



# Morbid Diaries

*Charlotte's Discipline*

*by Master Hyde*

# *Charlotte 's Discipline*

## **The Story**

Dreadful-sleepless nights haunt Charlotte as she loses touch with herself, waking in pools of sweat, her body trembles in fear and desire. With the opening of a new club in town, Charlotte tries to keep herself sane with her friends and nightlife, but she's tormented by her erotic nightmares. Charlotte feels compelled to embark a journey of passion, pain and pleasure. Her obsession leads her to Edison Hyde, a Master who's willing to teach and train her into submission, but he has his own secrets and his own agenda. Charlotte's mind sinks into the darker side of her haunting lusts as she loses grip on her own realities. She is torn between the world she's known and the world she needs.

Her sister, Elenore, efforts herself to give needed direction but finds she has her own temptations to face. She's always kept her good side forward, spending her days and nights preparing for her own future. Her focus has always been on her schooling leaving her without friends and a naive dream to find her prince. By her own sister and new-found friends, Elenore tries to keep from being pulled into her own self destruction.

# Chapter 1

I take your hands gently into my own as I force an innocent smile, whilst looking into your eyes. You smile back. A welcoming sense of giddiness intoxicates you.

"A romantic moment perhaps?" you wonder.

I slowly turn you around, placing your hands behind your back as I stand behind you. You're expecting a hug but taken by surprise as you feel a soft rope wind around your wrists. With care I guide the twisted twine, brazing your skin ever so gently. You attempt to open your mouth, to ask what my intentions are, but I silence you with my hand; a finger pressed firmly across your lips. Slowly I drag that finger down to your chin, smearing your lipstick with a red stripe; a warning of what's to come. With my hands I turn your head towards me.

"You are to be silent." I say with a soft yet commanding tone.

Once again you feel the rope twist against your skin as I knot your hands together.

You stand in anticipation, pondering kinky ideas. "He's

going to have his way with me He's going to fuck me while I am bound...helplessly." The thought arouses you immensely.

Suddenly the room darkens, not by the lack of light, but by the dark cloth slid over your eyes, blinding one of your senses. From behind I guide you slowly across the room, my hands by your side... pushing you forward, your heels clacking on the tile. Wearily you hesitate to make it easy, dragging your steps across the floor. The sense of helplessness grows stronger, your bearings lost in a hopeless shiver.

"Where are you taking me?" you ask.

My right hand takes you by the hair and, with a pulling motion, forces you to your knees.

"Speak no words," I command. "Forget who I am, for I am not the one you've known me to be. This is my true self; who I am inside... And I will show you... I will take you to your own desires."

Several moments pass as you awkwardly kneel in silence.

"If I'm going to leave, now is the time." you think, trying to rationalize your feelings. Instead... you sit there, in silence, your knees feeling the pain of the ceramic below. You feel compelled to experience what I have in store for you.

The door shuts gently behind you and you hear the distinctive sound of a lock being clicked. I pull you upward and guide you further. Your heart beats impatiently and with fear, deafened only by your own breath; erratic and whimpering. You are left to wonder your fate. I have been playful in the past. It has always been my demeanor to be that caressing and gentle person, so perhaps... this is just a game. I have even been a bit provocative and kinky at times, but nothing like this.

You feel the rope loosening. Your hands are unbound, falling to your sides. Your right hand is guided upward and pulled straight. Again you feel the rope, wrapping around your wrist and tied into place. Then the same for your left, leaving you no room for movement. You are at the foot of a bed, your hands pinned in place by those tall dark bedposts you've seen from a distance once before, from that room you have only once caught a glimpse; that room that has aroused your curiosity ever since; that room that you were instructed never to enter. This secret place has kept you awake many nights wondering, with those dark walls and bending shadows beckoning your curiosity. And now it is reality.

While you cannot see, you stand there in fascination and

fear; sweat beading on your face and body, causing your blouse to stick to your skin.

I leave you standing there alone, bound between two poles as you no longer sense my presence behind you. A slight breeze catches your legs and you hear my footsteps walking away, each and every step quieter than the last. You listen intently. Sound... your only cue. You hear a few snaps in the distance, a somewhat familiar sound, but one you cannot quite place your finger on. The sound of my shoes dropping to the floor, one by one, echoes across the room, leaving you to wonder. Soon you realize that I'm quieting my steps, eliminating yet another sense. *SNAP! SNAP!* You hear them again... only much louder this time, much closer.

The sound reverberates, elevating your anxieties and fears sharply. You are left feeling helpless, curious and surprisingly... somewhat excited. This is a new sensation, at least in its intensity. And now you smell it; the distinctive fragrance of leather hovering in front of your face. Quickly you realize those snaps were that of a belt being stretched and now... now it's ready to be used.

I touch the leather to your cheek, a feeling of warmth and smoothness, yet stiffening to your skin. I drop the belt below your chin and around to the back side of your neck, leaving its ends to drape over your breasts, dangling... taunting. I run my hands along the sides of your body gently and in one quick motion, *RIP!*... your skirt is torn from your body. You're focused on the events at hand and not your new attire. *RIP!* With yet another swift motion your panties are gone, leaving you fully exposed and accessible below.

I firmly grab each cheek into my hands and squeeze them, not like I have caressed them so many times before; motions that left you feeling desired and attractive. No, this time it is with force and determination, almost to define your breaking point. You attempt to say "stop" but find yourself panting whilst a wave of anticipation silences you. You feel helpless, helpless in a manner you have never felt before. My hands run up your back ever so gently and you are left wondering if I intended to be so harsh. Those thoughts are quickly diminished as I scorch my fingers down your back; my fingernails feel as though they are cutting into your skin, removing the flesh you have so delicately taken care of.

You utter a scream. I pull my hands away quickly. You are expecting an apology, an assurance that I meant no harm, but there is nothing.

I run the fingers of my right hand up your neck and along the back side of your head, your hair flowing between them. Halfway up I stop, clench my fingers together, and in one swift motion I pull your head back by the roots of your hair.

"I expect... I demand your silence" I say in a harsh and loud tone, tossing your head forward, letting go my grasp. "Do not resist."

At this point it is real. You are left to question what you have allowed yourself to get into. You have overlooked my secrecy and fell for a man who tended to your needs. Now it is time for my needs.

"Where is my prince now?" you wonder as the fairy tale begins to crumble.

Your heart begins to pound harder and harder awaiting my next move. My hand strikes your ass firmly. You can still feel its sting as I insert my fingers between your legs and up to your crotch from behind. My index finger is now pressed upon your clit as I move it from side to side, quickly and with force. You can feel my finger pulsating up and down as it is forced to do so by that mound of flesh, that one giving you quite a different sensation than before. The pleasure is immense. Your once painful ass is forgotten. I continue with determination, back and forth, weakening your knees. Your body is trembling, yet you manage to hold your own weight by your wrists bound above you.

Suddenly I stop. I bring my hand to your breasts, not to caress them, but to grab the ends to my belt that were left dangling around your neck, all but forgotten. I grab the belt by its buckle, placing it to your cheek. You feel the cold steel momentarily until your skin warms it. I pull the buckle around to the backside of your neck, forcing the other end up and over your shoulder where the two ends now meet. I sharply pull them together, tightening the leather around your neck as I whirl my head forward and bring my mouth to your ears.

"This is only the beginning." I whisper.

I tighten the belt around your neck, your hair tangled within. It's not tight enough to prevent breathing, just enough to make you feel a little light headed, and a little more, and a little more. Your knees are weakening while you start to slump to

the floor. Just before you feel you are going to pass out I loosen my grip, allowing that life sustaining blood back to your brain. You are back, for now, into the world of the conscious.

Your heavy breathing and chills are comforted by my words. "I'll try to be gentle. This is your first time".

I bring my right hand down to your ass leaving my left to keep the belt snug around your neck.

"It is my intention to completely own you." I say, spreading your ass cheeks apart, fully exposing your anus. "I will show you how it feels, through trial and error. I will discipline your mistakes and I will take you however, and whenever, I see fit. If you have a problem with that, you should leave now."

