

BDSM NOIR

VOL: 1

By

Zakfar Magni

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Volume 1

By Zakfar Magni

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1. Week Head

“It’s clear! You’ve won!” the woman said with a smile.

“Yeah!” the man replied. “So... I will be the head for the next week.” He turned his face towards the mirror.

This is not the first time, he thought wryly. Once again I’ve won the influential factors. I am a man. This is my society. In this third world society, I am supposed to lead my marriage. I know what everyone expects from me. Even my wife is like others.

I am living this artificial life since my childhood. I never thought that I would ever get a chance to fulfill my desires. But when I found her, I felt that things could work out. She was smart, and she had such a dominant mentality, and that was not all. She had many other things in her favor.

She was the only daughter of one of the richest men of our country. She could have everything that she wanted. I belonged to a middle class. When she accepted to marry me, I felt that she also wanted the same. It was not just her money. She superseded me in almost everything. She had been a better student since our education days. The influence of her communication was lot more than mine.

Since we were friends, I accepted her lead. I never denied any of her decisions. I showed her my obedience, and she was marvelous at that time. She had such an aggression that I cannot even tell. She walked by herself, and she talked by herself. She never even asked any of my permissions. She just decided the things for both of us. And I simply did them.

I do not know what happened. But just after the marriage, she started to change. And she changed a lot. She adopted the social standards. She became my wife, and made me her man. I did not know what to do. I wanted her to have the power. I wanted her to take the lead. I wanted her to understand that I wanted to submit myself to her. She never understood it.

Entire idea about this 'Week Head System' was to push her towards my desires. The concept was simple. We had made a list of the influential factors. And based on the results of one week, the head among us would be chosen. I thought that as she had a dominant mentality, and as she had more factors on her side, she would be the one to win that game. With the consistent winnings, she would become accustomed to dominating me. And then we would be able to adopt our new roles.

It did not work as I planned. I do not know why, but I could not lose for once. I tried and tried, but I failed. Every week, she has lesser points on her side, and I am the one chosen as our next 'Week Head'.

Six Years Ago:

“No! You’re wrong again!” she said with a smile. “This is true that we need to consider laws of economics while making the decisions for the businesses. However, in the real life, we can’t go for everything based on the simple laws. Normally, in the laws of economics, many factors are considered static, just like we do in algebra. In real business, we need to calculate all the factors. We can’t neglect anything. That is why we need to go through the market research. Lots of things that can be unimportant for one type of business can have high affects on others, even within similar industries. For example, the automobile industry, it only needs the market priorities. Like the type of vehicles people enjoy. But there is a margin of experiment here. However, the auto-parts industry, it’s highly dependent on the type of vehicles present in the market. You have very low margin for experiment. The types of goods you...”

“Ok! Ok!” he said while laughing loudly. “Ok! I got it... You’re always right.”

“I was just telling you... anyways. What kinds of plans do you have for the test on Monday?” she said with a smile.

“Not sure yet,” he said.

“Well, I think you need to work on that,” she said, while thinking.

“Don’t worry! Like always, I will work on that during the weekends and it will work good,” he said.

“No! Please! We still have Thursday and Friday with us. If I have to help you with that, I will prefer to utilize weekdays. On weekends, you know I face trouble. I can’t keep lying to my parents. Someday, they will find out that I’m not visiting my friend, but you. We’ll have some trouble.”

“Ok! As you wish,” he said.

“Ok! Then let’s go to the library. I need to grab some books. We gonna need them...”

Four Years Ago:

“I didn’t know that he would agree so easily,” he said with confusion.

“Me neither!” she said with smile. “Dad always said I would marry a business tycoon like him, or a minister, or one of the celebrities. And I know that he didn’t like to know that I love you. I think he has realized how much I love you. He knows that I can even kill myself if he pushed me further.”

“You love me so much,” he said with a sad voice. “And I don’t know if I really deserve you.”

“Shhh... Don’t say that! I’m made for you, and you’re made for me. We deserve each other. That’s for sure,” she said.

“Yes. I love you,” he said.

“But there is one thing,” she said. “I don’t know how will you think with this, but dad wants that both of us work in his company, together as a team.”

“I don’t mind. In fact, I would love to do that,” he said. “That’s your dad’s company, and even if you work in that alone, without me, I won’t mind.”

She laughed as if he had made a joke.

“That’s good then. I will tell dad that you agree with his requirement,” she said with happiness.

Three Years Ago:

“But why are you being so mad at him?” he said with confusion.

“Come on! You’re my husband. How can I accept your humiliation?” she said with anger.

“But I’m not humiliated with this,” he said.

“No! Don’t say that. I know you are humiliated. Dad made me the head of the department. This clearly means that you will have to work under me. This is not right. I can’t accept this,” she said with anger.

“What’s wrong with you? He has promoted you for your skills. He has clearly stated that this has nothing to do with your relationship with him,” he said.

“No! You don’t understand. You don’t know my dad. He wants us to have conflicts. He wants me to make mistakes. He wants you to stop loving me. He wants to break our marriage,” she said.

“What are you saying? He’s your dad, and he loves you. He has no intentions like that,” he said.

“No! No! Nothing makes sense. It is better for us to quit our jobs in my dad’s company. This is the only solution for this problem. We can get jobs somewhere else,” she said.

Two Years Ago:

“I’m quitting the job!” she said with anger.

“What? Why?” he said with confusion.

“I don’t want it. Your salary is enough for us,” she said in a sad voice.

“Look! I know there is something you’re hiding from me. Tell me please,” he said.

“Same shit! Well... forget about it. I don’t want to do a job at all,” she said with anger.

“I don’t understand. Everything is going perfect,” he said.

“Nothing is perfect. Because of my busy schedule, I can’t even take care of the house and kids. Sometimes even you need to work in the kitchen and house. I hate it all,” she said with anger.

“No! I do that myself. I want to help you. We both work and we should share the house chores as well,” he said with protest.

“That’s an idiotic idea. You should not handle what’s my responsibilities. I think this is the time now we should live a perfect marriage life. You go out for work, and I stay at home. We will be happy like everyone else,” she said. He breathed out loudly.

“As you wish,” he said in a sad voice.

One Year Ago:

“For what?” she said with confusion.

“I don’t like the current system of our marriage. You have sacrificed everything for me,” he said.

“Why do you think like that? People compromise few things to build a healthy relationship. I’m happy, and I know that you are happy. From where did this sacrificing thing came in?” she said.

“Ok! We are happy. Let’s say I want to modernize our relationship. I want to give you equal chance to lead our relationship. This will balance our rights,” he said.

“We already have our rights balanced. I am happy with everything we have,” she said.

“Please! I still think that this is not us. This is the society that has created impacts on our minds to build this system. You will understand the reasons behind this once we will have this system,” he said.

“Why is it so important for you?” she said.

“This is simple. You work so hard and still you don’t get the power to rule the house,” he said.

“This is not true. You never deny me for anything,” she said.

“Right! But with this system, you won’t even need to get my permissions. Instead, I will be the one seeking your permissions,” he said.

“You do it even now,” she said.

“Right! But that will be different. Currently, you think that I’m just informing you. You also never deny me. But later, you can decide to simply deny me,” he said.

“I love you. I can’t deny you for anything even after that,” she said.

“But you’re denying me this,” he said with a smile.

“I’m not denying you. I’m just telling you that this would mess up our system. Currently, we both know our roles. Deciding ‘week head’ means that we will only confuse ourselves,” she said.

“We won’t confuse ourselves. We will improve our roles,” he said with a smile.

I know you did not understand the actual reason for this system. You took it all wrong from the beginning. I never wanted us to have equal rights. I wanted you to become the permanent head. I wanted us to change our roles completely. And this is not just about the roles with respect to leadership in our relationship. I also wanted to act like a wife, and wanted you to work as a husband. I wanted you to go out to work while I stay at home and handle all the house chores. I know this is too much to ask in our society, and you did not want it either. With this system of Week Head, I wanted to bring the things onto my desired track slowly. Even if not exactly the same, I might be able to convert you into more aggressive and demanding woman who will give me simple orders all the time. You would shout at me and you would tease me whenever you want, and all I would do would be to follow your decisions and never complain.

We had a great opportunity with your dad's interaction. I know that you were offered promotions in other companies as well. All this could make you my head on our jobs, which would have also affected our personal lives. But you denied all those opportunities. You finally adopted the role our society had chosen for us. I really hate this action of yours. I wish you could understand me for once. I know that you are intentionally losing the game. You do not want to be the head in our relationship. I know that my desires will never be fulfilled.

“You lost again,” he said with sadness.

“Yes,” she said with a smile.

I wish you could understand me. I am your wife. I know exactly what do you want. You want to test me out on how far I can go before I lose my control. You want to see when I fail to deliver you my job as your wife. I hate this. I hate you for not trusting me. You have no right to play with my feelings. You knew already that I was such a dominating girl. You should know how much it hurts me

when I have to suppress my desires to take the lead. When will you understand that I truly love you and that I have no intention to do anything to humiliate you?

I did everything for you. It looks like you do not really know how much I loved all those jobs. You do not know how much I loved those promotions. But that would have messed up everything. With the leads at work it would become very difficult for me to play the role of your wife perfectly in our relationship. I did not want to lose you just for that reason. I did not want to lose your love and respect for me.

Please do not hurt me more with playing these games. I wish you could understand how aggressive and dominant I am inside. Before meeting you, I really wanted to have full power and authority in my relationship. Your love changed me. It was all your love that forced me to adopt the role of a wife. Otherwise, I would have never worked in a house. I would have preferred to move to another country and marry someone who could do all the womanly jobs while I went out to work.

“Open communication is the solution to build a Mutual Understanding. Sometimes you fail yourself by not accepting the opportunities.”

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2. Forced Submission

The living room was dark. I moved and entered the bedroom. Julie was on the bed with her eyes closed. I took some soundless steps towards the other side and pulled the sheet to move my body inside.

Tick.

The lights turned on.

“Do you know what time it is, baby?” she said with anger. I turned to see her. She was awake.

“You know it’s Saturday and I...”

“Yeah! That’s what I’m saying,” she said, still angry. “This is Saturday. And this is the third week you are home so late on Saturday. I told you that I will cook your favorite meal today. But you didn’t come home...”

She started to cry.

“Oh come on, baby!” I said, and moved towards her. I hugged her. “I told you already. All six days are yours, and one day is for my friends. We need to build a schedule to allocate some time for our social circles as well.”

“But why Saturday?” she said with anger. “You can go on Sunday as well. On Saturday, I always have plans for us... and you don’t even tell me that you won’t get home. You could have told me that.”

“Sorry. That’s my mistake. Did you eat?”

“Yes!” she retorted vehemently.

“You’re lying,” I said with a smile. I knew that she never ate without me, especially when she cooked something especially for me.

“I’m not hungry,” she said.

“But I am... and I want to eat my favorite food that you cooked for me. Let’s go!”

“Honey, I have to tell you something,” Julie said in a sad voice.

“Yes?” I said. I was watching the television.

“I never ask you for anything like this, but I have started to feel bad now. This is not fair,” she said in a sad voice.

“What’s not fair?”

“I never asked you to help me in the house chores. But you should at least try not to make such a mess around the house. You know I get home so late and I get tired from my job too. You should think about this,” she said in the same sad voice.

I felt bad inside. I felt the guilt. She was right. She worked more hours than me and then she did all the cleaning. I was not helping her with the cleaning. At least I should help her by not making so much mess.

“Look, baby, I don’t deliberately do it. It has always been the same,” I said in a low voice. I did not know why I could not simply accept what she was asking.

“I don’t want to push you for anything, baby. But I just want you to know... You’re hurting me this way,” she said.

It was not my mistake. I knew how much Julie loved me. She would do anything for me. And I knew I was hurting her. But I could not stop myself. My mind was not under my control. Since I was young, I had a dominant mentality. I never accepted anyone’s lead. I always did whatever I wanted. If someone tried to push me, I either fought with him or left him completely. I could not submit.

Initially, everything was perfect between two of us. Julie accepted all that I wanted. And I was happy. Even later, she had the same behavior. Only I changed. It started with her consistent progress at her job. She was a very beautiful girl, and I was always confused about her choosing me. But when she

started to earn lot more than me, it resulted in some kind of trauma that highly affected my mind.

At first, I felt it was better for me to leave her. But I loved her, and I knew that she also loved me. In fact, she loved me a lot more than I loved her. It was when I realized this I decided to try to convince myself that there was nothing wrong between us. She had not done anything bad to me, and I should not think badly of her.

I did not do it intentionally. I did not deliberately push her to make her cry. It all just happened. Maybe my mind wanted to prove to her, and in fact myself, who was in charge. Many times my actions did not have any other reasons besides showing off that I was the head of our relationship and my decisions took priority over hers.

I think it was all my love for Julie. I was afraid that she would take over our relationship, which would result in our separation. I knew myself very well. I knew that if that were to happen I would simply leave her. I had done that in the past, and I could do the same again. I agreed that there was nothing wrong with her. It was all with me. It was my good feelings for her that forced me to do all those bad things. My jealousy was for her success, and my success was in her failure. I could not understand why.

There could be another reason for my actions too. I had started to feel that our relationship would not last for long. She was an angel, and was financially successfully. Someday, she would leave me. And when that happened it would hurt me a lot. Maybe my mind was preparing itself for that time. Maybe I wanted to get hurt least. Many of my decisions were based on the idea that if she had to leave me it would be better that she left me now. However, I never exposed her my internal feelings. I had no courage to do that. I did not want her to leave me.

The more I pushed her, the more I felt bad inside. By hurting her, I was hurting myself too. Julie was a very strong girl. She cried and protested, but she never once said that she would leave me. She did not even tell me that I had changed or that I had become a bad guy.

“Honey! Will you be home tonight for the dinner?” I heard Julie’s voice on my cell phone.

“I think... it won’t be possible today. I’m sorry. I got some friends here in the party and we have to...”

“Ok! Is it ok if I have some time with my friends as well?” she said. I felt something strange. She had never stayed with her friends in late hours.

“Where?”

“You know Sheila. It’s her birthday,” she replied.

“Ok!”

What could I say? I spent most of my weekends with my friends while she was staying at home waiting for me. It was the first time she had decided to spend her weekend in her friends’ circle.

“Tring!” “Tring!” “Tring!”

I opened the door to see three men in grey uniform.

“Yes?”

“HF home cleaning services. We were hired by you,” he said and held some papers towards me. I took them and checked them. Julie had hired them. They had been paid in advance for their services, to clean our house on a daily basis.

“Hold on!” I said and picked up my cell phone. I dialed Julie’s number.

“Hi, baby,” Julie said simply.

“Baby! Have you hired a cleaning service?”

“Yes, I did. Are they at home?” she said.

“Yes!” I said.

“Please tell them to...” She started to give me the details of what they were supposed to do in the home. I heard her, and then did as she told me. But I felt really bad with that.

My fears were right. It had started. She did not ask my permission to hire the cleaning service. Besides, as she came home late, I was the one to tell those guys what they were supposed to do. Technically, I was managing all the house chores now.

I did not know how to behave. I did not even know how to think. Sometimes I felt bad and anger for all this. But sometimes I tried to push myself to understand her. She was not doing anything wrong. Still, I could not convince myself.

I got a shock when I opened the door. There was no one in the bed. I pulled out my cell phone and dialed Julie’s number.

“Yeah, baby?” Julie said.

“Do you know what time it is?”

“Time? Oh shit! Sorry, baby! I’m really sorry! I’m leaving right away,” she said with fear.

“Get back here! I’m waiting for you,” I said, breathing loudly. This would be the third weekend she arrived home after me.

“Sorry, baby! If you want... The dinner is ready. It’s in the kitchen...”

“Get here! We will eat together!”

I dropped the line and started to think. Things had started to take a bad turn. It was right that I made this rule; it had started to hurt me now.

“Baby, I wanna leave this city,” I said with my head down, not looking at her.

“What?” Julie shouted.

“Yes. I’ve got a good job in another city. And I wanna go there,” I said with same sadness.

Silence.

It was a big shock for her.

“How much time do we have?” she asked in a low voice. I looked up to watch her confusion. She did not understand me.

“Time?”

“Yes. How much time do we have? I need to inform my company at least two weeks before going. If I leave them without doing that it would greatly damage my reputation.”

What could I say? My head dropped again. She did not understand me. I was not asking her to move to another town. I wanted to leave her. I had decided to do that to take a break from her. I had started to feel very bad about what she was doing, but I did not want to do something that would hurt her more.

I felt guilty that she would quit her job so that she could come with me. How could I leave such a woman who loved me so much? Why should I feel bad for her? The only thing important for her was me, and I had no right to treat her badly.

This decision created another positive effect on my mind at that time. I was moving with a job, whereas she would have to search one out. I could win the influential race between us. I could satisfy my needs of dominating her with full power.

I did not know what exactly I wanted. My problem was with her job, and if she decided to leave it and stayed with me as a housewife, it could solve many

things. However, it was not a simple thing for me to ask. I did not know how she would respond. This could be the turning point for our relationship. If she refused, it could have terrible consequences. Even if she did not leave me after that, I would not be able to live with her any more. And if she left me, I could do anything, even kill myself.

“Don’t worry baby! We’ll find a way,” she said in a sad voice.

“That motherfucker! Now he says that I’m not good for them,” I shouted with anger.

I was not accepted at the job, even though they had already sent me the job acceptance letter. They had done it in a way that I could not even sue them. I did not know how to react. I wanted to cry. I was feeling extreme sadness inside. I had so many expectations with this change in scenario, and now it had reversed completely once again. They had taken a week for this process, and during this time Julie had already got a job approval somewhere. Her new job was lot better than her old one at our previous city. I had failed once again.

“Please, baby!” Julie moved towards me and hugged me. She realized that I was very close to crying. Instead of me, she had started to cry. “Please, baby. I can’t see you like this. We’ll find out a way. I will talk to my friends here. You will get a better job than this one.”

I felt a sudden burst of anger. I could not keep hold of myself any more. I quickly removed her from me and pushed her away.

“I don’t need your help!” I shouted with anger to give her a shock. “This is all happening because of you.”

“What? What are you saying?” she said in confusion. She had stopped crying.

“Even in this city you got a job before me, and this one is even better than your previous one. Once again I’ve failed,” I said, finally letting out what I had been hiding from her for so long.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

She had become a statue. Tears fell from her eyes. She stayed there for some time like this. Slowly, she stood up, turned, and started to walk away. She could not continue, and then fell on the floor.

“So... this is it?” she said, and started to cry loudly. She turned her face towards me. She shouted with great anger, “Why didn’t you tell me this?”

It was the first time she had shouted at me in this way. It was clear that she was broken from inside. My emotions were complicated. I felt guilt, pain, anger, and sadness, all mixed up in a way that I did not know how to respond.

“Why didn’t you tell me all this?” she shouted again with her loud cry.

“What should I tell you?” I shouted back. “What?”

I could not hold myself any more. My head dropped and I started to cry. I was broken. I was defeated by my own fate. I had finally submitted myself. I did not want to live any more. But before I killed myself, I wanted to apologize to her. Nothing was her mistake. Nature had brought this complication by giving me a different life than my mentality. I loved her, but the way I wanted to build our relationship, things were not favorable for that.

My crying created a big impact on Julie. Once again she became a statue. But this time, the flow of tears from her eyes had stopped. She had never seen me crying. She did not understand what had happened.

“I know, Julie, that I’ve hurt you. That is why I wanted to leave you. It wasn’t just changing where I lived. I wanted to end our relationship. I knew that if I stayed with you, I would only hurt you. I would do bad things, and I will always

become an obstacle to your success. I think this is the right punishment for me. I have learned that you are not made for me. It is indeed better for us to separate.”

“What are you saying?” she said in a low voice with confusion. I could not reply. “From where did you get this thing that I would ever leave you?”

She had stood up. She moved towards me and hugged me.

“I won’t, baby,” she said, and started to cry. “I would never leave you. If you have a problem with my job, you should have simply told me that. I would do all that you want. But please, you need to trust me. I love you, and I can do anything for you.”

“No Julie! This is not right. You have every right to choose your career and work on...”

“What career?” she interrupted. “What are you talking about? Not all the people in the world are worried about their careers. People have different priorities. And for me, you are the one. For me, my relationship with you is most important. I can sacrifice anything to have our happiness.”

“Different people have different priorities. Assumptions should not hinder the walk of life. No one can win a race without participating in the competition.”

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3. Your Majesty

“But your Majesty, this can be a great risk,” the King’s advisor said in a tense voice. He was alone with the King in his private meeting room.

“This is what I want,” the King said with the smile.

Silence.

Advisor kept breathing loudly with his eyes dropped on the floor. It was clear that he was trying to hold his emotions inside. He was lost in his thoughts. He was trying to find out the words to convince the King. They had been talking for more than an hour, but the King was resolute in his decision.

“Your Majesty, please don’t do this. Please! I beg you! You have never denied me for anything. You always trust my intelligence. I don’t know why you are not believing me on this one,” the advisor requested.

“That is the problem here, actually,” the King said with a smile. “You are taking it personally.”

“No, Your Majesty! That is not true. I am really worried about you. I know exactly what you want. But this woman, she is just not what you need. I am sure that she did all this on purpose. She did exactly what she is accused of. She is indeed guilty of that crime,” advisor said.

“Yes! And I know that,” the King said with a smile.

“You know that? You mean, you know she is guilty?” the advisor asked in confusion.

“Exactly! I know that she did all that. And that is why I want to be with her,” the King said to increase his advisor’s confusion.

For a while, the advisor stayed silent, looking at the floor.

“So, you want to be with her because of something... like... you want her to torture you,” advisor said.

Silence.

“You have been my advisor for so long. I could not tell this to anyone. But today I want to tell you all this. Yes! You’re right. For a long, long time I have had a desire to be with someone... a woman... so cruel that I can be afraid of her. And she is the one. I really don’t know what it is, but from the moment I heard her story I really wanted to be with her. You can’t even imagine,” the King said with passion and then stopped, breathing heavily.

“Your Majesty,” the advisor started slowly without pulling up his face, “I am indeed thrilled with your trust in me. I wish you could have shared all this with me earlier. I know you feel as if you are the only one with such feelings, but that is not true. In this world, there are plenty of people like you. There are people who enjoy suffering and pain, mainly from the opposite sex.”

“There are people with such feelings?” the King said in surprise.

“Yes, your majesty, there are! In fact, it is as common as there are people who enjoy torturing others. The only difference is that they keep their feelings hidden from everyone. And now, as you have told me, I promise you that I will arrange someone appropriate for your desires. Just leave it to me. I’m telling you, this woman is not for you. Forget her, please! She is dangerous. She killed her husband. She tortured him to death. She is just crazy,” the advisor said.

“Sounds interesting,” the King said slowly. “But you’re still missing the point. I don’t want someone who is doing this for my pleasure. You know I am the King. I am not afraid of anyone. I have never been. But she is the only one I am indeed afraid of. She is the only one who can fulfill this desire of mine. I want this fear. I want to enjoy this fear. And that is why I want to be with her.”

“But Your Majesty,” the advisor started with some irritation, “It’s too risky. She is the cruelest person we have ever heard of in our entire history. She kept her husband locked in a cell and tortured him every day. She kept him alive only for her desires. She did not even provide him enough food. Killing him seems to be due to an accident. And don’t forget that we had news from neighboring countries about dead bodies found in similar circumstances. She might be that psycho serial killer everyone has been trying to find.”

“Stop! Stop! I can’t listen to any more of this,” the King started to shout, his face becoming red. It was clear that he was intensely stimulated by the whole conversation. “Let’s bring her in. I want to spend my time with her. And this is an order,” he said and stood up. “Bring her to my room.”

“But Your Majesty...”

“Enough! Do as I say! I’m not a child. I know what I’m doing. I am the King.”

“Sit here!” the King said and the woman sat beside the King on the long sofa. They were in the King’s bedroom. “Do you know why you’re here?”

Silence.

“Answer me!” the King said in an authoritative voice.

“No,” she replied without any particular expression. The King felt thrill run through him. Her reply lacked all the respect that he was normally given. She did not even call him ‘Your Majesty’.

“Is this the way you talk to your King?” he asked with some irritation in his voice. She smiled.

“Look, you are a king. And I know you are going to kill me no matter what. Why should I give you respect if you are going to give me the death penalty? You might have liked me, and would want to have sex with me. Anyway, you are the King, and you can force me to do what you want. I know I won’t be able to stop you. So do what you want, and then kill me,” she said in a cold voice that sent a thrill through the King again.

“Are you not afraid of death?” the King asked. She lifted her head, smiling, but there was something in her expression that sent another thrill through him.

“Death?” she said and slightly gnashed her teeth. “I am going to die soon. I’m ready for that. I was always ready to die.”

“Ok, but tell me: did you really do what you are accused of?” he asked.

“What do you want to hear from me? You want me to defend myself?” she said.

“Just tell me,” he said.

“I don’t want to defend myself. If you think I should die, then just kill me. I know it doesn’t make any difference what I say,” she said with anger. “Even if I tell you that I didn’t do that, you will simply accuse me of lying. You all are same. All of you...”

“All of us? Who?” the King said.

“Men!” she said.

“What is wrong with you? I’m your king, and I’m asking you to tell me if you did that or not. You know I have the power to save you from the death,” he said with anger.

“Look, Your Majesty,” she finally said it, but in a voice that sounded more as though she was making fun of him, “I’m not a fool. You can’t save me even if you want. All the people, everyone, is against me. I’m not just charged for killing my husband. They also think that I’m a witch or a psycho-killer. If you try to save me, your entire nation will stand up against you.”

“Ok, I promise you: I will save you. I’m a king, and I have other ways to do that,” he said in a stern voice.

“How? How will you save me?” she said with confusion.

“I can put someone else to get killed instead of you... in a mask. No one will know that it was not you,” the King said.

“But why? Why would you do so?” she said, confused.

“I will do it if I want to do it,” he said with a smile.

“All right, but what do you want from me?” she said.

“I want to know if you did that or not?” he said.

“Why you are so interested in knowing?” she asked.

“Just tell me,” he said.

“I didn’t. Why would I? It was all an accident. People say that I had kept him in a cell and had controlled his food... I don’t understand anything. That cell was for keeping pigs. And I really don’t know why did he not eat anything in last few days. He had just returned from a visit to city next to us, and then it all happened. I didn’t do anything,” she said in a sad voice.

King’s face dropped with sadness. All his sexual urges had suddenly stopped. He was no more feeling the same for her.

“Ok,” the King slowly said in a low voice.

“Now what happened to you?” she said with confusion.

“It’s... you would not understand,” he said, and smiled.

“I might not understand, but can’t you tell me anyway? You are saving me from my death and I’m going to do anything you want,” she said with a smile.

“You can’t do what I want,” he said in a low voice. “You are not the one I thought you were.”

She stayed silent for a while, watching him with full concentration.

“You wanted me to be that woman who killed her husband after torturing him,” she said with a smile. “Isn’t that true?”

“Yes,” the King said in a low voice.

“But why?” she asked with a smile.

“I told you. You would not understand,” he said.

“What if I tell you that you were right about me,” she said, still smiling. He raised his head to look at her with confusion.

“You are lying now,” he replied.

“Whatever. If this is good for you,” she said.

“No! It won’t work. Now I know that you are not that woman, I can’t feel the same for you,” he said.

“But why don’t you tell me what exactly you wanted from me?” she said.

“I wanted you to torture me,” he said.

“What?”

“Yes. I wanted you to use the same craziness on me as you did on your husband. I would have submitted myself to you. I wanted you to treat me like... But this is not possible as you are not that woman.”

“What are you saying? I can handle the torture,” she said.

“You can?” he said.

“Yes, I can do that. But I don’t understand why you want that. You are a king. Why would you want to submit to a woman and then want her to hurt you?” she asked.

“I told you. You won’t understand. It would not hurt me. It would give me pleasure,” he said.

“If it will give you pleasure then I can do it,” she said.

“Ok! Then let’s do it.”

“No! Not right now,” she said.

“What?”

“How can I be so sure that you are not going to kill me?” she said.

“My words don’t mean anything to you?” the King said angrily.

“No! They don’t,” she said in a stern voice and he stared at her. Her behavior had returned, and the King’s excitement started to grow. He began to breathe heavily.

“What do you want?” he said.

“First, do what you said. Kill someone else instead of me. You can always have me, and I can do all that you want,” she said.

“Now you are making me angry,” he said. “You are not the person I thought. I can use anyone for my desires.”

“You are wrong, Your Majesty,” she said with an evil smile. “I am the one you thought I was.”

The King gulped.

“You are?” he said.

“Yes, I am. I only said what I did because I thought you would kill me if I told you the truth. But I did all that I’m charged with. I enjoy hurting men. I killed all those men. I used them as my sex slaves; I tortured them and then I killed them for my pleasure,” she said, her eyes wide.

King felt the thrills run through him. He had never felt like this before. Her eyes burned as if with fire, and his body was hot with passion. He wanted to fall at her feet and start crying for her to beat him.

“You won’t kill me... right?” the King said with fear.

“Why would I kill you?” she said with a smile. “I would love to have a king as my slave. Once I have you, I won’t need to run here and there. You can even provide me other men to kill.”

“I... I can do whatever you want,” he said, breathing heavily.

“Then do it!” she ordered. “Kill someone, give them my name, and let everyone know that I’m dead.”

“I will do it right away,” he said, and stood up.

“One more thing,” she said. “You said that you will submit to me. Is that right? Do you really want to do that?”

“Yes! I told you. I want to do that,” he said.

“And you will do everything for me?” she asked.

“Yes!”

“Then you need to kill some more people,” she said thoughtfully. “All those people who live in my neighborhood, and the people in the court, they have seen me. They would recognize me some day later. I want you to kill them all.”

“What? What are you saying? This is too much,” he said.

“See! You are not interested in truly submitting to me,” she said with a smile.

“No! I mean... it’s too many people,” he said in a sad voice.

“You know yourself it can’t work if they are alive. You have to kill them all. You don’t have any option if you really want to keep me alive and submit yourself to me,” she said with a smile.

“Ok. I will do it,” he agreed in a low and sad voice.

“And let me tell you in advance: this is just the beginning. You were wrong about yourself. A relationship with me is going to hurt you a lot,” she said.

“Now I understand that,” he said in the same way. “But I don’t know why... I can’t stop myself. You are the cruelest person I have ever met. And you are the one I have always wanted.”

“Yes! All of them are dead... including my personal advisor, someone very special to me,” the King told her in a low, sad voice.

“You know... I didn’t know that people like you existed,” she said, and laughed. “Why was I moving around for my pleasure? If I had you earlier, it would be lot easier for me to fulfill my desires.”

“Yes,” the King said, smiling. “I wish I could have found you some other way. Because it was like this, I needed to kill lots of people I really liked.”

“Oh! You’re still worried about them,” she said with the same evil smile.
“Do you know that now you are the only one who knows I’m alive?”

“You said you won’t kill me,” the King said, gulping. He was alone in the room and he was not sure what she was capable of doing to him.

“Don’t worry! I won’t kill you. It’s in my interests to keep you alive,” she said.

“It’s good then,” he smiled.

“But it doesn’t mean that I will let you remain in power. You will live, but only to become my slave. You will not remain the same man. I will make you miserable. You will want to die. You will regret your decision to choose me,” she said.

“Yes! Please do it!” he said, breathing heavily and very much excited.

She moved towards him and stopped very close to him.

“Remove your clothes... you idiot king!” she commanded.

He quickly did as he was told. She also started to remove her clothes.

“From now on, you will do exactly as I say. Now, move onto bed. I am really happy that you did all that I said. First, I will let you have some fun,” she said.

He jumped on the bed and lay on his back. She moved towards a corner and opened the chest she had placed there. She pulled out a whip and moved towards the bed.

“Turn over! You are going to get some fun on your back!”

Whack!

Whack!

Whack!

“Yes please! More...! Ahhh!”

Whack!

“Now turn over again,” she ordered.

The King obeyed, and she bound his wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed.

“Ok, Your Majesty,” she said with an evil smile on her face, “Time for fun is over. Now it is the time for true me.”

“What do you intend to do?” the King said with fear. He was helpless and completely naked. There was no way he could free himself from the ropes holding him spread-eagled on the bed. The woman was moving towards him with a dagger in her hand. “You said you would not kill me.”

“Yes, I said that,” she said, sitting on the bed beside him. “And I won’t kill you. I also told you that I would hurt you a lot. I will make you miserable. You will want to die. You will regret your decision to choose me. You will not remain the same... man,” she said. “I could have used my fingernails, or I could have used my teeth. I may use either or both... later. For now, I am going to use the sharp point of this dagger.

Feel free to scream. I don’t think anyone will hear you...”

“Sanity is as important as consent of the partners. Choose your partners wisely!”

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4. Apple Domination

Once upon a time, in a far away land, there was a kingdom named Faresia. It was famous for its prosperity and its luxuries. People living there were well known for their knowledge of arts and culture. The land was big and it was enriched with all kinds of resources. The King had two sons and a daughter, and he had already taken steps to ensure that each of his children would have their proper share of the kingdom and its resources when he died. Everyone was happy. Even the poor in that kingdom had all the basic necessities.

There lived a man named Mombli. He was a sorcerer. He had a son named Bakeeza. Mombli loved his son and he transferred all this mystical knowledge to him. But for some reason, Bakeeza did not appreciate his father much, perhaps because Mombli was too strict with him. From an early age Bakeeza did not like to take orders from others. He wanted to do as he wanted. He had a dream that one day he would become so powerful that no one could deny him anything. He would not have to take orders from others but would give them the orders.

“Yes! We need to eat the complete apple, and have to stay silent while doing that,” Mombli said.

“And if we do that, we can do anything?” Bakeeza asked, not understanding.

“No, idiot! That brings Apple Domination in you. Each apple can be used to create a slavery spell on someone. You eat the apple, and you can make him your permanent slave. But remember, the first person who listens to your voice after eating that apple would be the only affected.”

“But what’s so special about those apples? We can use other spells as well to force others to do things for us,” Bakeeza said.

“No other spell has permanent effects. Using others, we can force someone to do something, or make them obey you for a period of time, but these apples are

far more powerful. You can make someone a slave of yours for his entire life. He will act like normal, and he will think like normal. He will remember everything, and he will know who he is. But his mind will simply accept you as his master. He would not do anything against you or against your orders. Because of the way it works, no one will even learn that he is under a spell. And yes, there is no anti-spell. It's indeed permanent. There is no other spell in the world to match the kind of domination that's possible with this," Mombli said with a smile.

"Wow! Where can we find those apples?" Bakeeza asked in excitement.

"No one knows. In fact, no one can tell for sure if they actually exist or if it is just a myth. For three generations we have been trying to find the tree that grows the apple. We all have failed. Maybe someday you will be able to find that out," Mombli said with some sadness in his voice.

"I cannot believe this! I really can't believe this!" Mombli shouted his pleasure. "We have found it! Yes, son! This is it!"

Mombli and Bakeeza were standing in the middle of a jungle. Just in front of them, there was a huge tree. It had small red apples, the size of lemons. They were shining brightly in the light of the full moon. Mombli and Bakeeza were both dancing with pleasure.

"Go, son! Climb the tree!" Mombli said, and Bakeeza started to climb up. "Yes! Now start throwing me those apples!"

Bakeeza plucked an apple and drew his arm back to throw it. Then he stopped. A smile ran across his face. He quickly jumped down from the tree.

"What are you doing?" Mombli shouted, angry his son had disobeyed him.

"Let's test this out, father," Bakeeza said, and quickly pushed the apple into his mouth.

“What are you doing?” Mombli said with some fear. Bakeeza did not reply, and Mombli started to back away from him. He quickly moved his hands to press them over his ears. Unintentionally, he had even closed his eyes. Bakeeza moved closer and pushed his mouth towards Mombli.

“Dad! Do you hear me?” Bakeeza said loudly.

“Yes, son!” Mombli said, and he quickly opened up his eyes. There was surprise on his face.

“Wow! It’s working!” Bakeeza said, delighted. “So you have become my slave, dad.”

“Yes, son!” Mombli replied.

Bakeeza started to look around. He quickly moved and picked out a small plant.

“Now bend over! Kneel!” Bakeeza ordered, and Mombli quickly obeyed.

“What are you doing, son?” Mombli asked with fear in his voice.

“So you can ask questions too?” Bakeeza said with a smile. “I’m actually testing out what I’m capable of doing with this... Apple Domination!”

Bakeeza quickly removed all the small branches from the stem and then moved towards the back of Mombli. Now he moved the stick and smashed it on Mombli’s back.

Slash!

“Ouch! What are you doing, son?” Mombli burst out his pain. “I’m your dad.”

“You are my slave now!” Bakeeza said angrily, and moved the stick again.

Slash!

“This is for all the years of telling me to do the things that I did not want to do.”

Slash!

“Please, son. Don’t do that!” Mombli said. But he did not alter his position.

“Shut up, slave! Now listen! This is my order: you will never eat any of these apples... even if you’re dying from hunger.”

“Ok!”

“Now get over that tree, and collect those apples for me.”

Mombli quickly stood up and ran towards the tree.

“Hahahahaha! I will rule the whole world!!!”

The bed in the middle of the room was huge, and it had curtains on all four sides. On the bed, there was a man lying naked. There was a naked girl just beside him, with one of her legs and one arm placed on his body. They were both sleeping. Suddenly, the sound of a bell started echoing in the room. This seemed to have no effect on the man, but the girl quickly opened her eyes.

“My lord! My lord! Wake up! It’s morning!” she said, moving her fingers on his face. He moved slowly.

“Ah! So early!” he said, and the girl laughed.

“It’s not early! Listen, the bell is ringing. It’s your time to get up,” she told him, and the man slowly moved away.

“Yeah! It’s a long journey. I have to leave,” he said and sat on the bed. “By the way, Benina, you are very beautiful.”

“Thanks, my lord!” she said excitedly. “I wish you could visit more often. I’m always waiting for you. I always miss you.”

“I miss you too,” he said as he stood up.

In the next few minutes, they were both dressed, and leaving the room. It was just one of many in a big mansion.

“When will you come next time, my lord?” the girl asked with some sadness.

“I will see. I can’t tell you right now. But I’m thinking about moving you to the Palace,” the man replied.

“Oh Prince Sorian! Thanks, my lord!” she said with excitement. “But don’t you think that your wife will have trouble with that?”

“She will. But don’t worry. I will handle that,” Prince Sorian told her with a smile. “Many Princes have mistresses besides their wives.”

