Most books are available at www.lulu.com