You stand still without uttering a word, signifying your agreement and your intent.

"You should know that there is no going back from this point."

Your silence is heard.

I tighten the belt once more, pulling your head back. Your tangled hair pulls tight from your scalp. If any harder, it would be torn away.

"Anytime you are disobedient there will be discipline. I will choose whichever method I see fit. I may also discipline you for no reason at all, simply because I can and because... I desire to do so."

Those last several words fell short of being heard as you begin entering a dreamy state inflicted by the tightened leather, grasping and pulling at the skin of your neck. I release the pressure once again and, without warning, shove two fingers up your ass. The motion is unexpected and your anus tightens around them creating a sharp pain. You quiver and try to stand tippy toe to release them but I lift them higher to compensate, and even higher to show you who's in charge.

"Resistance will only cause you more pain my dear." I whisper into your ear. "I shall have my way and I shall do it again... time and time again."

I remove the belt from your neck and raise it to your face, forcing upon you, your own odor. I laugh quietly and bring my hand behind you. I pull my arm back and swing sharply. The belt smacks against your right ass cheek. There was no warming up. The intent is obvious. I want you to remember this night, not only mentally and physically, but visually. You try to imagine what

your ass will look like tonight and in the morning to follow.

*SMACK, SMACK, SMACK!!!* Three times the belt is heard; one hundred times it is felt. The pain is almost more than you can bear. If it weren't for your diligence to follow through with your agreement, you would have surely fled, that is... assuming you could pull your hands free and... assuming you could walk. Your ass is now burning throughout my pause, leaving you unsure which is worse; the pain of being struck or the pain left behind to linger... and linger it does.

To your surprise I put my hand to your ass and rub it softly, almost as if I were making amends. But such actions would not be those of a Master. No. My intent is to prepare you for even more.

"Why do you write your diaries like you would a love letter... from you to her?" said Paul as I entered the room.

He closed the aging book, placing it back in the box from which he grabbed it. I took a breath as I unbuttoned the top few buttons of my shirt. The room was modestly lit with no decorations at all, save for the empty pizza box which added a touch of an Italian atmosphere. In the room were only a few pieces of furniture that were delivered earlier in the week and amongst them, stacks of boxes waiting to be unpacked. The walls were still white, waiting for my decision of color. It was a rather large house for a single man like myself, but I have never been the modest type, but nor do I flaunt what I have. I am just something in between, not wishing to be in the eye of the public. I'm five eleven with long blonde hair that falls straight, reaching beneath my shoulders. I have piercing blue eyes, a somewhat darker complexion and well defined muscle-tone.

"Way back in the beginning, I thought it would help me keep my poise, my touch with my women and myself." I said, moving some boxes off my seat; a black leather chair littered in remnants of yesterday. "I felt that if I kept it more personal it would feel more real. Maybe it did... But today, today it is different. I still crave those things. I even still act on them. It is just no longer my priority."

Paul put the diary back, closing the lid on the box. "What is your priority then?"

"I desire what all men desire, once they've reached that point where they truly know... love, companionship, eternity."



"Ahhh, some men never make those realizations." Paul looked around to the scattered boxes, filled with memories and home decor. "I can help you put your things away if you'd like."

"Maybe tomorrow... Tonight I just want to have a few beers and relax. It's been a long day, a long week." I said, slumping into my chair. "Which reminds me. I forgot the beer." I let out a small laugh.

"I'll get it." Paul made his way to the fridge and retrieved two bottles of Budweiser, opened them and handed one to me. Bud has always been my favorite here in the states.

Paul was an older man, late fifties, but in surprisingly good shape. He stood about an inch shorter than me, average build of maybe one hundred eighty pounds, brown hair and brown eyes. He was happily married of twenty-six years having two children, Laura and Becky. They have grown up and started families of their own. He was somewhat outgoing but now he tended to be more reserved, at least in this stage of his life.

"Thanks. I don't know where I'd be without you."

"You'd manage just fine. Sometimes I don't even know why you have me around. All I do is tend to the little things and keep you company. Which reminds me, when's my protégé..."

The door opened and Joshua walked in, struggling with his stride. He was carrying a few small boxes and a brief case, a new Pratt Leather Regan. His clothing appeared just as new, a suit straight from the racks of belk. He fumbled amongst some boxes on the floor but managed to keep his balance, yet lost a bit of his pride. He was a younger guy, early twenties and looking as if he just came from the barber, all neat and trimmed. It is obvious he is an eager guy, like his mentor once did when he began working for me himself. He liked to make a good impression, looking prepared and tidy. Josh stood about six feet, had short and neat blonde hair and blue eyes. He routinely worked out to stay in shape. He could have been quite the lady's man if he didn't always keep himself occupied with schooling and business. He was currently single and lived alone in a two bedroom condo downtown. He had an adequate trust fund that paid his schooling, bought his home and his car. He lived a modest, yet secure lifestyle.

"What's with the suit?" I said as he glanced around."

He stood there holding the boxes as if there were a special place to put them.

"Just put them down anywhere, I don't care where. Just not

between me and my beer."

Joshua had just graduated college at the top of his class. It was his intent to work for some high profile law firm before I intervened and offered him a job.

"I thought this was business." said Josh. "So I thought I'd dress appropriately."

"It is business, but it is pleasure... always. I don't expect you to dress up for anything unless we are maybe at a funeral." I said with a laugh.

"Well." Said Paul with a smile, taking a sip from his beer. "We'll have to work on you a bit."

"Oh, hey Paul." Josh placed the boxes on the floor and put the briefcase on top, taking the time to align it perfectly.

Paul used his foot to make it a bit more crooked. "That's much better." said Paul.

"Josh. Go grab yourself a beer and relax. And please, take off that tie." I said.

Josh found his way through the clutter into the kitchen and came back with beer. The kitchen was large and bare. There were only a few necessities there with exception of the beer stocked fridge. He took a seat, opened his beer and took a sip while removing his tie.

"I chose you because you have the right mind set, a good head on your shoulders and because you pay attention to details. You only work for me so there's no one to impress. I need someone to tend to the details, yes, but also to be my friend. I don't want, nor need, stuffy. I like to have fun in life and I expect you to have fun also. You're taking Paul's place so we need to get you up to speed, but also comfortable. You know my past, my secrets and why I need someone I can trust for the long haul." I drank the last few gulps of my beer and placed it on the table.

"Your past?" said Josh.

"Paul?" I said as I looked over to him.

"Business first," Paul looked up to the ceiling. "I never really got around to anything except our jobs and the opening of the club." He looked back to me. "There are a lot of details."

I let out a long exhale and looked up to the spot where Paul's eyes just left. "Just as well... It's probably better that I be the one."

"What are you guys talking about?" asked Josh, having a look of confusion.

"Come back tomorrow night and I'll fill you in. For now, let's talk about the club. I assume everything is in order, I mean, we are opening on the eighteenth right?"

"Yeah, everything is a go. All the permits are in order, the signage should be up tomorrow and the alcohol will be there in a few days." Paul gathered some papers and reached for his laptop. "The staff has been training all week. Everything is running like clockwork." Paul reached into his pocket, pulling out a DVD. "I have a copy of our commercial if you want to watch."

He opened up his laptop and inserted the disk. He made a few motions and clicked on play. He turned the screen to face the two of us, starting up black and a techno dance beat began to play. After a few moments the percussion started and with each and every beat the lights flashed on and off showing various people moving to the beat on the dance floor. The atmosphere was very colorful and vibrant with lasers, strobe lights and even disco balls. From what could be seen, the setting was very gothic with tall dark pillars, mirrors and a tiled floor; all of which pulse to the light and sound.

The narration began. "Hagensburg's new dance club lets you get your rave out." The music continued while the video flashed from scene to scene showing the functional decor, various medieval devices and gothic whatnots; some of them used for torture or punishment in the olden days. "Mark your calendars on July eighteenth with an X and put yourself on it. Escape into your own fantasy." The video continued to flash between scenes from various angles showing dancers whilst, in the background, various people could be seen. Some were dressed in punk clothing, some dressed in leather, a few on leashes and many wearing other risqué attire. It was a diverse and young, but rather upscale looking crowd. The beat slowed down and the screen darkened while the title faded in. "The Dungeon."