“Oh my lord! I can’t tell you how happy I am.”

They left the building. There was a big coach standing outside. It was enclosed, and had six horses to draw it. A guard opened the door as Prince Sorian drew closer. Prince turned and kissed the girl once more and then entered the coach. When the coach started to move, the girl waved.

In a few minutes, the coach was moving across the jungle. Suddenly, it stopped.

“What happened?” Prince Sorian asked from the window.

“A tree has fallen in the way. We gonna move it quickly,” a voice returned.

Two guards had taken their places on each side of the coach to cover the doors, while many others had taken position around it. Suddenly, one of the guards turned towards Sorian.

“I want to talk to you,” he said, quickly swallowing the last of what he was eating. The Prince recognized him as Bakeeza.

“Sure!”

“Let me come inside.”

It was a big hall. Although there was a King's throne, it was not the official throne room for the public meetings. It was used for the private meeting and discussions between the King and his ministers and personal advisors. Currently, all the seats were full. The King was present. All the faces carried tension.

"But why?" the King shouted with anger and sadness. No one replied, and the King's voice kept echoing for a while. There was silence of death in the hall. "Why did he kill Jovian? Sorian had never showed any aggression towards him."

"It's obvious, my lord. He did it for the throne," one of the advisors said sadly.

"I can't believe this. He never showed that much attraction towards the throne. Besides, he knew that even in Jovian's reign he would have much land to rule by himself," the King said.

For a few minutes, no one said anything.

"My lord, there must be something missing here," one of the advisors said.

"What?" the King said.

"I don't really understand why would Prince Sorian needed to kill Prince Jovian himself. I mean, even if he wanted his brother dead, he could have utilized someone else for that. That would have been more secure, and better in every sense. Why should he risk his own life? Using someone else would keep us from learning that he was the one behind it," the advisor said and many people started to nod.

"And his plan seemed to be very foolish," another advisor added, "Just going and killing with a dagger. He was lucky that Prince Jovian did not wake up on time, or he would have failed to kill him."

"Then what can be reason?" the King asked.

"May be he's under some kind of a spell. Someone is using him," an advisor said.

“But I have talked to him myself. He talks and acts normally. He was crying, and he felt guilty for what he had done. And he accepted that he did it. He didn’t seem as though he was under a spell,” the King said with anger in his voice.

“One thing is for sure, my lord. Even if he did that himself, you should not punish him. He’s the only heir left for the throne,” an advisor said.

The King started to think. Although he was angered at Prince Sorian, he knew that the advisor was right. After the death of Prince Jovian, Prince Sorian was the heir. If he was given the death penalty then there will not be any heir left. He could not leave the throne to his daughter and her future husband.

“This is something I never wanted,” the King said with extreme sadness, “and to think that all this has happened within my lifetime. Oh Sorian! I wish you could have waited until my death.”

Suddenly, the door opened and a messenger entered. He was carrying a papyrus letter. He moved to one of the advisors of the King and passed the roll. As soon as he opened it, he stood up in shock. He turned to the King, and quickly passed him the letter.

The King took it and stood up as well, which surprised everyone.

“What happened, my lord?”

“Prince Sorian killed himself.”

“You see, dad? Everything is working as I planned,” Bakeeza said with a smile. Mombli was also smiling.

“Yeah! That’s good!”

“Are you happy for me?” Bakeeza said.

“Yes! I am! You beat me sometimes, but that’s ok. I had been bad with you too in the past. But I’m happy that things are working for you,” Mombli said.

“Now what do you think the King is gonna do?”

“He will need a husband for the princess,” Mombli said, grinning.

“And who is gonna be that?”

“You! Indeed you!”

“No one can stop me now. With Apple Domination, I’m gonna rule the entire world.”

“But my lord, why not one of the Princes or any of the nobles?” an advisor asked.

“I’m sure that someone has planned this. And I want him to fail. I will bring the husband for my daughter from where it would be least expected. I will try my best to give this kingdom to the right person to rule. Someone brave enough to face any danger, and strong enough to fight anyone,” the King said with a passion in his voice.

“Listen! Everyone!” the announcer was shouting loudly in the middle of the market. He gained everyone’s attention. “There is one more chance for you. If there is anyone strong enough and brave enough, then stand up. This is the direct announcement from the King. Whoever kills Zobo alone in the match will marry the princess and will become the heir of Faresia!”

The uproar that followed was not new. It was the fifth week this announcement had been made. Every week the contest was held. But Zobo was not someone to beat that easily. He was a monster. He was said to be cursed by his own magic. He was only part human. His torso was that of a strong man. But he had arms of wolf, head of lion and legs that were something like a bird. Eight feet tall, Zobo could jump more than sixteen feet high, kill anyone in a flash with

his arms, and tear up the body of anyone with his bare hands. Stronger than the strongest had tried, and all had failed. Such announcements were being made in many parts of the world. People had started to visit Faresia.

At the corner of the market, Bakeeza was standing with a smile on his face. Just beside him was Mombli.

“Looks like the time has come,” Bakeeza said.

“Yes! Now no one will suspect you. You can go this week,” Mombli said with a smile.

It was a big oval shaped amphitheatre coliseum. It had two main doors on two sides, one for the entrance of Zobo and the other for his opponent. Seating for the spectators was on all sides. There was a huge crowd there. On one side of the performance space, some people were dragging a dead body towards the other gate.

Zobo was standing in the middle. He was shouting loudly. Although he was only part human, he could think and understand everything. He knew what he was. And he knew what he was doing. He enjoyed killing people. And he was happy, as he already had eight victims that day.

“Now who else is there?” the announcer shouted. “All the opponents have failed so far. Is there anyone from the crowd who wants to try? Anyone? Anyone strong and brave enough? Anyone who has been hiding until now?”

Everyone there seemed to be afraid. They had seen what Zobo had done to his opponents. None of them would have any chance of surviving for more than a few minutes. Once in the performance space, their death became inevitable. It had been happening for the last five weeks. More than a hundred people had died in the contest. None of them could even scratch Zobo’s body. It was not just because he was strong and powerful. He was also very fast.

“Once again I need to remind you that the winner will be our next king! The King of Faresia! And look at the Princess! Don’t stop yourself, if you think you can fight Zobo!”

He kept shouting for a few minutes. It seemed that no one had the slightest interest in fighting Zobo. They were only there to watch it. The announcer looked at the King, but before he could give the order to close down the contest day, Bakeeza stood up from the spectators.

“Ok! I will fight Zobo!” he said and lots of faces turned towards him. As soon as they saw him, they started to laugh. Even the announcer smiled.

“Look... whoever you are. If you want to die, find a better place. We are talking about fighting Zobo!”

“No! We’re talking about killing Zobo!” Bakeeza said with a smile on his face.

“And you think you can do it?” the announcer asked.

“Yes!”

The announcer looked at the king and got the approval with a nod.

“Ok! Then move in!”

It took few minutes for Bakeeza to put on the armor and metallic clothes to cover his body, and then he started to walk towards the entrance of the performance space. In his one hand there was a big sword, which seemed to be too heavy for him to carry. In his other hand there was a metal shield. No one could see that in his hand with the shield there was an apple.

He entered the main space and started to walk towards Zobo. He was breathing heavily. He stopped at some distance from him. There was no doubt that he was afraid.

“What if it doesn’t work on him?” he babbled with some fear. “I have to go for it.” He slowly moved his face towards his hand. Before his hand reached his mouth, he heard the big roar from Zobo. He shivered in terror, and dropped the apple.

He was shocked. Zobo had started to run towards him. He tried to see the apple, but he could not find it anywhere. He did not have time.

“I have another one! Yes!” He quickly remembered that he had taken Mombli’s advice and had put two apples in his pocket, even though he believed he only needed one.

Zobo was indeed very fast. Within seconds he had almost reached Bazeeka, but Bakeeza quickly sat down, leaving his sword on the ground and quickly fumbled at his waist to find the apple. Before Zobo could reach him, he had found it and pushed it into his mouth.

Zobo grabbed him and lifted him up. Instead of trying to resist or save himself from Zobo, Bakeeza held both hands over his mouth. He knew that if he spilled out the apple before swallowing it, he was dead. The pain made him want to shout, and desperately he pressed his hands on his mouth to stop it opening. He had closed both of his eyes, trying to focus on quickly eating the apple.

Zobo did not keep him long in his arms. He wanted to play with this puny guy. He quickly threw Bakeeza to one side. Bakeeza flew through the air, not once opening his eyes or taking his hands from his mouth. When he landed, it felt to him as though all his bones had broken, and Zobo had raised his arms in triumph, to hear the cheers of the crowd.

Bakeeza slowly opened his eyes and smiled. The apple was in his belly, but he kept the hands on his mouth. He knew that Zobo was supposed to be the first one to hear his voice. Bakeeza slowly stood up and turned. Watching the smile on Bakeeza’s face, Zobo became angry. He quickly ran towards him. Once again he grabbed Bakeeza.

“Stop!” Bakeeza shouted just near his ear.

With this, Zobo froze. It was as if he had suddenly become a statue.

“Release me!” As soon as Bakeeza said, Zobo opened up his arms. As Bakeeza was at some height, he fell and could not balance himself. Zobo was still standing there, doing nothing, but only watching Bakeeza’s movement.

The shouting in the crowd had stopped. No one could understand what was happening. Why was Zobo not attacking Bakeeza?

Bakeeza stood up and moved towards his sword and shield, which were at some distance from him. He picked them up and started back towards Zobo, who had already turned towards him. Zobo did not attack him. He kept standing there. Bakeeza started to run, and then moved his hand with sword. Zobo quickly moved and saved his body.

Before Bakeeza could understand what was happening, Zobo had moved his arm and struck Bakeeza on his hand with the sword. Along with the sword, Bakeeza fell on the ground.

“Stop!” Bakeeza shouted. Zobo stopped again. Now, Bakeeza was hurt. He was confused too. After the effects of Apple Domination, Zobo was not supposed to attack him. But he did.

Bakeeza slowly stood up and stared at Zobo. Bakeeza’s mind had started to spin. His body was badly hurt, and he was feeling tired. He did not want to lose consciousness. He knew if that happened, he would be dead. For some reason, the effects of Apple Domination were not working exactly as they were supposed to. Zobo took his order and did as he said. He did not attack him, but when he was attacked he saved himself and returned with aggression.

“Maybe this is because he’s only part human. Apple Domination might not work on animals,” Bakeeza babbled. He kept standing and watching Zobo. He was afraid that if he attacked Zobo one more time and if Zobo would return with another hit, then he would lose consciousness. It meant death. “What should I do? What should I do?”

Suddenly, an idea came to his mind.

“There is another apple here!”

His face filled up with happiness. He quickly moved towards the place where he had picked up his sword and shield. He had lost the apple there.

Suddenly, he heard noise at his back. He turned quickly. Zobo was running towards him.

“Stop!” he shouted with fear.

Zobo tried to stop himself, but he was going too fast and he could not keep his balance. Bakeeza tried to save himself from the hit, but he could not do that completely. Zobo’s arm hit Bakeeza.

For a few minutes, Bakeeza could not see anything. All he could understand was that everything was moving in front of him. He was struggling hard not to close his eyes.

He was on the ground on his chest with his arms and legs splayed out. He did not have either his sword or his shield in his hands. He slowly rested his hands on the ground, and started to pull his body up. He could not believe his eyes. Just few inches away from him, his life was on the ground. The red Apple of Domination was shining brightly.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of footsteps on his back. He knew that Zobo was attacking him once again. He did not waste any time, and quickly grabbed the apple and pushed it into his mouth.

Zobo picked him and lifted him overhead with both hands. Then he started to rotate his body in circle.

“Stop moving, Zobo!” Bakeeza said after a gulp, “And place me on the ground carefully!” Bakeeza knew that this was all he could do. If it did not work, he was dead.

But it worked. Zobo stopped moving. He slowly placed Bakeeza on the ground.

“Now wait here! And don’t attack me!” Bakeeza said and slowly moved towards his sword. He picked it up and walked back.

There was a huge uproar in the crowd, shouting for Zobo to kill Bakeeza. But it looked as though Bakeeza had worked it out correctly. The second apple had supplemented the first, activating the missing effects of Apple Domination. Zobo did not seem to have the kind of aggression in his body as he had previously. He was simply standing, relaxed.

“Bend! Kneel!” Bakeeza said.

To everyone’s surprise, Zobo knelt in front of Bakeeza. The whole amphitheatre was in uproar. Bakeeza grabbed the sword with both hands and swung it with all his strength.

Zobo’s head was removed from his body and the body fell on the ground. This time, the uproar in the crowd was much louder than earlier. They had already realized that Bakeeza had used some kind of mystical powers to achieve this result, but it was not against the rules. Among the shouting, there was noise of clapping and praise.

Although Bakeeza wanted to start jumping with pleasure, he was too tired to do that. He had claimed what he wanted. He had done what seemed to be impossible. Zobo’s body was in front of him, and he was on his feet, both hands on the hilt of the sword and its point digging into the ground, supporting him. He was unable to stand freely on his feet.

The announcer was shouting once again. Everyone knew that Bakeeza was their next king. They were all shouting with pleasure. Bakeeza slowly lifted his head and started to look around at the crowd.

“No one can stop me! Yes! I will rule the entire world!” Bakeeza began to babble with some proud in his voice and started to move his body forward. “Yes! No one can...”

Before he realized what was happening, he started to fall. His foot had struck Zobo’s body, tripping him and making him fall forward. He had lost his grip on the hilt of the sword and it had fallen, swiveling and turning as it fell until it was point upwards, and he fell onto it. The shaft of the sword penetrated deep in his belly.

“No... one... can...”

He died almost instantly. He was right. No one stopped him. His own sword had killed him.

“Influential factors can bring domination. But you are always dependent on them. You lose the factors... You lose everything.”

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5. Good husband satisfies the wife

“What is this?” the man babbled and picked up one of the magazines in the trunk, “This is... It’s Jessica’s car. What are these magazines doing here?”

The cover page of the magazine had a woman in rope bondage, with a red ball gag in her mouth. He started flipping the pages. It had pictures with women in bondage and involved in sadomasochist activities with male companions. He threw the first magazine and picked up another one.

All the magazines were on the same topic: bondage, caning, whipping, spanking, flogging. All of them involved male on female hard torture. There were also some fiction stories involving the scenario. It all seemed weird to him.

“Jessica never told me this,” he babbled. “She never even showed that she had the slightest interest in kink. I think I should talk to her.”

“Jessica! I found something in your car today,” the man said. They were in the dining hall.

“Yes? What, honey?” Jessica replied.

“How long have you been hiding this from me?” he asked with some irritation.

Silence.

“Tell me, Jessica! We’ve been married for twelve years. I believed that I knew you very well, and you were happy with me. But today, I’m feeling entirely different. It seems to me that I don’t actually know you at all,” he said in a sad voice.

“Oh Rick! Please forgive me. Please don’t take this so seriously. I wanted to tell you. I was just keeping it for a good time,” she said sadly. She had started

to breath loudly. “If I knew that you would find it out like this, I would have never hidden it from you.”

“So you are serious about all this?” he said.

“Yes, Rick! I’m very serious about this,” she said. “In fact, I’ve wanted to talk to you about it for a long time.”

“I wish you would have told me this yourself Jessica,” Rick said. “I have started to feel guilty. Until now, I thought I was keeping you happy and that I fulfilled all your desires. But now it seems to me that you had been sacrificing a lot for our relationship. It is not just your responsibility to build a happy and healthy marriage life. It is my responsibility too.”

“No, Rick! I’m happy with you. I have always been happy with you. You can’t know how happy I am. Even after twelve years of marriage, you still feel like this for me. You have indeed taken good care of me,” she said. Her eyes started to become wet. “I was just afraid how would you feel when you learnt about this.”

“Have I ever denied you for anything? If you were so interested in that, you could have simply told me about it,” he said, and smiled.

“Damn! He’ll be here within three hours...” Jessica babbled, and opened the door of her house. She was carrying many plastic bags in her hands.

As soon as she entered, she stopped with a shock. Rick was standing on a bench, tying a decoration bulb to the wall.

“Whoa! How come you’re so early?” she shouted in surprise.

“It’s our wedding anniversary,” he said with a smile.

“I know, but you’ve never been so... You never even remember our wedding anniversary,” she said.

“I decided to remember it this time,” he said, and she laughed. She was happy.

“Wow! This all seems like a dream come true. I should call up some friends and relatives for the...”

“No! It’ll be just you and me. We will have fun,” he said and jumped down. “What have you brought with you?” he asked, looking at the bags in her hands.

“Looks like there is no more need for these,” she said with a laugh. “You’ve already decorated the house.”

“We’ll use them too,” he said and moved his hands towards the bag.

“Oh Rick! I’ve never seen you so happy before. Looks like you also wanted this,” she said happily.

“Yes, I think you’re right,” he said.

“Oh, Rick! I’m so happy. I wish I would have told you all this before.”

He was carrying Jessica in his arms and placed her on the bed. She was wearing a white wedding gown, and Rick was in his black suite, both of them dressed in the clothes they wore when they were married.

Jessica lay still, waiting for Rick to make the move. He removed his coat and bent toward her. They were acting like newlywed couple. Slowly, he started to remove her clothes until she was naked.

“What about you?” she said with a smile, moving her hands towards his front buttons.

“It’s your night,” he said, also smiling, and he reached under the bed. He pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

She started breathing heavily but did not say anything. He cuffed her wrists and then clipped the cuffs to the back frame of the bed. Now he pulled out a ball-gag strap and pushed it in her mouth. He sat on the bed holding two leather belts. He bent her body to pull her legs up, and stretched them towards the back of the frame. He tied her ankles to the lower corners of the bed frame using those leather belts. Now, the V-shape created by her legs had pulled up her crotch and clearly exposed it. There was some kind of confusion on her face.

Rick moved away from the bed. Now he reached below the bed again and took out a thick leather whip. Jessica stared at him in fear.

“Don’t worry, baby! A good husband satisfies his wife’s needs. You should have told me all this long ago,” he said with a smile, and he raised the whip.

Slash!

Slash!

Slash!

For almost half an hour he gave her hard whipping. Her buttocks carried heavy red marks with some of the welts bleeding slightly. Tears fell from her eyes, relieving her emotions but not her pain. Now he started to remove his own clothes.

“Oh baby! I love you,” he said sitting on the bed. She was still in the same position, with her crotch exposed to him. It was no effort to push his shaft inside her.

Still she was crying, the ball gag still in her mouth. Once he had had his orgasm, he slowly moved and loosened her ball gag.

“Please let me go, Rick,” she said, crying. “Who beats up his pregnant wife like this?”

“Pregnant?” Rick said, startled

Tring! Tring! Tring!

Jessica's cell phone was ringing. She had left it at the side of the bed. Rick reached over and took it. The call was from Elena, a close friend of Jessica's.

"It's Elena!" Rick said.

Jessica did not reply. She was crying loudly, and Rick was confused about what was happening. He accepted the call.

"Yes, Elena? This is Rick," Rick said quickly.

"Oh, Rick! How're you?" Elena's voice came from the cell phone.

"Fine!"

"Happy Wedding Anniversary!" she said.

"Thanks," Rick said.

"We will be at your home in few minutes," she said.

"You're coming here?"

"Yes," she confirmed.

"Oh! I'm sorry, Elena... actually... I would want you to talk to Jessica... but something is wrong here... we're little busy," Rick said, confused and watching Jessica who was crying constantly.

"You lovebirds are busy... I can understand that. Don't worry! I won't take long. Actually I'm just coming there for something personal. A few days ago I borrowed Jessica's car. I left some magazines in the trunk and I just want to pick them up," she said.

"Ok!"

The line dropped. With fear and shock, Rick looked at Jessica.

“Who beats his pregnant wife like this, Rick? I’m sorry that I didn’t tell you about the test tube baby program earlier... but...”

“Make sure that you have the true consent of your partners. Assumptions can be dangerous!”

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6. Femdom 101

“Yes, Mrs. Franklin. He said he’ll be in couple of hours,” the receptionist said.

“Ah!” the woman’s irritation was obvious. “Come on, John! It’s the third day. What the fuck are we here for?”

“Anything else, Mrs. Franklin?” receptionist asked her.

“No! That’s fine!” she said, and added. “Thanks a lot!”

She turned and started to walk towards the door. Outside the Reception room she turned right. It was a double story motel with the parking lot in the middle of the three-sided building.

“Oh John!” she started to babble with irritation, “Why the fuck have you brought me here? To stay in this motel? You could have had your business tour alone. You bring me here, and then you always leave me for hours and hours. What the fuck am I supposed to do? Wait for you here? Watch the television? Watch these idiots playing cumbia and drinking cerveza? At least you could have rented us a better hotel than this shitty hole in the suburb. I am tired. It’s been three days, and you haven’t taken me out for anything at all. Yesterday you promised you would spend your whole day with me. Still you left without any notice, and I know you won’t be back for many hours. Ah! I’m really getting pissed off with this.”

She stopped in front of the room number 102. She pulled out the key chain attached to her denim pants, put the rounded key into the keyhole of the wooden door, and turned it. The key completed two full turns before unlocking the door completely. She entered the room.

“And see this shithole. It looks like a horror movie room from 60’s. No air conditioning, only room coolers. And they say that this is the best room they have here. You said it would be an adventure. What’s the adventure here? This wooden furniture, they got it out of the museum. Everything is fucking wooden

here. Even this television. I'm tired of this junk. All this is junk. And you have trashed me in this dumpster room."

It was a fourteen-by-twelve room with a Queen-sized bed. The bed had side tables. Besides that, there were two other tables, one arranged as a dressing table and other on the side for placing other stuffs.

She moved to the bed and sat on it. She picked up the television control and pressed a button.

"What should I watch? I don't even understand their idiotic language. And they don't have even a single channel here in English. What the fuck should I do?"

She kept changing the channels for a few minutes, and then pressed the red button on the control to turn off the television. She leaned back and lay on the bed with her feet still on the ground.

"Oh, John! I didn't even ask you to bring me here. I'm getting out of my mind. I will leave today. Yes! I will leave today."

She kept babbling with her eyes closed.

Slap!

She heard a voice and she opened her eyes.

Slap!

She quickly sat up. The television was not on.

Slap!

She was confused. The sound seemed to be coming from the room next door.

Slap!

These rooms seemed to have very thin walls. That was the reason even quiet voices in the other room could be heard in this room clearly.

Slap!

It was definitely hard slapping. Loud and clear. Someone was beating someone else in the next room. From the voice that she could also hear, it seemed that it was not play but some serious stuff.

Slap!

“You bitch!” a female voice followed the next slap.

Slap!

“I’m sorry, baby,” a male voice came in reply.

With this, Mrs. Franklin took a gulp. Her lips started to move, “But... there was no one in there a while ago.”

Slap!

“I said sorry!” the man shouted in anger.

“You bitch! You shout at me?” the female’s angry voice followed.

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

“No! Please! Stop!” the man said with fear. “Why don’t you tell me why are you beating me?”

Slap!

“At least let me know... I’m sorry. I won’t shout again. But please let me know what did I do wrong?”

“Where are my cigarettes?” the female voice followed.

Mrs. Franklin stood up. Her face filled with confusion.

“I’ll get them right away!” the man said.

Slap!

“Be quick!” the woman ordered.

“Sure!” the male voice followed.

“Wait! Bring some sodas as well,” said the female voice.

“Anything else, honey?” asked the man.

“Get the fuck out of here!” she shouted angrily. The sound of footsteps followed, and then the door of the next room opened and closed. It was clear that the man had left.

Mrs. Franklin’s face filled up with anger.

“What the fuck is this? She was beating him for fucking cigarettes? Why the hell doesn’t he do something?” she babbled in a low voice. She stayed there with those expressions still on her face. No voice came from the next room for next few minutes.

After a while, Mrs. Franklin sat on the bed and relaxed. She turned on the television and started to go through the channels again, her mind was still lost in what had happened in the next room a while ago.

“There is no doubt that she is abusing him,” Mrs. Franklin babbled. “I don’t know about the laws of this country... but still I should do something. Abuse is abuse. No matter which country is that, and who is the aggressor. I should indeed do something.”

The door of the next room opened and then closed. Mrs. Franklin quickly turned off the television. She had started to breathe loudly in anticipation of what was going to happen. For a few seconds there was only silence.

“I’m going to kill you... you bitch!” Suddenly the female voice broke the silence.

“Ah!”

“But what did I do wrong?” the man shouted as if he was in pain.

“Do I have to keep telling you that I don’t drink sodas without some snacks?” she shouted with anger.

“But yesterday I brought a few things like that and you beat me for wasting money,” the man protested.

“Don’t shout at me, you asshole!” the female shouted.

“Aaah! You’re going to pull out my hair. Please... You’re hurting me!” It sounded as though the man had started to cry.

Mrs. Franklin stood up, angry. Exactly at that moment, the door of her room opened and a man came in.

“Oh, honey!” the man said with a smile. “I’m sorry! It was urgent. But I did it quick...”

“John!” Mrs. Franklin turned her face towards him with irritation. She forgot all about the problem in the room next door. Her personal anger returned. “What are you doing? Am I here just to watch this fucking television? Am I here for your fuck only? It’s our third day and we haven’t gone anywhere.”

“Sorry, baby!” he said and kissed her cheeks. “We’ll go tomorrow. I promise.”

Slap!

Both of them were shocked. Mrs. Franklin had slapped John in the face, and now she was clearly frightened of what she had just done.

“I’m sorry!” Mrs. Franklin said. He did not reply. He was watching her with an expression of anger.

Silence.

“I said sorry!” she apologized again.

“Ok! It’s fine,” he said sadly, and turned. “I can understand. I pushed you into this. Never mind. Forget about it.”

Mrs. Franklin’s face filled up with confusion. John moved towards the empty table and placed his bag on it.

“I will take a shower and then we will go out... somewhere,” he said in a serious voice and turned towards her. He paused, and then continued, “But after that, I think you should go back. A few things are messed up here. I didn’t expect them when I planned this visit. I thought that it would be an easy business tour and we would get enough time for us. But now there is a lot of work. I will need to stay here for more than a week, and I won’t be able to give you enough time. I am very sorry for that.”

“But why the fuck did you bring me here?” Mrs. Franklin shouted angrily. John looked confused.

“I told you already. I didn’t expect it all this way. The company allowed me to have two return tickets, and I felt it could be a great opportunity for us to have a free vacation,” he said.

“But I waited for three days, and now you want me to go back without even visiting any landmarks or anything?” she shouted.

“Ok! You wanna stay, you can stay. I was just saying that you can leave if you want. I know you are getting bored because I’m unable to spend enough time with you. Once this mess has been cleared, in a week or so, we can have our time together, but you will need to wait,” John said.

“No! I’m here now, and you have to give me more time,” Mrs. Franklin insisted.

“What has happened to you? You know that I have work to do here,” he said.

“Then why the fuck did you bring me here?” Mrs. Franklin demanded. For a few seconds, John did not reply. He just stared at her in confusion. Then he turned away.

“I think you need some rest. You are more tired than I thought,” John said, and started to remove his shirt.

“No! Yes! I’m tired. I’m tired of you shitting on me. I’m tired of living in this shithole. But I don’t want to leave without having my vacation. You brought me here, and I was so excited about it. And now you have completely messed it

up. Now you want me to go back? If I go back like this, I will... I will..." Mrs. Franklin kept repeating, "I will," and then she pulled up her hands and covered her face. She started to cry.

"Oh, baby!" John quickly moved towards her and hugged her. "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I will try to finish what needs doing as quickly as I can, and then we will have our time together to do what we came here for. Just don't get upset. I will do whatever you want. Just hold on for a few more days..."

"Leave me alone!" she shouted, and pushed him away.

Slap!

She slapped him in the face again. This time, there was no guilt or fear on her face, but John was startled and confused.

"What's happening?" John said in a cold voice. He was suddenly angry. "The first time I did not take it seriously. But you slapped me again. What exactly do you want?"

Silence.

Mrs. Franklin's head dropped. She did not know how to react. She was gasping for breath and her mind had started to spin with this whole situation.

"I'm taking a shower, and when I come back you better be ready to tell me exactly what you do want," John said in the same cold voice. "You want to stay here and wait for a few days, then do it. You want to go back, then go back. You want to leave me, then go to hell. I will sign the papers when I get back to the city. If this is what you want, then we can go for it. I will get divorce lawyers for both of us," he said, and started to walk towards the washroom.

For a few minutes, she remained standing where she was. Her body had started to shiver. She always knew that John was a strong-willed man. He always took great care of her. And she knew that this whole scenario was not his mistake. He indeed did not know that he would be so busy on this trip. All he wanted was to have a good time here, as it was not somewhere they could ever have afforded to come just for a holiday.

Her reaction was indeed out of the track. Before this day, she never even shouted at him. But today, she not only did that but also slapped him twice. On any other occasion he would have reacted entirely differently to what she had done. It was not his nature to take aggression passively. Normally, he would have returned it.

Slap! A sound from next door suddenly struck Mrs. Franklin's ears, bringing her back to consciousness. During all this time, there had been no sound from the room. Mrs. Franklin's face filled with anger.

"You bitch! Because of you..." Mrs. Franklin quickly moved towards the door, opened it, moved out, turned right, and knocked the door of the room number 101.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Door opened after a few seconds.

A man came out with some confusion on his face.

"I wanna talk to her!" Mrs. Franklin said, breathing out her anger.

"Que paso?" the man said. It looked as though he did not understand her.

Her face filled up with confusion. This was not the sound of the man she had heard. She quickly moved forward, pushed the door and entered the room. No one was there.

A television was on. The screen showed that the VHS player was 'Paused', and had been running a movie. On top of the VHS player was an empty tape box, and on the box were the words:

"Participants should have good control of their emotions. BDSM requires mutual understanding based on the requirements of both the partners."

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7. Smart Secretary

It was a nicely arranged suite room of one of the best hotels of the city. On the bed, there was a man and a woman. They were naked and were involved in sexual activity. They looked completely odd. The man was well built. His long brown hair and fine features gave him the looks of a male model. The woman was very fat. A single one of her hips was larger than the man's waist. She was short, but she looked much larger than him. Her whole body was lumpy and misshapen, her large, soft breasts falling to each side. She had bob-cut golden hair, but that only served to make her look uglier.

The woman was lying on the bed with her legs up. The man was moving his body, thrusting down and continuously striking her hips to make loud noise. Both of them were sweating and both of them looked tired. Suddenly, the man stopped moving and fell on her. She was breathing loudly. The corners of her eyelids were wet.

“Thanks, Bowen!” she said.

“No, Donoma! You shouldn't thank me like this,” Bowen said.

“It's just weird,” Donoma said.

“It seems weird to you because you take the gender roles too seriously. Lots of bosses do such things with their secretaries,” he said, and smiled.

“But I never did that before,” she said in a sad voice.

“I think you never had sex with anyone at all before,” he said. She did not reply. He continued, “You don't need to lie to me, Donoma. It doesn't matter that we did this. You are my boss. I promise you I will never disrespect you and your authority.”

Slowly, the wet corners of her eyes became wetter and teardrops began to form.

“I'm ugly,” she said.

“But you are successful,” he said with seriousness.

“Doesn’t matter. People don’t like to...”

“Have you ever tried,” he said with anger in his voice. “Why do you think like that, Donoma? You don’t know who you are. Stop criticizing yourself. No one can be perfect.”

“But I’m not even average,” she said. She had started to cry.

“This is exactly what I’m saying, Donoma! You are the one who doesn’t like yourself. You have never tried to find your match. You can never know how the others feel and think,” he said, and she hugged him.

“Thanks, Bowen! Thanks a lot. Thanks for being with me,” she said.

“There are two ways to get rich. You can either establish yourself, or you can marry someone financially strong,” Bowen said with a smile.

“But I don’t like the way you want it. I love you and you love me. Why should you go for another woman?” girl said with irritation. She was slim, short, and had beautiful facial grace with a marvelous complexion creating perfect contrast with her hazel eyes.

“Come on, Sharlene! I’m doing all this for you,” Bowen said.

“I don’t want this,” Sharlene said with anger.

“But why not? Don’t you want to live the life of a princess? Don’t you want the life that you deserve? Big house, cars, luxuries, and all the things that you love to see around?” Bowen said.

“I want that, but not this way,” Sharlene said.

“What’s wrong with this?” Bowen said.

“What’s wrong? Oh Bowen! Don’t you know that a girl can share everything, but not her love? I can’t bear the thought of you being with another woman,” Sharlene said.

“But you are not sharing your love Sharlene. You know that this all is happening because of her money. Otherwise, who would go for such an ugly, fat bitch? There is no comparison between the two of you. You should overcome your feelings. The thing that’s bothering you doesn’t make any sense. I’m with you and you’re with me,” Bowen said. Tears started to fall from her eyes.

“I love you,” Sharlene said.

“I love you too, Sharlene. You need to have trust in me. I’m doing this all for you,” he said and then paused. “I have to confess something to you. Before you became my girlfriend, I have been with many women. I was famous for seducing women. At that time, I did all that for fun. Once you became my girl, I felt the kind of love that I never felt for anyone. It was then I started to feel bad and to feel that you deserved a lot more than I had. Such a beauty should be with a prince, and not with me. It was then I started to analyze myself. I learned that I was good in nothing, but only in one skill, and then I planned all this and started to work as Donoma’s secretary. My plan was simple. I would seduce her, take her to bed, marry her, take her money and then leave her so that I can give you all that you deserve. I’m doing all this for you. You are the most precious thing that I have in my life,” Bowen said, and Sharlene’s sobbing grew louder.

“I just don’t want to lose you Bowen. I might be the best thing for you, but you are the only thing I have in my life. If I lose you, I will simply die,” she said, and hugged him.

“... do you think it’s necessary?” Donoma said over the phone.

Bowen had just entered the room. It was a nicely decorated office. Donoma was wearing a white brocade skirt suite. Bowen put down the file he had brought. While talking over the phone, she showed him her palm. He stopped.

“Ok! Then do it,” she said, and dropped the line. She turned her face towards Bowen and said with authoritative tone, “Tell Jacob that I want the report today at any... well, tell him to come here.”

She moved some files and picked up one.

“Do you remember Larry... the one who visited on Wednesday?” she asked him.

“The one from Sorian?” he asked.

“Yes. He will be here any moment. Give him this file.” She passed him the file.

“Ok!” he said.

“It’s fine,” she said with a smile. He understood that this was all, so he turned.

“Are you doing something in the evening?” she said from behind him, and he smiled. He turned.

“Well, I had some plans... but you tell me what you want. What did you have in mind?” he said.

“No! It’s fine. If you are busy... then... it’s fine,” she said, looking sad.

“Sorry!” he said.

“It’s fine,” she said. He turned and started to walk away with a smile on his face. He stopped at the door, and then turned once again.

“I’m free today. There is nothing important, actually,” he said, his voice tense,

“Oh Bowen! Don’t worry! I didn’t have any special plans. We will think about something tomorrow,” she said quickly.

He turned and left the room, and sat down behind his own desk. He picked up the telephone receiver.

“Jacob! Madam is calling you. And yes, this is going to be a little hard on you. Be careful. This is about the report you are working on.”

He dropped the line with a smile. He knew how much everyone was afraid of Donoma in the office. When she was angered, she did not care about anyone.

She was famous for shouting at her employees even in front of many, humiliating them highly. She could instantly fire anyone who made a mistake that she could not accept. That was not all. If she was seriously angered at someone, she made sure to ruin his career. Not only her employees, but also all the suppliers and sister-concerns took her seriously. Making her angry meant would be a serious mistake for them.

Bowen started to move his finger on the computer keyboard.

“Good afternoon! I’m Larry,” a boy said as he approached Bowen’s desk.

“Yes! Hi, Larry! Take this!” Bowen said, and passed him the file that Doroma had given him.

“Is she inside?” Larry said.

“Yes! Is there something you wanted?” Bowen asked.

“How is her mood?” Larry asked, and gulped.

“Bad! Why?” Bowen said, opening his eyes widely.

“No... nothing. It’s just that my boss told me to ask her about the contract she is holding,” Larry said, and Bowen smiled.

“Do you want me ask her that?” Bowen said.

“No! He said that I should check first to find out if she is in good mood or not,” Larry said.

“Not good to ask today,” Bowen said.

“Ok! Thanks,” Larry said and left.

Bowen took some more time and then picked up the receiver, “Donoma!”

“Yes, Bowen?” Donoma’s voice struck his ears.

“I have cancelled my program,” Bowen said.

“I told you,” Domoma shouted angrily. “It’s nothing important.”

“Sorry, Madam!” Bowen said with sadness.

For a few seconds, no reply came from Donoma, but he could hear her breathing heavily.

“Sorry, Bowen!” she said slowly in a low and apologetic voice. “Have you cancelled already?”

“Yes, Madam!” he said.

“Please, Bowen... I already said sorry,” she said.

“It’s fine. It’s fine, Donoma,” he quickly said, and smiled.

“Thanks! Thanks a lot, Bowen!”

“But Bowen, it’s not fair,” Sharlene said with some irritation.

“Come on, Sharlene! Why you’re making so much fuss?” Bowen said with anger. “I’ve already told you. Let me have some time, and everything will be fine. This is the time. This is exactly the time when I need your support. But you’re creating such problems for me.”

Sharlene’s eyes widened and she stared at him in surprise. Bowen had never shouted at her like this before. Slowly, she dropped her eyes.

“I’m sorry, Bowen,” she said in a sad voice. “Maybe you’re right. You’re doing all this for me. I just miss you.”

Bowen moved forward and hugged her.

“I’m sorry too, Sharlene,” he said sadly. “I know how you feel. But you also have to understand that I have to play the right cards at the right time. If I make a single mistake, I’m doomed. She is a dangerous woman. If she ever finds out all this, I’m sure that she will ruin my life. She is a smart and intelligent woman.”

“Then why are you taking such a big risk?” Sharlene asked with some fear in her voice.

“Don’t worry! She is smart, but only in her business. She has never been with a man before. She doesn’t know anything about relationships. She’s in my territory now, and I’m the master of this game,” he said with a smile. “She’s already in my trap. Within six weeks, she is going to ask me to make this relationship permanent. She will soon be my wife.”

“Bowen! Come here!” Bowen heard Donoma’s voice over the phone.

“Ok!” he said and put down the receiver. He entered her room.

Donoma was wearing a grey skirt suit.

“Have a seat,” she said and Bowen sat in front of her with confusion on his face. She waited for a few seconds and then said, “Bowen, I know this is not the right place and time to talk about this, but I cannot hold myself.”

She said nothing further.

“Yes?” Bowen said. His heart started to pound. He had realized that something big was going to come out of her mouth.

“Bowen, I know I’m ugly, and I know that I have no right to ask you something like this, but there is something actually bothering me,” she said and dropped her eyes.

Bowen realized where this conversation was going. He had waiting for this for a long time. She had taken longer than he expected. He knew that she was about to propose marriage.

“You are the first man I have ever been with. And I really enjoyed my time with you. You made me look at things differently. Sometimes it seems to me that you are the one I have always been waiting for. And it’s indeed very difficult for

me to tell you this... but you have to leave me now,” she said, and his mind started to spin.

“What?” he shouted with confusion. He was expecting something entirely different.

“Yes,” she said and pushed an envelope towards him. “Take this and leave me.”

“What is this?” he said with confusion.

“This is not compensation for what you did. You have made me feel that I’m a woman. You have given me the confidence that I can find someone who is right for me,” she said, tears falling from her eyes.

“But what is this?” Bowen said with confusion.

“A big house! A check for a good sum of money, good enough to help you to open your own business. Documents for a car. I think this will be helpful for you to have the kind of life you deserve,” she said.

“What the fuck!” Bowen shouted, and stood up in anger. “You must be kidding!” He slammed the envelope on the desk and turned. “I certainly am leaving. You have disrespected me, Donoma! I gave you so many hints, but you didn’t understand me. I told you that some people are different, and they like different kinds of women. But you... all this time... I’m feeling really ashamed Donoma. You thought I was with you for your money!”

He started to walk towards the door.

“Stop, Bowen!” he heard her loud cry, but he did not stop. He heard the sound of heavy footsteps behind him. She grabbed him quickly. “I’m sorry, Bowen. I’m really sorry, but I don’t know what to do. I can’t believe that someone like you wants to be with me.”

As she was behind him, she could not see his smiling face. He realized that it was some kind of test. He had acted well, and had passed it.

“Wow! You did it! You did it, baby!” Sharlene shouted with excitement.

“I’ve never seen a girl so happy that her boyfriend is marrying someone else,” Bowen said, and Sharelene laughed.

“Come on! I’m being happy because the quicker you marry her the quicker you gonna leave her and then be with me,” she said.

“Yeah! And the quicker you get all that you want,” he said, and her expression quickly changed.

“No, Bowen! I was happy with you with whatever you had. It was your idea that...”

“Sorry! I didn’t mean that,” Bowen said quickly. She hugged him.

“I love you, Bowen. I’m happy if you are happy. I don’t want to become an obstacle in your plans. That is why I don’t say anything. But the truth is that it doesn’t make much difference for me what you have. All I want is you, no matter what you can give me,” she said.

“Thanks, Sharlene. Thanks for being with me,” Bowen said.

“... with that, I pronounce you Husband and Wife. You may kiss your bride,” the Priest said, and Bowen moved his face towards Donoma. With this, the church echoed with the sound of clapping and laughing, and cameras flashed. There were many media people present there as well. Donoma was a celebrity in the sense that she was the sole proprietor of one of the biggest companies of the country. And now, she had a husband. It was big news for everyone. The couple seemed odd, but that made sense for many. Many females married strong and rich men. It was also common for them to track down those men by becoming their secretaries. It was same. Only the genders were reversed. Donoma was the owner of a huge empire, and Bowen was a smart man.

“Oh baby! I love you!” Donoma said with passion.

“I love you too,” Bowen said with a smile.

The bedroom was arranged for their wedding night with flowers, bouquets, and many other beautiful accessories. The champagne bottle was placed on the side table. They were both lying on the bed side by side, as they had just finished sexual intercourse.

“But baby! I really want to know how this all happened. I mean, how come you had such feelings for such an ugly woman like me?” she asked. She turned her body and sat on the bed. He was still lying there.

“Please, Donoma. Please stop calling yourself ugly woman! You don’t know how I feel. There are some people who like different types of women. I don’t know why, but I always liked woman like you, who had a full body. I love the soft, warm curves that you have, and I really never understood others. You are the most beautiful woman for me, and I really love you,” he said with passion in his voice. She bent her body and kissed him.

Suddenly, she removed her lips and started to cry.

“Oh! Not again, please! This is our wedding night,” he said with irritation. “Now why are you crying?”

He pulled himself up and sat on the bed next to her.

“I’m crying because I’m so happy,” she said, smiling through her tears. “I can’t believe it. It’s all so much like a dream I used to have. I can’t believe that I have got my prince charming.”

“Oh baby! You should not...”

He did not have the chance to finish what he was going to say. She moved forward and placed her lips on his. Her weight was too much for him to support.

He leaned back and lay on the bed as he had done earlier. However, now she was on top, kissing him passionately.

After a few minutes, she pulled herself up and lay on the bed beside him. She bent her body and placed her head on his chest, looking towards his feet.

“Bowen!” she said slowly, “You will not leave me, right?”

“Why would I?” he said with a smile.

“Please don’t leave me!” she said without moving her face, and then burst out laughing quietly. “And I’m not gonna let you leave me.”

“Yeah! I know that,” he said, joining her in her laughter.

“By the way, Bowen, there are few things that I want to tell you,” she said after a few seconds. “I know you will be thinking about what will happen now. So, here it is. You can have all that you want. You can ask me for anything. I will buy whatever it is. You can spend your time doing whatever you want, and enjoy your life.”

“Thanks, Donoma! But most important for me is to be with you,” he said with a smile.

“I know that. But I’m only telling you how things will work,” she said, and she noticed the thoughtful expression on his face. “I know you would be thinking about joining me in the office, but that won’t happen. I mean, all that I have is yours, but I want you to stay away from our business.”

“What do you mean by this? What will I do if I don’t work with you at the business?” he asked in confusion.

“You can do anything you want that will make you happy. You can live like rich people, like visiting clubs, golf, whatever you want,” she said.

“But I prefer to work,” he said, baffled.

“Please, Bowen. This is all that I’m asking. It’s better if you enjoy your life and stay away from the business. Please let me handle it, and I’ll keep doing what

I have been doing until now. If you interfere in that, everything will mess up,” she said.

“But what if I do something different?” he said.

“What will you do?” she asked.

“Some other business,” he said.

“But what?” she asked again.

“I haven’t thought about that,” he said with confusion.

“Look, Bowen, you need to understand that you haven’t run a business before. The one we have is well established and I’m handling without any problem. If we need to open up some other business, it should not be to make you busy. Besides, even if we open a new business, you know that I will need to plan for it and that will require some time. At this stage, I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to move my concentration away from the current one. There is a lot of competition in the market and things are changing,” she said.

“I really don’t know what to say,” he said.

She slowly lifted herself up and turned further towards him. She placed her elbow on the bed and held her head with her hand.

“Bowen! I know how you feel, but it’s really good. Just think it this way: you can leave the difficult part to me and let me handle the business. You can live your life like a prince. You are my husband, and you can have anything you want. Instead of wasting your time on some idiotic business, you should go for enjoying life. I promise I will not deny you anything. Just leave this one thing to me,” she said, and he smiled.

“Ok. No worries, Donoma! If this will make you happy, I’m happy too,” he said.

“Thanks, Bowen. Thanks a lot! Thanks for being with me,” she said, and moved towards him once again. She started to kiss him.

“That fucking bitch has left me no other option,” Bowen said with anger.

“But Bowen, this is too much,” Sherlene shouted with anger.

“I know, Sharlene. But what should I do then?” Bowen said.

“I don’t know. But this is not a good idea. Everyone will accuse you of causing her death,” she said.

“What if I make it look like an accident?” Bowen said.

“Haven’t you seen the movies? People make perfect plans and then one thing goes wrong, and everything messes up,” Sharlene said. “I can’t risk your life, baby.”

“But there is no option left for me. I can’t spend my whole life with that ugly bitch. I can’t keep playing role of a good husband. Soon, I will even start facing problems with getting arousals, even with those pills,” he said with irritation.

“Think of something, Bowen! Think of anything! What if you get a divorce from her? Won’t you get something from her?” she asked.

“No! It’s impossible to get away from her. She is cool because she thinks that I love her. But if she finds out that I’m lying, I’m sure that she is gonna kill me. You don’t know how dangerous she is,” he said.

“Then what should we do?” Sharlene asked.

“We have to do it,” Bowen said. “Look, Sharlene, forget about the movies! We will take our time, and we will plan it perfectly. We will make it look like an accident. Nothing will go wrong. And no one will accuse us.”

“Baby! I have to tell you something,” Donoma said. She was lying naked in her favorite position, just beside Bowen with her head on his chest. “I have put all

my properties and all the assets that go with them in your name. If something happens to me, then you will have all you could ever want.”

“But why, Donoma?” Bowen said with anger in his voice. “Why you are feeling like this? Nothing is going to happen to you.”

“Life has no real insurance. It’s just for something unexpected,” she said, and then she looked up at him. “But promise me, baby, if anything happened to me, you will marry someone else and try to live your life.”

“Shit, Donoma! You’re making me upset. Nothing is going to happen to you. Stop talking like this,” he shouted angrily.

She moved back.

“Just in case... I love you, baby,” she said.

“Hahahah...” Bowen was laughing. “I can’t believe it. She is such an idiot. She has assured her death now.”

“This is not right, Bowen,” Sharlene said unhappily. “You should not disrespect her love for you.”

“Whoa! I didn’t know that you could feel like this for her,” he said, laughing.

“Well, I want her to die. But sometimes I really feel ashamed of all this. I mean, I know what’s happening here. But... just don’t disrespect her feelings. She loves you... she has extreme love for you. You should not disrespect her love,” she said.

“Only a woman can understand what love is,” he said.

“Yeah! And you are a man. You can’t know the kind of feelings a woman has for you when she gives you everything that she has,” she said in a sad voice.

“Now don’t make me upset,” he said with a smile. “If I will fall in love with her, then you might lose me.”

“If that happens, I will kill her,” she said with anger.

“Let’s do it then! Let’s kill her before I fall in love with her,” he said, and Sharlene smiled.

“Nice! This is really nice!” Donoma said excitedly. She was standing on a hill with Bowen.

“There is something I want to tell you, Donoma,” Bowen said in a sad voice.

“Yes?” she said.

“There is...”

He stopped without saying any more. He did not know what it was, but he felt an urge to confess to her before he pushed her down the hill. But his tongue stopped moving. He knew how much she loved him. He remembered everything that she had done for him, and in exchange he had only cheated her. And today, he was going to kill her. But he did not know if he really wanted to tell her just to break her heart. He started to think that he should let her die from her love for him. But she would understand it when he pushed her down the hill. He started to feel her pain.

His plan was perfect. No one knew that he was in this city. Donoma had visited this location for some business purpose, and his visit was a surprise. To ensure his anonymity, he had traveled under the false name. He had taken special care not to touch anything except Donoma. After falling down the hill, her body would be broken into pieces. Even if it were possible for anyone to find her body, getting his fingerprints from her would be out of the question. After this, he could simply go back to his city under the same false name. No one could find out that it was he who had killed her.

“What is it, Bowen? What do you want to tell me?” she said with excitement.

“Actually, Donoma...”

“Wait, Bowen! There is one thing I also want to tell you,” she said with a smile.

“What?” he asked, surprised.

“I’m pregnant,” she said. “You are soon going to become a dad.”

Bowen’s head started to spin.

“But why didn’t you do it? It was a perfect plan,” Sharlene shouted.

“I don’t know,” Bowen said angrily. “I mean, I don’t really care if she is pregnant. But it was all a shock for me and I couldn’t do it right then.”

“Now what will you do?” she asked.

“Don’t worry! I will make another plan,” Bowen said.

“Why?” Sharlene shouted, protesting.

“I don’t know,” Donoma said.

“But why, Madam?” Sharlene said with the same anger. “Why did you take such a risk? When you knew that he was going to push you down the hill, you still took that risk?”

“You would never understand,” Donoma said in a sad voice.

“I don’t want to understand,” Sharlene said. “I can never understand what you are, Madam. You are risking your whole life to win the heart of a man who only wants you for your money. You hired me to seduce him and then push him to make him marry you. And now... Please, Madam! Please stop this! Tell him that you know everything about him.”

“No Sharlene! You don’t know what will happen if he learns that. He is with me only because he thinks he has trapped me into this and convinced me to marry him. He is happy with these thoughts, and he should never learn about this. Even if I die, he should not learn about this.”

“But he will learn quickly when he finds that his name doesn’t appear anywhere in your will,” Sharlene said with a smile.

“No! He would suspect it, but he would not learn it completely,” Donoma said. “Never let him know about this, no matter what happens.”

“But if you die, I will also leave him,” Sharlene said.

“That will be his punishment,” Donoma said in a sad voice. “I’m ready to die for him. But if he does that, he will also choose his path towards disaster.”

“Isn’t there a way to stop all this?” Sharlene said.

“It all depends on him. If he realizes how much I love him... maybe our kids will have some impact on him,” Donoma said in a sad voice. “Let me know about his next plan. He should not kill me before I deliver the baby.”

“Please, Madam! This is too much of a risk. He has lost his mind. He might kill you even without letting me know what he has planned,” Sharlene said in a tense voice.

“We’ll see,” Donoma said with sadness.

“Bowen!” Donoma said. She was sitting in her dining hall.

“Yes?” Bowen said. They were having their breakfast.

“What will you do if I die some day?” Donoma said, and Bowen stared at her in puzzlement.

“What now?” he said angrily. “How many times have I told you to stop thinking like this? You’re not going to die.”

“Not right now, but everyone has to die some day. Tell me, Bowen! What will you do after that?” she said sadly.

“I don’t have a reply for your idiotic... Ah! So that’s it,” he said, and smiled. “You’re feeling like that because of your pregnancy.”

“No, I’m feeling like that because I love you,” she said with a smile. “You don’t really know how much I love you. I wish there was some way you could understand it properly.”

“I know how much you love me,” he said with a smile.

“You know, if I die, I’m sure that you are gonna miss me. You’re gonna miss me a lot. No matter what you do, you’re gonna keep missing me,” she said with a smile.

“I will never let you die,” he said.

“You can’t stop me from dying, Bowen. Everyone dies some day. But I know that my death is going to hurt you a lot. You just don’t know it right now.”

“Some people are very smart and some are simply crazy. Sometimes, they both act in the same way.”

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8. Dominant Submissives

At the end of the 22nd Century, females gained enough power in many parts of the world to enable them to bring about substantial changes in the system. Laws changed and the systems were created to implement Matriarchy. Now, different countries have different laws, but almost everywhere males have very limited rights. They are second citizens. They cannot vote in elections. They cannot buy properties. In some countries, they cannot even work in higher-level jobs. Even the right of having a bank account is prohibited in some jurisdictions. They have been made dependent on females for everything. All these changes assure that they could never rise again. However, the system ignored the fact that not all the females are dominants. Some females have intense desires of submission. They want their males to lead and rule them. Some of those females could be dominant enough to go against their system.

Year 2235 CE

“Let me have two hotdog combos, please,” the woman in the raincoat said.

“Yes, Madam!” the man replied. He was inside the kiosk.

“And yes, some extra mayo and garlic sauce, please.”

“Sure, Madam!” he said, a confused expression on his face.

There were many lights and electric boards on the street, but they were difficult to see because of the heavy rain. It was dark around.

“Anything else, Madam?” man in the kiosk asked.

“No! How much, lad?” woman said.

“24 Kellies, 50 Larks!”

She swiped the credit card on the machine. She picked up the receipt, took the bag from the counter and then ran towards the car parked in front of the kiosk. She opened the driving seat door and entered. There was a man inside.

“I’ve brought extra sauces for you, Tavon,” she said, and passed the bag to him.

“I don’t understand, Jenny. You should have let me do that,” Tavon said with confusion.

“Not again, please,” Jenny said with a smile.

“I’m sorry, Jenny, but I can’t understand why you want to do all the things yourself. You work as well, and you do all the house chores yourself too. You don’t let me touch anything. At least you should let me handle a few things,” he said.

“You will never understand,” she said in a sad voice and pulled up the car.

“Do you know what you’re talking about?” the woman said.

“Yes, Mariah!” Jenny responded.

Both of them were wearing doctors’ gowns.

“This sounds idiotic,” Mariah replied with a smile.

“Why idiotic? Haven’t you read any history books?” Jenny said.

“Come on! That’s hundreds of years ago. Things have changed now. You are talking about ancient times,” Mariah said.

“Well, I’m just talking about my dreams and my feelings. That has nothing to do with the timeline,” she said.

“But I don’t really get why. Don’t you like the system? Don’t you like that you have the power? Don’t you like that your partners can’t cheat you? Don’t you

like that he will do everything that he can to keep you happy? Isn't this what a woman wants?" Mariah said.

"Ah! What a woman wants?" Jenny said with a heavy sigh. "I wish I could have lived in those ancient times when my husband could have had the power. I really want all you are saying, but not by force. He would not have cheated me because he loved me. He would have done those things because I wanted them and because he really cared about me. I wish I could have been born in those times," she said, and Mariah laughed.

"You are going out of your mind. You have forgotten what we were taught in school. Men cannot be trusted. They kept us slaves of their desires for thousands of years. Thanks to the females who fought for us, we finally have our liberty," Mariah said.

"You call it liberty?" Jenny said with anger. "For you it might be a liberal society, but for me I don't have many rights. I don't have my basic rights. I can't fulfill my desires of submission. I don't want the power. I want someone to take care of me."

"You are indeed out of your mind," Mariah said. "Anyway, don't talk to others about your feelings. I have heard that females like you are taken seriously by the authorities."

"No one can stop me from thinking, Mariah! I'm not someone to go against the system. I'm just a doctor. But at least... I can dream," Jenny said, looking at the wall in front of her. "Dreams of a life in suburbs... where I'm working in the house with my children running around me and I'm cooking meals for all of them... shouting at them not to mess up the things... and then... my loving husband gets back from his job. He has strong body, and he walks like a lion in the desert. He comes home and the first thing he does is... hug me, and then he kisses me, and then... we all have our dinner. I serve them myself. Then he grabs me, pulls me up and carries me in his arms, and takes me to our room. He places me on the bed, and he starts removing my clothes, slowly... slowly..."

"Stop it!" Mariah interrupted her, breathing heavily. "You're making me hot!" Jenny burst out laughing.

“And you say that I’m the only one with such fantasies,” Jenny said.

“Look, Jenny,” Mariah said, still breathing heavily, “You might be right that many females feel good about such lifestyles, but there is no point in trying to dig out a dead issue. No one can. The government is very serious about keeping the things as they are.”

“I’m not saying that I want to do anything...”

“Ok! I got it!” Mariah quickly interrupted. “You’re just a doctor, and you are just sharing your fantasies with me.” She paused for a moment. “But, Jenny, you are taking it more seriously than you should. I recommend that you suppress your desires. Our country is considered the most liberal in the world, having the best male rights. Still, things can never go as far as your fantasies. In fact, it is not just because of the system. The years of submission have changed the males too. They have become accustomed to being dependent on women for almost everything. Although they are physically stronger than us, they are mentally weak. The kind of men you are talking about are all dead, long gone. Now, we only find them in the books. Be practical!”

“I’m sorry! You’re right,” Jenny said sadly. “You’re indeed right. They don’t have the kind of strength that we find in the books. I have been giving enough respect to Tavon, and instead of accepting that respect all it does is confuse him. I have shown him numerous times that I want to serve him, but he never really understands it.” She started to cry.

“Oh don’t cry, Jenny!” Mariah said sympathetically. “To be honest, I had the same feelings as you, long ago. But we have to accept reality. We have to live as dominants, even though we have submissive feelings. This is a requirement of the system in our world these days.”

“But Jenny, how can you even think about it? People will laugh,” Tavon said.

“I don’t care about people, Tavon. I care about you and me. Do you want it or not?” she said angrily.

“I don’t know. I have never thought about it,” Tavon replied, confused. “I have never heard of anyone who lives in such a system. And you yourself said that our system is not going to be supportive for us.”

“We will leave here. We will start living in a suburban area. With the money I have, we will buy a little land and will learn about farming. You can do all the work outside the house, and I will take care of the house and kids. I’m sure that this will bring changes in you as well,” she said.

“Ok!”

“Do you know why we have asked you to come here?” the woman in the police uniform asked Jenny. The metallic plate placed on the table suggested that she was a Marshal grade II, and her name was Meira Bobosa.

“No, I just received the letter that you wanted to see me and I came here,” Jenny replied.

“You are a respectable civilian of our society. A famous doctor! And I didn’t feel it good to send someone to bring you here. That’s why I sent you the letter. I knew that you will come here by yourself,” Marshal Meira said.

“Did I do something wrong?” Jenny asked with confusion.

“Well, not exactly. But the way things are going on, it seems as though you’re likely to do something wrong. And I want to make sure that it doesn’t happen. You are someone very important for our society. Besides, I personally like the people like you,” Meira said with a smile.

“Sorry, but I don’t get it,” Jenny said.

“Look, Jenny, I know you sometimes feel bad about our system but there are numerous reasons that things are the way they are. During your education you

attended the course on History and Gender Theories, but even those only gave you basics of our society's structure and the reasons behind it." Meira said, and Jenny breathed out loudly.

"I'm not against the system," Jenny said.

"I know. That's why I said that you didn't do anything wrong," Meira said with a smile.

"Then?" Jenny asked with confusion.

"Look, I know you are not against the system, but, all the same you don't like the system. The problem is that's where it all starts to go wrong. First, you start having desires for the old system you read about in the history books. Then, your desires start getting stronger, day by day. And one day, your feelings take over your mind, and you forget who you are and the rules of the society you live in. You make a mistake and don't realize that you can't bring about any real changes. Your idea of living in the suburbs as a housewife is the beginning of that, and it's potential dangerous for our whole society," Meira said.

"I don't really understand... Did you call me to threaten me?" Jenny asked with some irritation in her voice.

"No! You're taking me wrong," Meira said quickly. "I'm sure that you already know all this. We have been monitoring you, and we will keep you under surveillance even if you do start living in the suburbs. It doesn't make much difference for us. My intention is only to show you some facts that currently you don't seem aware of. I really want to help you. I'm just proposing that instead of going for such measures you think about taking our help. We have institutions here that can improve your mentality."

"I know what you do. You hypnotize people to change their minds," Jenny said with anger.

"What's wrong with that? You're a doctor, and you know that anything not accepted by the society can be considered an abnormality. You know your current feelings are only hurting you," Meira said.

"I need some time to think about it," Jenny said slowly.

“Good! Think about it. Look, Jenny, I’m not against your desires. You know yourself that you will fail to bring any substantial changes in Tavon. Even with all this effort, everything will seem to be artificial. He will always remain afraid of you. He knows his status in the society. You can’t change anything,” Marshal Meira said.

“Maybe you’re right. Let me think about it,” Jenny said with a smile. “I should try to see the picture from the other side. If I can’t suppress my feelings myself, that program might be helpful.”

“Damn! I hate this,” Jenny said.

“But what can you do?” Tavon said.

“I don’t know. It is clear that they have cameras, mikes... everything on us. That’s why we are in the open talking about this,” she said with anger.

“And you should avoid talking to anyone about this,” he said.

“Yeah! I shouldn’t trust anyone,” she agreed. “It’s so sad that our system seems to favor females and yet it has avoided the simple fact that we females can also have the desires of submission. This so-called liberal society is not liberal for females as well.”

“What do you intend to do now?” Tavon asked in a tense voice.

“I don’t know. All I know is that I want my basic rights. I should be able to submit myself to the one I want. And no one has the right to stop me doing that,” she said passionately.

3 Years later – 2238 CE

“Don’t you think there is risk involved?” Tavon said.

“I can risk anything,” she said and then looked at him with some sadness. “But the question is there for you: Are you ready to take this risk?”

“I’m ready to take any risk for you,” Tavon said.

“No, Tavon!” she said sadly. “I’m doing all this so that I can submit to you. Now is the time you should start to think for yourself. I want you to stand up. I don’t want you to follow me. I want you to take the lead.”

“I know. But years of submission have affected my mind. All the aggression I had in my childhood has diminished. Let me have some time, and I’m sure I can eventually become the one you want me to be,” he said.

“Thanks.”

2 Years later – 2243 CE

“It means we got three hundred females with us!” Jenny said with excitement.

“Three hundred couples! Don’t underestimate the partners of those females. Some of them are real dominants. They could not accept the forced submission, and are still the ones they were born to be,” the other female replied with a smile. She was lot older than Jenny.

“That’s great!”

“Yes! But Jenny, don’t forget that we might not survive. We’re doing it for our nation. We are doing it for the rebellion against the system. I’m not sure if we will succeed it in it or not, but we can try. If not us, our next generation can have their rights of submission for them,” the older woman said, and Jenny nodded.

“No worries. I’m ready to die. Our cause is more important than my life,” Jenny said with passion in her voice.

“Even if we fail, I’m sure about one thing. This will ignite a rebellion among all the submissive females. Those dominants took over and created this system of Genderism based on their personal desires and requirements. They neglected what females like us wanted. But they have underestimated us... submissives. We might be submissives, but only for those to whom we want to submit. We are dominant enough to fight for our rights. I’m sure, one day, we will regain have our right of submission,” the older woman said with passion in her voice.

3 Years later – 2246 AD

“... But I still don’t get why they attacked the system?” the female said on the television. It was a television show with a few debaters.

“Maybe they wanted to bring some kind of change in the system. They were not just some bunch of females. Although we don’t know all their names, it is clear that there were some very powerful woman involved,” the second female said.

“Yes, they were powerful. That’s why they could take over so many government buildings all on the same day. They came close to succeeding with their rebellion plans. It was thanks to our agencies that the plan failed and most of them were killed. We should be careful that nothing like this...”

Jenny was sitting in front of the television. Tears fell from her eyes.

“I will not let Tavon’s death be in vain! I will gather more like me. We will rise up together!” she shouted with pain in her voice. “One day, no woman will have to hide her desire to be submissive. Yes! Our time will come!”

“Dominants and Submissives both live in society. Freedom includes their rights to make decisions based on their own priorities.”

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9. Parents know better

“It looks perfect!” the woman said, “Almost every week, both of us would almost get equal number of spankings. We can both play as tops and bottoms, without giving anyone more power than other. The punishments will be for real mistakes, and we can truly explore the concept of Discipline.”

“I’m also content with this,” the man said, thinking it through, and then he paused.

“What’s bothering you?” the woman asked, seeing the tense expressions on the face of the man.

“At this stage, everything looks good,” the man said, thinking hard. “One week you will cook and I will dish it up, and then we will switch the responsibilities. Our financial income will have no effect on anything. We will have equal saying in expenditure, and we will draw lots in the case of any conflict. Alternate weekends, we will have the rights of deciding the activity, and every third weekend we will both go out separately with personal friends. Sexual activities will occur on the desires of either of us, and the other will not be able to deny it. Everything seems good. Types of punishments also seem good. The only thing is that we have no guidelines for special scenarios. I don’t want something to just pop in and mess up the balance of the entire system. If we break the rule once, we actually break the whole system.”

“Yeah!” the woman said, also thinking hard now. “So what do you have in your mind?”

“We have to consider the special scenarios as well. What if there’s a natural disaster or one of us loses our job? What if we have visitors? What if one of us is too sick, and is not able to follow the system? The punishments will be out of the questions in that case,” the man said, trying to consider everything.

“We can stop the system for a while,” the woman said thoughtfully.

“That could be a big problem. If we stop once, then we face problems in picking it up again,” the man said.

“Then?” the woman asked.

“Look, we both enjoy being Tops and Bottoms. We both enjoy playing both the roles in Sodomasochism. The main thing here is that we have to keep the system intact, no matter what happens. We can delay the punishments in some special scenarios, but we should always follow the rules,” the man said.

“What about the visitors? They can mess up the system. They can push us to do the things that will require us to break our rules,” the woman said.

“The one among us who has closer relationship to that visitor will be considered guilty. Let’s say, if you broke the rule because of my friend, instead of you, I will get the punishment. But there should be a valid reason for you to do that. If I can prove that you had a better option, then you will get the punishment,” the man said.

“What if I forgot or did not realize that option?” the woman said, confused.

“Don’t you enjoy being on the receiving end?” the man said, and woman smiled. “And it can happen to me as well.”

“Yeah! I took your example too seriously,” the woman agreed.

“Then what do you say? Should we start the system from the coming Monday?” the man asked.

“Sure!” the woman said excitedly.

“This is what I was worrying about,” the man said with anger. “Your mom and my dad both turned up together and it looks like they intend to stay here for many days.”

“Yeah! That’s making me worried too. I know my Mom. The result of having her here will be that I end up being due lots of spankings every day,” the woman said.

“It’s the same with my dad,” the man said.

“Don’t you think it would be better if we stop the system until they leave?” the woman suggested.

“No! We can’t stop the system!” the man said angrily. “We have to find another solution.”

“Just be careful. Mom should not learn that we are having the domestic discipline relationship in the house,” the woman said.

“Same with dad. We will conduct the punishments in the basement. It’s soundproof, and we do it late at night,” the man said.

“I’m feeling very uncomfortable with all this now,” the woman said.

“Don’t worry! The system has been working perfectly for more than a year. Once this disaster is over, we will be back on track,” the man said.

“Look, son, I know that society’s values have changed, but you are my son. You should never have married a workingwoman. You can still stop her and let her live with you as your housewife,” the old man said to the man.

“But dad, why don’t you understand that this is not a problem for me,” the man said.

“I know it’s not a problem for you. And this is the problem. You should actually have a problem with this,” the old man said with some irritation. “What kind of man are you? Don’t you want the respect that you deserve?”

“I do. But things have become complicated. It’s not your time, dad. All the women work now, and they like this lifestyle,” the man said.

“That’s your mistake. All of you! You should have never submitted to your women. This so-called love of yours has actually made you crazy. In our times as well, a man and a woman loved each other, but they respected the natural order.

The man was supposed to be in charge and the woman had to accept his lead. The man had to earn the bread and woman had to take care of his house and children. I don't really understand how it is you have changed so much. You used to be a man when I last saw you, but you are no more," old man said with anger.

"Come on, dad! You are making an issue where one does not exist. My life is good and I enjoy it the way it is," the man protested.

"No! It's not good. You are not feeling bad because you haven't seen the pleasure of being in charge. But don't worry! You will do exactly as I say and things will become as they are supposed to be," the old man said.

"How come you do that?" old woman said with anger. "You were very smart when you were a child. I always taught you to stay ahead of the line. I never let you cook and clean, and I pushed you more and more towards studies so that you would become a successful woman. I always told you that you should get a man for yourself who will do all these things. I don't really understand why you have this system in the house. You earn a lot more than he does. You work more hours than him, and yet you participate equally in the house chores. This is entirely against what I taught you. You are a twenty-first century woman, but you could not become the kind I wanted you to be."

"Come on, Mom! This is nothing. I enjoy doing all those things. I didn't want to marry a pathetic, submissive sissy. I wanted a man, and he is the one. Don't you see that he helps me in everything, which is still uncommon in many families?" the woman said with irritation.

"You are missing the point here. I can show you plenty of families where stronger men, the kind you like, also accept the lead of their wives. In fact, I can see clearly that your husband can also become the type I am suggesting. The problem is not with him; it's actually with you. You are the one who has played the wrong cards. And don't worry! Now, I'm here I will tell you what to do and you will make him submit," the old woman said.

“But I don’t want it,” the woman said with anger.

“Look, baby, I know you are feeling bad about this. But I’m your Mom. I have been through the time you are going through right now. At this stage, things will seem normal. But a time will come when you will realize how correct I was. These men can really become pain in ass if the need to make a bigger decision comes up. You have the chance to turn things in your favor. But you won’t always have this opportunity in your hands. Let me help you, please. I assure you that you will be happy to make this decision.”

“But Mom...”

“No more excuses! You will at least try! If you don’t like it, then you can do whatever you want. At least try it for once,” the old lady said forcefully, and the woman pushed her lips back.

The man and the woman were both lying on their fronts on the bed. They were naked, and their bottoms were bright red.

“I can’t go on like this,” the woman said, sobbing. “I got two hundred spankings with paddle today and there is more to come tomorrow. I know that.”

“My back hurts like a hell,” man said with anger. “I got more than you did.”

“But it hurts you less,” she said.

“Just because I’m not crying, you think it didn’t hurt me? You were using full force,” the man said with anger.

“Why shouldn’t I use force? You also hurt me that much,” she said, equally angry.

“I didn’t do it intentionally. My hand is heavy,” he said.

“Yes! I’m also getting heavier,” she said.

For a few seconds they stopped talking.

“Why don’t we stop this?” woman said in a low voice.

“Why don’t we kick out our parents out of the house?” man said with anger.

“She is my mom. She loves me. And it’s not her mistake. I can’t disrespect her because she is trying to help me,” the woman said.

“Then keep getting what you got today. I’m going to use more force from tomorrow,” he told her.

“But your dad is also a problem,” she said retorted.

“Leave my dad to me. I know what I have to do. I will push him to leave quickly,” he said.

“What will you do?” woman said.

“I will show him my back! I will tell him that you are the head in the house and you have beaten me cruelly. This all happened because of him. I’m afraid of you now, and he should leave now to help me,” the man said.

“Do you think he will leave after that?” she said.

“Yes, I do. Not to help me. He will get mad at me for submitting to my wife. He will curse me and leave. In fact, he might hate us so much that he will never make another visit to our house,” he said with a smile.

“I think it can help in your case,” woman said in a sad voice. “If I try something like that with mom, she will call the cops and have you charged with abusing me.”

“Damn!” the man shouted, irate. “Why didn’t I have this idea earlier? It’s so simple!”

“What is it?” the woman asked in confusion.

“I got it! We can kick them out. Both of them, and we don’t even need to disrespect them,” the man said with excitement.

“How?”

“Mom, I have to tell you something that I had been hiding from you until now,” the woman said with sadness.

“What’s that?” old woman said.

“It’s that... I’m a masochist. I have submission fantasies. The system of the house is all based on my requirements, and actually I want more. I want his lead more than this,” the woman said.

“What? Have you gone out of your mind?” the old woman said.

“Well, it’s a perversion. So, you can say that. But it is as it is,” the woman said.

“You’re lying!” the old woman said.

“No, I’m not. I need to show you something,” the woman said.

“You are so...” the old man said with anger. “I can’t stay here with you any more. You are not my son. You can never be. I can’t have someone like you. A loser! A pathetic masochist who enjoys being tortured by his woman.”

“I’m sorry, dad. Please don’t go like this. Try to understand me.” the man said sadly.

“I don’t want to understand you. Live as you want... You pervert! Do whatever you want. I’m leaving!” the old man said and started to walk towards the door. The man smiled.

“I can’t believe that both of them left!” the woman said, laughing.

“Yeah! They are angry with us right now, but their anger will soon fade. We didn’t disrespect them,” the man said.

Tring! Tring! Tring!

The doorbell rang. The woman went to the door and opened it. Her mom was outside.

“I’m sorry, baby,” the old woman said. “I’m really sorry! I thought I could have convinced you... but the truth is that... this is not your mistake. It’s all mine.”

“What are you saying, mom?” the woman asked in confusion.

“I had the same type of relationship with your dad,” the old woman said. “The only difference is that he forced me to accept it. I was being physically abused, and that’s why I wanted to save you from the curse of the man. Maybe, with you, I wanted to take revenge on all males. But... I’m sorry! I didn’t realize that this way I was only hurting you. You love your husband, and you have every right to have the kind of relationship you want.”

Tring! Tring! Tring!

“Honey! Open the door!” the woman said, “Let’s go, mom!”

The man opened the door. His dad was outside.

“Sorry, son! I’m really sorry!” the old man said. “You didn’t do anything wrong. In my time, a man used to be a man, except me. I could never tell you this, but I myself actually failed to build the kind of relationship that I wanted. Although I worked to make money for us, I was never the head of our house. It was always your mom. She agreed to keep it behind the closed doors as she did not want me to be humiliated. Your mom had true power. She made all the decisions for us. She also gave me many punishments when she was mad at me. I’m sorry, son. It was because of my pain and humiliation that I tried to make you a strong man once your mother died. But I’m sorry. Your personal desires have priority. You can choose the way you want to live.”

The man and his wife looked at each other. It was clear that their parents were going to stay with them for a long time, and there was nothing they could do about it.

“Some go for social standards, and some go for desires and priorities. Mutual understanding is the key for all to build a healthy relationship.”

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10. Cuckold Frenzy

“I am confused,” the man said.

“For what?” the woman replied.

“When we were at your home, you used to have sex with me. Now you have been travelling with me for almost a month but you never sleep with me. I really don’t understand why have you hired me if you don’t want my services,” the man said, and woman smiled.

“Yeah! This is a matter of confusion,” the woman said.

“But why? I’m a first class gigolo, and you’re paying me a huge amount for each day. Still you don’t do anything,” the man said.

“Well, it’s complicated,” the woman said in a sad voice.

“Would you mind telling me?” the man said, and the woman took a few seconds before replying.

“It’s my husband,” the woman said.

“You mean, you are afraid of your husband? You never used to be afraid of him. You used to have sex with me even in your house when he was there,” the man said.

“No, you don’t get it,” the woman said, and there was another short pause. “I didn’t have sex with you for my own pleasure. I did it because my husband wanted it.”

The man stared at her for a few seconds, and then he smiled.

“So he has a cuckold fetish,” the man said.

“Yes! To an extreme level,” the woman said, and sighed. “Everything I did with you in my house was because he wanted it. He watched us do it all. I don’t know how to explain to you, but... but I didn’t want it that way.”

“I thought women liked to have sex with someone like me,” the man said with a smile.

“You are wrong about that,” the woman replied, and then she smiled. “I mean, it’s good that you are a strong man. But women want someone who can love them. I’m talking about true love. Sex is only part of that, just an activity to share that love. But that’s not all. We want someone to care about our feelings and desires. I know this sounds complicated, but this is it.”

“You mean, you didn’t enjoy the activities with me?” he said.

“Yes! I didn’t. My mind was not helping my body,” she said.

“What about all that moaning with pleasure?” he said.

“Most of it I did for my husband’s benefit. And afterwards I cried for hours and felt guilty,” she said.

“Damn! It’s all a bit of a surprise for me,” he said, astonished. “I thought that... anyway, what’s going on now? What are we doing here? Is he hiding somewhere, watching us?”

“No, he isn’t. He doesn’t even know where we are,” she said with a sad smile.

“Then?”