"Definitely not a place for the whole family." Josh said with a hesitance. "I'm not so sure it's my thing but then I've always put focus on my career over leisure."

"I have few other clubs around... Chicago, Atlantic City, etc. They all seem to be doing well. Now let's see if Tennessee is up for such a club. After all, it is part of the Bible Belt." I said with a smirk.

"Why did you choose Hagensburg? Surely there are many other alternatives with a more inviting welcome committee."

"The city chose me, so to speak. This is where my house is."

"But you built this house didn't you?" Josh said with confusion.

"Come back tomorrow night. We have a lot to talk about... a lot to talk about."

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## Chapier 2 *de la Morte*

Elenore awakened to the sunlight hitting her in the face. It had a warming sensation, making her feel at peace. Her bedroom was on the south side of the house so it didn't take too long for the light to reach her. It was about 8:30 and not much to do today, well nothing at all actually. It was summer time, school was out and parents were at work. So other than tidying up and having something to eat, she had no responsibilities to tend to. Elenore placed her hand under the end of her pillow and shrugged it upward, shading her eyes as she contemplated getting up. After a few minutes she threw her covers back and stood. She was shorter than most girls her age standing about five three. She had long and bright pink hair that glistened in the light, a slender build, fair skin and blue eyes. She got her mother's eyes and her sister's hair; that is to say she adopted her sister's habit of dying it in stand-out colors on a regular basis. That was about the only thing, so far, that she had copied from her sister, Charlotte.

Elenore knew what she wanted; she just lacked the experience and age to make it happen. She could be vocal when she needed to be and didn't take crap from others. She was an introvert and generally kept to herself and to her own thoughts. She hid

herself well from others. She was in her late teens, well dressed and her natural hair color was blonde.

Elenore made her bed neatly before getting dressed having slept only in pink panties and a long white night shirt. Today was a simple day and she had nowhere to go. She put on her fuzzy slippers and made her way to the kitchen to pour herself a glass of orange juice. She wasn't much for eating soon after she woke. The kitchen was average size for a three bedroom home, with the normal conveniences of any other. It had dark oak cabinets, cultured marble counter tops, a beige tile floor and most of the appliances were black, except for a few of the smaller counter top ones like the toaster. It was very neat, clean and organized. Elenore adopted her OCD traits from her mother.

She walked into the living room and picked up the remote, sitting herself down on the sofa. She turned on the television and stared at the screen as though she were absorbing everything she saw. In reality, her mind was half asleep and her body was simply waiting for it to catch up. After a few minutes she hit the guide button and found something to entertain herself for a while.

At ten the show she'd been watching ended so she got up and started her routine, straightening up the pillows on the couch as she stood up. The living room was a decent size. It was big enough to fit the sofa and loveseat pair along with a reclining chair, Dad's chair, all in the center of the room. On one wall there was an upright piano, on another the entertainment center with a large LCD television and in the entry way stood a small table with figurines on top. She made the cleaning schedule so she knew what today was. It was dusting day.

Elenore got out the duster, the glass cleaner and a roll of paper towels from under the kitchen sink and took them back into the living room. She put the cleaner and towels on the coffee table and started her dusting with the piano. It was a Yamaha with a black satin finish. She had always wanted to really learn to play, but with her schoolwork, cleaning and reading she had never made a strong commitment. She did like to play by ear from time to time and in that sense, she was fairly creative.

She finished her dusting and glass cleaning in the living room and moved on to her bedroom. Being the youngest, she surprisingly had the largest bedroom of the two children. The walls were decorated with various posters. Most of them were

musicals or Broadway shows but there were a few movie posters such as *Wizard of Oz* and *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. The walls were painted pink and most the figurines she had neatly placed around were Disney, Disney princesses. The floors were laminate wood, as was most of the house. She had a queen size bed with a pink floral patterned comforter and matching window drapes. The furniture was all white except for the computer desk and chair. The desk was oak while her chair was black. Her closet was smaller than her sister's, which is why Charlotte chose the other bedroom when they moved in some years ago. Elenore was only 10 and didn't bother with such trivial things like clothing, not like today. No... today was different. She'd be a senior in high school in another month and clothing could make or break a girl's life, so said every girl. Well Elenore may not have been as extreme as her sister; she did like variety and style.

Just as Elenore was finishing up she heard her sister mumbling in her bedroom. It was next to hers with a bathroom being in between. She was in no hurry to check on the commotion as it had become a habit of Charlotte to awaken from a nightmare several times a week. This had been happening for the past few months. She returned her cleaning supplies back to the kitchen and walked over to Charlotte's door listening. On some days she would just fall back asleep, but not today. She could hear Charlotte talking in her sleep so she entered her room and made brought herself by her side. Elenore shrugged her sister's shoulder.

"Wake up... You're having another dream." said Elenore.

"Uuuh." Charlotte opened hers eyes wide for a moment and then relaxed. "Yeah I suppose I was."

"What was it about?"

"Same thing as always." Charlotte sat up and rubbed her eyes, took a breath and looked down upon herself. She was still trembling a little but she had gotten used to it. She was a bit sweaty... but she was used to that also. "I never really figured the dreams out. It's like it's there one moment, but when I try to piece it together each and every bit just disappear... They're just gone."

Charlotte took another breath and stood up, still wearing her clothes from last night.

Charlotte was quite the opposite of Elenore. She was all about mingling with the crowd; the right one, the wrong one. It

didn't matter to her as long as it was fun. She had no clue what she wanted in life and she didn't waste any time trying to figure it out, but one could argue that all she did WAS waste time. Perhaps this was why she still lived at home with her parents. She had no job, no car and no real possessions. She was content to live the life of an ongoing party. Charlotte was much taller than Elenore, standing about five seven. She had long black hair with bright red streaks and purple highlights that flowed past her shoulder blades. Her clothing and makeup were all out gothic. She rarely went a moment without them. Black was her favorite color which suited her well; as her inspiration, motivation and direction were almost void. She wanted what most girls want; to have the perfect boyfriend, the perfect life. The only problem was she hadn't figured out what perfect was nor did she know who she herself truly was for that matter.

"Maybe if you got dressed for bed you wouldn't sweat so much." said Elenore.

"It's not that easy. The last thing I want to do when I go to bed is sleep. I lay there trying to keep my mind occupied as I lay on top of the covers, hoping to stay awake. It's always a losing battle as I always fall asleep. I guess I just get into the covers out of habit while I'm asleep."

"Do you never remember anything about them?"

"Not too much. I know I am in the woods. It is nighttime. It is foggy and damp. Everything appears to be shadows, or at least, in the shadows. I still haven't figured that out. I am running... from something or someone... but I have a feeling of compulsion to find out what it is."

"A curious fear." said Elenore.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I was describing your feeling... A curious fear."

"Yeah I guess." said Charlotte as she grabbed her purse and stepped out onto the balcony. She opened her bag and took out a pack of cigarettes, removed one and lit it. She took a long drag and held it in for a while, closing her eyes.

"Why do you smoke?" Elenore said as Charlotte exhaled towards the sky.

"It calms me down. It keeps me sane." She took another drag. "Back when I started it was just something to do, to look cool and to feel sexy. I guess that's still the same but now, now I can't live without it. This and alcohol."



"But you just turned twenty-one last week. How can you need alcohol?"

Charlotte just smiled. "Soon Elenore, soon."

"I suppose." said Elenore

Charlotte went back into her room and got her cell phone. Her parents got her a phone when she turned eighteen and they've monitored her usage ever since. She walked back onto the porch taking another long drag and proceeded to send a text message.

To Jessica: "Hey"

She was texting with two hands, the cigarette dangled from her lips.

Elenore gazed around in boredom. Charlotte had a tendency to stop talking to her once she started texting. Elenore looked up on the hill and saw a big truck in their neighbor's driveway. "It looks like the neighbors are finally moving in."

"Yeah, it looks like it. That house has been vacant for as long as we've lived here. What? Ten years?" Charlotte said while waiting for a reply from her friend.

"Seven" Elenore corrected her. "But the house was only built last year."

"Yeah, something like that." said Charlotte as her phone buzzed.

From Jessica: "Hey, what's up?"

To Jessica: "Oh nothing, just waking up. You?"

From Jessica: "Nothing really. I've been up for hours though. It must be nice when both parents work and you can sleep in :)"

To Jessica: "If you want to call it that."

From Jessica: "Another hard night? I'm sorry. If I didn't have to work we could have hung out."

"I'm gonna make something to eat. Do you want anything?" said Elenore as she turns toward the door.

"Vodka." Charlotte said in a joking manner, only she wasn't joking at all. These dreams just made her want to forget, forget everything.

Elenore went back into the house through Charlotte's room and to the kitchen. She got some pizza rolls out of the freezer; put them on foil and into the oven. She set the temperature, noted the time and poured herself some milk.

To Jessica: "Yeah, that would have been fun, though my parents would kill me if I went out again today. I didn't even

see them at all yesterday. But it was fun ;)"

From Jessica: "Oh yeah it was... At least I think it was. I don't remember so it must have been :)"

Charlotte put her cigarette out and went into the kitchen to get herself a Coke. Elenore was just getting her pizza rolls out of the oven.

"Can I have some?" asked Charlotte.

"I asked if you wanted anything and you didn't answer me."

"Yes I did."

"Not with a real answer." said Elenore. "You can have two, that's all. The oven is still hot if you want to make anymore."

"Nah, I don't want them bad enough that I have to work for it."

"Whatever." Elenore went to her room to straighten up and then picked up her book to do some reading.

Charlotte went about her texting. She had also texted her other best friend, Brittany, but she hadn't answered back.

A few hours later Mom and Dad returned home. They worked the same hours in the same part of town so they carpooled together, leaving one car at home. Charlotte wasn't allowed to drive it though; not since she wrecked her own car a few months ago. Their Mom, Angela, was in her early forties, about five-five, short blonde hair, blue eyes and was in good shape. Their Dad, James, was six one, mid forties, brown hair, brown eyes, average build and had a fair complexion.

"Lucy, I'm home." Dad announced as he entered. He tended to do that a lot so no one found it funny anymore, well except for Dad of course."

"Anything exciting happen today?" Mom asked aloud, placing her jacket over the couch.

By this time Elenore and Charlotte were both in the living room. Charlotte was watching TV and Elenore was doing some reading.

"Not really." said Elenore still gazing into her book. "Oh wait... It looks like we have new neighbors finally."

"Oh really? What are they like?"

"I don't know. I haven't met them. I haven't even seen them yet. I just saw a big truck in the driveway."

"Oh ok. Well I hope to meet them sometime." said Mom.

"What's for dinner?"

Elenore had prepared dinner an hour earlier along with some

dinner rolls. She took an interest in cooking at an early age. Since her parents both worked and she was out of school for the summer, she elected to do the cooking. "Chicken parmesan."

"Sounds great." Dad had already made his way to the bedroom and now Mom followed to get ready herself, taking her jacket with her. Soon they both returned to the dining room and sat at their respected seats. Dad always sat at the end of the table near the window with Mom at his left. Charlotte sat across from Dad which left Elenore to her right. It wasn't a tradition or a formality. It was simply habit.

The dining room was big by most standards. On one end stood a china cabinet and on the other end a server. Between the two of them was the dining room table with six chairs. None of their family lived too close so there was never a need for a larger set even though there was ample room. All three pieces and chairs were part of a matching set and made from cherry. The china cabinet had glass shelves and the table, a glass top. The center piece was a crystal vase with fresh flowers in it. Elenore loved flowers and there was always a wide assortment in the woods out back to pick from on her, almost daily, walks.

"So how's the job hunt going?" Mom asked aloud.

"It's going I suppose." said Charlotte. "There doesn't seem to be anything out there."

"You just aren't looking hard or you're just being too picky. A job is work and no one likes to work, so finding something perfect isn't much of a reality." She took a bite of her roll.

"I know Mom." said Charlotte in a disgruntled tone.

Dad let Mom handle all the nagging, direction and discipline while he tried to maintain that "Daddy's girl" relationship with his daughters.

"You decided not to attend college and to get a job while you decide what you want to do." She said, still chewing. "It's been three years and you've hardly maintained a job and now, you have no car. If you expect to get a car you'll have to first get a job."

"I know, I know... It'll happen."

They all finished their dinner and Charlotte washed the dishes. It has become one of her few chores she was expected to accomplish, although Elenore had been doing it for her when Charlotte decided to go out with her friends; which had become

much more frequent lately.

Elenore skipped watching TV with her parents so she could finish her book. She only had a few chapters remaining.

Charlotte went to her room for some quiet time. She laid back on her bed with her phone in hand.

To Jessica: "What's up?"

To Brittany: "What's up?"

To Steven: "How are you?"

To Eric: "How goes it?"

Charlotte fiddled around with her phone awaiting a reply from anyone. She had many friends but only a few were close enough to know her; or at least know what she knew of herself, which wasn't all that much. Charlotte wasn't like Elenore. She lived her life around fun. The risk of getting caught made it all the more exciting. She had no responsibilities nor did she want any. Her parents made their threats but once it had become known they will not be followed through, the threats carried no weight.

From Brittany: "Hey girl, how's it going?"

To Brittany: "Same old same old. I need to get out. lol"

From Brittany: "I know what you mean. Work sucked today"

From Steven: "Hey beautiful"

From Brittany: "Are we still going to that new club next week?"

To Steven: "I wish you can come get me. I need to get high"

To Brittany: "You bet girl! :)"

From Eric: "Sorry, I'm at work and can't text right now"

To Eric: "That sucks. Well ttyl"

From Steven: "I wish I had some. I don't get paid til Friday. Wanna still get together"

From Jessica: "Hey sorry, parents kept talking. You know how they hate when I text in the middle of one of our chats. lol"

To Steven: "Nah, I can't tonight. It was more wishful thinking"

To Jessica: "No problem"

From Brittany: "And we still need to go shopping first. Let's go out Sunday afternoon and make a day of it. You, me and Jessica. I'm free that day like always."

To Brittany: "Sounds great to me. I still have some birthday money left."

Charlotte continued to text her friends. One by one each

conversation ended which left her to stare at the ceiling. It was around ten o'clock now and she stepped outside to smoke. Her parents knew about her habit and didn't approve but, as with everything else, there wasn't much they could do about it. They did restrict her smoking to outside.

The balcony was shared with Elenore's room and had its own set of stairs down to the yard. She made use of this very often as she liked to sneak out of the house to go party with one of her boys or girlfriends. It was a beautiful night so she decided to take a walk to clear her head.

Charlotte grabbed her cigarettes, lighter and her phone; the bare necessities in life. She climbed quietly down the stairs so not to alert her parents, not that they will have forbidden an evening walk, but why add to the list of complaints they already had. She walked around the house to the street. The neighborhood was relatively quiet as always. There were no through roads so traffic was limited to those that lived here. It was an upper-middle class neighborhood and everyone worked day jobs so weeknight traffic was almost nonexistent. Everyone had maybe half an acre which was just enough to make mowing a minor chore but not unbearable.

All the houses were built around the same time, maybe eight to ten years ago. Charlotte's parents bought their house new just as it neared completion. They lived at the end of the cul-de-sac next to me.

I bought my property when the homes were still being built; the lot next to Charlotte's and a few others. I owned all the land west and south of the neighborhood. I used one of the lots simply for a driveway and had my house built up on the hill behind it. The other lots I left wooded. From my house I can see the backside of theirs and they can see my balcony through the trees.

Charlotte stopped in the road and gazed up at the sky. The moon was just rising and had just cleared the tree line. It was a bright moon that night, and with the addition of the street lamp, the neighborhood was illuminated well. She lit a cigarette and took a long hard drag. She checked her phone for any messages she may have missed before she exhaled. Nothing. She looked to the moon with a blank stare.