“Look, I didn’t want to have sex with anyone except my husband, but he was persistent about his idiotic fetish and kept bothering me to do it. I got tired of doing what I didn’t like weird pleasure, and then I decided to do this,” she said.

“You mean... you left him? But then why did you bring me here with you? And you don’t even have sex with me?” he said.

“You ask too many questions,” the woman said. “I didn’t leave him. I can’t. I mean, I didn’t leave him forever. I left with you to show him that extramarital sex can be dangerous. I want him to stop playing with my feelings.”

“Ah, ok! Got it! You’re doing it to punish him,” the man said.

“Well... you can say that. But it’s not exactly punishment. When I go back, I will tell him that it was all just to give him intense feelings of his cuckold fetish,” the woman said.

“Then what will you get from this?” man asked, puzzled.

“Look, currently he believes that I left with you. He has an extreme cuckold fetish. He will keep thinking about me having sex with you... and that will be unbelievably intense for him I want his fetish to kill his fetish. I’m sure that after a while he will start missing me. He loves me. When that happens, his mind will start reconsidering his earlier behavior and activities. Currently, he considers sex is only a physical requirement of the body, a function like breathing, eating food and so on. But he will begin to understand how I feel. I get intense depression being alone. I know he wants all this himself, but I feel like I’m cheating him. I really hate it when anyone touches me. He doesn’t understand this,” she said.

“Hmm... So how long is it going to continue?” the man asked.

“I think we should go back to our city now. It’s already been almost a month. What do you say?” the woman said, and the man started to nod.

“Yeah! It seems enough. He would have thought about you a lot, and when you return, he will not want to share with you with anyone else,” the man said, and woman smiled.

“Do you think it will work?” the woman asked.

“It all depends on his love for you and the intensity of his cuckold fetish,” the man said and woman pursed her lips.

“He’s a cuckold fanatic. I’m afraid that he will have enjoyed it all. I’m afraid that he will ask me later on to repeat something like this,” the woman said, and the man laughed.

“I’ve been through some couples having cuckold fetish activities, but this seems to be of extreme nature. Your husband seems to be a real pervert,” the man said.

“Don’t talk about my husband like that!” the woman said with anger. “What’s happening between us is our personal problem. You are paid for your services. It is none of your business what he does and what he doesn’t do.”

“Hey, cool down! I didn’t mean to say that...”

“Don’t say anything at all!” the woman said with anger, and stood up. “Let’s go! We’re going back.”

“I’m sorry!” man said as he drove. “I didn’t really mean to hurt your feelings. I just realized how much you love your husband, and the kind of problem you are going through is serious.”

“It’s ok,” woman said, but there was still anger in her expression.

“I really mean it. Thanks for sharing all this with me. You have indeed gained a lot of respect in my eyes,” the man said with praise.

“Thanks. Now, can you please drive a little faster? I need to get home. I want to see what’s happening with him,” the woman said.

“Ok,” the man said, and increased the speed of the car. “I’m surprised that you have kept yourself away from him for the whole month. The way you are acting now, it is clear that you really missed him.”

“You can’t even imagine how much I miss him. He’s my soul. Even with so much depression and bad feelings about it, I have been doing this for him for eleven years,” she said and started to cry. “I wish some day he would understand my feelings. I have been doing everything he wants. I have sacrificed a lot for him. But for once, I want him to make the sacrifice and get rid of this fetish.”

“Have you ever talked to him about it?” he asked.

“Many times! We even had fights about it, many times,” she said, and then she smiled. “But he never takes them seriously. He always comes up with some

idiotic reasoning. And every time I have to submit. That's why I did this. Maybe it can bring about some changes."

"I hope it works for you," he said.

The car entered a residential area and started to make turns. The woman started breathing heavily. Her face was red, almost as if all the blood in her body had rushed to her head. Her extreme emotions made her shiver. When the car stopped in front of a house, for a few seconds she could not move. She had started to shudder a little more.

"Do you want some time?" the man asked, watching her. He had realized that she was feeling very emotional.

"No! It's fine," she said, and quickly opened the door.

She took few seconds to move out and to stand up, but for a while she could not leave the car door that she was holding to support her. Slowly, she started to move towards the door of the house. She raised her hand to the bell and rang it. Her heart was beating loudly. After a few minutes, the door opened. There was a woman behind the door.

"Oh hi, Pricilla! What are you doing here?" the woman asked the other woman behind the door, who also had a confused expression on her face.

"I should ask what YOU are doing here?" Pricilla asked with some anger in her voice.

"This is my house!" the woman replied.

"Your house?" Pricilla demanded. "Then why the fuck did you leave my brother?"

"That's none of your business. Now get away from the door. I need to talk to him," the woman said.

"You wanna see him? Then go to the morgue and see him," Pricilla said in a sad voice.

"What?" the woman screamed.

“I’m sorry,” Precilla said, and tears started to roll down her cheeks. “I don’t know what was happening between you guys or why you did that. You two seemed to have intense love for each other. I think you should have known what would happen. When you left, he lost his mind. The doctor said that he had extreme level of trust in you. He believed that no matter what happened you would never cheat him. His nerves broke down, and two weeks later he died.”

“No! This is not true! This is not true! I never left him! It was all just a drama! It was all a game! The kind of games...” the woman shouted, and then she started to laugh.

“Hey!” the man with her quickly took hold of her.

“Hahahaha! I killed him! I killed him!”

Slap!

The man started to slap her.

Slap!

Slap!

“Get back you idiot!” the man shouted, moving his hand across her face.

The woman had started to cry.

“I’m sorry, baby! I’m sorry!” The woman fell to the floor, sobbing. Both of them watched her with extreme sadness. “I didn’t know that it would end this way. All I wanted was you... But I lost you. I don’t know what to do. I never intended to cheat you. You know that I never wanted to be with someone else. It was you who wanted this. I was only trying to...” She said nothing further.

For a few seconds, she was silent.

She slowly stood up. She grabbed the hand of the man and turned towards the door.

“Let’s go! We need to do something. I’m sure that this will satisfy the soul of my husband,” she said and started to move towards her bedroom, still grasping the man’s hand.

“Tailors make clothes and carpenters make furniture. Do not try to play with the minds as it can have dangerous consequences. Let the specialists do their jobs.”

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11. S/M Nightmares

The room was dark. There was only one bulb on the wall, emitting a dim light. A man stood in the middle of the room. His hands were tied and the rope attached securely to a hook embedded in the ceiling. He had a bondage mask fully covering his face. Two small pipes were attached to the mask near his nose. There were round pumps attached to those pipes, and those pumps were providing the only source of air for him to breathe.

A woman stood in front of him. She pressed the pumps lightly so that the air entered his mask. Then she waited for a few seconds. Once he started moving his head, showing that he lacked enough air to breathe, she permitted him some more. She had been doing it for a while.

Slowly, she moved towards one side of the room. Suddenly, her foot slipped, and she fell forward onto the table. Her head hit the wall as her body slammed across the table, and onto a long, sharp knife lying there. She fell to the floor, and as the man heard her shouts and cries he started to shout as well. No one came to save her. For a few seconds her body shuddered, and then she stopped moving.

There was no one to pump air to the man.

“No!!!”

With a loud shout, the girl sat up. She started to cry, shivering with fear. Suddenly, the door opened and a woman came into the room. She was the same woman who was in the girl’s dream.

“What happened, baby?” the woman asked.

The girl did not reply.

A man came in. He was the same man who was in her dream.

“Looks like she has had the same nightmare,” the man said as the woman held the girl in her arms.

“Don’t worry, Cindy! Nothing happened. You can see we’re both all right. It was just a nightmare,” the woman said in a soft voice.

“Oh, mom!” Cindy cried with fear. “You are all right! When will I stop having these nightmares about you and dad?”

It was a motel room some years later. Cindy was out of her clothes. There was a young man in the room. He was also naked. They both started to kiss. The young man moved his hand. He had a bag. He turned it to place all the things on the bed. There were two pairs of handcuffs, one ball gag, and a flogger.

Cindy looked at those, and her eyes started to expand.

She quickly pushed the man and moved away. As soon as she was on the floor, she started to run. Apparently without any concern that she was completely naked, she opened the door and ran out.

She was on the second story of a motel. All the doors were connected to a corridor from which staircases led down at each end. Cindy was in the middle of the rooms lining the corridor. She turned right. The next door was opened. Before she could move, a woman came out from that door. She was carrying a metal chain connected to a man’s neck. He followed her on all-fours. The sight increased Cindy’s fear. She quickly walked pass them and started to run towards the stairs.

In the parking lot below, a man opened the trunk of a car. A woman clambered out. She wore only a latex brassiere and panties, and a leash was attached to a collar around her neck. As Cindy carried on down the stairs, she saw two men coming up. Both of them were wearing leather clothes. One man had no top, and carried marks of whipping over his body.

All this made Cindy more fearful. She wanted to pass those men, but they were blocking her path. She moved quickly, jumping over the rail at the side of the stairs to the ground.

“Aaaah!!!”

Cindy shouted, and opened her eyes. She was on a bed. It looked like a room in a house, not a hotel. The boy she had seen in her dream was lying next to her. With her shout, he opened his eyes and sat up.

“What happened baby?” boy said.

Cindy had started to cry.

“I saw... I saw that we were in a... and Jett! You were...”

“Don’t worry, baby! It’s just another S/M Nightmare of yours,” Jett said, patting her. “Things like that happen during pregnancy.”

Cindy was completely naked. She was bent over a padded sawhorse. Her wrists and ankles were tied with its legs. Jett was standing behind her with a whip in his hand. Next to Jett, there was a girl. She looked to be around 18 years old. She also had a whip in her hand.

Suddenly, Jett and the young girl, both started to move their hands, striking the whips on Cindy’s naked back.

“No! Please, no!!!”

Cindy shouted loudly. She tried to sit up, but she was quickly pushed back by a nurse. Cindy was on a hospital bed, attached to a drip. She looked around.

Jett and the young girl were both standing besides the bed. They had expressions of sadness on their faces.

“Mom! Are you all right?” girl asked. She moved closer to Cindy.

“What happened to me, Jill?” Cindy said.

“You’ve been talking oddly,” Jill said. “Sometimes you talk nonsense and sometimes you forget who you are.”

“Yesterday,” Jett said, “You even forgot that we have been married for twenty years.”

Cindy was in the middle of the room. On one wall, her mom and dad were bound on an X-Frame. On the other side, her husband and her daughter were fixed. Cindy was wearing latex clothes. She had a whip in her hand. There was an expression of confusion on her face. When she realized she had the whip in her hand she dropped it on the floor. She quickly turned towards her parents. Before she could move to them and release them, the door opened. It shocked her to see that she herself had entered from the door, in same clothes, carrying the same whip.

There were two of her now in the room. The first one was afraid of all this and was standing in the centre. The second had an evil smile on her face. She started to move towards the first Cindy. With this, the first started to take backward steps in fear. The wall behind her stopped her. The second Cindy moved closer and moved her whip to strike her.

“No!!!”

Cindy tried to open her eyes. She could not. She was wearing a blindfold. She could not sit up. Her wrists and ankles were bound. She was on a soft bed. A syringe entered her arm. Slowly, she started to lose consciousness. She was given some kind of medicine to go back to sleep. But for some reason, she could not lose

all of her conscious. From the back of her mind, she remained aware of her current condition. She could hear some voices around.

“What is happening?” the tense voice of her mother registered.

“She needs to sleep,” her dad said.

“It was never that bad,” her mother said. She was crying. “You said she would recover with time, but nothing had changed. It kept growing, and now she is in this condition.”

“I’m as much hurt with this as you,” dad said with extreme sadness in his voice.

“But what should we do?” the voice of Cindy’s daughter Jill struck her ears.

“No one knows what to do,” Jett said. “The doctors say that it is all because of that incident in her childhood.”

“Yes!” her dad said. “We had an accident during some SM activity. She was very young then, but somehow she watched it all. Although neither of us was injured, she started to believe that we died in that accident. That incident became her repetitive nightmares. She is intensely afraid of sadomasochism.”

“Afraid of sadomasochism?” Jill said in confusion, “But she herself wants all this.”

“This is what we have been hiding from her as well,” Jett said with sadness. “The doctors said that she should not learn about her split personalities. And we should not help her in those activities. But when she is that other Cindy, I can’t deny her.”

“But why?” Jill said with anger. “You didn’t even tell me that. I used to think that those were all some kinds of games.”

“I wanted to keep her happy. I love her, and even that other Cindy is still her,” Jett said.

“Look, dad! Look what you have done to her,” Jill shouted.

“I didn’t do anything,” Jett said. “I only did as she wanted. I learned all about her the first time we went to bed. She took me to a motel that specialized in providing facilities for BDSM activities. She bought all the accessories herself, and told me what to do. When I tried to do it, she ran from the room and jumped over the edge of the staircase to the ground. I learned that day that she had some kind of mental problem. She does the things herself, and then believes that those are only her delusions. The basis of all of her nightmares was real. She had been through all of it herself.”

“Some dreams can become reality. You cannot run away from them.”

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12. Seven Reasons

“How are you so sure?” the male cop asked with confusion.

“I’m sure about that! It’s always there,” the female cop replied angrily. “Whenever I visit her, there is always something bad that proves it. Her husband is indeed abusing her. I’m a cop. She can’t hide it from me. She can’t lie to me. Just for example, yesterday I visited her and I found seven simple reasons to believe that she was just trying to cover his ass.”

“What about the cameras you put in there?” the male cop said.

“I haven’t got them yet. I fixed them in her house and I wanted to take them out in her absence. I have not had the chance yet, but today there is a party at my parents house and they will leave,” she said.

“Wouldn’t you have to go to the party as well?” he said.

“Yes, that’s why I want you to take them out. I will give you the key,” she said.

“Don’t worry. Just let me know where they are and I will take them out,” he said.

“Thanks!”

“I also want to have these proofs. She’s your sister,” he said with a smile.

“Yes. I’m doing this because I know she would never accept this in front of officials herself. She doesn’t accept it even in front of me. Yesterday I visited her and I could clearly see the marks of abuse. But she gave me idiotic replies. When I asked her about the black eye and swollen forehead, she said she fell on the ground. Her hands, legs, and chest, all were burnt. Damn! Coffee? Coffee my ass. She had bruises all across her back. It was most certainly not due to normal sexual activity. Bandage on her left toe? Nail cutter! Plaster on her right leg, she struck something heavy! Damn! These all are childish replies. And this is not all. Her right hand was also broken. Her lips were cut. Even if I want to believe in her lies, I can’t. How can all this happen in a single day? So many accidents. The

funny thing is that she thinks I will believe her. I told her straight away that I knew she was being abused by her husband, but she still denied it as she always does,” she said, and stopped to take breath. She was very angry.

“Don’t worry. We will have the videos today and then we will take the action,” the male cop said.

“Yes. I will uncover that asshole and put him behind the bars. She will never do it herself,” she said.

“She is hiding it because she loves her husband so much,” he said.

“Love my ass!” she said with anger. “I’m tired of her foolishness. I told her that she doesn’t need to be afraid of him. I can help her. But she doesn’t want to help herself.”

“What if they are just involved in a consensual sadomasochist relationship?” the man said.

“Nope! I thought about it. My sister could have told me that if it was the case. She didn’t have to lie to me. Besides, the kinds of injuries I have seen can’t be the consequences of consensual activities. Think about the things that I just mentioned: swollen forehead, black eye, burned body, bruises, left toe and right leg hurt, broken arm, lips cut badly; these types of injuries normally occur in either accidents or fights. And they can’t all be accidents as she is suggesting. At least, not in a single day,” she said, and he started to nod.

“But what if she says in the court that it was the result of activities she did as a role-play, with her consent?” the man said.

“Damn! I didn’t think about that. What should we do then?” she said.

“Let’s see the movies first, and then we will work out the best way to convince her,” he said, thinking hard. “Let me know where you put the cameras and recorders. Tomorrow we will decide about the second part.”

“Did you get those videos?” she asked.

“Yes!” the man said in a serious voice.

“What happened? Something wrong?” she asked with confusion.

“Yes!” he said.

“What?” she asked. “Wasn’t there the recordings of the actions?”

“They are there,” the man said with the same tone, “But I’m afraid that those won’t be much helpful in the court to prove that your sister is being abused by her husband.”

“Why?” she asked.

“I need to show you them,” the man said, and moved towards a room. In a few minutes he came back with a memory stick in his hand. He pushed it into his laptop. “You can see the entire video of all days later on. Right now, I want to show you an important part of the video. This will explain everything.”

A woman was sitting on a sofa. She was wearing only brassiere and panties. She leaned forward over a low table placed close to her. In her right hand, she had a glass tube. On the table, there was some white powder. She pushed one end of the glass tube into her right nostril, and with the other end she inhaled the cocaine. With a jerk of her body, she leaned back and closed her eyes. She started to breathe loudly.

Just next to her left foot, a man was on the floor. He had a box with him, placed near. In the box, there were some nail enhancing tools, including different types of nail cutters, foils, and some nail polishes. He had been using a foil on the toenail of the woman. Now he moved the cutter towards her left foot. Due to inhaling excessive cocaine, the woman’s body jerked. This resulted in her legs moving as well, and gave her a bad cut on her toe.

“What the fuck!” she shouted with anger.

She quickly moved her left leg and kicked him in the face. He tried to retreat, but could not get away from her foot. He fell back. She stood up and started kicking his belly.

“How dare you do that?” she shouted.

“I’m sorry, Jessica! You made a sudden move and...”

“So this is my mistake?” she shouted. She was continuously kicking him furiously. Although he was much bigger than her, he did not try to stop her. He stayed there, taking her hard kicks all across his body.

In a few minutes, she stopped and leaned back on the sofa.

“Get lost!” she shouted angrily, and closed her eyes. “Bitch! This is my mistake? Han?”

He stood up and started to walk away. In a few seconds, he came back with another box. It was a first-aid box. He knelt close to her left foot and opened the box. Jessica opened her eyes and watched him with anger.

“Don’t make another mistake!” she said.

He did not reply. He cleaned her bleeding toe and fixed a bandage.

“Do you want me to continue with the nails?” he said with some fear in his voice.

“I said get lost!” she shouted with anger without opening her eyes. He quickly closed both the boxes and stood up. He left the room.

For next half an hour, nothing happened. Then, her husband came into the room carrying a cup of coffee. He slowly moved towards her. He was going to place the cup on the table, but suddenly her arm moved and struck the cup. With this, the cup jumped in the air. The cup smashed, and the hot coffee splashed on her. It all happened so suddenly that no one could do anything about it.

She suddenly stood up furiously. He knew he was in big trouble. He started to back away from her.

“Jessica! It was just an accident,” he said as if he wanted to cry.

She jumped on him. He turned to run away. She grabbed his arm, and started to punch his back. He fell on the floor and knelt in order to save himself from her. She started to kick him. Then she bent and grabbed his hair. She tried to pull him up but he was too heavy. She straightened her body and started kicking him again.

He started to shout loudly, but he did nothing to try to stop her. He was obviously much stronger than she, but he submitted to her without even trying to block her blows.

“Stand up, you bitch!” she shouted with anger. “I won’t stop kicking you if you don’t.”

“Please don’t hurt me, Jessica! It was all an accident,” he said as if he wanted to cry. There were bruises all across his body. He was remarkably in control of his emotions.

“I said stand the fuck up! You mother fucker!” she shouted, and kicked him again.

“Promise me that you won’t hurt me,” he said.

“You bitch!” she shouted with anger and started to look around.

She moved to one side and picked up a large ceramic flower vase. She moved towards him carrying it.

“No Jessica! Not that!” he said with fear, and quickly stood up. He knew that it could break his bones or crack his skull if she hit him with it.

Jessica placed the vase back on its place and jumped on him. She wanted to punch him. While kicking him earlier, she had hurt her own right leg as well. The toe of her left foot was also hurt. Before she could reach him, she lost her balance. In fear of what she was going to do, he twisted his body away to save himself, but he realized quickly that she was falling. He rapidly returned and grabbed her left arm to stop her from falling. This gave her some bruises on her back with his fingernails, and also hurt her left arm.

This increased her anger further. She turned and started to slap him. He took two to three blows on his cheeks, and then turned and started to run away from her. She followed him. He moved towards the sofa. She reached him quickly. As the joint of her left arm was displaced and was hurting her, she started to hit his back with her bent elbow. This did not satisfy her. She bent and bit his arm. He started to shout.

“Please, Jessica! I beg you! I beg you!”

“Please stop this!” the female cop said. Tears were continuously rolling on her face. “I can’t see so much cruelty. It’s too much... It’s too much!”

“These videos can’t be used to prove that your sister is being abused,” the male cop said. She looked towards him in confusion.

“Are you making fun of me, Larry?” she said.

“No, I’m just saying that this video is no use to you anymore,” he said.

“No, Larry, these are indeed useful for me. These are for all of us. It doesn’t matter who the victim is; the abuser should be punished. It’s my sister. So what? I will go against her myself in the court. She... she’s a beast,” she started to cry louder. “How can she be so cruel? Her poor husband... Oh I feel so sorry for him.”

“It’s the story of many households. Many men are abused by their wives. More than their love for their wives, they are afraid that if anyone finds out they will be humiliated. Besides, the system is not that helpful for them,” he said.

“Yes, that’s true,” she said.

“When we talk about domestic violence and abuse, we normally take females to be victims. We take it for granted. Just like you did,” he said.

“Sorry!” she said.

“It’s not just you. It is our system. In fact, in our system, at least we have some laws. But there are many systems in the world where there are not even laws to save husbands from being abused,” he said. “Abuse is abuse, no matter who is the initiator and who is the victim. Besides, we should not forget that many victims end up with killing themselves or killing their partners. All the social crimes have roots inside loopholes of the system. We need to see through them.”

“Abuse is abuse, no matter who is the aggressor and who is the victim. Domestic violence affects all of society, and not just the couple involved in it.”

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13. Keyholding Addiction

“Come on, Christy! This is not as we planned,” the man protested.

“What did we plan?” Christy said with a smile on her face.

“I mean... I don’t mind when you decide it... but...” he started saying with confusion.

“Look, Norton, you were the one who wanted this. Now, if you want me to remove it, then simply tell me that,” she said.

“No! I don’t mean that,” Norton said quickly. “It’s just that it’s been more than four weeks and you haven’t opened me for once. The device is constantly giving me itches.”

“It’s not the device that we put on you, it’s your body that’s itching you,” Christy said with a smile.

“Ok, but still, it’s been four weeks. Let’s have some sex,” Norton begged her.

“I told you, if you want to remove it, I will remove it once and for all. But if you want me to hold the key, then I will decide myself when it should be removed,” she said with seriousness in her voice.

“Come on, Christy! At least have some schedule for that,” he protested.

“No schedule! I will decide it whenever I want,” she said in a stern voice. “It’s been four weeks, I agree. But before that, I unlocked it for you three times in two weeks. Tell me if that’s a lie.”

His head dropped. He did not know what to say.

“Please, Christy! I need it,” he said slowly, and she smiled again.

“You know, I love it when you talk to me this way,” she said and moved forward. She kissed him. She had the key of the chastity device that was fixed on

his penis, which only allowed him to pee unless she gave permission and unlocked it.

“Christy,” Norton said in a low voice. It was late in night.

“Yes?” Christy said and opened her eyes.

“Are you awake?” he said.

“No! I’m sleeping,” she said with a smile, and he laughed too.

“Sorry! I mean, I didn’t disturb you, right?” he said.

“Come to the point, Norton! We both have to get up early in the morning,” she said with a smile.

“It’s... don’t you know what it is?” he said, struggling to find the right way to ask.

“Open the drawer! And take out the key yourself,” she said with some anger in her voice.

“No! I want you to do it,” he said.

“This is funny! You want me to unlock you... and whenever you want it. So why am I keeping your key?” she said with irritation.

“Please try to understand me, Christy,” Norton said.

“I understand you clearly, Norton, and that’s why I agreed to this. And as far as I can see, I’ve been doing it exactly as you wanted. But you are not doing it according to the plan,” she said.

“But why do you take such long breaks?” he said.

“Three weeks, right?” she said.

“Yes!”

“Look, Norton, I also enjoy sex. With long breaks, I also suffer,” she said.

“But why do you want to suffer?” he said.

“I don’t know. Maybe I’ve started to enjoy this perversion,” she said with a smile.

“You like it?” he asked.

“Yes! I love it when you beg me to unlock you,” she said, and he smiled.

“That’s good! I want it to be like this,” he said.

“You know,” she said and laughed. “You’re such a pervert.”

“I know that.” He also laughed. “You are becoming one too.”

“Yes,” she said, and paused for a minute. “But, Norton, sometimes I’m afraid of all this.”

“After of what?” he said.

“I feel the power here. I’m afraid that I’ll misuse it,” she said in a tense voice.

“This is your love for me,” he said.

“No, Norton, it’s something else. Something different. Something is happening to me,” she said.

“Don’t worry, Christy, you are doing perfectly,” he said.

“You don’t understand, Norton,” she said with irritation and then turned away from him. “Let’s sleep. We have to get up early in the morning.”

“But what about something right now?” he said with confusion.

“I said sleep!” she said with same irritation.

“Norton?” she said. They were lying on the bed.

“Yes, Christy?” he opened his eyes.

“I have to ask you something,” she said. She was breathing loudly.

“Ok?”

“Norton! What if I don’t want to open you, but I want to have my arousal?” she said.

“What does this mean?” he said with confusion.

“Like with dildo... or your tongue... something like that,” she said.

“It’s not good,” he said unhappily.

“But with this, I will entirely feel different,” she said.

“Everything will mess up, Christy,” he said. She turned towards him.

“Because you will have fewer orgasms that way, right?” she said with a smile.

“Yes!”

“But this way, I will have the full control over your orgasms,” she said. “Isn’t that what you want?”

“Not like that,” he said.

“You know, most of the time I unlock you because I’m aroused myself. But if we do this I will have full power. I will unlock you only when I want to have the real sex. For lesser arousals, I will choose other ways,” she said.

“But what about me? I also feel urges,” he said. “Even right now, it takes weeks between the times you unlock me. If that happens, you will start taking months.”

“It’s all about your trust in me,” she said with a smile.

“No, Christy! I trust you. That’s why we have all of this. But you also need to understand my feelings. I want you to have the control, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want orgasms at all. In fact, due to this, I feel more sexually aroused almost every day,” he said.

“No worries!” she said in a sad voice. “Maybe you’re right. I haven’t thought about it from your perspective.”

“What’s going on, Christy?” Norton said with anger. He was sitting on the bed. Christy had just come in. She understood what he meant. There was a dildo on the bed, just beside him.

“You found it,” she said with a smile.

“Come on, Christy! I trusted you,” he said with anger.

“Now don’t tell me that you are also going to control my orgasms. We didn’t agree on that,” she said.

“Ok! We didn’t talk about that. But what about that discussion last month?” he demanded.

“I asked your permission. You denied me. But it doesn’t mean that I shouldn’t go for it,” she said, and sat beside him.

“But this is not fair. You haven’t unlocked me for two months. And now I’ve found the reason here,” he said.

“You want me to unlock you?” she said with a smile.

“Yes!” he said.

“Ok!” She smiled and stood up. “I will join you after my shower.”

“But what about this?” he said.

“Forget this!” she said and started to move towards the bathroom.

“Let’s talk, Christy!” he shouted with anger and she turned. She also had anger on her face.

“Ok then, let’s talk,” she said.

“I mean, promise me that you won’t use the dildo anymore,” he said.

“I will use it,” she said firmly.

“But why?” he protested.

“Because I want to,” she insisted. “You have the device on you because you want it. I will use the dildo because I want that. Any problem with that?”

“Then I will remove the device as well,” he said with anger.

“Don’t bullshit me!” she shouted angrily. “You are acting as if I have forced you to wear it.”

“I didn’t say that,” he said with confusion.

“But you mean that,” she said with anger. “Look, Norton, you started this game. If you want to end it, then you can do it any time. If you want to play it, it will have the rules it is supposed to have. I’m going to take a shower. When I come back, I will not talk about this at all. If you have problem with the device, the key is inside the drawer. Remove it. But if you haven’t removed it when I come back, I have to tell you this: I will lock this drawer. The key to your device will be there, but you won’t be able to open the drawer yourself. You need to learn this game better. The orgasm restriction is only on you, not me! Make up your mind. I will not just use this dildo, but your tongue as well. And I will only unlock you when I would feel it appropriate.”

She turned and went into the bathroom. Norton stared at the closed door with confusion on his face.

“I’m sorry Norton!” Christy said in a sad voice. She was lying on the bed.

“For what?” Norton opened the eyes.

“You know for what,” she said. He did not reply. She continued, “I shouldn’t talk to you this way.”

“But you were right,” he said. “The restriction is not on you. It’s on me only.”

“I think I was wrong. The restriction was on me as well,” she said with a smile.

“What do you mean?” he said with confusion.

“By holding the key of your device, it’s actually the power to control our sexual activity. It’s not just orgasms we are talking about here. It’s about our relationship,” she said and he started to think.

“Yes! But there is one thing that I want to confess,” he said.

“What?” she said.

“I like it,” he said.

“You like what?” she said.

“Like... you have the true power of controlling my orgasms. Like you want to have your own orgasms whenever you want them, but only I have the restrictions,” he said, and she turned towards him.

“Don’t start this now,” she said with irritation. “You know it is dangerous.”

“I know. But I can’t tell you how I feel with that,” he said.

“Look, Norton, if I have full power, then... you don’t know what happens to me sometimes. How I feel. I’m changing,” she said.

“I can see that you’re changing,” he said.

“Then?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “I like these changes in you.”

“You are... such a pervert,” she said with anger. “You don’t know what you are doing. Some things can’t revert, Norton. Some things can’t.”

“Norton!”

“Yes?” He opened his eyes.

“What’s happening to you?” she said in a serious voice.

“What?”

“It’s been four months. You haven’t asked me once to unlock you. You didn’t even ask me the day you gave me oral. What’s happening? Don’t you want sex? Don’t you feel urges for orgasms anymore?” she said.

“I do,” he said.

“Then why don’t you ask me?” she said.

“I don’t know,” he said.

“You have to tell me,” she said with some anger.

“I want to. But I don’t know why I can’t do that. Every time I want to say it, my tongue stops,” he said with confusion.

“Look, Norton, I want one thing clear here,” she said, and turned towards him. “I will not make the decision to unlock you myself. You will have to ask me for it. In fact, you will have to beg me for it. I don’t enjoy dildo as much as the real one, but a lot more than that I like the power I have to hold you without an orgasm.”

For a few seconds, Norton did not say anything.

“You’re right. I should ask you,” he said, and smiled. “Can you please unlock me?”

“No! Not for a few more weeks,” she said, and turned back. His face filled with confusion.

“But you said...” he said and stopped. He smiled. “Please, Christy!”

“Stop being a child! We just talked about this, and you’ve started it right away. Talk to me some other day, and I will see if I’m interested then,” she said in a serious voice, and closed her eyes.

“Christy!”

“Yes?” she opened her eyes.

“Something has happened to me,” Norton said.

“What?” she said.

“You remember, you told me last week that I should ask you when I want to be unlocked? I tried many times, but I can’t. I don’t really know what it is. Whenever I want to ask you, I feel some kind of guilt, or shame... I don’t exactly know what the feeling is. It’s like I feel as if I have no right to ask you this at all. You should decide it by yourself. By asking you, I feel as if I’m forcing you to do it,” he said, and she turned towards him.

“I never thought about it that way,” she said.

“Yes! Maybe my mind wants it this way. I want you to decide whenever you want it, and not because I want it,” he said.

“Hmm... and I don’t want it without you asking,” she said.

“Now what should we do?” he said with confusion.

“I don’t know. We need to find a solution,” she said irritably.

“Norton!”

“Yes?”

“I have thought about some solutions,” she said.

“Ok?”

“Actually, there seems to be only two of them that are logical,” she said, and then paused for a while. “One is simple: we will decide something like around once in every four weeks, and then I will decide exactly when.”

“But that would put you under some sort of limit,” he said. “It would end your true power.”

“Yes! Not a good option,” she said.

“What else do you have in mind?” he said.

“Second, is that you won’t ask me but you will need to earn it,” she said.

“How?” he asked, not understanding.

“However you can. You will need to make me happy. And if I am, I will go for it,” she said, and he smiled.

“I always want to make you happy,” he said.

“I know that,” she said with irritation, “But I don’t know what else we can do.”

“I have an idea,” he said with a smile, and she turned towards him.

“What?”

“It’s actually a combination of both the ideas you proposed,” he said.

“What’s that?”

“Instead of having a schedule, give it a break of four weeks. Like we should have a minimum break of four weeks before the next one. After that, you will decide it yourself,” he said.

“What’s the difference?” she said.

“The difference is that you will keep looking for my mistakes. I do one, and you will delay it for one week, as a punishment,” he said, and she smiled.

“That sounds good,” she said, “But what kind of mistakes?”

“Any kind you like. You can make the rules yourself,” he said.

“No! It’s bad,” she said.

“Why?”

“It can have bad consequences for our relationship,” she said with some fear in her voice.

“You are afraid of yourself,” he said with a smile.

“Yes!”

“But why?” he said.

“I don’t know,” she said with confusion. “Just when you told me this, I felt something different.”

“You liked it,” he said.

“Yes!”

“Then what’s the problem? You like it and I like it. Where is the problem?” he asked.

“I’m afraid that things will get out of control,” she said.

“It won’t get out of control,” he said.

“It can. I mean, with this change, I will start punishing you. I don’t know if I can handle such an authority,” she said.

“But I trust you. If you feel that you can’t, we can talk about it. If I feel that you’re handling it badly, even then we can talk about it,” he said with a smile. “I really love the thought of you having complete control over me.”

“Me too!” she said with a smile. “But we need to bring some limitations on me too.”

“What?”

“I won’t be allowed to have oral from you when you are locked up,” she said.

“Any restriction on you would be bad,” he said. “Besides, you seldom go for that.”

“I don’t go for it because I feel bad that I’m using you for my orgasm, and I don’t feel good if it ends up only as my orgasm and you don’t have yours,” she said.

“Then what’s the problem?” he said.

“With the new system, I will have too much power, so some restrictions will become very important. No power should go beyond certain level,” she said.

“Ok! If you think that is what you want, then let’s have it,” he said, “But I’m not stopping you. If you ever want to do it, I won’t consider it as breaking our rules.”

“You should,” she said. “If this is a rule, then this is a rule.”

“Ok,” he said with a smile.

“It’s the second month, and I couldn’t find a single mistake to delay it,” Christy said with a smile, and she pulled out the key from the drawer.

“Maybe you’re not watching me carefully enough,” Norton said, smiling too.

“Maybe I don’t want to watch you at all,” she said. “Only the feeling is what is desired.”

“Yes!”

“Things are working perfectly!”

“Thanks, Christy!” Norton said.

“You too, baby!” Christy said.

8 years later:

“But I have to visit my friend’s party. I told you about it three days ago,” Norton protested.

“Look, Norton, I didn’t want to stop you going to your party. I don’t even want to do it right now. I’m just informing you. When you told me about your friend’s party, I didn’t know that I would be invited to such a big party. It’s an opportunity for me. But if you want to go to your party, then I will stay here. Someone has to stay in the house to take care of the kids,” she said, and Norton started to think about it.

“But I have already told them that I’m coming. At least you should have told me that yesterday,” he said, not sure what to do.

“I’m sorry for that. I myself learned it today,” she said.

“It’s a big problem,” he said slowly.

“It’s not a big problem,” she said with a smile. “One of us has to sacrifice a party. It’s not a big deal.”

“But if I tell them now, they will be mad at me,” he said.

“You can tell them something different, like you have to visit somewhere,” she said.

“What if someone comes here and see that I’m home?” Norton said.

“Then don’t stay at home. Take the kids with you to watch a movie,” she said.

“Yeah!” he said.

“I’m leaving to go to the mall. I need a matching clip for my dress. Do you want something?” she said.

“Mall?” he said. “I think we’re out of baby diapers. Pick them up, if you can.”

“Nah! The store is on the other side. I won’t have that much time. You can get them when you take the kids out with you,” she said.

“Ok! It’s fine,” he agreed.

“Ah! I forgot to take out my...” She moved towards the drawer, and then stopped. She turned and said, “You remember my red cocktail dress?”

“Flowery one?” he asked.

“Yes! That one. Please iron it for me, and find my matching bra and panties, and also the same color pumps. Get everything ready before I come back. I won’t be long,” she said.

“Sure! Don’t worry!” he said.

“By the way, what do you think? Is that red dress good?” she said.

“Yes! That’s perfect. You will have a nice party,” he said with a smile.

“Norton! You have your casual leaves remaining, right?” Christy said.

“Yes! You already know that,” he said with a smile.

“You have to take two weeks leave,” she said.

“We’re leaving for vacations?” he asked in surprise. “You didn’t tell me that.”

“No! It’s not for vacation. Actually, I have to leave for two weeks, and I want you to stay in house for the kids,” she said.

“But we use my casual leaves for our yearly vacations,” he said.

“Look, Norton, the baby is too young. I can’t trust a babysitter for so much time. Only you can take care of her,” Christy said.

“But don’t you think it’s a waste of my leaves?” he said.

“We use leaves for something important. And what else is more important than taking care of our kids?” she said.

“But... it’s complicated,” he said, confused.

“Why complicated?” she said with a smile. “Look, Norton, it doesn’t make much difference if we have shorter vacation this year. We can even skip one for this year and take the next one a little earlier. It’s not a big deal.”

“Yeah!” he said, and sighed. “Ok!”

“Thanks, Norton!” she said with a smile. “And yes, please take good care that the older kids don’t waste all their time playing. Their final exams are close. And yes, please don’t leave on weekends for your friends’ parties. Last time you did that the kids broke that Italian ornament.”

“Should I arrange a party in our house?” he asked.

“You can, if you want. But I don’t think it’s a good idea. They will mess up the entire house when they will learn that I’m not here. Even if you have the party at the back, things will... Can’t you amuse yourself without a party for two weeks?” she said.

“No it’s fine. I was just asking,” he said.

“Better not to have one until I’m back,” she said. “I don’t want to keep thinking about what’s happening in the house while I’m away.”

“It’s fine. Nothing will happen to the house,” he said with a smile.

“But focus on kids. If you need to, you can call me. But it’s better if you can handle them yourself. I want to keep my focus on my purpose of visit,” she said.

“Don’t worry! The kids will be fine. This is not the first time I’ve taken care of the kids,” he said with a smile.