*What am I looking for? I don't even know what I want.* The trees stretched their branches and the clouds twisted into

different shapes. They were both shadows in the moonlight; animated, darkened forms that played tricks on her eyes. Now, in my wake, may daydreams deceive me. *Is it only to prove my nightmares are real?* She looked down at her arms, to the self inflicted scars of yesteryear. There was a time when she caused her own pain, her own mutilation. Since then she has kept her mind in a conditioned state, a state of intoxication. Drugs and alcohol have become her friends until a near overdose almost became her out. Now it was just alcohol and occasional weed. *If only I had a blade on me, I'd allow myself to relive my pains and feel them one by one. It would be my freedom from this, this place... and these obsessive dreams.*

Charlotte walked towards the wooded area across the street. Not all the lots had houses on them and these lots had never been cleared or excavated leaving dense woods where Elenore and herself used to play as children. It had become much more dense since then. The paths and open areas they once enjoyed were now gone, hardly leaving any visible sign that they had ever existed. She approached the thickening and hesitated. The feelings of innocence and pleasure no longer accompanied her here, but have been replaced by less inviting ones.

*Fear, it drives me. It walks beside me and points the way to immortality where no one cares, and no one stares. Why do I always mess things up?*

A few years ago Charlotte had a boyfriend that she cared deeply for. Unfortunately it was during that relationship where she fell hard into her addictions. Unable to distinguish between love and obsession, need and desire; she made many wrong choices. Patience was never her virtue. Immediate pleasures were her downfall. *I remember you Daniel... although I've been forgotten now. I am left to walk alone but I must share my thoughts. They are my means to sanity and reason.*

She stepped back onto the street, not having the courage to enter. After several slow steps she envisioned that tormenting figure that haunted her in her sleep. *Take me to a place where I can't breathe and I will open my eyes so wearily, only to see for the first time; nursery rhymes that live inside my head have come to life.* She stared forward as though she were looking him in the eyes and then looked upward. *This night covers me in blackness, the one color to touch my skin. Take me tonight, it's my midnight. When I give in, living my sin, I'll be well remembered*

*but now... now I'm dismembered.*

Charlotte looked down onto the street, took a few breaths and turned back towards the house. The night was surprisingly cool for this time of year yet Charlotte was in a sweat. She climbed back onto the balcony and looked outward at nothing in particular. She lit another cigarette. *Please take me and let my journey begin. This void inside me must be filled or I'll die here, without having felt the need to be.*

## Chapter 3

### *Bedlam*

While I was putting groceries away Josh drove up the driveway, his headlights shining through my windows. I did manage to go shopping today. It seemed I needed a little more than beer to live on. A few minutes passed as I waited for someone to come to the door. Josh could be a bit anal about things. He was probably getting everything in order beforehand. *Knock knock!* I opened the door and Josh stood holding his briefcase. He was wearing dress clothes as if he just came from church. At least he wasn't wearing a suit.

"Well it is an improvement anyway." He stood waiting. "Do come in... Next time I won't bother to ask. I'll just leave the door open and wait for you to figure it out." I said with a laugh.

I was wearing a tee-shirt and jeans, nothing fancy but nothing too cheap either. I tend to dress casually for everything but I like to wear name brands... Diesel, Armani, Affliction; just to name a few. Josh followed me into the living room.

"See how I'm dressed? You make me look like a bum." I said



sporting a smile. Josh had a seat as I walked into the kitchen to fetch a few beers. "Here you go." I said, reaching a beer out to Josh.

"I'm good but thanks. Josh said as he waved it away.

"Well I'll drink yours for now, but trust me, later you will want one." I took a seat across from him. "So Paul has you up to speed on my business endeavors I trust?"

"As far as I know. I haven't been given all the passwords, accounts and such, but I am familiar with all of them. I still need to personally visit some of the establishments. With them being scattered all over the world, it does make it somewhat time consuming."

"Paul is a good man. He'll stay on for the next year or so. By that time you'll be running everything on your own. I am sure he has gone over everything. He is very efficient and he has his priorities straight. He probably never got around to informing you of all my personal properties or lifestyle. That much seems clear." I grab the opened beer and finished it off. "I've known him for almost forty years."

"You can't be that old. You look thirty, thirty-five... tops." said Josh.

"Take your beer. I'll get another." I got up and retrieved another for each of us. By the time I returned Josh was one third the way finished with his and I handed him his second. "Paul is not my first business manager. He was once a protégé just like yourself as was his mentor before him."

"I'm completely lost here. I assume your father passed down his business ventures to you?"

"Finish your beer." I said, opening my second. "I am much older than you think... much, much older. Many years ago I was cursed, and along with it, I became immortal. I am, or I was... a vampire.

"This can't be possible."

"I didn't expect you'd readily accept everything, which is why I brought out these." For the next thirty minutes or so I shared my journals, photographs, birth certificates and other sorts of proof I had kept over the years. It was necessary for such occasions as this and I had gone to great lengths to keep it complete and convincing. One by one I showed him each item. The photos were the most convincing. Josh still had a look of shock.

"I was born January 27th, 1836 so that makes me nearly two

hundred years old. You'll be around to celebrate my bicentennial." I laughed out loud. "Currently I go by the name Edison Hyde but, as you can imagine, I have changed my name several times. I've just taken a liking to this one."

"You actually feed on other people?"

"No. I am no longer a vampire. I no longer feed ;sunlight doesn't bother me, etcetera... The only thing that remains is my inability to die."

"That doesn't sound bad at all."

"Trust me, it is... If you want to call it a night we can finish going over things tomorrow."

"No... I can't fathom why you'd go to such great lengths to lie about this. It is a bit shocking though... to say the least. I'm fascinated and have all sorts of questions." He sat quietly for a moment. "So how did you become cursed?"

"I was born to the Kingdom of Galicia taking on the name of my mother, an Austrian noblewoman of the time and the last in her line. I grew up with more luxuries than most and began my studies of law, history and mathematics; all which served me well. I returned to Galicia and had become a professor for a few years before discovering my passion as a writer. I liked to travel the land carrying little; nothing more than my clothing and some paper. People and culture inspired me. They always have." I finished my second beer and placed it on the table. "This is where my story begins..."

"I'm walking the Austrian countryside like any other day. The sky was clear and the temperature was perfect. This time I headed up into the hills, away from the township, following the windy road alongside the brook. The colors and clarity were amazing. It was autumn and the leaves were in full color, not dropping until every moment of their glory has been shared. I was taken by the smell of burning oak up ahead in a clearing I had seen, hidden by the forestry. It was several miles ahead but I had the time; after all, life is about the journey and not the destination. An hour or so passed before the sun set. I absorbed every bit of nature I passed and I came upon a narrow clearing alongside the road. I felt intrigued by this pathway made only of dirt and stone with larger stones standing at either side marking its beginning. I decided to venture onto the pathway and away from the burning oak that took me in this direction.

"With the moon as my only light my stride came to a crawl.

Even the moonlight could not penetrate the thicket. At times I had to use my feet to feel my way down the winding channel. After some time had passed I fell upon a small cottage. It was like any other you'd find out there in the woods; a one room home made of stone and mortar. It had a chimney, a wooden door and a few windows. The curtains were all closed and a fire was burning inside the fireplace. It was nothing special or fancy yet it called my attention. Perhaps it was simply the seclusion and privacy about it; almost as if built there in secrecy.

"From a distance I could hear what seemed to be a woman in distress. With caution I approached. The house set in a small clearing allowing light to illuminate the few items in the yard; a wood chopping block, an axe, a well, and a few other things. I made my way through the weeds to the front window, stepping onto the one-step porch having no rails. My view was hidden by weathered drapes but, from the edge, I can see a woman bent over a bed. She was being stricken by a man using a belt. She appeared to be in her late thirties, a typical pauper, scantily dressed in ragged clothing, only to be dressed from her waist up. She was not bound nor did she look to be held there forcefully. She was of average height, long brown hair and fair skin. As most women of the time and social class, she looked as though she had led a rough life, and by the appearance of her skin and boney features, she was probably a farmhand or laborer.