“But every time it happens, you do something that results in a few weeks delay of sex between us. I don’t want that to happen this time,” she said with a smile.

“That’s different, Christy?” Norton said.

“What’s the difference? In all the barbecue parties, you cook and serve,” she said.

“But this one is an all-female party. You have only your friends invited,” he pointed out.

“It’s because I have been talking to them about how well you cook. And I invited them for a meal that’s cooked by you. Is it that bad?” she said.

“It will look weird,” he said.

“If you have a problem with being in front of them, then just cook it. They are here to eat the food you’ve cooked, not to see you doing it,” she said.

“Ok!” he said. “It’s still weird.”

“Nothing is weird,” she said with a smile. “Why are you thinking like that? Many husbands cook meals on regular basis. If someone cooks well, there is no need to hide that. You should be proud of your skills.”

“But what will your friends think about me?” he said uncertainly.

“They will love you,” she said. “They are my friends. They know the kind of relationship we have... They know how much we love each other.”

“You haven’t told anyone about the device, right?” Norton said quickly.

“About device?” she said and quickly averted her eyes. “How could I? It is just between you and me. It is a highly personal matter.”

“Please keep it like that,” he said and turned. He did not want to see her face, because it seemed to him that she was lying and he did not want to know if she was. He wanted to keep his trust in her.

“Norton?” Norton heard Christy’s voice over the phone.

“Yes!”

“What are you doing right now?” she said.

“Nothing! I mean... the game will start in a while, and I was...”

“Oh! I forgot,” she said. “You took the day off because of this game, right?”

“You know it,” he said, not understanding why she should ask.

“Oh! What should I do now?” she said as if she were talking to herself.

“What about?” he asked.

“No! Nothing!” she said.

“Please, Christy! Tell me what happened?” he said quickly, as if he was afraid that she would hang up.

“It’s just... this morning my car broke. I took the cab to get to my office,” she said.

“Oh! Why didn’t you call me?” he said.

“It’s fine. I was in hurry and I found a cab quickly,” she said.

“Where is your car?” he said.

“It was picked up later by the mechanic. He has fixed it. Now the problem is with getting it back from him,” she said.

“Why don’t you take another cab?” he said.

“That was what I decided first. But problem is that I have to deliver a report to our head office, and by the time I’ve picked up the car it will be very late,” she said.

“Can’t you tell someone else in your office to deliver the report? Your car is broken, and they can...”

“Come on, Norton!” she interrupted him. “You know what’s going on at my work. I’m planning to move to head office. How can I miss such an opportunity to deliver the report directly to my boss?”

“But what if you tell the mechanic to deliver the car to our house? We can pay him extra for that.”

“I already told him that, but he said he don’t have anyone there. Because of the game, no one is interested in that. Not even him,” she said.

“What should we do?” he said, baffled.

“Baby! Is that game very important for you?” she said.

“Well... the game actually... the problem is actually...”

“There is no problem. You can watch the highlights later on. You know they show all the highlights,” she said.

“Yeah.”

“So will you pick up the car for me, please?” she said.

“Yes, no worries,” he said.

“Thanks, Norton.”

“No problem,” he said in a sad voice.

“And also, Norton,” she said, “In the dashboard box there is a chit with an address. In the trunk of my car there is a package. Please go to DHL and have it delivered to the address on that chit. Please be careful that the address is correct.”

“Sure!”

“And yes... in how much time you will be done with DHL?”

“One hour... Or two hours. I don’t know how much time mechanic will take to deliver the car,” he said.

“Ok! No worries,” she said. “When you are done with DHL, call me. I might be at my friend Jessica’s home. I will leave with her from head office. Pick me up from her house. Do you remember her house?”

“Yes!”

“Please wear some nice clothes. She’s always bitching about her husband. I don’t want her to have a bad impression of you,” she said.

“It’s fine! I’ll have some nice clothes,” he said.

“And yes... Thanks! Thanks, Norton! I know how much you wanted to see this game. I’m sorry!”

“It’s all right, Christy,” he said quickly. “It’s just that your car broke on a bad day. It was not your mistake.”

“Thanks for understanding me,” she said.

The line dropped. Norton stared at the wall with a sad expression.

“You’ve changed, Christy. You have completely changed,” he said.

“Yes, Norton, I have changed,” Christy said, “But this has all happened because of you, and you know that.”

“But Christy, I’m not saying that you have made a mistake. I want you to control our relationship, but you should have at least some consideration for my feelings too,” he said.

“So you are saying that I have become a mean woman?” she shouted with anger.

“No, Christy, I’m not saying that,” he said. “I’m just saying that...”

Slap!

It was a big shock for Norton. Christy had just slapped him.

After doing that, she turned and held her face in her hands. She started to cry.

“How dare you?” she said, crying loudly. “How dare you disrespect my feelings for you? I did all this for you. All I’m doing is to make you happy.”

Norton did not know how to react. His face was still hurting from her hard slap.

“You call me a mean woman,” she said from behind her hands. “I don’t care about you? I don’t consider you at all?”

She took her hands away from her face and quickly moved towards the drawer. She turned the key, opened the drawer, and took out another key.

“Let’s end this! Let’s end all this today,” she said, moving towards him.

“What are you doing, Christy?” he shouted.

“This is the problem between us,” she said.

“No! That is not the problem,” he said.

“So what do you want?” she shouted.

“I...” He stopped, and said nothing further. It seemed as though he did not know what he wanted.

For a few minutes, no one said anything. Christy kept crying while watching Norton's face, who was looking at the floor.

"Look, Norton, if you want to remove it, just tell me. But if you want to..."

"Yes! Let's remove it!" he said, and looked straight at her.

"What?" She suddenly stopped crying and gazed at him in shock.

"Yes, Christy, let's remove it," he said. He held out his hand. She passed him the key, still too startled to say anything.

"You don't want it anymore?" she said after a while.

"It's not about what do I want. It's about what you should not have," he said sadly.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Christy! You are not the same Christy you were when this all started. She was worried that this would happen, and we agreed that we would end it if it reached this point. And now this has become complicated," he said.

"What is complicated about it?" she said.

"Look, Christy, I'm sorry for all this. I'm really sorry. But it has to end here," he said.

"Just like that?" she said.

"I know it can't end just like that. We have both become addicted to this. I know we can't suddenly revert. We can't go back to where we started twelve years ago. But we can at least live the life we are supposed to. I don't know what will happen now, but I will try to save our relationship. It also depends on you and on what you want," he said.

He removed the device.

"I wish someday I could get the woman back that I married," he said sadly. "She loved me and really cared about me. I trusted her, and wanted to put myself under her complete control. You are still my wife, but now you are not the one I

should trust. You forgot that in exchange to the control of my orgasms and my life you gave me an unwritten agreement that you would always give priority to my needs over your own. You are the one to break that contract between us.”

Christy fell to her knees. This time, she was crying for real.

“Every relationship needs sincerity and honesty. With authority comes responsibility. When you are given power, you are also given more liabilities.”

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14. Homo-flexible Husband

It was a big lawn. All around it were lights and decorations for the wedding of one of the richest man in the country - Vikram Ahuja. Although the wedding celebrations were normally funded by the wife's side of the family, everyone knew that all the expenses of this wedding ceremony were born by Vikram himself. His in-laws were very poor. He had selected his bride because of her beauty; she worked in his office at a very low-level job.

There were many stories about their love and the start of their relationship. Some of them were good, and some were bad. Many people were even angered at this marriage. They wanted one of their daughters or sisters to marry Vikram, but he had selected someone unknown. This marriage was also being criticized because of the unbalance of the standards and values of both sides of the marrying families. Some were even accusing Vikram of not following their caste system. However, Vikram had made the decision, and no one could say anything to him directly. Everyone knew that it would not be easy to change his decision. Even his parents could not deny him anything. He did whatever he wanted. He was a highly dominant-minded businessman, and he enjoyed his power.

Vikram had not given anyone any time to do anything. He was quickly engaged to Poonam and then arranged the marriage after just three weeks. When his father-in-law asked for more time, he had his reasons ready. A dowry was normally expected in this society, and besides, huge funds were needed to organize the wedding night. Besides, the location of the occasion and many other things needed to be planned well ahead. Even the furniture was built to specific requirements, and it needed months to manufacture. Vikram simply told his father-in-law that he did not want anything from him except his daughter. Many people might say that sort of thing when asking permission to marry, but Vikram really meant it. He used his own money for everything, and took responsibility for organizing it all. As he was a powerful man with appropriate contacts almost everywhere, everything was done at very short notice.

“I'm so happy for you, Poonam,” the woman said while crying. She was hugging the bride.

“I love you, mom,” Poonam replied, also crying. She was wearing a shiny red bridal saree and adorned with the highest quality gold jewelry set with many precious stones including rubies, sapphires and diamonds. Obviously, her parents could not have afforded such expensive clothes and accessories, and even these had been provided by Vikram in advance.

“Keep Vikram happy. You are so lucky to have him. You should always keep him happy,” her mother said.

“I will, mom!” Poonam said. “I promise you that I will make you proud.”

Poonam was sitting on the bed with her legs folded up so that her knees almost touched her chin. She had crossed her hands at her lower legs as if she was holding them from release. In this posture, the reddish brown Mehndi design on the back of her hand was clearly exposed. Her face was covered behind her Dupatta – the long scarf that the women normally wore on their heads.

Vikram entered the room. He stopped, looked her, and started to take small steps towards her. His face was filled with confusion. He stopped near the bed and sat at it, at some distance from her. He stared at the floor and stayed silent for a while.

“I’m sorry,” Vikram said.

Poonam pulled up her face to look at him from behind the Dupatta. It was obvious that she was confused with his apology. She did not say anything. She did not know what to say. This was very different from what she was told by her friends, who had taught her about the wedding night. He was supposed to slowly uncover her face and then talk to her with love. But he was sad. And he was apologizing to her.

“I know you will be surprised with this,” Vikram said, “But this is it. We are married. You are my wife. The wife of Vikram Ahuja. You will have all the privileges you deserve... except one.”

He stopped. She still did not say anything.

“We will both sleep in different beds,” he said.

Her head started to spin. This was entirely not what she had expected on this night. She was very beautiful. Ever since she was at college, many boys had been interested in her. At her job, all the men seemed to be attracted to her. Poonam was smart and intelligent. She knew she wanted someone big, someone like a Prince. And in the end, she had got one too. Vikram Ahuja was no less than a Prince. And she felt so proud of her beauty when she learnt about Vikram’s official visit to her house for the marriage proposal. And then he married her.

She had always been very bold and confident, but right now she did not know what to say. She wanted to shout. She wanted to cry. If he was not attracted to her beauty, if he did not want to even sleep with her, then what was all this. Why did he marry her?

“You don’t like me?” she said slowly. She had fear in her voice.

“I like you,” Vikram said. “You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life.”

She did not reply. She wanted to hear this. But obviously not in this way. It all seemed so weird. She felt no happiness in his words.

“There is something you don’t know about me,” he said in a sad voice.

She started to think. He might be infertile. He might not be a man enough to have sex with her. She wanted to start crying, but she held herself. This was her wedding night, a night all women dreamed about. She had so looked forward to this moment. And now, when it was here, she was feeling very sad.

“It is not as if I’m infertile or can’t have sex,” he said. She watched him in confusion. The Dupatta was still covering her face. “I just can’t touch you. This is something... I don’t know myself. But it can’t happen.”

Poonam had always been an aggressive girl. On many occasions when boys touched her body in buses or inner-city transit train, she had slapped them and shouted at them. She never stopped herself from shouting at someone who tried to

make fun of her. But today, she could not say anything. Her tongue was stuck. She knew who Vikram was. Everyone was afraid of him. Before the marriage, many had warned her that she should never make him angry. And it was not just his anger. It was also the fact that he was her husband now.

It was not that in this male-dominated society, all the females were submissive. There had even been some official reports in the media about a female physically abusing her husband, resulting in some changes in the Anti-Dowry Law of the country. The system had good support for females who were oppressed, but this scenario was entirely different. Vikram was too powerful. Besides, the way he was talking to her seemed very different from what she had heard about him. He was indeed feeling guilty with all this.

For a few minutes, Vikram did not say anything. Poonam knew that she should say something. She was his wife. This was a fact he could not change, and she did not want to change it either.

“Vikram!” she said slowly.

“Please don’t call me by my name,” he replied quickly, and she stopped what she was going to say.

She felt anger inside her, but again she stopped herself. He did not want her to call him by his name. There was an old tradition of their society in which women did not call their husbands with their names, as it was considered disrespectful. In the language, there were different pronouns for formal and informal. The husbands called their wives by the informal pronouns, the one used for close friends and kids, and for the people with lower status, while the wives needed to call their husbands by the formal pronoun, the one used for strangers, elders, and the people with higher status. She had realized what Vikram wanted from her. It was not a problem for her. She could give him all the respect he wanted. But he should also give her the basic rights of a wife.

“Why did you marry me?” she said in a simple tone. She was still holding herself back from starting to cry. She did not want to lose control of her emotions. She was a strong woman who had always tried to fight the obstacles she faced in her life. This one was something she never even heard in her life.

“You know why,” he said. “Everyone has to marry someday. I was getting old and people had started to talk about me. Being single, I was becoming a target of many people who wanted to hook me up with their daughters or siblings.”

“That’s it?” she said.

“Poonam!” he said, “I’m sorry for this. I know I have played with your life, but someone had to be sacrificed. I don’t want your life to become a hell. I don’t care about others, but I can’t be bad to you. At least, I don’t want to be. Whatever happens, you can consider it your destiny. Maybe you got something that you dreamed of. You got a husband you can be proud of. I have everything. You can live like a princess. I will not withhold anything from you, I promise. But sex... that’s something not in my hands.”

“My lord, can I ask you something?” she said.

“Yes?”

“If you don’t mind, can you please tell me the reason for this?” she said.

He took some time to reply. His face color changed into red. He needed to gather some strength before he continued.

“I can’t touch a woman,” he said slowly. “I feel extreme disgust. Once... or twice... I tried to do that, and I beat the hell out of her.” He waited for a few more seconds and then said, “I can only go with a man.”

Poonam’s head started to spin once again. It was worse than she thought. He was a homosexual. He was gay. Although she was acting like one, she was indeed not a traditional woman to submit herself completely to a pervert. She knew that this was an entirely different situation. Now, whatever happened, she did not care. She had to do something.

“Do you have someone?” she said slowly.

“Yes,” he said.

Poonam had heard stories that on the first night of marriage some women learned about their husbands having ex-girlfriends whom they still loved. She also heard stories of the women with their husbands having sexual relationships with

some other women. But here, her husband had a boyfriend. She did not know what to say. But she could not stay silent. Her whole life was at stake.

“You can’t touch me at all?” she said.

“I can’t,” he said.

“You said you care about me. Is this true?” she said.

“Yes! I do,” he said.

“Then what about my desires? What have you thought about me? Don’t you know that a woman also feels sexual urges?” she said.

He stayed silent. This response from her seemed to be unexpected for him. However, he started thinking. She was right.

“What do you want?” he said.

“I don’t know. This is all... different. I never thought about it,” she said.

For some reasons, she could not hold herself now. She dropped her face. She started crying, but making very little noise.

Vikram did not say anything. This was something he was prepared for. In fact, he was prepared for lot more than this before he entered the room. He expected loud shouting, the sound of crying, and a big fight. Nothing like that actually happened. Poonam had accepted the situation much earlier than he had expected. She was a smart woman. She knew what she could have with the money and the power Vikram had. She belonged to a very poor family. Before the marriage, she worked to give the financial support to her family. She had three younger siblings, two younger sisters and one younger brother. Being the wife of Vikram meant that they could all have much better lives than they could previously dream about.

Besides, if she had reacted badly, she would have angered Vikram. When he became angry, he lost his control. It was even possible that he would have beaten her badly on their first night of the marriage. No one could do anything against him. Law enforcements agencies, political parties, media, all were in his pockets. And domestic violence was not considered as serious crime in this

society, although it was undoubtedly taken far more seriously in other parts of the world.

“Ok,” Vikram said, and stood up. “I can give you something.”

He moved towards the cupboard, and he opened the door and drawer. He picked up something and moved towards her. It was a rubber dildo. She looked at it and her eyes widened.

“You can use it whenever you need,” he said with a smile.

She did not know what to say. This was surely the weirdest gift any husband had ever given his wife on their wedding night. She did not know how to react. It was not as if she had never touched one of these. Although a dildo was illegal in this country and it was not openly sold in the stores, one of her friends had brought one from an overseas country. Poonam had also used it once and had enjoyed it. But in the current scenario, it seemed like a hot metal rod. She could not even touch it. She hated it.

Vikram placed the dildo on the bed.

There was a door in the side wall of this room.

“This door opens in my room. No one will ever learn that we sleep in different rooms. We will keep this door open at night. You can wake me up if you want. But remember, never touch me, or you will be responsible for the consequences,” he said, and he started to walk away.

He opened the door and entered.

Poonam had been crying silently so far. Suddenly, her crying became louder. All her emotions came out at once. She was still sitting on the bed with her face covered by the Dupatta, with her hands crossed on her feet to show the Mehndi on the back of her hands. But now there was no use for that. The one on which these were supposed to create the spell did not even want to touch her.

“Something wrong, Poonam?” her mother said.

“What?” Poonam said. She had visited her parents’ house as per the schedule. She was allowed to have one night stay there every two weeks.

“You have been married for almost a year. Why is there no good news yet? Everything all right?” mother said. Poonam knew that she was talking about her becoming pregnant.

“No! Everything is good. You know these decisions are made by the gods,” she said.

“Yes! Poonam, I’m your mother. I know you respect me. But you should also remember that I’m a woman. I have been through lots of hardships in my life. You may not feel that I’m smart and intelligent like you, but I might help you in some things. If there is anything... please tell me. Consider me a friend,” mother said. She could feel that there was something strange in Poonam’s behavior, but she could not work out the reason behind it.

“Oh Mom, I always consider you my friend. Do you remember I talked to you about the boys in my college? How many girls can have such communication with her mother? I do that just because I consider you as my friend,” she said.

“But why is that it seems to me you’re hiding something from me? Why do your smiles and happiness seem artificial to me? It’s as though you’re acting them. And you haven’t got any good news yet,” mother said in a tense voice.

“It just seems like that to you, mother. I’m happy, and everything is good. You are feeling like this because I don’t have any good news for you. Once I have that, you will stop having such feelings,” Poonam said with a smile.

“My lord!” Poonam said. She normally addressed Vikram this way, according to his requirement for the tradition of respect for the husband.

“Yes?” Vikram said.

They were in their dining hall. They had servants for almost everything. Although in the country, living in the traditional family system was common, Vikram's parents lived in another house. No one outside the immediate family knew the reason, but Poonam did. Before the marriage, Vikram used to bring his boyfriend to the house. Now he had stopped it. Still, his parents lived in a different house.

"My lord! I want to thank you," she said. He looked at her in confusion.

"Thank me? For what?" Vikram said.

"I know that you feel guilty. You feel bad about our marriage. But I just want to confess that I'm very happy. I'm happy with everything," she said.

Vikram's face dropped. His expression was one of sadness.

"Ok!" he said slowly.

"No, my lord! I really mean it," she said. "Please don't think that I'm saying it because I have no option and I'm your wife, or something else. I know what you think, but sex is not everything. You don't really know what a woman wants. Besides that, I have everything from you that a wife loves to have. A loving and caring husband, what else do I need?"

"A loving husband?" he asked.

"Yes! You know..."

Vikram put his hand up to warn her not to say more. A female servant had entered the dining hall. He waved his hand to order her to leave.

"We are busy! No one should come here until I allow it," Vikram said.

The servant quickly left with the tray in her hand and closed the door.

"How can you think that I'm a loving husband? I don't do anything to you," he said.

"This is something that many people in society do not understand. Sex is not everything. I know it is a requirement of a marriage life, but in my case things are entirely different. I can understand the reason why we don't have sex.

Although it gave me bad feelings in the beginning, now I don't feel anything about that. I know that you really care about me, and I know that you love. The kind of feelings you have for me, that's love for me," she said.

"But our relationship... I don't think I have done any good to you," he said.

"No, my lord! That is why I wanted to talk about this. I know you feel guilty for this. But I'm honest here. You haven't done any bad. In this whole year, I have learned how you feel for me. You don't even cheat me. No! You told me everything honestly on the first night. Everyone has to sacrifice something. And I'm happy with the sacrifice I had to make. You care for me, and you want me to be happy. There is nothing more important for me than this," she said.

Vikram did not reply for a while. He was confused by this conversation. She was right. He had been feeling guilty for the whole year. He never considered himself a good and ethical person, and when he decided to marry Poonam he did not care about her feelings. But just after their marriage, he started to feel for her. He started to have her pain. Maybe she was right. He had her love inside him. But what kind of love that was, he did not know. He could not even touch her. Even the thought of that made his body shiver with disgust.

"Poonam!" Vikram said slowly in a sad voice. "If you want, I can give you a divorce. I will give you a huge sum of money, and then you can live the life you deserve."

Poonam stared at him in shock. She could not believe what she heard. She started to breathe heavily. Suddenly, a teardrop fell from her eye. She could not contain her emotions.

"If you want to do that, I won't stop it," she said with sadness, "But there is something I want to say. Something I know you will not like to hear. Something that I could not tell you the first night of our marriage." When she stopped, her face was filled up with anger and she continued with anger, "You are the meanest man in the entire world."

Vikram gazed at her, startled by what she had said. She had never talked to him that way. No one had. And he did not understand what had caused her so much anger. He did not say anything.

“You... I have done everything you wanted. I accepted all that you gave me. I did not protest. I never said anything bad, and it was all because I wanted to stay your wife. All because I... I love you,” she said. She had started to cry a little louder. “If you want to leave me, then you can leave me.”

Vikram’s mind had started to spin. He did not know what to say. Until now, he had believed that he was a pervert, doing something that the society did not accept. But the woman sitting in front of him, she was acting entirely weird.

“How can you be so much in love with me?” he said in confusion.

“I’m your wife dammit!” she shouted with anger. “If you can’t give me something that you don’t have, I don’t mind. I can understand that. But you should at least have some respect for my feelings.”

She quickly dropped her face. She just realized that she was shouting at him in anger.

“I’m sorry!” she said.

“No, Poonam! I am sorry,” Vikram said with sadness. “You’re right! I have disrespected your feelings for me. I didn’t know how you feel for me. And I really don’t know what to do.”

“Please, my lord! Don’t think bad! I beg you!” she pleaded. “I’m happy with you. I don’t need you or want you to feel guilty or sorry for anything. Things are perfect for me. And that thing... that you gave me... I’ve started to enjoy that.”

She smiled at the end of her words. Vikram also smiled. He did not know what caused it, but he wanted to get close to her. He wanted to hold her in his arms. He wanted to kiss her. But suddenly, his mind felt extreme disgust. His whole body shivered. He turned his face away from her.

He stood up.

“Sorry, but I think I should leave,” he said, and he started to walk away. He was still feeling the current of disgust in his veins.

“Poonam!” the old woman said. She was Poonam’s mother-in-law.

“Yes, Mom?” Poonam said. She called and treated her just like her own mother, according to the system.

“Daughter! Is something wrong with you?” mother-in-law said. Poonam understood where this conversation was leading. She had been married for three years now and she had not yet become pregnant. Many people had started to talk about the situation.

“No, Mom! Nothing is wrong... neither with me nor with him,” Poonam said.

“Then?” she said.

“This is the will of gods,” Poonam said, feigning an expression of sadness.

“Did you conduct medical checkups?” she said.

“Yes, we have been through it,” Poonam lied. “Nothing wrong medically. Everything is normal. Doctors are confused as well. Everyone agrees that it is just the will of god.”

“Why don’t you tell Vikram to visit some oversea doctors?” Mother-in-law seemed determined to persist.

“We have been to the best doctor in the world. You don’t know how serious he is about all this,” Poonam said.

“Ok!” she said with sadness. “I want to see your child before I die. This is my last dream.”

“Oh, Mom! You will see that, I promise,” Poonam said.

“My lord!” Poonam entered Vikram’s room. He was changing his clothes.

“Yes! Hold on!” he said and quickly adjusted his attire. He moved and sat on the bed. Poonam sat some distance from him. “What happened?”

“Nothing!” she said. He laughed.

“Then why are you looking so upset? Someone told you something... Oh wait! You visited Mom’s house. Did she say something?” he said.

“What would she say?” Poonam replied with a smile.

“Come on, Poonam! Tell me what it is,” he said in a soft but loud voice. “I know you are upset. Tell me what it is. If Mom said something, then I will talk to her.”

“You shouldn’t talk about her like this. She’s your mom,” Poonam said angrily and Vikram laughed.

“You care for her more than me,” he said.

“Actually, this is not about her, or me, or you... it’s about something different,” she said.

“What is that?” he said.

“Don’t you ever consider why you are doing all this? All this money, and this... everything... for whom are you making...”

“I think about that,” Vikram interrupted her and stood up. He continued in a sad voice. “Every man thinks about that. In fact, I also wanted to talk about that to you.”

“Talk to me?” she said.

“Yes!” he said and stopped. He took some time, and then continued, “I didn’t want to disrespect your feelings. I thought about it. I have talked to a doctor as well, in a foreign country. Do you know about test tube babies?”

“Yes!” she said.

“What do you think about that?” he said.

“That would be my child, but not yours,” she said.

“It can be mine,” he said. “They will take my sperm and mix it with your egg. So it will be our child.”

“Wow! So this can really work?” she said with excitement.

“Yes, this can work,” he said. “We will go there in few months and then they will put the zygote inside you. You will get pregnant and then we will come back. Then you will simply have a normal child.”

She dropped her face and started to think. He watched her, wondering what she was thinking.

“Are you not happy?” he asked.

“How can you accept the defeat so quickly?” she said in a low voice. “I heard that Vikram Ahuja always fought to the end.”

“What do you mean?” Vikram said with anger.

She raised her face.

“Why can’t we try to have our baby in a natural way?” Poonam said.

“You know it’s impossible,” Vikram said.

“That’s what I’m saying. We haven’t even tried it yet,” she said.

“You think I have never thought about it?” Vikram said with increased anger. “You are my wife, and I love you, and I... but even the thought of touching you gives me a kind of feeling that I can’t even explain.”

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to disrespect you. I was just saying that we should at least try to find a solution. If we fail, then we can go for the test tube baby.”

“But what can we do?” Vikram said, and sat on the bed. “Poonam! You know nothing. I have even visited psychiatrists and some sexologists as well. Test tube baby is the only solution for us.”

“Maybe!” she said. “Vikram... You...”

She stopped.

“No worries! You can call me Vikram,” he said with a smile. She smiled.

“Thanks, my lord,” she said, and breathed loudly. She felt that she had won something big. “Maybe you have tried all the options. But I also want to go through that. I also want to test a few things. This is as important for me as it is for you. This is about our child.”

“Ok! Then I will give you the numbers of all of the psychiatrists and sexologists...”

“No!” she said, and smiled. “I want to meet your boyfriend.”

“What?”

“Yes! In fact, I want to go with you next time you visit him,” she said.

“Oh, Poonam!” Vikram said in a sad voice. “I didn’t tell you this, but I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“But you told me?” she said in confusion.

“Yes! At that time I had one. But I left him after just a few months of our marriage,” he said.

“Thanks, Vikram,” she said.

“If you can sacrifice so much for me, can’t I do the same for you?” he said with a smile. “But why did you want to meet him?”

“I want to know the kinds of activities you two had,” she said.

“I can tell you that,” he said.

“Are you sure? I mean, I want to know everything,” she said.

“You can watch some movies. That can help you to learn about our activities,” he said. “But why do you want to know about that?”

“Maybe that can help me to learn more about you,” she said with a smile.

“Whoa! What’s that?” Vikram shouted. Poonam was standing in his room in male clothes. She had a wig with mustache and beard.

“This is me! Poonam,” she said with confusion.

Vikram laughed.

“Just because you have a mustache and beard, you think I won’t recognize you?” Vikram said.

“Can we try it?” she said with a smile.

“But you don’t have the thing that men...”

“I have it,” she said with a smile and opened the zip. She was wearing a strap-on dildo inside.

“From where did you get it?” Vikram laughed.

“Remember? I’m Poonam Ahuja. I can get anything I want.” She also laughed.

“Oh yeah! But it won’t work,” Vikram said.

“You know, you’ve already made up your mind that it won’t work,” she said with anger, and sat on the bed.

“It’s not that. You don’t get it. It’s not just the male clothes, body, or something like that, that attracts me. It’s just that I can’t touch a female. And if I know you... that you are a female, my mind can’t accept it,” he said.

“Let’s try!” she said.

“Ok!”

“But try to imagine! Try to think positive as much as you can,” she said.

“Yes!” he closed his eyes.

She waited for a few seconds. Then she moved forward and placed her hands on his shoulder. He shivered a bit, but did not do anything. Poonam had started to breathe louder. This was the first time she had ever touched him. Now, she started to move her lips towards him. This was going to be their first kiss.

As soon as her lips touch his, he felt a jerk, his hands moved, and he pushed her with full force. With a crash, Poonam fell on the floor.

“I’m sorry!” Vikram said, standing up.

“You didn’t try!” she shouted with anger.

“I tried!” Vikram said. “But as I said, my mind can’t help me. I know you are a female.”

She stood up with sadness.

“What should we do?” she said.

“Forget about this! Let’s have a test tube baby,” Vikram said with a smile.

“Why do you want to hurry things up?” she said with anger.

“Because I know we’re just wasting our time,” he said with a smile.

“No, Vikram! We are not wasting our time,” she said in a sad voice. “This is not about sex. This is about our child. You should take this thing seriously.”

She started to cry.

“Sorry!” he said, and sat on the bed. “Maybe you’re right. I’m accepting defeat without playing the game.”

“Let’s try again,” she said, and stood up.

“Maybe we should give it some time,” he said.

“What do you mean?” she said.

“You lie on the bed, and I’ll also lie there, next to you. I will try to use my imagination. And when I think that I’m ready, I will move to you myself,” he said.

“Sounds good!” she agreed, and quickly jumped on the bed. She lay straight.

“But don’t sleep!” he said, and she laughed.

“I can’t!” she said.

“It’s gonna take some time,” he said and slowly lay on the bed some distance away from her.

“I can wait my whole life,” she said with a smile.

It took longer than she thought. For almost two hours, Vikram did not move. He remained where he was with his eyes closed. Poonam did not say anything. She thought that he had gone to sleep. Slowly, Vikram started turning towards her. Poonam watched, and her eyes started to widen.

Vikram kept his eyes half shut. He moved his hand and touched her face. He slowly moved forward, close to her. He raised his body and placed his hand on the other side of the bed. Now he was on top of her. He moved his hand towards her crotch, and touched the panties, swollen with the presence of dildo. His eyes were still half shut. He slowly moved forward.

As soon as his lips touched hers, a teardrop fell from behind Poonam’s left eyelid. This was the moment she has been waiting for her whole life. He kissed her lips, and then her mustache, and then her neck. His mouth kept moving downward.

Suddenly, Vikram’s body shivered heavily and jerked. He jumped backward and fell on the bed, but his head struck the wooden side. He writhed in pain and fell to the ground. His head started to bleed.

“Oh shit!” Poonam shouted, and stood up.

She quickly moved towards him to hold him. As soon as she touched him, he pushed her away and she fell on the ground.

“Stay away from me!” he shouted with anger and pain.

Although the fall had hurt her, she did not care about herself. She knew that his head was bleeding and it needed attention. She quickly stood up and ran towards the door.

“I’m sorry!” Poonam said in a sad voice. They were in the dining hall. Vikram had his head covered with bandage. There was also one on Poonam’s left arm. She did not realize at that time, but the second fall had hurt her arm badly.

“This is not your mistake,” Vikram said in a sad voice.

“It was still the loveliest moment of my life,” Poonam said.

“I’m sorry, Poonam,” Vikram said.

“No, Vikram! We did well. At least we tried,” she said.

“Yes, and for a while I also thought it was working,” he said.

“Then what exactly happened?” she said.

“Your chest? Maybe it was that,” he said.

“Next time I will fix them back with a...”

“Next time?” Vikram said in surprise. “Come on, Poonam! After all this, you still want a next time?”

“But it was working,” she protested.

“We gonna hurt each other,” he said.

“Can’t we take the risk, Vikram?” she said.

He did not reply for a while.

“But we need some time now. We can’t hurry things,” he said.

“Yes,” she agreed with a smile. “Can you please let me have the numbers of the psychiatrists and sexologists you visited?”

“Sure!”

“My lord!”

“Yes?”

“Are you serious about having a child?” Poonam asked.

“What kind of question is that?” Vikram said.

“No, I mean... it’s been six months and we have not tried anything,” she said.

“Indeed. Have you decided it would be better to try for a test tube baby?” he said.

“I talked to all the psychologists and sexologists you have been with. I also talked to others. I read a lot about all this. That’s what taking so much time,” she said.

“So?” he said.

“I have something here, but I don’t know whether you will agree with it or not,” she said.

“What’s that?” he asked.

“It’s difficult to explain. In fact, it’s a long process. It’s more like playing with your subconscious mind,” she said.

“Ok, but what do we have to do?” he asked with a smile.

“You will need to have some pills, and they will make you dizzy for a few hours,” she said.

“Hmm... but would it work...? I mean...”

“Do you want to try it out?” she said.

“Well, if you think it might work, then I will go for it. But these pills don’t have any side effects, right?” he said.

“These are like a type of sleeping pill but with lower power. They will make you feel as if you want to sleep, but will not let you sleep. You will feel dizzy. It will be something like you are very drunk,” she said.

“That’s all right” he said. “But then... you will have sexual activity with me? You think it can work? I’ll only be half conscious.”

“Obviously it won’t work so suddenly,” she said.

“Then?”

“We will need to repeat it,” she said.

“Damn! I will become addicted to those drugs,” he said unhappily.

“Yes, that’s a potential problem,” she said with a sympathetic smile.

“How long do you think it’s going to take?” he said.

“I don’t know myself. How can I know?” she said.

“Ok. Anyway, it sounds workable. So we will try it. I will take the risk,” he said with a smile.

“Thanks, my lord! Thanks, Vikram!” she said with happiness.

“Oh! It’s too heavy!” Vikram said as he tried to move his head. He was alone in his room. Just few minutes ago, Poonam had given him the drink, and now it seemed to him that everything around him was moving. He leaned back and lay on the bed. “Damn! That’s too much. I should sleep.”

The door opened and Poonam entered. She was wearing male clothes and again had the false mustache and beard. She was carrying a plastic bag in her hand.

“Don’t touch me!” he said.

She did not stop. She touched him. He tried to push her away, but he could not. In his dizzy state he lacked the strength. With a serious expression on her face, she turned his body to lie straight on the bed. Once he was straight, she opened the bag and pulled out a pair of handcuff. She clipped one of his wrists to the bed frame. Then she took out another pair of handcuffs and fixed his other hand. He kept babbling, but he could not control his body enough to resist. Much of what he was saying did not make any sense.

She started to remove his clothes. She had been worried that she would not have the strength to move him sufficiently to take off everything, but at this moment she felt almost as though she had superhuman strength. In a while, he was completely naked. Now, she removed her panties. She was wearing the strap-on dildo underneath them. She did not remove her top. She just moved towards him.

Vikram’s mind was spinning. He was only half conscious. The pictures in front of him were mixture of the reality of what was happening and images from his own mind. He could not separate the two. Some of his actions were also from his subconscious mind. He felt his legs jerk as though someone was trying to move them, and he pulled them up. Suddenly, something pressed against his anus and entered him, as Poonam pressed the strap-on dildo she was wearing firmly into him. She started to move her hips back and forth. With the change of expressions on his face, it was clear that Vikram was enjoying it.

“Wow! I can’t believe this,” Vikram said. “I can’t believe you could do such a thing.”

“Don’t make fun of me, please,” Poonam said, looking as if she wanted to cry.

“No, I really mean it,” Vikram said. “I mean, I remember some of it. And now I realize that you were the one doing all this.”

“I hate this,” Poonam said with anger.

“But why didn’t you go for real sexual intercourse when you had the opportunity?” Vikram said.

“I was told it would not work. In so much dizziness, you could not have that... And I saw that too. It could not work,” she said.

“So? What’s the plan?” he said.

“We will have to do this every night,” she said with anger in her voice.

It happened for almost a month. Every night, he was drugged and bound, and then Poonam gave him an anal orgasm with her strap-on dildo. After just few days he realized that his dizziness was reducing. Either he was getting accustomed to those pills or the dose was being reduced. He asked her, and Poonam told him that it was due to the reduction in the drug quantity and power. The plan was simple. Every night, the same activity would happen but with lesser dizziness than the previous night and a higher presence of his active mind. She did not tell him, but that night she would give him the drink with none of the pills in it at all. He would be fully conscious.

Poonam entered the room. He watched her with confusion and leaned on the bed. He stretched his hand towards her. He did not know what was going to happen, but for some reason he was not feeling such disgust as he used to feel at the thought of being with her. He had been enjoying her presence with him for a month.

She tried not to touch him. She knew that this was the peak. If something went wrong, then everything she had done would be wasted. She slowly cuffed his hand. He did not resist. She removed her pants and moved towards him. Vikram closed his eyes and pulled his legs up. She sat on the bed, and then slowly pushed the dildo in his asshole.

She started moving it. Within a few seconds, her speed started to increase. Suddenly, she grabbed his legs. Nothing happened. His eyes were closed. He was enjoying the physical sensations the strap-on dildo was causing him. She kept moving, and then she placed one hand on his chest. He did not make any move to indicate her touch was unwelcome. His eyes were closed. It was working as she had hoped it would. His mind had accepted this activity from her, even though she was a female. She quickly moved forward and kissed him. He did not resist this either. His eyes were closed. He now had the right kind of thoughts that all this activity was designed to create. Right now, Poonam was a man in the bed.

“Ok! I enjoy it as well. But how can it help us?” Vikram said with confusion.

“At least we have reached the point where I can touch you and kiss you in the night,” she said. “The second part is more difficult.”

“And what’s that?” he said with a smile.

“Obviously, that’s the real sex,” she said.

“Well... I would not have believed that what has happened so far would ever be possible,” he said. “We’ve been doing it for almost a month without any drugs, and I haven’t felt disgust for you touching me. So keep the plan.”

“Yes, but today there is a little change,” she said with a smile.

“What?”

“You would not be bound today. We will do it without it,” she said.