"He, on the other hand, was much more refined. His clothing was that of royalty or wealth wearing a long black coat, leather boots and other fancy apparel. He appeared to be in his thirties with short brown hair, neatly shaven and neat. He was holding a long leather belt that was jeweled at the buckle.

"He was belting her fairly hard. You could clearly see the red stripes that formed after each infliction to her ass. He stopped and grabbed her by her hair, pulling her backwards towards him. He removed some strips of leather along with some spikes from within his pocket. He took his coat off, leaving her to stand freely as he dropped it to the floor. She made no effort to escape. He guided her towards the window across the room and wrapped the leather straps around her wrists. He placed her hands on the outer window frame and above her head. He was speaking to her but I could not hear what was being said. He grabbed a heavy object and used it to nail the spikes through the leather, fastening her wrists to the wooden framework, and then dropped

the object to the ground. He walked across the room and retrieved a leather whip of moderate length.

"I was still standing there watching in silence as he used one hand to rip the remaining clothing from her. Her body quivered. Whether she was cold or anticipating what was to come, I'll never know.

"He stepped back several feet and uncoiled the whip. His arm pulled back over his shoulder and, without hesitation, he swung it forward. He snapped it back just as its popper reached her skin, brazing it for several inches and leaving behind a red memory. She uttered a cry, one that sounded like an apology. Again he brought his arm back and several times he repeated his previous mark, lashing pain and despair into her back. Her cries were getting louder and longer, though less distinguishable. He stopped for a moment and steadied his stance, adjusting his feet to control his balance. He whaled his whip again, but this time in full force. The popper ripped across her flesh and, with a slight delay, you can see a little blood surfacing the skin as if it were taking place in slow motion. This time she screamed aloud. She was truly in pain and fought for the motion of her arms, wielding her ass and back from side to side as if to make for a more difficult target.

"I wanted to bust down the door and intervene, but I found myself completely aroused by his torment, my hand fondling myself. *It can't get any worse*, I thought to myself. She did appear to consent... No. I felt compelled to watch; a sense of erotic fascination.

"Again and again he swung without holding pity and one by one the bloodied slashes appeared; on her back and on her reddened, belted ass. Quickly each streak swelled into a soon-to-be rigid welt. Relentlessly he proceeded until her body slowly dropped. She must have passed out from the pain. Her body was suspended in mid air, dangling from her arms, her wrists still nailed to the window frame. He stopped his lashes upon her. It was her resistance and her screams that fueled his desire, with those gone the excitement diminished. The moonlight cast highlights on her body and made her sweat and blood glisten. It was a horrible, yet beautiful sight. He leaned forward and licked the blood from her body and, at times, appeared to be drinking it. After her body had been cleansed he fondled himself and dropped his pants, leaving them dangle around his ankles. He

moved towards her and positioned himself for entry.

"My curiosity turned to excitement but, from this vantage point, I could not see clearly. I moved to the side window to get a better view. As I positioned myself my shadow was cast through the room and onto the floor. The motion must have alerted him as he turned to look directly at me. His motion paused, but only for a moment. He smiled and turned his eyes back to her and fucked her ass without remorse. My excitement was short lived as I had an orgasm immediately. He must have had great intuition or a great sense of smell as he immediately looked me in the eyes and smiled, a wicked smile. I wanted to flee. I was both embarrassed and fearful of him. My body wouldn't budge. I felt compelled to know what just had transpired and why it excited me so.

"When he came out I was sitting on a tree stump with a look of anxiety I am sure. He approached me while he pulling his belt tight and then fastening it.

"'I thought maybe you had run off.' He said in a relaxed tone. 'I am Donatien Alphonse. I trust I have your discretion?'

"With hesitation I said, 'Just who would I tell? Am I not as guilty as you for not interfering?'

"'Perhaps... I did sense a bit of enjoyment on your part. I must admit, being watched did arouse me even further.'

"'And what of her?' I looked towards the window.

"'She will be just fine. I untied her and put her to the bed. When she wakes she will go on about her life.'

"'Is she someone you care for?'

"'I'm not sure if I care for anyone really. She is someone I met a few nights ago, walking back to town. We fulfilled some needs together. No, I doubt we will see each other again.'

"I ran my fingers across the stump and looked down. 'I'm not sure what came over me. I stayed... I stayed because I am too curious... and wanting more. I need to understand what happened... to me'

"'In two days, come back here after the sun has set. I'll have found another girl and we will pleasure ourselves once again.'

"I did just as he asked of me, returning near 7 o'clock. I didn't participate but I watched from beginning to end. To my surprise she, and most others to follow, were actually excited with this sort of perversion. Afterwards we talked for a while and he told me all about himself. He was born to nobility almost

a hundred years earlier and was met with the same curse during his lifetime. We became good friends while he exposed me to the world of BDSM. While the term hadn't quite made it into existence, the kinks and the pleasures thereof were strong and within the two of us. Many times he brought me to this same cottage. It allowed for his perversities to be private and anonymous. He did not own it, nor did he know who's it was. It was abandoned and that was all that mattered.

"As our friendship grew he took me to his actual home outside of Prague. His home was larger than average but no castle by any means. The outside was modest but on the inside it was quite luxurious. On many occasions he would take me with him on one of his erotic adventures. He generally dressed in costume so not to be known, and tortured some woman's soul, drank her flesh and sexually abused her. Most of the time it was consensual, at least to a point, and other times she was in complete opposition. It didn't matter to him. It was time to feed his desires.

"Then one night he asked me to join in. I had practiced many times, for fun anyway, swinging his whip around at his home. He had tied a younger woman to a tree and handed the whip to me. 'I want to watch you brutalize her.' I hesitated but took the whip from him. It felt different than it did before. It was cold to my skin and sent shivers up my spine. I had envisioned striking a girl many times. I thought I would have been reluctant, but this was real. The scent of evil was in the air. I didn't even start slowly or build momentum as I expected I would.

"In the very first lash I drew blood. My heart was pounding so hard it shook my body. Trembling in excitement I hit her again and again while my laughter drowned out her screams, her exquisite screams. Those screams kept me awake at night, awake in excitement... and they fed my dreams for tomorrow.

"It became routine for me to accompany him to all his nightly endeavors. We would take turns applying the restraints, in torture and even the sexual escapades. He'd often suggest I lick the blood from their bodies as he always did. I never did acquire that thirst that he so much admired; that was until that forsaken day.

"While in the midst of one of our sexual deviances he said, 'I could do this endlessly. My lust for painfully erotic pleasures grows further than one man could possibly reach.'

"In a complete state of erotic pleasure I agreed. 'If only

it were possible. I'd journey the earth in exploration of worldly women.'

"If it were possible, would you embrace it?' he asked.

"I'd welcome it with complete admission of my guilt.'

"In that moment, while I was about to push my raging cock into my victims ass, Donatien did something surprising. He stood behind me and put his hands on my shoulders. It was an erotic sensation. He moved one hand to one side of my neck and put his lips to the other. My knees weakened, and being overcome in the moment, I was unaware as to what was happening.

"Later.' he said as he pulled himself away. 'For now I want you to lick the wounds of your bleeding slave.'

"I do not know what overcame me, but I did just that. I licked every wound, one by one. When I was finished she was almost presentable. The wounds almost seemed less severe than they actually were. That was the beginning of my end, or should I say; beginning of my never-end, for that was the day I earned a liking for flesh."

I put down my empty beer that I must have been holding all this time and looked to Josh. "It must be getting late and this story is much longer than I expected it to be. Why don't we continue it another time?"

"So that's when you became a vampire?" asked Josh.

"Not at that time. That came later... as he suggested it would. It is a powerful feeling to know you will never die. You could only imagine the risks I would take, the lifestyle I led and the various things I have done to feed my perversions. I could do, and get away with, almost anything. It wasn't until many years later that I realized immortality in itself is a curse. I've been trying ever since, to undo it." I said.

"What happened to Donatien?"

"He met his demise many years later. But that is another story."

Josh got up and grabbed a few more beers. He wanted to hear more.

"It's a beautiful night. Let's sit outside." I said.

Josh stands. "Let me use the restroom first." He relieved himself and returned.