“I hope it works,” he said and started breathing heavily. He knew that if it worked, a lot between them would change.

“Wow! It happened!” Vikram shouted with pleasure. “I can’t believe that we did it.”

They were both lying on the bed. It had been almost a year since this all started. Poonam’s mustache, beard, and strap-on dildo, all were placed on the bed. They started it as usual, but during the activity, they removed them. Currently, both of them were completely naked. They had finally done it. Vikram had just had his orgasm inside her.

“Thanks, Vikram,” she said, breathing loudly.

“No, Poonam! It was all you,” Vikram said and he quickly held her. He started to cry. “Thanks a lot! You were right. I could not have felt the same with a test tube baby. I can’t tell you how am I feeling right now. I always believed that I was born with a curse. And you have removed it. Now I am going to have my child... my child!”

“I love you, Vikram!”

“I love you, Poonam! I love you! More than anyone can love any woman... or a man!”

“Everything is possible, if you are ready to test out the things that seem impossible.”

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15. Female Rapist

It was a small apartment bedroom. It had dim light. A man was bound on the bed in spread-eagle position. His wrists and ankles were tied with the legs of the bed using ropes. His mouth was gagged using a thick fabric, not allowing him to make very much noise at all. He was completely naked.

On top of him, a girl was jumping. She was wearing a latex catsuit with long zip in front, which was currently opened to expose her breasts and crotch. The man's penis was inside her. She was moving, and was constantly moaning with pleasure.

The girl had a small whip in her hand and she was using it as she moved and moaned. Already the man's body was a mass of red welts. His face was full of fear and pain. He knew what was happening to him. He had heard about this female rapist. He knew his destiny.

“There is no single theory to conclude the actual motive of the rapist. There can be many different reasons, including a combination of anger for particular gender or type of people, sadism... the urge to hurt others, the desire for power and control, and, of course sexual gratification due to the unavailability of a consensual partner. A rapist does not necessary look and act like a psycho. He or she can be intelligent and smart, who can plan well. In fact, the one we're talking about, she is indeed one of that kind,” the psychiatrist said.

This was a famous television program that discussed some important issues. Currently, there were two guests beside the program host. One was a famous psychiatrist, and another was the Chief of Police of one of the largest cities of the country.

“Yes, I'll agree with Mr. Parker,” the Chief of Police said. “She seems to have a smart mind. She studies her victims long before she attacks them. Her victims include some very powerful people, having enough security... with dogs,

guards, and even electronic devices. She outwitted all the defensive measures. None of the security cameras captures a single picture of her.”

“But if she is so smart, then why is she doing this?” the host said.

“It looks as though she is a pure sadist,” the psychiatrist said. “As I said, the motives can be many, but sadism is indeed there. Otherwise, she wouldn’t continue to abuse them for so long. Once she was satisfied she would move on. What we are seeing is persistent sexual torture, until the victim is no longer able to respond normally to sexual stimulus. He has been mentally and physically altered.”

“Is she not afraid that they will recognize her?” the host said.

“No,” Chief of Police said. “She always wears a mask, but none of the victims have been able to describe her at all, not even her body. It is as though they have been completely brainwashed.”

“So if we could get to those victims more quickly and she did not have so long with them, we might be able to gather more evidence from their testimony about what happened to them?” the host said.

“Yes,” the Chief of Police said. “So far we have been unsuccessful. It seems as though she has studied her victims carefully, and she plans it so that there is unlikely to be anyone interrupting or forcing her to cut short everything she wants to do. She is well organized.”

“Anything common to her victims?” host said.

“The only thing they have in common is that they are well built. Every one of them, so far, has been over six feet tall and weighing around two hundred pounds. Besides that, nothing is the same. Some were poor and lived in small apartments. And some were rich, and lived in big houses. One of them was actually known as a fighter in barroom brawls, but it seems that she had no problem subduing him and holding him captive,” the Chief of Police said.

“It shows that her motivation includes sexual gratification, together with her sadism,” psychiatrist quickly added.

“Do we know anything about her?” the host asked.

“A little, and that is another surprise for us. From the forensic examination of the cases, she doesn’t seem to be more than 5’6” in height and weighing around 160 pounds. We know that sometimes she threatens her victims with a gun, but it seems not always,” the Chief of Police said.

“Doesn’t it mean that she is highly trained... someone with a military background or something similar?” the host said.

“We are working on the theory that she may be a trained professional, but we don’t know enough about her to pinpoint any more or even to be certain we are correct in the assumption,” the Chief of Police said.

“She is dangerous!” the host said.

“Obviously! So far there have been twenty-one victims that we know of. We suspect there may be others. As you know, some of the victims were released, although most of them were left tied to a bed, naked. Almost invariably, she had contrived to ensure that those who were left naked and tied were found by one or more females. We think that was done deliberately, and when it seemed unlikely a female would find him, she released him and pushed him outside, naked. Some of those may not have reported what happened. In all, it has happened in fourteen cities in three different states,” the Chief of Police said.

“But no real lead on her yet?” the host said.

“Well, we have a little more than I can tell you here,” the Chief of Police said. “We are working on it. I hope we will get her soon.”

This program was on the television screen in one corner of a nicely decorated room. Sitting on the sofa was a girl with a wine glass in her hand. She was only wearing bra and panties. There was smile on her face.

“Don’t lie, Chief! You haven’t got any clues at all,” she said with a smile on her face. “You don’t have slightest idea who I am. You don’t even know how many victims there are. I have scored twenty-seven. You will never get me. I’m going to set a new world record, and no one can stop me until I fulfill my dream!”

It was a dark night with no moon in the sky. On this side of the town there were no lights, and nothing was visible. A car's headlights shone on the tarmac as it cruised down the streets, running slowly because of the stones and potholes in the road. It took a turn. In front of it, there was the gate of a big mansion. The gate opened by itself, and once the car had entered the gate closed behind it.

In the garage by the side of the mansion there were six other luxury cars. The garage door slid shut as soon as the car was inside.

Once the car stopped, a door in the wall of the garage opened and a man got out of the driver's door of the car. He was alone. He wore a black suit and sunglasses, which might have seemed odd on such a dark night. He carried a briefcase in his hand. He walked toward the door to enter the mansion from the garage.

There was silence. The mansion seemed to have no one inside. It was clean and well decorated with expensive furnishings and ornaments. The man kept walking. He moved up the stairs and into one of the rooms.

It was a bedroom. He turned on the light, which cast a dim yellow glow in the room. The man placed his bag on the bed. He moved towards the cupboard and started to remove his jacket. Suddenly, he turned with a surprise.

In front of him, there was a female dressed in skin-tight latex clothes. There was smile on her face, and a pistol with a silencer in her hand. Her face was covered with the half mask.

“Who are you? How did you get in here?” he said with confusion.

She did not reply.

“What do you want?” he demanded, and continued taking off his jacket. He did not appear to be frightened at all.

She did not reply.

He turned back to face her.

“Don’t move!” she said loudly and aggressively.

He ignored her, pulled a hanger out of the cupboard and hung up his coat. “I have to take a shower,” he told her. “So, you can take whatever you want, and leave.”

“Shut up! Turn back and don’t move!” she shouted again.

Still ignoring her, he removed his tie, and then started to undo the buttons of his shirt.

“If you don’t stop what you are doing, I’ll shoot you!” she warned him.

He did not stop. He removed his pants and hung it on another hanger. Now he was only in his briefs and vest. He turned.

“You can take whatever you want and leave,” he said and started to walk towards the door of the bathroom.

Dhack!

It was a shot from her pistol. It struck the wall. He turned towards her angrily.

“What are you doing?” he shouted. “I told you to take whatever you want.”

“And I told you to stop moving,” she retorted. “You make one more move, and you are dead!”

He smiled.

“Ok, what do you want?” he said.

“Stop moving!” she said.

“I have stopped. What now?”

She seemed confused.

“Remove your clothes!” she said.

“I’ve already removed them. Do you want me to remove these as well?” he said with a smile.

“Don’t try to be smart with me! You don’t know who am I!” she snarled.

“I know who you are,” he smiled.

“No! You don’t,” she said.

“You are that female rapist everyone is talking about,” he said with a smile.

“Fuck! You are trying to be smart with me!” she said.

Dhack!

Another bullet struck the wall.

“Stop that!” the man said calmly. “You’re making a mess of my walls. I hate having to get the room decorated.”

“You!” she shouted with anger. “You think... I’m kidding. If you know who am I... then...”

She stopped. She started to breathe louder due to extreme anger. The man had smile on his face.

“So you are indeed that serial rapist,” he said.

“Do as I say or I...”

“Or what? You’ll kill me?” he said with a smile. “You rape all your victims, so they say, but you haven’t killed one yet. Why should I do as you say? The way you leave your victims, perhaps to be shot by your gun might be better.”

She looked confused now, and not sure how to cope with his calmness and his smiling face.

“How can you be so confident?” she said with confusion.

“Maybe because I’m not afraid of you,” he told her.

“You... Maybe you think someone is gonna save you,” she said and then smiled. “They won’t. I deactivated all the security devices. None of the alarms work, and no one is coming here to save you.”

“Really?” he said.

“Yes, I deactivated all of them,” she said.

“Fair enough” he said, and smiled. “So, you can shoot me if you want.”

“Hey! Don’t make me mad at you! I will shoot you,” she said.

“As I said, perhaps that’s better than the way you leave your victims,” he told her, still smiling.

She did not say anything. This whole scenario was unexpected for her. Normally, when she got to her victims, they either submitted quickly, or tried to fight. She knew what to do in both the cases. But his stubborn calmness was something new to her. He was neither interested in submitting nor did he seem to have any intension of trying to fight her.

“I know you want me to be afraid of you,” he said, “But it’s not going to happen.”

She kept watching him with anger, but did not say anything.

“You want to have sex, then we’ll have sex. You want to shoot me, then shoot me. But if you don’t want anything, then I’m going to have my shower,” he said and started to walk towards the bathroom.

“Stop!” she ordered.

He stopped and turned towards her with the same smile.

“What the fuck is wrong with you!” she shouted.

“What’s wrong with me?” he said. “In fact, I should ask you that question. What you are going to do?”

“I’ll kill you!” she said.

“If you will kill me, you will fail in your plan. Do you really want to do that?” he said.

“You really think I won’t shoot you?” she said.

“I didn’t say that,” he said.

“Then what’s the reason for this... attitude of yours,” she demanded.

“As I said, I’m not afraid of death,” he said.

“Ok! Then it’s better for you to die,” she said angrily.

He faced her with his eyes closed, as if he was making himself ready to die.

“What the fuck!” she shouted, “I am...”

She seemed to be extremely confused.

“You can’t kill me!” he said with a smile, and opened his eyes. “If you shot me, you would never learn the reason I am so calm.”

She stared at him. A brief expression of sadness flashed across her face, and then confusion returned.

“What the fuck are you?” she asked.

“I’m surprised you ask that,” he said. “I heard that you find out everything about your victims before you attack them.”

“I know everything about you!” she shouted.

“Really?” he said.

“Yes! You don’t work, but you earn a lot of money from your shares in different businesses. You live alone in this big mansion, away from the city. In the morning, cleaning services come here to clean your house. Besides that, no one visits you. You have no friends. Every night, you leave for few hours and then come back,” she said.

“For what?” he said with a smile. “Didn’t you work out where I go each night?”

“I tried, but I couldn’t find that out,” she admitted.

“And you missed the most important part,” he said.

“What did I miss?” she demanded.

“Who am I!” he said.

She stopped for a few seconds.

“What difference does it make?” she asked.

“Big difference!” he said with a smile and started to walk towards her.

“Stop!”

“You should have....”

Dhack!

She shot him. The bullet entered his chest. He held it for a few seconds, and closed his eyes. Then he opened his eyes with a smile on his face.

“This is what you missed,” he said, and started to walk towards her.

Her face filled up with fear.

Dhack! Dhack!

She shot him twice. It seemed as if her bullets did not hurt him. He did not slow his motion towards her and grabbed her hand with the pistol.

“Now stop this childish activity!” he said with some anger. “Haven’t you realized yet who am I?”

“Who.... who are you?” she said with fear.

He opened his mouth. His long canine teeth were shining in the dim light.

“Don’t worry, baby!” he said with a smile. “I’m not gonna kill you like I do most of my victims. You are my perfect match. I have been trying to find someone like you for the last two hundred years. You are as cruel as I am. You will be the perfect wife for me.”

“No! Stop! Stop it!” she shouted.

His mouth moved towards her throat, and his long teeth bit into her neck.

“Some victims are worse than the criminals.”

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16. What do I want?

Sometimes you are too smart, and that actually causes all the trouble. Sigh! Since I was a young girl, I was very aggressive and passionate about the things I wanted. I could always go to any measures to get them. And I almost always got them. I was extremely good in my studies, and I also participated in many extracurricular activities. This made me the center of attention of everyone around me. However, I preferred to keep myself independent. I believed that I could do anything. In fact, I wanted to get everything. As I had never failed, everything seemed possible. It was all like this until I found that we must be choosy about making our decisions. The effects of bad choices can diminish the years of happiness. And it is not always your own mistake. This is my story. Not from the beginning, but from where it all started to create a major impact on my life.

It is very difficult to explain when and how I got close to John. But the first time I realized his presence was that incident. In my college, John had a fight with my boyfriend Perry. And it was not actually a fight. Perry was simply beating him. To be honest, I did not care much about John. I did not even know him. But I did not like the way Perry was beating him. I tried to stop Perry. In anger, and mistakenly, actually, Perry slapped me. Hell! I fell on the ground. My lips started to bleed.

There was a huge crowd there. I was humiliated in front of the whole college. With anger, shame, and humiliation, I left the scene. Perry tried to stop me. He could not. For next few days, he kept apologizing to me, but I had already made up my mind to end this relationship. It was not just that slap I was worried about. I had seen Perry beating a weak and helpless opponent. Maybe I was afraid that someday something like that could happen to me as well. When he realized that I had made up mind, and when he got another girlfriend as well, he stopped trying to settle the issues with me. Well, his new girl was not as beautiful as me, but she was good enough for him to walk proudly in the college.

If someone had asked me about a relationship with John at that time, I would have laughed hard enough to wake the dead. How could a princess like me go with someone like him? There were plenty of athletes and hero type personalities of

college, waiting for me to give them a green light. Why should I choose someone with a skinny, feeble body, struggling to keep up with his studies and, to tell the truth, a complete failure? Anyone could beat him whenever he wanted. Teasing was something John did not seem to mind at all. He was actually a craven sissy, lacking all the positives of femininity. Don't take me wrongly, but if he wore female clothes he would not be abused so much by everyone.

When I look at that scene from John's perspective, I feel that I had actually saved him from Perry. Although unintentionally, I had actually taken a blow for him and had stopped the fight. It was natural for him to have extremely good feelings for me. But he knew what I was. A pebble of the ground should not dream about being used as a jewel of the crown. He knew I was not for him.

Time passed, and I finally completed my Bachelor in Business Administration. During all this time, I saw John many times. I never bothered to give him a second glance. He was a simple *no one* for me. But I knew that he never took his eyes off me once I was in his view. It did not matter. He was not the only one in the college with a crush on me. Everyone knew that I had dumped Perry, and almost every day someone tried to impress me and gain my interest. However, I had decided not to get involved in any relationship any more. Because of the bad ending with Perry, I had lost track of my studies. My education was the most important thing for me. And I decided to keep my focus on that. There would always be time to find someone and initiate a relationship. The most important thing for me was to complete my studies and get a good job. A good start is something that you can never have if you are late. And I wanted an extremely good start to my career.

My plan actually worked out. Although my job responsibilities were no more than that of a secretary, the designation of Assistant Manager in one of the most famous Insurance Companies was a devastating start for a fresh graduate. I worked hard, and kept increasing my responsibilities. Within two years, the company decided that I should be given a long-term contract with a huge increment in my salary. At that time, I proposed to my company that I would like to complete my Masters if they could support me. Obviously, it was beneficial for the company as well. I needed to sign-up a ten-year contract with the company in exchange for them to sponsor my studies.

During my Masters in Business Administration, I had to visit the office every Tuesday and Friday. Besides that, whenever I got chance, I visited the office. Although I was given very few responsibilities, I myself wanted to keep track of the changes in the company, and keep the relationships intact with my co-workers. This company was my life and I was very passionate for it. In addition, most of my studies also involved case studies. Visiting the office also helped me to see through all the theories more practically and work on my assignments more logically.

It was a surprise for me when I saw John working at the cash register of that restaurant. I mean, I was not shocked, but only surprised. I always knew that he was a failure. What else could I expect from someone like him? But I did not know that he would accept his defeat that easily. I agree that I did not know what he had been through during all that time. But working at the cash register of a middle-town restaurant? Come on! That's funnier than the last joke I heard.

John's restaurant was in between my office and the college. I started to have some meals there. My communication with him remained as formal as it was with other customers. I did not care that he used to study in my college. I never talked to him about that. Technically, I did not even care that he was there. But, as usual, his eyes were always tracking me. When I was in the restaurant, he seemed to have trouble working comfortably.

I normally visited that restaurant in afternoon or mid evenings. As I lived alone and I did not cook, I always needed to eat in a restaurant. However, I had my dinner in some other restaurants, as I needed to use other streets to get home from either my office or my college. I only visited John's restaurant when I had to move from my college to my office.

One day, I had to stay late in my college for some extra work. I had actually planned badly as I had to drop a report into the office too. In the library, I was astonished to see how late it was. When I left the building, I had only half an hour before the office hours had to end. I needed to drive very fast, but the traffic jammed me. I got a call from my office and they told me that I could drop the report the next day. I was already hungry, and I decided to have my dinner in John's restaurant.

My mother lived with her new husband, whom I did not like much, and father had died long ago. I preferred not to have any close friends. For me, I was alone, and I had to learn how to get over my emotions myself. Maybe I had started to enjoy my lonely life.

I took my dinner in John's restaurant and moved out to get to my car. I was actually in a bad mood. My day had resulted in a complete failure. I could neither complete the project I had stayed too long in the library to work on, nor I could deliver my report to the office. I hated to have a day like this. Normally, when something like that happened, I visited a park or a lake or somewhere I could sit and smoke for a while.

As soon as I moved out of the parking lot of the restaurant, I saw John at the bus stand. I really do not know why I stopped my car and offered him a ride to his home. My communication with him had never been more than the casual words that normally occur between a shopkeeper and a customer. If I think about it now, it seems pretty idiotic and completely against my nature. When I offered to drop him at his home, I did not even know where he lived.

Trying to be formal, John politely declined my offer twice. On my third attempt, he jumped in the car. I only wanted to have a formal conversation with him, but it seemed to me that he wanted to tell me everything about himself. In half an hour, I had learned almost everything about his lifestyle. He lived alone in a small apartment and had all the basic accessories that someone of his standard should have. He woke up early in the morning and did exercises. He cooked his own meals and was a good cook. He cleaned the whole apartment himself and he managed it very well. He did not have any close friends or a girlfriend... and so he went on. I was really not interested in knowing about him, but there was something about the way he talked... Damn! He talked too much. When I dropped him near his apartment, I had got over my bad mood. Now there was no need to visit any park. During my way back towards my home, I kept smiling and chuckling when I thought about how *idiotic* he was.

That was just the first time. During the next year, whenever I had a bad mood I used him as a plaything for me to overcome my bad emotions. He had many good jokes to tell. He talked, and I laughed. Sometimes, he said something

serious and I still laughed. He was indeed funny. But our relationship never extended from me picking him up from the bus stop and dropping him at his apartment.

By now, I had completed my education and had started to work full time. I had started to earn well and I could afford many luxuries. I bought a new car, moved to a very beautiful detached house and hired a house-cleaning service. Obviously, they had to clean the house in the morning, in my absence. They were hired for full service, and they did everything, including buying groceries and anything else I wanted according to my instructions. Life had become perfect. Everything seemed to be working as I wanted.

In the office, sometimes we need to do some things that are not considered part of our job, in normal sense. I knew that. But still I did not like it when my boss said that convincing that fat, old, rich client would be very helpful for the company. But to do that, I would need to go to some extra lengths. I knew what he meant by those *extra lengths*. I knew that old, fat bastard. First, I would have to try to convince him with a supper in a restaurant. But if it did not work out then... anyway, no one was forcing me to do anything. I was free to choose what was best for my career. After all, some men utilize their body strength to progress in their career. Females have their beauty on their side.

But it put me in a really bad mood. So there was John in my car. For the first time, he could not make me laugh, and I did not feel much different by the time we were in front of his apartment. I did not stop my car. My *plaything* had not fulfilled its purpose. I kept driving. I knew he was watching me in confusion, but he did not say anything. I drove the car towards the park where I used to go before John had started to give me his psychological therapies.

I got out of the car, lit my cigarette and looked at the lake in front of me. He also got out, but instead of the park or the lake, he was watching me. For a few minutes, no one said anything. Then I broke the silence. I asked him if he smoked. He said no. Without doing or saying anything, I dropped the butt of my cigarette and got back into the car. Once he was in too, I drove the car towards his apartment. After dropping him off, I went home. That night, I did not sleep well. Sometimes, in front of my eyes, there was that fat guy, and sometimes there was

John. Thoughts of both of them increased my anger. And I did not know why John made me so angry.

For next few months, I did not visit John. I had almost started to forget him. With my promotion to Marketing Manager of the company, my life had suddenly changed. There was time to arrive at the office, but there was no time to leave. Sometimes I needed to travel to other cities as well. Watching News channels and seeking out the ways to expand company business had become my hobby. Even in my dreams, I had started to watch the meetings with our prospective clients.

John would have remained *no one* for me if my mom had lived longer. With her death, I felt extreme sadness. I did not know why I missed her. I had not even seen her for a long time. But with her death, I felt really bad. I didn't know what to do. This was the first time in my life I wanted a friend, someone who could hold me while I cried. There was no one. So I quickly sought out that *no one*.

Coincidentally, John was just moving towards the bus stand. I had entered the parking lot of the restaurant from the other side. He did not see me. I kept driving and pushed the horn when my car was close enough. He turned to show me his startled face. With mixed expressions of sadness and happiness, he quickly moved and entered the car. When he was inside, I could see some kind of protest on his face. He did not say anything. What could he say? We had no agreement. I visited him whenever I was in a bad mood. I did not know if he knew I used him for that.

I drove my car without any particular destination in mind. I did not know what I was doing and where I was going. That day, John stayed silent as well. He might have realized my extreme sadness. I think he did not know how he should react. He kept watching me all the time. I did not know myself when tears started to roll down my face. I cannot tell, even now, how he felt at that time. I did not watch him, or myself. I kept staring out through the windshield, and kept driving with my subconscious mind being fully open. It all seemed like a movie. But nothing bad actually happened. For almost two hours, I kept driving. When I stopped the car, I realized that I was in the garage of my home.

I got out of the car, lit my cigarette, and started to smoke. For the next few minutes, he stayed in the car. I think he had the feeling that I would drive him

back to his apartment. But once I started to walk towards the door to enter the house, he moved out of the car and started to follow me. I cannot tell the exact expressions on his face. He was behind me, but I think he might have been extremely surprised. I was.

I could understand his confusion, but he could not understand mine. My condition was lot worse than his. I did not know why I had brought him home. Soon, I was standing in my restroom, watching myself, thinking about what I was doing. It was indeed not a one-night stand. There were many questions that I could not even ask myself. Did I really want to initiate some kind of relationship with him? With such a *loser*? I mean, if I wanted, I could get one of the highest profile business entrepreneurs for myself. I was always the center of attention in big parties. Lots of big bugs had a crush on me. Still, I had brought John to my home – someone who studied for nothing, and was doing *nothing*. I could not understand what was happening to me. I could not understand what my next step would be. For almost half an hour, I stood there, watching the stranger in the mirror.

I moved out of my bedroom. John was not in the living room. I felt he had left. But from this side of the town, he could not get a bus. And I did not know if he could afford a taxi. Suddenly, I heard a noise and I turned. John was in the kitchen. He came out carrying a tray with a bottle of wine, some ice and two empty cups. He had a smile on his face. As he came closer, he asked me if I wanted to eat something. I was not even sure that there was any food in the house. Although I paid extra for such things, I had never had a meal in my house. I had never even checked the drawers to see if they had bought the items for which I had already paid.

I was highly confused. I sat on the sofa while trying to understand what was happening. He poured out the wine and passed me the cup. Now he started to speak, all the things that could make me smile. At that moment, that *no one* had suddenly become *the one* for me. He did not know himself what he was. In just a few seconds, he had become more important for me than anyone else. Among all the options that I had in this entire world, John was the best match for me. He was perfect. He could prove to be a great *househusband*.

Our relationship started just like that. No proposals offered. Nothing asked. I knew that for him it was a dream come true. He indeed had had a crush on me for a long, long time. But that day, I also felt something for him, something that I had never felt for anyone in my life. As I do not believe in love; I do not name those feelings, and they were not even like that. It was something different. The way I kissed him, the way I removed his clothes, and the way I loved him, it was something I could not expect from myself. I can still smile when the thought of that day comes in my mind. It was indeed funny. He was also funny, acting exactly the way I thought about him, a craven sissy without female clothes and having feminine positives. He responded just like a young girl.

Even funnier was that, just after the sex, I started to cry. It was not the psychological trauma that some women face due the intensity of sexual stimulations. It might have been because of my extreme sadness for the loss of my mother. While I was crying in John's arms, my years of loneliness released very quickly. I decided to spend the rest of my life with John. I kept crying until I fell asleep.

John woke me up in the morning with a cup of coffee. He cooked a delicious breakfast, something that I had not had in years, or maybe never in my life. Being always direct in approach, I did not give him any chance to negotiate our relationship. I simply asked him how much money he needed to move his stuff into my house. For a few seconds, he did not reply. Then he said that he would need to clear up some bills before he could leave his apartment. I took all the details and then gave him the money. Along with that, I told him that he did not need to worry about any of the financial expenditure. He should leave everything to me, as he was my responsibility now. He should only focus on keeping me happy, and that was all.

That was it. I did not choose direct words to make him quit his job. And I don't even know what he told the restaurant about leaving. But for next three days, he simply stayed in the house as he did not have a car, and I did not bother to ask him to drop to his job. I had stopped the house-cleaning service on the first day. The problem was not with affording them. I wanted him to learn his status and take up his responsibilities. If he was to become my househusband, he had to adopt the role from the very first day.

He had no trouble with anything. He also enjoyed this lifestyle. Within a few days, he re-organized everything in the house. I did not mind him change the furniture placement or other decorations. This was as much his house as it was mine, and he could keep it as he wanted. In fact, once he was done, the house looked a lot better. In addition, he kept it much cleaner than before. He had taken over all the responsibilities that I expected, and more. And he had started to handle them with great care. I bought a car for him so that he could buy the groceries and do all the shopping for me. It helped me greatly. Because of lack of time, I could not even buy my own clothes. Now, John was even buying my lingerie.

I did not wait for long. I arranged our marriage just two months later. I never liked the idea of testing out a relationship while staying boyfriend and girlfriend for a few years, and then finally figure out that they are not perfect for each other. Come on! No one is perfect! Obviously, when we have to live with someone, we have to sacrifice many things to build up a relationship. Marriage builds up a stronger bond. With this, the partners start compromising in lots of things that they would not have done without it. I know some people would take my statement wrongly, considering women always defend the marriage system, and some of the men of our society actually want to avoid it. But this was not the case here. In our relationship, the situation was entirely the opposite. Here, I had all the responsibilities that in a traditional society a man has. In the same way, John took over the rights that women usually have. In our case, the marriage was my husband's security and not mine. I was financially stable, and there was no trouble for me at all. If I kicked him out someday, he would be left with nothing. Being my husband meant that he could at least get enough financial support to survive if our relationship ever failed. And I believed it was his right.

At first, everyone was shocked with my decision to marry a *no one*. But it did not take too long for them to understand the type of relationship I had with John. I earned the bread for us. He took care of the house. And I will be honest here: he in fact took great care of me as well. My clothes, my meals, my health, and even my schedule; he was lot more concerned about me than I was. With him being with me, I had started to become lazier in taking care of myself. Now, whenever I visited some other cities, I really missed him. I did not know how I could live without him. I could not even understand how I lived alone for so long.

I cannot describe how happy I was at that time. He was also very happy. I could see that clearly on his face. Life was perfect. Sigh!

I wish that day had never come to my life. Things would have kept going the way they had been. Or, at least, I could have ignored it. Sometimes you are too smart, and that actually becomes your problem. You start believing that you can have the solution to everything. You feel good about something, and you do it. You feel bad about something, and you skip it. I wish I would have never found it. I wish I had never learned that John really had *Transvestite Clothing Fetish*.

He enjoyed wearing female clothes. I found some websites he had visited from the history on our computer. Then I searched through the drawers. He had bought many female clothes for himself. That all seemed weird to me. I mean, I knew about such people, but I never actually expected it from John. At least he could have told me about it. I was even unsure whether he also enjoyed pegging or some gay stuff. It was as though a bombshell had burst, and I was so confused about what to do. I could not leave him, as I could not imagine living without him. For the next few days, I did not inform him that I had found out about his little secret that had caused such an explosive reaction in my beautiful mind. Sometimes I felt angry at him, and sometimes it was only sadness. One thing I was sure. I had to do something. I could not leave it like this.

In our relationship, everything was already opposite of most other couples. I wore the pants. It was true in its literal sense as well. My normal office dress was a jacket with pants, while John was normally found in shorts or loose pajamas, which looked more like a sleeping dress. Even if we took the term for its idiomatic sense, the dictionary could write our relationship as an example. If someone could have said that I had the final saying in our relationship, he would have abridged the concept. Final saying comes where there is a need of that. In our relationship, no conflict occurred. My every word was technically the final word. He had never even expressed his thoughts that could be considered against my suggestion. Denial was something far from it. I would confess here that I never asked him for anything. I simply told him, but it is very important to understand that I was always honest with him and I always gave him more importance than myself. My every decision reflected the thoughts that I had by imagining the things from his

perspective. As I only wanted good for him, I decided to allow him to fulfill his desires without any hindrances. I felt that there was nothing wrong with that.

That was indeed a bad decision.

I told him that I had learned about all that he was doing in private, and I had no problem with that if he wanted to do such things. He should not feel ashamed for that. If he was happy with it, I would be happy with it too. I told him that he could wear the female clothes openly. And yes! That became a problem. I did not know the intensity of his feelings. It was more as if I had allowed the rabbit to come out of the hole and start jumping around. John took my words literally. He not only started to wear the clothes in the house, but he also started to visit the public places in them. I was not someone who could be avoided, and he was my husband. The whole media burst in on us. With this, I became a joke in front of everyone.

I know it was not his mistake. But it was not mine either. I did not know he would go that far. And I previously considered that I was not a high profile individual and, even if it became public, no one would take any notice. But it all just happened and I did not know how to react.

I was angry and I scolded him, and I prohibited him from such activities in the future. I told him many other bad things. He did not reply. I had never been angry with him before, so I had no experience of what to say and what not to say. I do not remember my exact words. But I told him lots of things that no one should tell her spouse. I humiliated him, and I made him feel bad about his life. That was indeed the worst blunder. First, I gave him no restrictions, and now I restricted him completely. He also did not know that it would bring such consequences, I made it all his fault.

For the next few days, the silence between us kept getting louder. The few words that came out of my mouth were simply orders. He tried to stay as silent as possible. The distance between us was wider than the ends of the world. In the past, he had never talked with disrespect for me. But he was frank. He talked a lot. And he talked about almost everything. Although I never told him, but I really liked it when he interrupted me with some idiotic reasons while I was watching my favorite television program. I loved it when he told me some silly stories of the

house chores. He always seemed to be funny for me, and that was the fun of our relationship. But now, everything had suddenly stopped.

Finally, I decided to end this. It was not his mistake. And I had no right to be strict with him when it was actually more of my mistake than his. But maybe I took too much time. When I discussed it with him, he started to cry. Although John did not act like other men, he had good control over his emotions. In that situation, I did not know what to do. That was something I had never heard about. Maybe all that happened between us was something I had never heard in my life.

John told me that he never wanted to hurt me and make me feel humiliated. He did not care what others said about him. But he did not know that his actions could cause me that much trouble. When I allowed him, he felt that I also liked to watch him in such clothes. There are females out there who like such things. But from this whole scenario, he had learned that I only accepted it for his happiness. Now he had started to hate himself. He promised that he would never do such a thing.

I also started to cry. I could feel his pain. It was indeed not his mistake. I was the one supposed to make the limits. He was right about those women who enjoyed watching their men in female clothes. They also elaborate such activities, and do not mind exposing them in public. How could he know what I had in my mind? How could he know that I would not defend him in front of the media? When we talk about rights; not every right is considered a right in the society. We need to fight for it. But I did not fight for John. I had simply run away, getting humiliated myself.

After our crying-discussion, we started to feel relaxed. But that was a mistake too. The seeds of disaster had been plowed. John had started to believe that he should change himself. He should improve himself. But in our relationship, change was the last thing that was required. That shock had given birth to a little thought in his mind. With time, it kept getting stronger, and his mentality started to change. He wanted to improve himself for me, but how? He wanted to become a *man*, of whom I should be proud.

Believing that it was a bad incident, I avoided thinking about it. I actually wanted to forget that it all happened. I did not realize the changes that had started

to occur in John. I did not take it very seriously when he enrolled in the Master's study plan. I believed in him when he said that after his house-chore duties he normally had enough time, and he wanted to do something to keep busy. Time passed, and he completed his study.

To be honest, I did not mind if he wanted to do the job. But the way he told me about it, I realized that it was something very serious. He did not simply want to do a job. He actually wanted to get on track and wanted to contribute his share in our financial needs. He had forgotten that this was entirely against the kind of relationship we had. I was already fulfilling all my financial responsibilities. The seed had grown into a strong tree. I knew that this would initiate a financial race between us. It could not be told for sure where it would fall. But one thing was for sure. After taking several sudden turns, our relationship had to fail. And it could be expected that this story would have a bad ending.

No! You cannot! This was all that I told him when he asked me for permission to do a job. He was shocked, but he did not say anything. He left with mixed expressions on his face.

I knew that I could not simply stop him. But at least I had to try. I had seen the rebellion on his face. I knew that he had started to dislike this lifestyle. And I knew that he would not simply accept my decision. He was no more the John that he used to be. Now his mind had started to analyze my decisions, whether those were good for him or not; whether he should accept them or not; whether I was being good to him or not.

I knew he would ask me *why* for the first time in our marriage. And he did it next day. I needed to have good control over my emotions. I really had trouble to stop myself from crying. The one I had loved, my John, who cared so much about me and my decisions, had suddenly become a stranger. I could clearly see our future. Indeed, he would no more accept the things that he used to love. Now we would start having many conflicts. He would start doing a job, and then he would try to beat me in the financial race. But he did not know that he would fail. And with that, he would start cursing himself. He would become ashamed of himself. This could bring many bad consequences. Something very serious could happen.

We had a long conversation. I told him that I had no problem with his job. But our relationship was based on a system. It should not be changed. I really knew how he felt, but he needed to control his emotions. He needed to suppress his desires. He needed to become the one he was when we married. I explained him that I had always been proud of the things he did and the skills he had. And those were the reasons I fell in love with him. I loved it when he fulfilled the missing loops. He was good at the things I was not. And I was good in the things where he lacked. That was the soul of our relationship. That was what made us a perfect couple. The kind of changes happening now would only bring disaster.

I knew he would not understand. He started to protest. Although he did not accuse me of anything, he had started to believe that I was becoming a hindrance to his success. Or maybe he was right. Maybe I was just thinking about myself. He wanted to develop himself, and I was afraid of what would happen if he succeeded. I was not a kind of woman to accept defeat. Maybe I was afraid that I would become the reason of his failure.

Maybe I was not trying to convince John but myself. When I made my decision, I simply told him. I just gave him two options. Either he had to accept the way things were going and keep the relationship as it was, or we would have to end it. Changing the scenario could not work for us. If this relationship had to have a bad ending, it was better to end it when things were not entirely bad.

It was a big shock for him. I knew I was strict. I had threatened him. But this situation was a matter of life or death for me. He needed to understand why I married him. He was not a macho male with a perfect body or financial income. I married him for what he was. I loved him for what he was. If he could revert to the way he was, things could get back to normal. But if not, then it was better to end it. I knew it would hurt me a lot. But I could learn to live with it. And he could too.

He did not reply for a while. I knew he was as sad as I was. But there was something in him that was not in me. He had the anger. I had never seen his anger. It was there the first time in our relationship. So I decided to give him some time. I told him that he should take a week and give me his final answer. He should make his decision based on all the options. If the feelings inside him were

not that strong and he could control himself, then we could continue our relationship. But if he had entirely changed, then it was better for him to use his new feelings to find his new dreams.

This all happened last week. Tomorrow John will give me his final answer. But I already know what would it will be. I have already seen him packing his bags. He is ready to leave. To be honest, I really don't know how will I live without him. He had become a part of my life. But I am happy with his decision. Maybe I have accepted my defeat too easily. Maybe this relationship could be saved, and we would not have the kind of bad consequences that I am expecting. Still, this relationship could not bring the kind of success that John deserves. I can see the same passion inside him that I used to have many years ago. I know that after separating from me he would better be able to concentrate on his life. He would become successful one day. We have to be practical. We used to be a perfect couple, but now we are no more. At this stage, we both are young, and both of us can someday get the right partners. If we stay together, we will undoubtedly have a bad ending.

Sometimes you are too smart, and that causes all the trouble. Maybe this is what happened to me. I am neither angered at him nor at myself. I am not even cursing my destiny. This is life. Sigh! Since I was a young girl I have been very passionate about the things I want. I could always go to any measures to get them. And I always got them. Maybe it is hurting me, because this is the first time I am going to fail. But anyway, I will learn to fail as well. You cannot always win. However, at this stage of my life, with all my previous goals accomplished, I am little confused about myself. I have started to ask myself, *what do I want?*

“Only a good swimmer takes the risk of jumping in the ocean. Confidence is good, but it also decreases caution and increases the chance for some major mistake.”

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17. Straight Homosexuals

“But I don’t really get why a female?” the man said.

“No particular reason,” the other man replied, “I just think that a female can take better care of the child.”

“Come on, Ray! Everything a woman can do, a man can also do. These days we can even buy fresh mother milk,” the first man said.

“I know, Peter. But I don’t get it why are you so worried about having a female for this job. She will just work for us as a nanny of our adopted child,” Ray said.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea to have a female in our house,” Peter said.