I grabbed the bowl of chips I had put out earlier. None had been eating since our discussion began. I was getting hungry. We both stepped outside and I closed the glass behind us. We walked

to the railing and stood, overlooking the landscape. I stared out into the stars for a while. Josh opened his beer and drank some more. We both stood in silence. I was giving him some time to comprehend my story.

I looked out to the balcony on the house below. Charlotte was outside staring into the sky as well. She was wearing a short skirt, a blouse, and from what I can tell; wearing her gothic make-up as always.

"There she is." as I point to her.

"Who?" said Josh.

"There is a way to get what I've been longing for." I pause for a moment to grab a few chips. Lucky for me Josh seems to be taking everything fairly well.

"You seem to be doing well. Why do you want to lift this so called curse? Doesn't everyone dream of living forever?"

"You don't realize how living two hundred years makes you weary. It gives you all the time in the world to ponder the things you must give up; things like love and family. I lost sight of my life. As I look out into the world's misery it is my life I see. The harder I try to hide from myself, the stronger my nightmares become. I am torn between faith and truth and I can't distinguish which one is real. I feel all alone in the world, haunted by shadows that creep into the corners of my eye. I cannot separate darkness and light as they all blend together in twisted forms. Many nights I cry out but there is no one to listen and my desperation goes unheard. I've lost my soul. I am within the bedlam of me."

"So... I'm afraid to ask." Josh said. "What is my job?"

I let out a laugh and try to compose myself. "Your job is exactly what you presumed it to be before our discussion. I may ask your assistance for personal reasons, just as any friend would. Nothing has nor will change. For all practical purposes I am completely mortal."

Josh has a look of relief. "Then why even tell me?"

"In fifteen years you're going to wonder why I haven't aged. I'd rather not have to hire a new assistant every ten years. I may not be able to have love but I can have friends. I'd like you to be that friend." I placed my empty bottle on the railing. "Why don't we call it a night? I had forgotten how long my life is and how long it takes to tell it." I turned to Josh. "Come back Friday and we'll continue."



"Yeah. While I am absolutely fascinated, I have much to do tomorrow... That is if you want our club to open on time."

"Of course. That is the reason I hired you. I wouldn't want to be the cause of your first failure."

We both laughed and finished our beers.

"Charlotte." I look back to her still staring outward.

"Charlotte is her name."

"What does she have to do with anything?"

"Everything... at least I hope." I said. "With her I can find everlasting love... maybe even rid me of this curse once and for all." I grabbed the bottle and headed back inside. "I'll fill you in on the details another time."

## Chapter 4

### *Mind Send*

As we had discussed, Josh came back over this evening, finally wearing something a little more appropriate; jeans and a tee-shirt... and he brought the beer. We opened a couple and had a seat. During the day I had unpacked most of the boxes and put the others into the storage room. I cleaned up and had the place almost presentable.

"It's looking good." he said.

"It's coming along. I just hate clutter and want at least one room where I can feel relaxed and not be staring upon boxes that need to be opened. It is a bit bare in here though."

"Yeah. I understand that. My place is neat but it's lacking. I need a woman's touch."

"Never give a woman control over your house. She'll turn it into maiden's magical garden." I laughed. "Let's have a seat."

He followed me to the living room and we sat across from one another.

"So tell me. Why is Charlotte the key?"

"She is of the proper bloodline. It must be her, or another from this bloodline; Donatien's bloodline to be specific, to

become my eternal love. That's the prophecy."

"What must she do?" he asked.

"She must give me back what was once taken; my soul. In its simplicity, that is what I need from her."

Josh went a bit off topic. "So how did you become immortal exactly?"

"Donatien was a vampire himself, feeding on his victims blood. He is responsible for turning me."

I put my feet up on the table and lean back.

"I continued my perverted experiences with Donatien but after a year or so I had fantasies and desires that weren't being met. While our mutual pleasures were wonderful, I had my own fantasies to fulfill; those involving greater aspects of bondage, different instruments of pain and, more noteworthy, my desire to control one's mind and not just the body. Donatien and I decided to part ways on our excursions. We remained friends for many years. We just had different journeys ahead of us.

"Getting inside a woman's mind was the most rewarding. I was fascinated to know what made each of them tick, what it was each of them desired and how far they were willing or wanting to go. While I enjoyed inflicting pain, I also got satisfaction when I brought them pleasure. The greater pleasure I brought to her, the greater pleasure I felt. Getting inside her thoughts became a necessity. I found that if I took the time to understand each of them, I could actually take the lead in their own journey. I wanted to go a step further. Life is a journey, remember? And then it dawned on me... Become the woman."

"You can do that?" Josh asked.

"No, not literally, but I did take on her role. I started allowing myself to become submissive. I encouraged women to control, beat and abuse me. That was quite a task back then. Women were not so self-aware and independent like they are today. I became obsessed and wanted to give them complete control. I would submit to their sexual desires. I would submit to their degradation, their humility and their pain as well. I even went as far as finding a Mistress and signing a contract to be her slave. I did whatever my Mistress wished. I waited on her hand and foot and I watched as other men pleased her.

"Eventually our contract expired and I sought out other women to play the part. Diversity allowed me to experience most everything. Later I got married and coerced my wife to live the

dominant role with me. She was reluctant to do so and she wasn't as dominant as I had hoped her to be. I did love her though, and I stayed with her for a while. I eventually found that family life wasn't for me and again, pursued other women, getting married once more.

"I enjoyed my time as a submissive but the dominant side had to come out periodically. I became a slave to my sexual perversions. I allowed myself to be consumed by all of it. During those years I became more and more cut off from society. I almost forgot how to function as a person.

"I was admitted to an asylum where I spent the next ten years. I grew paler and paler with each passing year. I denied all access to the outdoors and to all visitors save one.

"Donatien came and visited me a few times and we spoke about various things. I really cannot remember much of it as my mental health was degrading. On his last visit I was incoherent and curled up in a ball in the corner of the room. I don't really recall anything from that night. I am going by his account.

"I woke up in my cell to find him and another man sitting beside me.

"'I can't bear to see you how you were. I have given you that gift I promised many years back.'

"I sat up slowly, everything seemed to be spinning around me. 'What do you mean?' I asked, still trying to focus my attention.

"'Eternally... remember? You now have it just as I do. Eternal life. You are now immortal. Sleep well.' he said.

"The next thing I remember was waking up in his home. He told me that I had died, for all practical purposes. He emptied my grave and brought me back to his home the night I was buried.

"So what powers did you possess?" asked Josh.

"I had strength, immortality and the ability to read and control one's mind but I also had to feed to survive; feed on other's blood, their souls. It wasn't in my nature to kill, nor did I need to. One can take a small part of the soul and leave the rest behind.

"Years later I rejected the need to feed in this manner. With great effort I succeeded... to an extent. I no longer feed but I also, no longer have the strength." I looked towards the window. "As for the rest... today all I can do is send images to another's mind. We call it *MindSend*, and even that has its

limits. It tends to work best while the other is sleeping, like some kind of a suggestive dream of sorts. I do have immortality, but like I said... to me, it is actually a curse; my inability to die, my inability to truly love. Don't get me wrong. Becoming young again and having all the years I wanted to explore myself, women and life has yielded great rewards and I would not change a thing, but when you can live forever you lose the sense of accomplishment. There is also no place for love. Imagine having all the time in the world to do what you want, yet you cannot do it. Having endless time makes it impossible."

"Couldn't you have made your wife immortal also?"

"Yes, of course. I've tried that several times but the outcome was always the same. When you are cursed this way you naturally become dominant, if you weren't already. While she may have to answer to you, both of you are fighting to be in control. It extends into the relationship, not just the bedroom. It doesn't take long before you part ways. The girl you fell in love with no longer exists." I said.

"That makes sense." Josh went to get another drink. "Do you need another?"

"Yeah, sure." I answered. "That's where Charlotte fits in. Fulfilling the prophecy allows her to become my true love, eternally."

"She'd become immortal then also?"

"Yes, unfortunately... But that can be changed later, so I am told. We can both become mortal again."

"Well it sounds like you have everything worked out."