“But why?” Ray asked, and then he laughed. “Have you started to have feelings for females now?”

“No! It’s not like that,” Peter said.

“Then what is it? You don’t trust me?” Ray said.

“No, Ray! I trust you! And I know how much you love me. Don’t get me wrong here. It has nothing to do with that,” Peter said.

“Then what is this all about?” Ray said with some irritation in his voice.

“I don’t know,” Peter replied. “I just feel that we should not have a female in the house.”

For a few seconds, there remained silence.

“Ok, Peter! Now spit out! What’s bothering you?” Ray said.

“I’m afraid of them,” Peter said.

“What do you mean by that?” Ray said.

“I know none of us would go for girls. We are perfect gays. But what if she starts feeling for any one of us? I’m afraid that she will create some kind of conflict between us. Females are dangerous,” Peter said.

“Ok, but what if she can’t have an interest in either of us?” Ray said with a smile.

“How could you be certain?” Peter said.

“What if she is a lesbian?” Ray said.

“What?” the girl shouted. “I allowed you to do a job. But what kind of proposal is that?”

“Sorry!” the other girl said with fear. “I just learned about this, and wanted to inform you.”

“Forget about this!” the first girl said in a stern voice. “We’re not going to live in any man-house. And why the fuck do we need to move? How dare you even think about it? Isn’t this a good apartment? Aren’t we happy here?” She was venting her anger.

“Sorry, Hailey! I was just asking you,” the first girl said, backing away. “They are seeking a lesbian for the job.”

“A lesbian? Why?” Hailey said, confused.

“They say they are gays,” the first girl said.

Silence.

“And they are going to pay real good,” first girl continued. “They have a big house, and it’s just a nanny job. They will give us a separate portion to live in. I believe they don’t want themselves to have any interference from us... females.”

Silence.

“Both of them work. They are mostly out of the house,” the first girl continued. “They even have many out-of-town visits every week.”

Silence.

“And they...”

“Tell me the truth, Nikki!” Hailey interrupted in a sad voice. “Is it that it’s a big house? Or is it their money you are so interested in?”

Nikki’s face dropped. Within couple of seconds, her eyes started to spill out tears.

“I didn’t know that you think of me like that,” Nikki said. “You know you can do whatever you like with me, beat me or anything. But this...? You think I’m worried about money? I’m happy with whatever you earn. I don’t care what we have and what we don’t have. I love you, and I respect you. I didn’t...”

Hailey quickly hugged Nikki to stop her from saying anything further. Nikki suddenly burst out with a loud cry.

“How can you do this to me?” Nikki shouted.

“Sorry! I’m sorry, Nikki!” Hailey said, patting her back. “I’m really sorry. I have no right to disrespect you. I know how much you love me.”

“Yes, Hailey! I love you. I don’t care about any money,” Nikki said, sobbing.

“I’m sorry!”

“Please don’t apologize to me! This is all my mistake! You’re right! I shouldn’t have even thought about such a thing,” Nikki said quickly.

“I love you!” Hailey said and pressed her lips to Nikki’s. For a few seconds they were busy with their passionate kissing. Although they both were of the same height, there was a big difference in their bodies. Hailey had strong and firm muscles, and her chest and shoulders were broad. It was clear to see that she had been working out for years. During their passionate kissing, Nikki seemed like a doll in Hailey’s arms. Suddenly, Hailey pulled Nikki’s body up, lifting her. Nikki

also jumped up to assist her. She crossed her legs around Hailey's waist. They still had their mouths stuck to each other.

Carrying Nikki, Hailey turned and moved towards the bed. She eased her down slowly and lay on top of her.

"I love you, Nikki!" Hailey said.

"I love you too!"

"Now tell me, is it very important for you?" Hailey said.

"I don't know. I mean... It's about taking care of a child," Nikki said slowly.

"We could adopt a child," Hailey said.

"Yes, but we might not be able to afford the luxuries for that child," Nikki said.

Silence.

"I have bad feelings about this," Hailey said slowly.

"Don't worry. If you don't want it, I will never even think about it again," Nikki said.

"I'm just afraid that company of men can be dangerous for us... and even for them," Hailey said.

"Why?" Nikki said.

"You don't understand. Sexual orientation is a very complex thing. There is something called BDSM orientation. People can have dominant or submissive desires towards other people, even if they have no sexual interest in them," Hailey said.

"Really?"

"Yes. I don't know if it has anything to do with this or not. But sometimes, at my job, I feel extreme urge to beat my male companions. I don't know what will happen or how will I feel if I get an opportunity like that," Hailey said.

“Maybe the feelings you have are only because of your anger,” Nikki said, trying to understand it.

“Yes! It’s certainly due to anger. Still, I’m afraid. Sometimes we don’t know ourselves as much as we think we do. And if I’m right about all this, then it might all get very messy, not only for two of us but for them as well. And I can’t begin to imagine the consequence of that kind of complexity. I have never even heard about anything like that,” Hailey said.

“Then just forget about it. We won’t go there,” Nikki said.

“No! We’re going there!” Hailey said in a stern voice. “But remember, don’t talk to anyone about anything except your job. And don’t do anything without my permission.”

“I never do anything without your permission,” Nikki said with a smile.

“I want to keep it that way,” Hailey said, also smiling.

“Thanks, Hailey! Thanks a lot!”

“...and no matter what, none of you will come to the right wing,” Ray said, “Even in case of emergency, inform the guards.”

It was a big hall, nicely arranged with expensive furniture, fine arts, paintings and decorations to show that it belonged to one of the richest men of the country. Hailey and Nikki were sitting close together on one of the sofas. Ray was sitting on the one at their left, and Peter was on their right. During this whole meeting, Peter had stayed silent.

“I don’t want any trouble in my house,” Ray said with authority in his voice. It was clear from Hailey’s face that she did not like this. She had been continuously watching Ray, whose eyes were also fixed on hers.

“Anything else?” Hailey asked.

“Well... there is lot more. But I’ll tell you when the time comes,” Ray said. and Hailey pursed her lips. Ray stood up. “And yes, anything you need, either for the child or for yourself, feel free to tell the guards. If the problem is bigger, ask me.”

“Wait, Ray,” Hailey said before Ray could walk away. “There is one thing that I want to tell you also.”

“I know,” Ray said. “I will talk to you later about it.”

Ray started to walk. Peter stood up and followed him. Hailey kept watching Ray’s back. For a few minutes, she did not take her eyes off the door where he had left.

“Let’s go, Hailey,” Nikki said.

“Son of a bitch!”

“I’m worried about Hailey,” Peter said in a tense voice.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take care of her. Keep yourself out of all this,” Ray said.

“As you say,” Peter said. “But be careful. I already have bad feelings about having females in our house. And this woman seems to be someone dangerous. She could mess up our system.”

“I told you, Peter,” Ray said with anger, “Forget about all of this. I will handle it myself. If they want to do this job and stay here, they will have to follow the procedure. It’s not a big deal to find someone else for this otherwise.”

“But why are you so mad at him?” Nikki asked.

“I know this is his house and we are doing a job for him, but it’s his attitude... I hate the way he talks,” Hailey said with anger.

“Come on, Hailey! Forget about him. We are here for the child, not him,” Nikki said.

“I don’t want you ever to talk to him!” Hailey said with anger.

“I won’t!”

“I will see how it goes for a few days. If things don’t work the way they are supposed to, we’ll leave,” Hailey said and moved towards the restroom.

“No, Dolly is only two years old right now. And it’s only been few months she has been here with us,” Ray said.

“But Mr. Headley, don’t you think she will enjoy the company of other kids?” Hailey said with some irritation.

“She will have enough time for that later on. Currently, it is better for you to take care of her yourself. You’ve been looking after her for a few months now,” Ray said.

“You mean Nikki,” Hailey said.

“Yes, whoever,” he said with a forced smile. “Dolly should not leave the house under any circumstances. She will stay in the house and have all that she wants.”

“Excuse me, Mr. Jameson!” Nikki said, and Peter turned. “I’m sorry to disturb you. Actually, Hailey is not here and I can’t find Mr. Headley...”

“No worries! What do you want?” Peter interrupted.

“Actually, Dolly seems to have some kind of problem. She’s continuously crying. I called up the doctor, but it’s been hours and he’s not here. I’m really worried about her,” Nikki said in a tense voice.

“Ok, I’ll check it out,” Peter said.

“Mr. Headley!” Hailey said, and Ray turned.

“Yes?” he asked.

“Mr. Headley, I have to leave for three days and I want to take Nikki with me,” Hailey said.

“You can’t take the baby with you,” Ray said.

“I know that,” she said with some irritation. “I’m talking about Nikki.”

“Hmm... But then who is going to take care of the baby if both of you are away?” Ray said.

“Can’t anyone of you take care of the baby?” Hailey said.

“No, we can’t. That’s why we hired you,” Ray said.

“I’m talking about three days only. I have to leave, and I want to take Nikki with me,” Hailey said, sounding irate.

For a few seconds, neither of them said anything. Hailey was watching him, while he stared at a spot on the wall.

“What’s wrong with you?” Ray said, and looked at her.

“Wrong with me?” she almost shouted with anger. “I’m just asking you to let us have a break. Even the hardest job gives a vacation.”

Ray smiled, but did not say anything. He kept watching her for a while, and then moved his gaze away.

“I can understand your problem. And I...”

“Look Mr. Headley! Don’t keep telling me that I have a problem,” Hailey interrupted him.

“Whoa! Wait! I’m just talking about your taking Nikki with you,” Ray said with anger.

“Ok, then what’s your decision?” Hailey said.

“Let me have three weeks. I will settle down a few things and then arrange something so that you can leave for your vacation,” Ray said.

“Thanks,” Hailey said, and turned.

“What a woman!” Ray said with a smile as she left the room.

“Just one more, baby,” Peter said as he moved the spoon towards girl’s mouth. “Ya... Ya... Ya... Yum!”

Dolly was sitting in a low baby chair with wheels, and Peter was kneeling in front of her. She was jumping with pleasure, eating some of the liquid food Peter was giving her and dropping some of it around her. Some distance away, Nikki was watching the scene. There was smile on her face.

“Just one more, baby! One for Daddy now! Just one more!”

“Ray! Is there anything for me on Sunday? I’m thinking about taking baby to the zoo,”

“The zoo?” Ray said, and smiled. “Good idea! I think she’ll like it.”

“Yeah! I’m thinking about taking her to zoo and such places every week,” Peter said.

“That’s good,” Ray agreed.

“Do you think you can join us on Sunday?” Peter said.

“This Sunday? I don’t think so. But next Sunday I think I’ll be able to join you. Sorry about that,” Ray said.

“It’s ok! I know about Mr. Medein. You will need to keep them company,” Peter said with a smile.

“Yeah! They are only here for three days,” Ray said.

“It’s ok! Next week we will go somewhere together,” Peter said.

“Nikki! What are you doing?” Hailey said with anger.

“What?” Nikki said with confusion.

“Why are you teaching the baby to call you Mom?” Hailey said, and Nikki dropped her face. She did not reply. Hailey got closer and held Nikki’s face with her hands. “I can understand, Nikki, how you feel, but this is not our baby. You know what will happen if Mr. Headley finds out. This is just a job. You should not try to take it all so seriously. They can ask us to leave any time.”

“But I love the baby! She also loves me,” Nikki said as if she wanted to cry.

Hailey sighed. “Oh Nikki! Try to keep hold of your emotions. Get practical!” Hailey said in a sad voice. “I’m not against your love for Dolly, but you are just her nanny.”

“Da... da... da... da...”

“Say Daddy! Day... Dee!” Peter was sitting on the sofa with Dolly. Nikki was sitting on the other sofa, watching them with a smile.

“Daddy! Say Daddy!” Nikki suddenly said, and Peter turned his face to look at her in surprise. She quickly turned her face away. She was blushing slightly. Peter turned back to Dolly.

“Yes! Daddy!” Peter said. “Say Daddy!”

Nikki stood up and started to move towards the door.

“Do you want anything to drink, Mr. Jameson?” she asked.

“Yes, bring me some soda,” he said without looking at her and then continued with Dolly. “Day...” He smiled.

“Ray! Will you join us this Sunday?” Peter asked.

“Ah Peter! I’m really sorry about it, but I just arranged a...”

“No worries! I understand!” Peter quickly said, and turned. His face was full of sadness.

“Wait, Peter,” Ray said.

“This is fifth week, Ray! I won’t ask you next week. If you want to join us, just let me know yourself,” Peter said in a sad voice and started to leave.

“I’m sorry,” Ray said but Peter had already gone. “Goddamned! I said I’m sorry!”

“I will go with you,” Hailey said.

“Ok! I’ll inform Mr. Jameson,” Nikki said with a smile. There was excitement on her face.

“But I don’t understand how come Peter wants to take us to the zoo? Doesn’t Ray have a problem with that?” Hailey said with confusion.

“I don’t know. He just told me that I need to prepare myself for the visit,” Nikki said, also confused.

“Hmm... Was there anger on his face?” Hailey said.

“Yes, he did look angry,” Nikki said, considering it.

“It means I need to talk to Ray,” Hailey said and she pulled out her cell phone. “Mr. Headley! This is Hailey. I want to talk to you about something... ok... this is something related with Mr. Jameson... he wants us to accompany him to the... Ok! Thanks!”

“What happened?” Nikki asked.

“He says he was the one to make the decision on this occasion. We should accompany Mr. Jameson,” Hailey said. There was still confusion on her face.

“That’s nice!” Nikki said and Hailey looked at her.

“What’s making you so happy?” Hailey said with anger.

“Ah! Yeah! I mean... I wanted to go out with the baby!” Nikki said hesitantly.

“Mr. Headley!” Hailey said.

“Yes?” Ray said in surprise.

“I’m sorry to disturb you. I wanted to talk to you about something,” Hailey said.

“Ok?” Ray said.

“Can I sit here?” she asked with a smile.

“Sorry. Of course, have a seat, please,” he said with a smile.

“Actually Mr. Headley... I want to ask you... what’s happening?” Hailey asked with some hesitation.

“What’s happening? To what?” Ray said, not understanding.

“I know something is happening between you and Mr. Jameson,” she said.

For a few seconds he did not reply. He stared at her, unsure what to say.

“Why are you asking this? You know it is our personal matter and it has nothing to do with you,” he said.

“Sorry, Mr. Headley. I know this is a personal matter, but this has lot to do with me. This whole thing is affecting my relationship with Nikki,” Hailey said.

“You mean... Peter and Nikki?” Ray said with confusion.

“I’m not sure, Mr. Jameson. But I’ve started to see some changes in Nikki,” Hailey said in a sad voice.

“But she is a lesbian... Right?” Ray said with confusion.

“I’m highly confused myself. But I really want to solve this mystery. Today I was with them, which did not allow them any time alone.” Hailey said.

“For Peter, I’m sure nothing can happen. He can’t have a relationship with a girl,” Ray said with a smile.

“Sorry to say this, Mr. Headley, but you’re taking this issue too lightly. Nikki is a lesbian, and I know she feels disgust at even the thought of any kind of sexual activity with a man. Still, I’m seeing that she is developing some kind of weird emotions. Instead of just keeping the theories in mind, perhaps you should watch Mr. Jameson’s movements,” she said.

Silence.

“Maybe you’re right. Let me have some time,” Ray said, and Hailey stood up. “By the way, Hailey... Thanks.”

She smiled.

“You too!”

Ray was lying in the middle of the bed. Peter entered the room. Both of them were wearing night suits of loose pajamas and front button long-sleeved shirts. Peter lay on the bed and turned away from Ray.

“Peter, I know you’re mad at me,” Ray said.

Peter did not reply. He had anger on his face.

“Can you give me a chance?” Ray said. Peter’s face filled up with sadness. “I’m sorry, Peter. I know I’ve been doing all this wrong.”

Peter slowly turned over to face Ray. Ray also turned towards him.

“I know I was not taking your affection for baby seriously, but I’ve just realized it. I will start giving both of you more time,” Ray said, and Peter quickly moved forward to hug him.

“Thanks, Ray! Thanks a lot!”

Ray took the corner and stopped his car with a surprised expression on his face. Hailey was at the bus stand. He pushed the button to lower the window.

“Why are you standing here? What happened to your car?” he said.

“Something is wrong with it. I was going to be late for my job. So I...”

“Get in!” he said.

She opened the door and sat down.

“Next time, if something like that happens, simply take any of my cars. I have plenty of extra cars in the garage at the house, doing nothing but standing there. Ask the guards if you ever need one. I’ll inform them,” he said.

“Thanks Mr. Headley!” she said with a smile.

“Well... I should thank you again. Your information was good for me,” Ray said.

“So what did you find?” Hailey said.

“About Peter and Nikki... I think you’re wrong. But yes, their affection for the baby is something serious, much stronger than either of ours,” he said and she started nodding.

“That seems right to me,” she said.

“But you may be partly right too. As they are both so close to the baby, they may develop some kind of feelings for each other too,” he said.

“What should we do then?” she said.

“I’ll see what we can do. In the meantime, if you learn anything important, feel free to come to me any time.”

“Thirty days?” Nikki shouted.

“I’ve already had permission from Mr. Headley. We’ll have a country-wide tour,” Hailey said.

“Wow! Where did you get so much money from?” Nikki said in excitement.

“This is all your money, baby! Your salary! I’ve been saving it all this time,” Hailey said.

“Oh Hailey! I love you,” Nikki said, and quickly jumped on her to hug her.

Suddenly, she retreated.

“But what will happen to Dolly?” Nikki asked in confusion.

“Mr. Headley will arrange someone for that,” Hailey said.

“Someone? Who?” Nikki asked.

“How do I know?” Hailey said.

“But we have to find out,” Nikki said in a tense voice.

“Look, Nikki, it’s their daughter. They are more concerned for her than us. They will take good care for her,” Hailey said, and Nikki’s face filled up with sadness. She quickly hugged Hailey.

“You’re right! It’s their daughter,” Nikki said. It seemed as if with this hug she wanted to hide her tears from Hailey, but her voice exposed all her emotions. Hailey also closed her eyes sadly.

“I love you, baby!” Hailey said.

“Peter!” Ray said.

“Yes?”

“You should start transferring all your office work to your assistants,” Ray said.

“What? Why?” Peter said.

“Two weeks from now, Nikki and Hailey are leaving for a vacation. And I want you to take care of the baby yourself,” Ray said.

“But how can I transfer all my work to my assistants? Specially the financial matters?” Peter said with confusion.

“I will handle the financial matters myself,” Ray said, and Peter laughed.

“Come on! You already have such a tight schedule. How can you handle more work?” Peter said.

“Don’t worry, I’ll manage it,” Ray said with a smile.

“You’re the man, boss!” Peter said.

“Wow! That’s amazing!” Nikki almost with pleasure, and Hailey smiled.

“Yeah! And in 1937...”

“When Dolly is old enough, we’ll bring her here,” Nikki said and Hailey stopped talking. There was confusion on her face.

“Peter! How was this month of yours, staying at house and taking care of the baby?” Ray said.

“Damn! It was great!” Peter said with pleasure.

“Do you want to make it permanent?” Ray said, and Peter considered it.

“I haven’t really considered it. I enjoyed my time with Dolly, but I can’t spend my whole day playing with her. Besides her, there is nothing for me to do in the house. I would soon start getting bored. It’s better for me to help you in our business,” he said thoughtfully.

“Anyway, if you ever decide you want to stay at home, you can let me know,” Ray said with a smile.

“Ok! I’ll think about it,” Peter said.

“Thanks, Hailey! It’s all been great!” Nikki said. She was packing her bag. They were in a hotel room. “I can’t believe a whole month has gone. It all seemed so short.”

“Yeah!” Hailey said. She was sitting on a chair with serious expressions on her face, staring at a spot on the wall.

“By this time tomorrow we will be with Dolly. Oh I miss her!” Nikki said with excitement.

“Nikki!” Hailey said without looking at her. “What if you have your own baby? A test tube baby?”

Nikki stopped what she was doing and turned towards Hailey in surprise.

“Well, Nikki? So what if we can’t give our child all the luxuries that Mr. Headley can give? We can at least give her a good life. Don’t poor people have children? It doesn’t matter what we are and how much we earn. We are what we are, and we will try to give our child as good a life as we can. This is what life is all about,” Hailey said.

Silence.

“I know, Nikki. You need some time to think about it. But you should think about it. I know you want a baby of your own, and I also want one. We should live our life,” Hailey said.

As soon as Nikki picked her up, Dolly started crying. She started struggling and trying to move towards Peter. With this, Nikki’s confused face filled with extreme sadness. Her eyes started to get wet. Peter quickly moved forward and took Dolly from Nikki’s hands.

“Don’t worry! It happens. She has forgotten you,” he said and started to move, so that Dolly would stop crying. “I think I will need to stay in house for a few more days so that she can become accustomed to you again.”

Peter started walking and moved out of the room.

“You are right, Hailey,” Nikki said with tears falling. “We should have our own baby.”

“...and yes, pick up the report from that...” Ray stopped talking into his cell phone. He had just come into the house. In front of him, Nikki was talking to Dolly.

“...Mommy...”

“I’ll call you back,” Ray said, and dropped the line. “Peter! Peter!” he started to shout.

“Mr. Jameson isn’t home yet,” Nikki said, turning towards him.

“What the fuck? Why the baby is calling you Mom?” Ray shouted with anger.

“I don’t know. It’s just that... I’m sorry,” Nikki said with fear in her voice.

“Who the hell do you think you are? You just work here! This is my baby and you are her nanny...”

“What happened?” Hailey said, coming through the door.

“Why the fuck is Nikki treating the baby as if she is her mother?” Ray shouted at Hailey.

“I’m sorry Mr. Headley. It will never happen again. I will tell her to...”

“No! You two have to leave the house right away,” Ray said angrily. “Enough is enough! Peter was right. We should have no females in our house. I seem to be more concerned about you and Nikki than I should be. I can get any fucking guy for the job and there will be no trouble at all.”

“Please Mr. Headley!” Nikki said. “I promise it will never happen again.”

“Shut up, Nikki!” Hailey shouted at Nikki. “This is just too humiliating. Let’s go.”

“No, Hailey! Let me talk, please,” Nikki said when Hailey grabbed her hand and started to move her towards their room.

“What’s happening here?” Peter’s voice struck their ears and they turned to see him coming into the room.

“What the fuck are you doing, Peter? Can’t you take care of the baby? She’s calling Nikki her mom,” Ray shouted at Peter.

“She is calling her... Mom? So what?” Peter said.

“So what? What do you mean? She is her nanny, not her mother,” Ray shouted again.

“Ok, but Dolly is just a kid. She doesn’t know that. She will learn it,” Peter said.

“What the fuck has happened to you, Peter? It’s not about Dolly. It’s about what Nikki is teaching her. Kids only say what they are taught,” Ray said.

“I’m sorry! Please let me stay here. I promise it will never happen again,” Nikki shouted with a loud cry.

“No! You have to leave,” Ray shouted with anger.

“Come on, Ray! Why are you making so much fuss on this issue?” Peter said. “Let’s close the matter. She is apologizing.”

“I don’t want her apology. I want her to leave the house. And, Peter, you said yourself that there shouldn’t be a woman in our house. Why are you defending her now?” Ray said.

“I’m not defending her for being a woman. I’m just defending her because the issue is not as big as you think. These things happen. Dolly is just a baby. In fact, if you ask me, I don’t even mind if Dolly thinks Nikki is her mother,” Peter said.

“What does that mean?” Ray said.

“Look, Ray, we are not talking about a property right. This is about Dolly. A kid doesn’t know about this world. She doesn’t know anything about homosexuality and how we feel. She needs both a mother and a father. Soon, she will start going to school and...”

“That’s why I don’t want her to go to the school,” Ray said with anger.

“Ok, but can we talk about these things later on? Why don’t you drop this issue for now and we can talk about this when you are cool?” Peter said with some anger as well.

“Tell them to stay away from the baby until I decide something. And tell them to make themselves ready to leave. We will discuss this and then finalize if they should stay here or not,” Ray said, and turned away.

“And who the hell said that we’re gonna stay here?” Hailey said with anger. “We’re leaving!”

“Now you don’t start,” Peter said, also angry now.

“I can’t stay here with such a humiliation,” Hailey shouted.

“Then leave!” Nikki shouted, and jerked her hand to remove Hailey’s grasp of her. “I’m going to stay here. If you can’t defend me, then at least you can stop trying to work against me. Mr. Jameson is trying to help here. At least you should respect him.”

Ray stopped and turned in surprise. Everyone was shocked. Hailey had become like a statue. Peter was also watching Nikki, his eyes wide in shock. They all knew the deep relationship between Nikki and Hailey, but everything had suddenly changed.

They were each sitting on a separate sofa. Each of them was looking at the floor. They had been there for a while. No one was saying anything. Slowly, Ray lifted his head to look at Nikki.

“So you have suddenly turned straight?” Ray said.

“I can’t even think about touching a man,” Nikki said with her eyes down. Ray turned his face towards Peter.

“Do you have some kind of feelings for her?” Ray said.

“You must be kidding,” Peter said with some anger in his voice. “I was just defending her because of the situation she’s in. It was not personal.”

“This was what I was worried about,” Hailey said in a sad voice. Everyone was surprised to see that she was crying. “The game is over for me. You can decide what you all want to do. Whether Nikki should stay here or not... I was here only for Nikki. But if she doesn’t want to be with me, then it doesn’t make any sense for me to stay here.”

“I’m sorry, Hailey,” Nikki said with sadness. “I’m really sorry for what I said. I don’t know why I said it. I know you were feeling for me and your actions were actually...”

“No, Nikki. You shouldn’t be sorry. Maybe I was blind. I think you were right. I was indeed not trying to help you. Instead of thinking about your feelings, I was being driven by my own anger,” Hailey said.

“No, Hailey. I was wrong, and you were right,” Nikki said, looking at Hailey. “It doesn’t matter if I made a mistake or not, and it doesn’t matter if they forgive me or not, but the way things are going, sooner or later we will all have trouble.”

“Yes,” Peter said. “Please don’t take us wrong. What happened here was not a big problem.”

“I should also apologize,” Ray said slowly.

“Domination can be directed towards someone with whom one would not have any sexual attraction.”

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18. Greedy Motherfucker

No one likes me. So I really do not care how you are going to feel about me after listening my story. Whether you call me a *Greedy Motherfucker*, or something else, I really do not mind.

I was 26 years old when my childhood friend, Samuel, called me this for the first time. Well, I think he had every reason to do it, although personally, I do not think I did anything bad. He believed that I was just playing with his mother. He could not accept that his 51-year-old mother, whom I used to call Aunt, had started to have sexual relationship with me. It was not done in secret. We had openly disclosed it to everyone that we were involved in a simple boyfriend-girlfriend relationship.

His confusion was right, just like that of everyone else. But he was the last person who should accuse me of being a manipulator. He knew very well that I did not care about the money. He already knew that I always had a crush on older women. He knew all about my fantasies. Still, he did not believe me. When I decided to marry Samantha, his mother, he left the town in anger. He did not come to his own mother's marriage. He simply called me *Greedy Motherfucker* and left. I can understand that he did not want to call me *dad*, but why this, I can never understand.

Some people say that I have a strong incest perversion. I normally laugh at that accusation. I mean, my mother died at the time of my birth. I did not even see her. Dad enrolled me in the boarding school, as my step-mom did not like me much. That was where I spent almost all my childhood. On the weekends, I mostly spent my time at Samuel's home. I really loved his mom, but not in the way that I do now. Besides Samuel and Samantha, I had no one close. I did not even see much of my relatives.

The only thing good about dad was that he gave me enough financial support to have a luxurious life. But my marriage with Samantha gave my step-mom a very good reason to cut that out. Dad gave me a final check, and then told me never to contact him again. I agreed.

During my college time, I failed to build any kind of relationship with any girl. It was not because no one wanted to be with me. It was because I failed to satisfy them in bed. At that time, I did not know the reason, but their bodies seemed to be a turn off for me. The problem kept growing, and I started to believe that I was sexually impotent. So I visited a sexologist-cum-psychiatrist. I could not tell him all the truth. But his tests taught me that I was not impotent. I was only a pervert, and there was nothing wrong with me. Come on! Someone please tell that *Psycho Specialist* what *Perversion* means. It is supposed to be something bad, right?

So, I knew that I needed older women. But in our *free society*, we cannot get free things that easily for free. And it cost me a lot. I lost my best friend. I lost my dad, and I lost all the money that previously he was giving me every month. That was not all. I also lost the pure, motherly love of the woman who acted like my guardian until that time. She became my wife.

No one can really understand what kind of relationship I had with Samantha. Everyone seemed to be confused about how this all started. For years, I took my affection for her as a response to her motherly love. She used to take care of me, just as she did Samuel. During my teenage years, I used to feel arousal when she patted me affectionately. I believed that it was something common and I never took it seriously. Once I learned about my perversion, I started to analyze myself. I started to pay attention to my body reactions with everything that I did. At first, the whole thing caused lot of confusion for me, but I had to find to out the reasons for it and the solution. This was my life. I did not care what others thought. I did not make myself. I was just trying to find the right place for myself in the system.

You can understand that it would not be easy for me to convince Samantha. When I decided to go for her, I was already 23 years old and I knew how things worked in our society. Still, it was far more difficult than I expected. She reacted really badly. She tried to stop me in many ways. She slapped me. She cried. She called the cops, and much more. But within two years she realized that I was not a bad guy. Something was different about me, and for a while she considered herself responsible for that. So, she took me to another psychiatrist. I do not really know how she felt when she learned about my perversion, but at least she learned that

everything I said was true. I really loved her, not like a son but like a man. And I really wanted to love her like a man.

Time can melt down everything. A woman's heart is very soft, much like most of the other parts of her body. Samantha acted very strong, but after all she was a woman. She finally accepted my proposal. But as I expected, she was afraid of the world. I told her that I would take care of everything and everyone. But I could not. I failed to convince her son, Samuel. It hurt me as much as it hurt her. He was my best and only friend, as important for me as he was for Samantha.

Samantha was rich too. And it was obvious that many would accuse me of marrying her for her money. But me, I did not care about the money. I did not have many hobbies to handle or expenses to bear. Samantha had many stocks and shares, and I also invested the money my dad gave me. The dividend on those shares was good enough for us to cover our expenses and to buy some luxuries. It all seemed like a dream come true. She felt younger, and I felt much younger too. Certainly, our relationship was a little confusing. In addition to normal sexual activities, we also tried some kinky stuff and enjoyed it. The most important one was mother-child role play. I do not think it was difficult for her to handle.

So I had accept what I was, and it was working. The chemistry in my mind might have had something to do with my perversion, but this was not an incest perversion, not to me anyway. The reason was simple. Samantha was not my real mother. She was my wife. Legally and morally, I had every right to get involved with her in any kind of fantasies that fulfilled my desires. Whether we played wife-husband roles or mother-son, or even teacher student, it had nothing to do with anyone. Whether we had *vanilla sex* or she gave me bare-bottom spankings, it did not hurt anyone else. Those were just roles that fulfilled our fantasies. We both enjoyed them. We had enough age difference between us, and that, for us, was the basis of our healthy relationship.

Time passed very well. We enjoyed our lives. Alas! She did not have much life. After just two years of our marriage, she died. Many people accused me of murdering her. I was even charged with murder and was officially investigated. My worst enemy was my own son, I mean my friend Samuel. But no one could prove that Samantha's death was unnatural. Her insurance paid me a

huge sum of money, which further increased my prestige in the society as a symbol of evil. Everyone started to call me *Greedy Motherfucker*.

I had a lot of money. Sometimes I thought about running away. But I did not. Why should I? I did not do anything wrong. I had not pushed anyone nor ever done anything illegal. I had not even done anything against any religion. I had just married a woman, and she died. And she left me a huge sum of money. I think people were jealous of me because they could not do the same. My disregard for the views of the rest of society grew further. Without worrying about what others were saying about me, I began a new search. With renewed enthusiasm and passion I set about finding a woman old enough to play the role of my motherly-wife.

When I found Rosy, she was 58. By then I was 29. Our age difference was a little less than between Samantha and me, and I used this fact to convince Rosy. But honestly, I do not think I needed any particular reasons to convince her. She was a sexual predator. In the past, she had utilized the services of many gigolos to fulfill her sexual desires of having a young, fit boy. I was much cheaper for her. I was almost free.

You can understand why she denied my proposals of marriage. She had no intention of having a serious relationship with me. She only wanted me as the replacement for those gigolos. But one thing was good. She allowed me to live with her. Later, she introduced me to some of her close friends, but only them. She was afraid of society, and she wanted to keep our relationship secret. As we lived in a different city, my notoriety did not hurt her much.

Inside the house, we had almost the same kind of relationship as I had with Samantha. The only problem was that Rosy felt some kind of guilt inside. Also, as she was afraid of someone discovering our secret, she was always worried about it. She felt bad about our relationship. I did not understand why. I tried to convince her, but she never accepted it completely. I tried to explain her, but she never understood. Finally, after just a year, she decided to end our relationship.

She signed up a check for a huge sum of money for me and told me that I should leave her. So, everyone called me a *Greedy Motherfucker*, but that never hurt me as much as breaking up with Rosy or, in fact, that she felt the need to pay

me a large amount. She still felt that all I was interested in was her money. Well, that was my mistake as well. I had never told her how much money I had in my shares. In fact, I had lot more money than she did. I did not tell her anything about it. I just left, accepting that humiliation as a part of my destiny, which had started to become the norm now.

After leaving Rosy, I decided to take a break. I arranged a tour and visited some places around the world. I wanted to enjoy my time alone and I did that. It soothed the pain Rosy had caused me. At that time, I really missed Samantha. After four months of almost constant traveling, I came back to my country. But now, I did not stay in a single city. I started to travel a lot, seeing different places and meeting different people. I thought it would help me to keep myself away from social recognition. I was wrong. My notoriety increased. Wherever I went, people learned about me.

It was not Rosy's mistake. Our society has very specific standards. Anything that does not fall within those standards is considered abnormal or evil. People are normally characterized based on their actions and not the motives behind those actions. Obviously, when everyone was chasing after the *Standard Beauties*, my desires for older women were considered abnormalities. It was just a coincidence that both the *beauties* I had found were rich.

To be honest, I did not have any particular intention of initiating a relationship with Sabrina. How could I even think about it? 60 years old Sabrina was a famous businesswoman, and everyone knew about her. She was a celebrity and no one could reach her easily. Besides, she had three children. I faced so many problems with one Samuel, how could I take on three of them? Besides, she was also in the lists of *devils* of society. Everyone was afraid of her.

Sabrina had a very interesting past. Her husband died twenty-five years ago, and then she took over his whole business, kicking out all the partners. Since then, she had been controlling everything. She had kept all the properties and assets under her name, and no one around her technically owned anything, not even her children, siblings and in-laws.

Sabrina had expanded the business very successfully. Everyone loved to hate her. The Media had accused her many times of using evil methods to

conclude her business deals, or pushing her competitors down in the styles of mobs and gangsters. Some even said that she had killed her own husband. However, no one could prove anything against her.

I normally avoided formal parties. It was not because I had problems with them, it was because they had a problem with me. As I did not like wearing formal clothes, they did not permit me to enter such parties. They did not understand my simple rule: live as you like and do what you want. It was too much for them to accept.

My stock share agent Raphael actually forced me to visit that party. According to him, I should not try to run away from everyone just because of my failure with Rosy. I tried to convince him and I failed. Finally, I submitted to his illogical demand and visited that party. I am sure that later he regretted pushing me into it.

As usual, I was stopped at the entrance. They told that my clothes were inappropriate. I did not understand what was wrong with them. I was simply wearing denim jeans with a loose T-shirt. Everyone wore them those days. So, my T-shirt had a picture of a finger. Well, I think everyone used the finger gesture some time some days.

I was angry. I decided to enter the party no matter what. So I bribed an attendant and entered through a back door that some employees used. I started to roam around. Except me, all the males were wearing tuxedos and similar formal clothes. I felt good at the expressions of disapproval. It was as if I was showing the finger to everyone who did not like me.

I expected that guards would soon find me and kick me out of the party. But it did not happen. After giving a pleasant smile to many of those irritating faces, I moved towards the bar and asked for the drink. I did not notice that Sabrina was standing just to my right. Even if I had known, I would not have cared.

When she looked at me, her face filled up with anger. I realized that she was watching me. I tried to give her my normal smile, to further increase her anger. It worked.

“If you were my son, I would have spanked you so hard that you could not have sat down for weeks.” It was all she said. And her words flowed through me and I looked at her again, I gulped and a strange confusion overcame me. I recognized Sabrina, and I felt the same strange feelings that I had felt for Samantha and Rosy. I had seen Sabrina on TV, but in reality she looked her age. She was beautiful.

It was not the first time someone had cursed me. Normally in that situation, I teased others appropriately. I never apologized to anyone. But Sabrina had taken me under her spell with her charming attitude of motherly-authority. My eyes dropped. I apologized. That brought a smile to her face and she asked me my name.

As soon as I told her that I was normally referred to as *Greedy Motherfucker*, she recognized me. Her eyes widened in shock. She gulped, and then she started to look me over, head to tail, checking out every part of me she could see with my clothes on. I indeed had a good build and a strong body for a pervert. After few minutes of X-raying me thoroughly, she started to ask me a few questions.

I quickly realized Sabrina’s intentions. I also liked her. I knew her confusion. She was 60 years old, and I was 30 years old. She owned a big business empire and people accused me for playing with elder women for their money. But I knew the steps I needed to take. I gave her all the information she wanted, and after the party I left with her, as she wanted.

Sabrina was not just my perfect match. She was a lot more than me. Since the first day, she told me to call her *mom*, not just in the bedroom but also in front of everyone. Even after our marriage it continued, which confused many. She was a famous woman and she was not afraid of anyone, neither media, nor her kids. She was not even afraid of damaging her prestige in society. We married without wasting any time.

Sabrina was indeed a smart woman. In the name of caution due to my popularity, she took over all my shares and belongings and put them in her name. I agreed to all that she wanted. I wanted to be with her, in whatever condition that

suit her. But with that, I had nothing left. I became completely dependent on her for everything.

She lived in a joint family system in a big mansion. All three kids had their separate portions within the main building. Although they did not like our marriage, they were afraid of Sabrina and none of them said anything. No one ever said anything to me either. And they also tried their best not to give me any bad glances. Sabrina could kick them out of the house whenever she chose, and it was too much of a risk for any of them to take.

Sabrina knew how to safeguard herself. She made a formal declaration that half of her assets were to go to me and the rest would distribute equally among the three children. But that would only happen if she had a natural death. Otherwise, everything will go to trusts.

Damn! She already had lived a very good life. She still lived a lot better than many. She had a huge sum of money, almost all the luxuries it was possible to buy, respect, power, and I don't know what else, and on top of that a husband like me. I mean, how many 60-year-old women could have a young, fit husband who could fulfill all of her desires with such a passion? She still wanted to live another fifty years or more. Now tell me, who was a *Greedy Motherfucker*?

My time with her was entirely different from anything I had imagined. I enjoyed it. I enjoyed everything about her. She loved having full power. Rather than her husband, she used me more like her puppet. She gave me very little money and time, and for everything that I needed I was supposed to ask her. I was not allowed to leave her for any reason without her permission. Even when I wanted to use the restroom, I needed to ask her, but she respected my needs and desires, and she allowed me all that I asked.

I was always with Sabrina, and she traveled a lot. But she did not give me any tasks related to her business. From the office to the hotel room, my company was purely for her. Although she could have a body massage or sexual pleasure of any variety whenever she wanted, she avoided them during her working hours. Such things happened in the late hours in the rooms where she intended to have some rest after her tiring day. I never denied her anything. I could not. I was no

doubt afraid of her. I had found some truths behind those accusations made about her.

I still say that my time with Samantha was the best time of my life. But my life with Sabrina was also good. Actually, there is no comparison. They were entirely different. With Samantha, I was the one in control. She did exactly as I wanted and I told her what to do. But Sabrina had full control over my life. From my clothes to food, she decided everything. But I really appreciated was that she always bought the best things for me. I loved her.

I did not know whether she loved me or not. But she was happy. She had same passion in our activities as I had. She seemed to have a worse perversion inside her than I had, whether or not you want to call what we had an “incest perversion”. Certainly, there was no sign that she had ever felt that way about her own children. She was someone like me; my perfect *reciprocal*.

I do not really know what happened. But to the officials, her death did not seem natural. Although they could not charge any of us, they declared it that it was a homicide. Maybe it was. Any of those three kids of hers could have done it. Those trust guys could also have done it for the money, as in that case they were the ones to get most benefits. Furthermore, she had plenty of other enemies. Who knows who did this? But I lost everything because of that clause in her will. And I really mean *everything!* I even lost my own shares that I had before I married her. I was doomed.

Now, I had nothing to survive. I had never done a job. And I had no money to start a business. I sold my clothes, watches, and some other basic luxuries to get enough money so that I could live for a while. But I was in big trouble. I had never cared about the money in the past, but six months of life in exile and struggling to meet my financial needs changed me. I had no friend except my stock agent. He also became unfriendly when I was out of money. One day, I met him in the park. He saw me, and for some reason he felt guilty. He talked to me for a while, and told me that I had a skill no one else had. I should utilize that to my advantage.

I did not really understand him at that time. But later, I realized that he actually wanted me to be a real *Greedy Motherfucker*. Well, the more I thought

about it, the more I felt bad about it, but it seemed to me that I had no option left. I had no money to survive and I had no skills to do a job. Until that time, I had been doing all this for my personal desires. I could do it for my personal needs too.

The art of SOW – *Seduction of Older Women* was neither taught in any schools nor it was easy to learn in society. No books have been written about it, either. After spending my time with three older women, three very different types of women, I had become a professional SOW. It was my forte, and I faced no problems when I decided to choose it as my profession.

Lillian was 53 years old and was one of the four daughters of a rich tycoon. Although she had financial interests and shares, and was one of the board members of her dad's company, she had never been married. Maybe it was because she hated males. Or maybe it was because she had a fat body that everyone else found ugly. For me, she was *hot*.

Lillian's mentality was much like Samantha. I played my cards and brought her to bed. It was natural for her to fall in love with me. Like all such women, she was also afraid of what society would say. When I failed to convince her, I met her dad and talked to him. It was easier for me to convince him than to try to convince Lillian. He was a natural dad who was worried about his daughter, and who had failed to convince her until now to find the right partner for her. Though not completely right, I was at least someone who could bring her in the right direction. My bad reputation actually helped me a lot, as he knew that I had experience.

Just after my marriage with Lillian, I decided to participate in the company. My idea was accepted and they allowed me membership of the board. For that, Lillian needed to leave her seat. Things worked out as I had planned and my lifestyle improved. Lillian had a submissive mentality, and she started to do all that I wanted.

After so many years, I have learned a few facts about myself. My perversion might have started with the complication in my mind due to the loss of my mother and the hatred of my stepmom. My natural tendency towards *vanilla love* finally resulted in a new sexual chemistry. In all the relationships, I was looking for a one-bundle-for-all woman, having a blend of all types of loves that I

desired from females. She could fulfill all my sexual desires as a man, and she could also caress me and treat me as a young boy, something that I missed when I was younger.

Everyone took me wrongly. I was never in favor of incest, nor am I right now. I respect all the social relationships as others do. I was only against the standard age restrictions the society normally holds. I did not create me myself. I only started to live my life according to my mentality. All I did was to choose the right partners. And I lived a very good life.

In past I was rather running randomly. Now I know what I am doing. It is because I have realized the system of life. Now I no more just live just for my personal desires. Along with my marriage to Lillian, I have also started to live in society. I have gained many friends, and I have started to work as well. The best thing is that Lillian is a loving wife. She is also smart and intelligent. She knows me very well, and she knows what I lack. She knows that I started our relationship for her money. But it has all changed now. She has changed me completely.

I have to accept reality. I cannot always find a partner who is twenty or thirty years older than me, as one day I will be very old myself. I really want to spend the rest of my life with Lillian. In fact, I would love to die before her. I know it would not be easy for me to get someone of my type if she leaves me. But who know what would I do if she died before me. After all, I am a *Greedy Motherfucker*.

“Some people are born with a curse. Not all of them are evil.”

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19. Unbearable Imagination

At that time of the day, the mall was completely packed with people. It was one of the most famous malls of the country. It had shops of a wide variety. Not everyone visited in order to buy something. Many people went there just to see the architecture.

A man walked out of the crowd and entered a stationary shop. The shop contained a wide variety of goods. He started looking around, selecting some implements for painting. Suddenly, he looked outside the shop, and his expression changed. He stopped moving. He quickly placed all the stuff he had in his hand on a side, and then started to walk with great speed. He moved out of the shop, and almost started to run.

“Excuse me!” he said as soon as he reached the girls. They stopped and turned. “Madam! If you don’t mind, can I ask you your name?” he said to one of the females as she stared at him.

“Are you out of your mind?” she said angrily.

“No... I mean... Madam! I know this sounds idiotic. Actually, I’m a painter... and I’m really confused about something,” he said.

“What’s that?” she said with irritation.

“I wanted to ask your name because I’m not sure if I have ever seen you or met you somewhere,” he said.

“Get lost!” she said with anger and turned. “Cheap flirt!” she babbled and started to walk away.

The man quickly approached her again. He moved ahead and blocked her way.

“I’m sorry, Madam...”

“If you don’t stop disturbing me, I’m telling you...” she said with anger.

“Please, Madam! Please let me explain,” he asked.

“What’s wrong with you?” she said.

“I know if you see what I mean, you will be surprised too. I have practically completed numerous paintings of yours,” he said.

“What do you mean by paintings of mine?” she said, confused.

“Madam, if you allow me, I can show you them,” he said.

“Come on, Mariah!” the second girl said. “Leave him. We have nothing to do with him.”

“No, Madam! If you allow me, just tell me somewhere I can come and show you them; anywhere. I will show you all the paintings. Whenever you want,” he said.

“Let’s go, Mariah!” the second girl insisted.

“I’m confused,” Mariah said.

“I’m confused too. It seems to me I have never seen you before. But... all those pictures... they are literally yours,” the man said.

“You might have seen her, you fool,” the second girl said with anger. “She is Miss Broshe.”

“Miss Broshe?” the man said as if he did not recognize the name.

“Yes, Mariah Broshe,” the second girl said. “Have you never heard of Broshe Refinery? You might have seen her on television, or somewhere.”

“Ah... Maybe then... But still, I’m confused,” he said, and he continued in a sad voice, “I’m sorry to bother you, Madam.” He moved out of their way.

“No problem,” Mariah said and started to walk away.

The man’s face filled up with confusion.

“But, what do I have to do with a refinery? I never even watch business channels, and... her first painting was almost ten years ago. At that time, she might be too young... might not look the way she does now,” he said, still sounding confused.

Mariah Broshe was in her office. She was wearing a skirt suit. She had just come back from her world vacation tour with her girlfriend. Almost everyone knew that she was a lesbian and had a girlfriend.

The telephone on the table rang, and she picked up the receiver.

“Yes?”

“Madam, there is a man here. He says he’s a painter. He has your paintings,” a female voice came out.

“What?” Mariah said in confusion. It had been almost a month since she had met that painter abroad.

“Yes, Madam. He actually has your paintings,” the secretary said, sounding equally confused.

“Really?” Mariah said.

“Yes, Madam. I’ve seen them. They are good,” she said.

“Ok, send him in,” Mariah replied, puzzled.

The door opened and the man entered the room. She still remembered him. He had really made her angry by blocking her way. If he had done something like that in her own country, she would have taken action against him.

“I’m sorry, Madam, but I could not understand this... and I had to come here,” he said. He had a bag in his hand, inside which were frames and rolls of paintings.

“Look, whoever you are and whatever you want, let me warn you in advance that I’m too much for you. You don’t know me. If you try to play with me, I’ll ruin your life and everyone who is working with you,” she said with anger.

“No, Madam! It has nothing to do with you... I mean... it’s just my personal curiosity. I want to show you these,” he said and placed his bag on the floor. He took out a role and opened the painting.

She stood up with surprise. It did not look like a painting. It looked like her picture taken by a camera. He was indeed a good artist. The painting impressed her greatly.

“This is not the only one,” he said, and then he started to pull out more paintings. He opened them one by one and placed them on the table.

Every painting gave her another shock. Those were indeed marvelous. She sat on the chair, thinking hard. He showed her six paintings and then he pulled out another.

“And this is the last one. Please don’t mind, but I made it long ago,” he said and opened it. It was her naked picture. She watched him with confusion, and then her expression changed to one of anger.

“You... you want to blackmail me?” she shouted furiously.

“No, Madam!” he said quickly.

“Then what the fuck do you want?” she said.

“Nothing. I just wanted to show you these,” he said.

“And? Then what? You came all the way here to show me these pictures. Now what do you want?” she demanded.

“I don’t know,” he said. “I sold all that I had in my country just to buy the tickets to come here.”

“Hmm... so, you want me to pay you for these,” she said angrily.

“No, Madam! I just came here to show you them,” he said.

“Ok! I’ve seen them. Now?” she said.

“Now...” he said and paused. “You can have these.”

“I don’t want these. You are a liar. You watched me somewhere, and then made my pictures... or you might have made them after you met me that day. You don’t know with whom you’re playing, you idiot,” she said with anger.

“No, Madam! I’m not lying,” he said in a sad voice. “I’m an artist, not a blackmailer. I’m just shocked myself... You don’t understand that each of these paintings took much time to make. Some of these paintings... I made them many years ago... like ten years ago. I’m sure that you were too young at that time.”

“Why should I believe you?” she asked.

“You don’t want to believe me... you don’t need to,” he said with sadness in his voice.

“But then what the fuck do you want? How much money do you want for these pictures?” she shouted.

“No, Madam! These pictures are not for sale,” he said with some anger in his voice. “These are precious... these are priceless. I painted them for myself, and not to sell to anyone.”

“Then? You just told me that I can have them,” she said, not understanding.

“Yes! You can have them,” he said with sadness in his voice. “These are yours. You should have them.”

“But if you don’t want to sell them, how can I have them? What do you want from me for these?” she asked.

“I just want you to have them. That’s it,” he said, and turned. Without saying anything further, he started to walk away. Before she could understand, he was out of the office.

For a few seconds, she thought he was just playing and he would come back. But when he did not return, Mariah picked up the telephone.

“Greta! Where is that painter who came to my room a while ago?” Mariah said over the phone.

“Madam, he left,” her secretary Greta told her.

“Where?” Mariah said.

“How can I know?” Greta replied.

“Send someone outside. He might be somewhere around, waiting for us. Send him in,” Mariah said, and hung up.

She picked up the paintings one by one and looked at them.

“This is nice art,” she said with a smile. “Something like this indeed deserves a good payment. I think he has the right to play this game, for a high price.”

She kept looking at the paintings. Suddenly, she stopped and stared. In front of her there was her nude painting. On the picture, there was a small dot below her right breast. Looking at that, her expression changed. Her fingers fumbled to quickly open her coat buttons, and then the front buttons of her blouse. She looked inside and then pulled her right breast out of her bra. There was a mole below that, exactly in the same place as that in the painting.

“What the fuck? How did he get that? Is someone taking naked pictures of me somewhere?” she shouted with anger, and then quickly re-adjusted her clothes. “He is dangerous. I think... he is trying to blackmail me. I should handle him more carefully.”

She pulled up her cell phone and dialed a number.

“Claus! Meet me at the restaurant at 9:00 pm,” she said, and cut the line. She babbled, “But I don’t have his picture.”

She moved her hand towards the telephone again, but before she could pick up the receiver, it rang. She picked it up.

“Yes?”

“Madam, that man is nowhere around. They have checked almost everywhere. I told them everything about him,” Greta said.

“Ok, no worries,” Mariah said. “Greta, finish your work in half an hour and then wait at the door. A man will come to pick you up. His name is Dustin. Go

with him. He is a sketch artist. You need to help him draw the picture of that guy. I need that sketch before 8:00 pm, at any cost.”

“Ok, Madam,” Greta said.

Mariah hung up the phone.

“I’m going to get you... You have played with the wrong woman,” Mariah said with anger. “You don’t know who I am.”

“I’ve got him,” the man said with an evil smile on his face. He was in a cheap restaurant with low lights. In front of him was Mariah. There were very few people present in the restaurant. Mariah always met Claus there, as it provided them the privacy they needed. “Do you want him in full or parts?”

“Full,” she said in a serious voice. “I don’t mind if you beat him, but he should not die.”

“Ok. He’ll be in my warehouse within three days,” he said with a smile.

“What?” she said, confused. “If you have found him, why do you need three days?”

“The asshole has already left the country. It will need three days to bring him here from the ship. It can be fast if you want him in parts. We can kill him right away,” he said. Her expression changed.

“Why did he leave the country?” she asked.

“How should I know? I don’t even know who he is,” he said with a smile.

“No, I was not asking you,” she said, and smiled. “Bring him here. I will deal with him myself.”

“All right. Come to my warehouse on Friday. You will have him there in full,” he said.

“Yes. He should be full. He should not die,” she said.

“You don’t need to repeat it,” he said, sounding annoyed. “If I say I will deliver him in full, even his death can’t kill him. He will only die if you want him in parts.”

“Ok,” she said with a smile and stood up to leave.

It was a ruin of an old but large factory, which might have stopped its normal operations many years ago. A car entered in the space between the two buildings and stopped in front of a gate. There were two men guarding the gates with guns in their hands. The door of the car opened and Mariah got out. She started to walk towards the gate. One of the men knocked the gate in a specific way to make the signal. The gate was unlocked from inside and then opened. Mariah entered.

There were old machines all around. There were many men present there, some simply standing and some sitting and busy in different activities; smoking drugs, playing cards, cleaning their pistols or guns.

Mariah took no notice of anyone. She turned right and started to walk. Some men watched her, and started grinning. She did not look at anyone. She reached a door, and a man standing by it opened it for her. She entered.

It was a big hall, lit by a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling. Just below that, there was a chair on which the painter was bound with ropes. His face and the rest of his body carried marks that showed he had been badly beaten. His head was down. There was no one else in the room. She moved close to him and then stopped.

He was conscious. When he realized she was present, he lifted his head. His face filled up with confusion.

“I told you not to play with me,” she said with anger.

“I... I... didn’t do... anything,” he said slowly. His jaw was hurt.

“Why did you leave the country?” she demanded.

“I had... saved some money... to return... I left,” he said.

“But why?” she said.

“I had done... what I... came here for...” he said. Tears started to roll down his cheeks. It was clear that he was suffering much pain.

She stared at him.

“You... you didn’t want money from me?” she said. He simply shook his head in denial. “But why?”

“I can’t sell them,” he said.

She closed her eyes. She felt sadness. She realized that she had taken this guy entirely wrong. He was not a blackmailer. He was just an idiot. Suddenly, she opened her eyes.

“How did you know that I have a mole below my right breast?” she said with anger.

“You have one?” he said with surprise.

“Who gave you my naked picture?” she shouted loudly.

“I... I never saw any of your pictures,” he said slowly. “I have only dreamed about you.”

“What are you saying?” she said with confusion.

“I know you didn’t believe me. That’s why I’m here, like this. You have money. You can send those paintings to a laboratory for testing. Some of them were painted many years ago,” he said.

Her face expressions changed. She did not think about that. She started to nod.

“Ok, I will do that. And if I learned that you’re lying, you are dead,” she told him. He smiled, with sadness on his face.

“Ok.”

“What the fuck?” she shouted, standing up. In her hands was a report from the laboratory. The paintings were inspected, and there was no doubt that they had been painted many years ago. The painter seemed to be telling the truth. “But how could it be possible?” At the time the painting was done, Mariah was just a young girl.

“Release him!” Mariah ordered. She was in the room with the painter. He was still bound to the chair. She was sitting on another chair placed in front of him. There was another man present, and he did as she instructed. “Leave us.”

“But Madam...”

“Do as I say,” she said with anger. “Didn’t you get your boss’ orders? Inside this room, I have full authority.”

“Sorry, Madam.” He quickly moved out and closed the door.

“What’s your name?” she said.

“So you found that I was not lying,” the painter said with smile.

“Look, I don’t care what you said and what’s true. I’m not the good person you might think I am. So answer me what I ask!” she said with anger.

“Or you would kill me,” he said with sadness.

“I can... If I want,” she said.

“Do you always kill the people who gift you something precious?” he asked.

“You...” she started to say angrily, and then stopped. An expression of guilt went across her face. She took some time and then continued in a low voice, “I’m sorry. Nothing made sense to me. I really felt that you were trying to blackmail me.”

“No worries,” he said sadly. “Nothing made sense to me either. That’s why I came here to find the answer. But... I realized that this is just a mystery. We can’t always find the answers to all our questions.”

“Yeah,” she said. “I’m really sorry for all this.”

“It’s fine,” he said with a smile. “It’s not your mistake.”

“So... what’s your name?” she asked.

“Tokala,” he said.

“Ok Tokala, I’m moving you to a hospital. You should not tell anyone what happened to you,” she said seriously.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone,” he smiled.

“And why?” she asked.

“I don’t know... you are the owner of my imagination. I never knew you... but you were always in my mind. I have always dreamed about you,” he said, and she stared at him.

“Look, Tokala, don’t make any false assumptions here,” she said angrily. “It doesn’t matter if you painted those paintings of me. There is nothing between us.”

“No, Madam!” he said quickly. “I know who you are. I came here to learn the mystery behind what I was imagining, not to forget the reality. You don’t need to worry about anything. I will leave as soon as I am able to travel.”

“Ok,” she said, and stood up. “Better for you to remember what you just said. Otherwise, you’re already in a trouble.”

“Did you give Tokala that money?” Mariah said over her cell phone,

“Madam, he’s left,” the male voice came down the phone.

“What do you mean, he left? He was supposed to stay in the hospital for his treatment,” Mariah said in confusion.

“The doctor said that he just left earlier today,” the man replied.

“But how did they let him go?” she said with confusion.

“They said we had already paid them all the bills so they had no reason to stop him. We had not left any instructions for them,” the man said.

“Come on, Pepin. He must be somewhere outside,” Mariah said with anger.

“We are trying to find him, Madam,” Pepin quickly replied. “We will get him soon.”

“Yes, you will. He would not take any money... I want you to find him at any cost,” she said with irritation.

“Sure, Madam! We will soon find him and then I will give him the money,” he said.

“No. Once you find him, bring him to me,” she said firmly. “Bring him to my home.”

“Ok, Madam,” he agreed.

“I want him as soon as possible, and I don’t want any more mistakes,” she shouted, and then dropped the line. She started babbling, “What the fuck is wrong with this idiot painter?”

“Madam, Pepin says your guy is here,” a female servant said. Mariah was lying naked on the bed on her chest. A naked girl was sitting on the bed beside her, rubbing massage cream on her back.

“Take him to visitors’ room. I’m coming,” Mariah said without moving. “Serve him drinks and whatever he wants to eat.”

“Ok, Madam,” the servant replied and turned to go, then she stopped and turned back. “Madam, that guy... I don’t think he will be able to drink or eat anything.”

“What do you mean?” Mariah said.

“He seems to be hurt. He is faint,” she said.

“Stop, Wilma!” Mariah said to the girl giving her the massage, and then quickly moved off her bed. “What the fuck is wrong with everyone?”

Mariah hurriedly slipped on a robe and left the bedroom. She went down the stairs to see two men holding Tokala’s arms to keep his unconscious body standing upright.

“Madam, where should we put him?” Pepin asked.

“What happened to him?” Mariah said, shocked.

“He was resisting us and...”

“What?” Mariah shouted in anger. “You are the one who did this to him?”

“You wanted him here, so we...”

“You!” Mariah shouted and moved towards Pepin. She drew back her hand and brought it forward with all her strength.

Slap!

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” she shouted after slapping him. “Didn’t you understand that I wanted this guy here to give him some money?”

“I knew... I didn’t hurt him,” Pepin protested, holding his cheek with his hand. “I only gave him a drug to make him lose consciousness.” It seemed as

though he was about to cry from the humiliation of being slapped and reprimanded.

“Move him to the sofa and wake him up,” Mariah ordered furiously. She was not listening to Pepin.

They placed Tokala on the sofa and then began to revive him. Mariah sat on the sofa beside him. After a few minutes, Tokala opened his eyes and tried to sit up.

“What happened to me?” he said. He put his hands to his head.

“You can leave,” Mariah said, waving one hand at Pepin. The two men who had been holding Tokala earlier also left with Pepin. “Are you ok?”

He looked up at her in confusion.

“Madam, this time I really didn’t do anything wrong,” he protested.

“Why did you leave the hospital?” she asked.

“Why?” he said. “Because I was feeling good, and they told me that I could leave if I wanted. Shouldn’t I have left?”

Mariah stared at the floor.

“I don’t really know what’s going on here,” she said. “Whatever I do about you, it seems that it turns out wrong.”

“What do you want?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” admitted Mariah.

“Why did you bring me here?” he said.

“I don’t know,” she said.

“But Madam... shouldn’t I leave?” he said.

“How would you leave? You don’t have any money,” she reminded him.

“I don’t know. But I will try to find a way,” he said.

“No! You can tell me how much money you need. I will give you it,” she said.

“No, I don’t want that,” he said. “I told you already. I didn’t sell you those paintings. I just gave them to you because I felt that you should have them.”

“I got it,” she says with irritation. “And I’m not paying you for those paintings. I brought you here from your country, and now I should send you back there. Besides, you are a good artist and, if you want, I can pay you to do another painting from your imagination. Would you like to do another painting?”

“Another one?” he said in surprise.

“Yes, and I will pay you more than you can imagine,” she said with a smile.

She did not want to hurt his ego. He was an idealist, an artist, who only lived for his passion. He did not worry about money, and she wanted to compensate him for the work he had done on all of his paintings.

“Sure, Madam!” he said with excitement. “I would love to make as many paintings of you as you want.”

“But for that I will pay you whatever I desire, and you won’t refuse to accept payment,” she said.

“Yes, Madam!”

“It’s done! Here!” Tokala said with excitement and turned the frame towards Mariah. She looked at it and her expression changed.

“This is not my painting,” she said. “I mean... it’s good, but not as good as those.”

“Really?” he said, surprised. “But... I don’t understand.”

“Are you sure you did those paintings yourself?” she said as she stood up.

“Yes, Madam. I painted them,” Tokala said with confusion.

“Hold on!” she said and moved towards the table. She picked one of the rolls and opened it. “See for yourself! Do you think that your new painting can be compared to this one?”

“Ah...” Tokala was startled when he looked at the two paintings. “This is... How can it be? When I did not know you, I made your paintings just as you are. But now, when I’m trying to sketch you, I can’t do it. What’s wrong with me?”

“Anyway,” she said, “You worked for me, and I have to pay you for this.”

“No, Madam! I was supposed to make a painting like that. I didn’t do it,” he said.

“Look, Tokala!” Mariah said with anger. “I don’t have all the time on earth to stay here so that you can keep making paintings of me. I have plenty of things to do. So... you did a good job. I like your work. And now I’m going to pay you, and you will not refuse to take it. You will take it, and you will never come back.”

“Ok,” Tokala said and looked at the floor. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize that I was just wasting your time.”

“No, you were not wasting my time,” she said softly. “And you are not the reason for all this. It’s just good. Everything is good. Now leave with happiness!”

“Thanks, Madam,” he said with a smile. “I will never forget you.”

“Me neither,” she said.

“Wilma!” Mariah said and the girl lying next to her opened her eyes. Both of them were naked.

“Yes, Mariah?” Wilma said.

“I don’t know what has happened to me,” Mariah said.

“What has happened?” Wilma said.

“I don’t know,” Mariah said, and Wilma laughed.

“But... tell me what is happening with you?” Wilma said.

“I mean, since that idiot has left... I can’t stop myself from thinking about him,” Mariah said.

“Which idiot?” Wilma said.

“That painter! Tokala!” Mariah said.

“You mean... you are feeling like...”

“No! Not like that,” Mariah quickly interrupted. “I just feel as if I have really been bad to him. Besides, I could not understand all that. He made my paintings exactly as I was. But he made them when I was too young. It is clear that they were from his imagination, and when I posed for them, he could not make them. How can someone imagine someone to such extent? He even placed a dot below my right breast.”

“Sometimes things like that happen, Mariah,” Wilma said thoughtfully. “There are many mysterious things in the world. We can’t understand all of them.”

“Yeah! I know. And I’m not trying to solve this mystery,” Mariah said.

“Then what?” Wilma said.

“I just keep thinking about him. He comes into my dreams and talks to me. I even have daydreams about him. Sometimes I wonder whether it has anything to do with his imagination. Am I having thoughts of him in my mind because of something similar that he used to have?” Mariah said.

“Now you’re making me scared, Mariah,” Wilma said, and laughed. “You’re not converting into a straight... right?”

“No! I don’t have any sexual interest in him at all, but I can’t stop thinking about him. I try to avoid it, but I just can’t,” Mariah said.

“Then what should we do?” Wilma said.

“I don’t know,” Mariah said.

“Maybe you should see a psychiatrist,” Wilma suggested.

“No! I can’t,” Mariah said angrily. “I’m not crazy.”

“But you should forget about him,” Wilma said.

“We’ll see! Let’s sleep,” Mariah said, and closed her eyes.

“No, I can’t live like this or I’ll go crazy,” Mariah babbled. She was in her office, leaning back on her chair with her eyes closed. Images of Tokala had started to disturb her more and more. “But what can I do?”

She opened her eyes and moved forward. She picked up her cell phone.

“Pepin! Do you remember the guy Tokala... who you brought to me other day,” she said.

“Yes, Madam,” he replied.

“He’s gone back to his own country. See if you can find where he is and what he is doing,” she said.

“Ok, Madam.”

“I will need his contact number,” she said.

“Ok.”

“Sorry, Madam, but I can’t come there,” Tokala said down the phone.

“I told you, I will pay for your visit. You will have your tickets and everything,” Mariah said with anger.

“But why? What do you want from me?” he said, also sounding angry.

“I want to talk to you,” she told him vaguely.

“About what?” he said.

“About your paintings,” she said.

“Please, Madam. I know this has nothing to do with the paintings. This is all about the mystery behind them. I visited a psychiatrist a few days ago and he told me that I should not think about you or those paintings any more. Some mysteries should stay as they are. If we try to solve them, we can lose our minds,” Tokala said, and Mariah started to think that he was right.

“But what should I do?” Mariah said.

“You should also attend a psychiatric session. It will help you to calm down and forget all that happened. In fact, I feel that you should destroy those paintings. If you have them, you will never be able to forget this whole scenario. I don’t think I gave you a gift, but actually a curse. They should be destroyed,” he said.

“Ok!” she said. “By the way, thanks for everything.”

Mariah was sitting near a fireplace. Besides her, there were the rolls of paintings. She picked up one of them and looked at it for the last time, before she threw it in the fireplace to destroy it. At once, she started to feel pain inside. Her eyes started to spill tears.

“I can’t,” she started babbling. “I can’t destroy them.” She closed her eyes and leaned back. “What should I do?”

She stayed like that for a long time, trying to decide what to do. Slowly, she reached out and picked up her cell phone. Still leaning back, she dialed a number. She held her cell phone to her ear and closed her eyes.

“Yes?”

“Claus! Do you remember the last assignment?” Mariah said.

“Yes!”

“Pepin will give you his address. He’s in another country. Bring him here in full. And try not to hurt him. I want him in as good condition as possible,” she said.

“Ok!”

“But he is going to need some time,” the man dressed as a doctor said. Although the hall had all the accoutrements of a hospital room, it was clear from the state of the walls that the building was a ruin. “It is better to have the surgery after hormone therapy.”

“Ok, you can take all the time you want,” Mariah said, looking at Tokala’s body bound to the bed. “But he should become exactly as I want him to be. He should look beautiful. He should have nice, soft skin, full breasts and hips, and a reddish, soft vagina. Operate on him well. I don’t want him left with any scars from the surgery.”

“Sure, Madam!” the doctor said with a smile. “He will become your perfect dream girl. And after the brainwashing, he will lose his memory completely. He would not remember anything. Then we can train him to act like a girl.”

“That’s perfect! He should become a girl,” she said.

“But there is one thing, Madam. We can change everything in him, but not his male mentality. He will not remember anything, but there will be a negative

impact on his mind as a result of having a female body. He might face some psychological trauma for few years,” the doctor said.

“It’s fine,” she said with a smile. “He initiated this with his imagination. Now he has to live the rest of his life as part of my imagination. He will learn to live it, even if it is unbearable.”

“Some mysteries can bring terrible consequences even if they are not solved.”

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20. Chastity Belt

“Did you eat your lunch?” Josh said, sitting down on the stone. He had a small leather bag in his hand that carried food.

“Yeah! I ate it. I thought you would be late,” Felix said with a smile.

“We got back early from our march,” Josh said with a smile. “I think we are done here. We will be moving back to our land very soon.”

“Really?” Felix said in surprise.

“Yes! We’ve been here for two years. I’m excited to be going back,” Josh said.

“That’s good. I also want to go back,” Felix agreed. “It’s not like I don’t like to fight and to accompany the travelers. I’m a knight, and I love to do that. But I need a break.”

“We all need some time for break,” Josh said. “By the way, what will you do when we get back home?”

“What will I do?” Felix said, and laughed. “The first thing I will do is to open my wife’s chastity belt and fuck her.”

Josh laughed.

“Yeah! I will do the same,” Josh said, “But without needing to open a chastity belt. I don’t use that.”

“Why not?” Felix said. “It is good. It secures her from rape and any kind of temptation.”

“No! No! I don’t like it,” Josh said. “I love my wife, and this belt... I think it would make her sick. The belt gets dirty with pee and her menstruation. She can’t clean herself properly.”

“Oh Josh! You were always like this,” Felix said. “Since we were young you’ve always taken things way too seriously. The chastity belt has many other benefits besides protecting her sex.”

“Like what?” Josh said.

“Like... Ok! Beside the rape thing, it also stops her doing anything bad by her own choice. You know, we are away and she might decide to cheat us,” Felix said.

“It is the major problem,” Josh said. “I love her and I trust her, but a chastity belt reduces those feelings of trust. She might not be able to love me the same way she does now.”

“No, Josh! It’s not just about whether she gets involved in sex with someone else. It’s also to stop her from masturbating,” Felix said.

“But I don’t have a problem with her masturbating,” Josh said with a smile. “I’m not with her, and I think she can do whatever she wants with her body.”

“You are sick!” Felix said, and laughed. Josh also laughed.

“No, Felix! You won’t understand. I love her, and I don’t want to stop her doing such small things. I’m mostly away from home, and such things can give her some small happiness. I don’t want to stop them,” Josh said sadly.

“You were always the same,” Felix said. “You know, I always knew that your wife would be in control of your relationship. You live with her like a submissive man.”

“What are you saying? Now where did you get this from?” Josh said angrily.

“It’s simple,” Felix said with a smile. “You don’t want to have her that belt because she won’t allow it.”

“This is not true,” Josh said. “I can put a belt on her if I want. I don’t want to do it because I don’t want to hurt her and her feelings for me. I want her to know that I trust her.”

“Look, Josh, you should really do it,” Felix said. “I know that you have bad feelings about it, but if you are not what I just said then you would become one very soon. Please don’t get me wrong. I’m not saying that you would become a cuckold if you don’t, but a belt is also a symbol of your power over her. It makes her remember who is in charge. Every time she takes a piss, she is reminded that she is yours.”

“Please don’t try to corrupt my mind,” Josh said with irritation. “I’m happy with my marriage. Nothing is wrong. My feelings about my relationship are entirely different to yours. I believe it should be based on love and not on force. This does not mean that I don’t like to have the power in our relationship, but power of love gives much better feelings than the power of forced submission.”

“Ok! Ok! You have your priorities,” Felix said. “I also love my wife, Josh. The difference is that I don’t want to keep worrying about her when I’m away for the Order. No one wants to become a cuckold. It helps me have a peaceful mind. Besides, as she can’t masturbate, she keeps waiting for me for all the time, and when I get to her she is fully charged for me.”

“Ok! I think we will get the orders to pack up today. Meet me at the hill when you are ready. We will leave together.”

There was a huge crowd in the market. Felix was there with a robe pulled around his head. Only half his face was visible. As he walked, he looked around him all the time, as if he was afraid of something. Suddenly, he changed his course and started to walk to his right. He had recognized Josh standing at some distance. Josh was wearing similar clothing, his face half hidden behind the robe.

“What happened, Josh? Why are you trying to hide yourself,” Felix asked.

“Oh Felix! I need to leave the city,” Josh said with fear.

“Why?” Felix said.

“My wife was a daughter of a rich man. He will never stop chasing me,” Josh said. “I’ve killed my wife.”

“What? Why?” Felix said with shock.

“I’ll tell you... but what happened to you,” Josh said.

“Same thing!” Felix said with anger. “I just killed her. But along with her, I killed the man I found with her. Now that’s the problem. That man was our mayor.”

“What?” Josh said.

“Yes! She was having sex with our mayor. And I found out that it was not the first time. She was doing it for a long time,” Felix said.

“But how? You had the key of her chastity belt,” Josh said.

“That bitch had made another key without my knowledge. She made me feel that she was pure but she was fucking everyone behind my back,” Felix said with anger. “What about you? Why did you kill her?”

“Felix, you were right,” Josh said in a sad voice. “I was just thinking that I should have kept her in a chastity belt, but from what you’ve just said I now know that it probably wouldn’t have done any good.”

“She cheated you?” Felix said.

“Cheated me? She killed me from inside, Felix. I loved her so much. Contrary to everyone’s advice, I did not put her in a chastity belt. I did everything to respect her. And she knew how much I loved her. But she... I don’t know what to do. Even after killing her, my pain is still there,” Josh said with sadness.

“I don’t know which of us was right. Perhaps we were both wrong, if neither force nor love can stop someone’s evil action. It is their own mentality. Our wives were bad and evil. And such people find ways to fulfill their desires whatever you try to do about it,” Felix said.

“Now what are we going to do, Felix?” Josh said.

“You can do whatever you want, but my anger is not done. I’m going to move to a new city, and then I will do something similar,” Felix said.

“Similar? What?” Josh said, not understanding.

“I’m going to marry someone just to torture her and then kill her. That might reduce my anger,” Felix said.

“You are going to kill her? Why? She didn’t do anything wrong,” Josh said.

“Doesn’t matter,” Felix said. “I didn’t do anything bad to my wife either. But she hurt me.”

“Would that help you?” Josh said.

“I think it would,” Felix said. “I killed my wife and she was guilty. Still, I have to run away from the city where I was born. I’m being punished for her evil deeds. Killing another woman who might not be guilty might soothe my anger. I need to punish someone.”

Felix started to walk away.

“Wait!” Josh said and moved towards him. “I think you are right. I should do the same. But I think one woman would not be enough for me. We might need to keep changing cities.”

“Sadists born by consequences of someone’s evil deeds can be highly dangerous. Beware of them!”

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The End

Different Love!

Once upon a time, there was time of Tyranny.

There were days of some fools and days of Autocracy.

They had rulers who could rule; they had people to submit.

As many did they want, for the one or many.

In those days and nights, it was time of power.

They did anything for power; they did everything with power.

In those days and nights, they did all that they could do,

For the rules or discipline, or the system of their fun.

They could curse each other; they could hurt each other;

Without any boundaries; and with no one's permissions.

Some called them tyrants and considered them despots.

The others gained the knowledge and they filled up all their pots.

If the truths were learned, or the lies were forbidden;

Or just they'd done some work, to search the ones being hidden.

There were many Masochists.

There were plenty of Perverts.

They could cry with getting hurt,

But could cry-cry for 'Getting Hurt'.

As Sadists were some sadists, they got all that what they wanted.
Their passions, satisfactions, and the pleasures with this fun.

It has always been the same; Poor Masochists sacrifice!
Their desires got buried, with their bodies, souls, and minds.

With an Advent of Stars, the tables got turned.
With the leashes being broken, Sadistic Desires got burned.

They could no more get their needs,
They got troubles in their deeds.
They submitted themselves, to accept Masochists' leads.

During nights and the days, or their fights and their pays;
They kept getting closer, while playing their plays.

When the world got connected, they were all surprised.
They are not few singles, everyone has realized.

Now,
It's time to wake-up, it is time to get up.
I'm not that bad, as they want to make me up.
Either sadist or pervert, or a masochist covert.
We can join each other, either go down or get up.

You should not hate me, if you can't simply love.
I've always been with you, since the beginning of this love.
You need to test it first, whether it is good or not.
You also need this, whether accept it or not.

This love is different!
Here, fear is different!
We can share this love,
But,
In the ways I want...
My Different Love!

Different Love!
By Zakfar Magni

(Dedicated to my secret friend's Dad, who died few years ago.)