"Some of it anyway. So where are we on The Dungeon?" I asked.

"We're pretty much all set. All the construction is complete, everything is cleaned up and almost all of the decor is set up. Everyone has been trained and we've had no issues. They seem to be a fine staff. I am looking forward to the opening."

"Not a place for the whole family?" I smiled.

"It grows on you, as do your stories. You never know... I just may want to try those crosses you have set up."

"Those... Those are just decorations. They are functional but we can't very well open them up to the public. I could only imagine the community's reaction. No... if you want to use the cross you need to look at my personal collection down in the basement. Having a dungeon within my home is much more

convenient."

"I can imagine it is. Can I... Can I see it?" Josh asked.

"Well let's start in the secondary bedroom first. Follow me."

Josh followed me down the hall and I opened the double doors to an immense room. It measured thirty by thirty feet with the sunken center measuring twenty by twenty, two steps down. The floor was tiled in marble with inlay borders alongside the walls and sunken section. The room was painted red and ornamentally trimmed in black. The decor itself was very gothic. In two corners stood suits of armor standing on fancily carved bases. The large bay window was surrounded by two carved dragons, perched with their wings meeting in the center above the window. The ceiling was twelve feet high at the walls but it arched upward in the center to sixteen feet, painted white and tiled with hand carved wedges much like a pizza, with the tiles getting smaller towards the center. In the center there was a huge medallion with a crystal chandelier hanging in the middle, directly above the bed. The doorway we just entered through was centered along the wall and on either side stood shelving. On these shelves were all my toys. Some of them are collected artifacts, and serve more for decoration, while others were meant to be functional. Everything was placed on this wall intentionally so that the person entering could not see them until the doors close. There were various other decorations and paintings along the walls and at each corner of the sunken floor stood a marble base with different busts on top of them.

"Woah..." Josh's jaw drops. "This is huge!"

"Nothing ruins a play session more than being cramped and aesthetics... You'll learn just how important aesthetics is."

Josh immediately walked towards the bed. It was a post bed, but unlike any other. Everything was hand carved and painted in black satin. The footboard was actually a pair of matching stocks with holes for the head, wrists and ankles to be used however one wanted. The headboard was slotted across the width. Inside the slot rests a horizontal bar attached to vertical poles at either end. At each end of the vertical poles it attached to yet 4 more horizontal shafts that ran the length of the bed on either side, one pair at the top and one pair at the bottom. When not it use it rests neatly within the headboard. When in use, it can be pulled out, up and over and locked into any position.

"You sleep here?"

"No. This bed is for pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain. They are one in the same at times. This is where the fun begins... before going to the dungeon downstairs."

He stepped forward close enough to touch it and examined the carvings. Then he looked down to the footboard. "What are these holes for?"

"The larger center ones are for the neck. The others for her wrists and ankles. I can have her stand at the foot of the bed, bend her over and place her head and wrists here," pointing the smaller holes beside the neck hole."

"And the other two?" asked Josh

"Those are for the ankles. She can either be lying on the bed with just her ankles locked or she can be on her belly with her wrists and ankles locked together with her ass in the air. The other set is in case I have more than one girl." I smile.

"Very interesting. And she'll go willingly into these?"

"Yes... I no longer force anyone to do anything. It's been a hundred years since I've done anything like that."

He walked to the headboard and pointed to the horizontal bar. "What is this for?"

I step forward and grabbed it with two hands and pulled it out. It was raised about a foot or so above the bed's surface. It slid out easily and I pulled it back, along with its vertical poles, about a third of the way towards the footboard. I adjust the clamps at the ends to lock it in place. "This bar can be locked into any position along the bed and at any height. I can attach clamps at any spot to lock wrists, the neck or ankles anywhere, up high or down low. It's very diverse and convenient when you want no movement at all."

"You've spent way too much time thinking about this." Josh laughs.

"Over a hundred years remember? One can be very creative in that amount of time."

"And the room is very well decorated. I like it."

We turned back and started to approach the door. Josh stopped dead in his tracks.

"Sorry, but woah again. What's all this?" referring to the shelving on either side.

"Those are my instruments and toys. Well most of them anyway."

He stood there for a moment looking as though he were deciding which wall to approach. He chose the left and walked on over to it. Rather than waiting for him to ask about everything I just kind of breezed through them.

"These are my various crops, riding crops if you will. These are my whips, these are my paddles, my floggers etc." There was a various assortment for each, some for different sizes or styles and others for hardness or intensity levels. They were neatly organized. Some of them were hanging while others were on shelves.

He approached the other wall. It was there where my dildos, restraints, vibrators, electro-stim and various devices were. I pointed out the obvious and named them quickly. Then I went through some of the artifacts I collected one by one before he had a chance to ask.

"This is the agonizing pear." pointing to a pear sized and shaped object with a handle that resembles the handle of a corkscrew. "It can be inserted into any orifice and expanded; A medieval torture device." Pointing to an iron instruments with 4 claws, "That's the breast ripper. That there is the iron mask." pointing to a mask. Then I pointed to another mask with spikes inside. "That's the Scold's Bridle. If he or she tries to talk... immense pain." Pointing to a small rake-like device. "The Spanish Tickler." Pointing to another small iron device that resembled a butterfly, "Thumbscrews... Fingers are placed inside and slowly crushed as you turn the handle." I went on to a few other items of interest and started toward the door.

"Do you use all of these things?" Josh asked.

"All the antiques are just for show though I've tried them out to make sure they worked, but not in a fashion to actually injure someone."

"That's good to know." Josh looked a bit overwhelmed and we headed back to the living room.

"I'm very interested in your lifestyle and want to talk about it sometime. Maybe you'll enlighten me on what all those things do, how they work and why one would want to use them or to have them used on them."

"I'd be glad to. Most of those things are BDSM related, others are simply sexual. The two go hand in hand though. It's a relationship between pain and pleasure, dominance and submission. It's about power or the giving of power to another. It will take



some time to explain it all and for each person it is different."

"Well I find it all to be very intriguing." said Josh.

"Well that about covers everything up here. Sometime I'll show you the dungeon downstairs. Did you want anything to eat? I have pizza from earlier." I said as I pointed to the box on the kitchen counter.

"Thanks but no, I've got to get a few things from the store on the way home and get into bed on time for once."

"I'll give you a call this week; maybe meet at the club or something."

"Sounds like a plan." he said as he stepped outside."

"Have a great night."

"You too."

I closed the door behind him and took a seat, sat back and watched a little TV. Occasionally I looked out from the balcony to see if Charlotte was still awake. She had been outside texting and smoking several times wearing nothing but her bedtime tee. Her bare legs were highlighted by the evening's glow. On occasion I had a glimpse of her face when the flame of her lighter flickered and sparkled in her eyes. It was a beautiful experience. There was a mild breeze tonight. It was just strong enough to make her dark hair feather against the light coming from her window. She'd stand there intently and without focus almost as if she knew I had been watching her, but she didn't even know I existed. Not yet. I realized my wait could be much longer so I decided to watch a movie. I had no reason to wake early so I made some popcorn and watched something new. After the movie I checked on Charlotte and her light was off. It was 2am. It seemed Charlotte was a night person also. This will work out well for both of us.

I stepped out onto the balcony and stared through her window. Only a little of the moonlight entered her room, but it was enough to see she was in bed. It was time to feed her dreams. It required more effort now, not like the past when I could control a person's mind. Prior to tonight I've only placed a few simple images unto her; ropes, chains, spankings, whips and other various restraints and disciplines. I sent them to get her accustomed to those thoughts and to let her own mind do the rest. She's likely seen them her whole life though via inherited memories. BDSM does run in her family and we all pass our genes down to one another. Tonight though... I projected actual

thoughts; being stalked, controlled and trained. I allowed myself to become vaguely visible in her dreams from time to time, and I pursued her while she tried to flee. After about fifteen minutes I let reaction takes its course... and the dreaming began.

## Chapter 5

### *Somber Island*

Elenore woke up around 10. She had pulled the curtains closed the night before so she could sleep in today. Her chores were light so she spent the night on the computer making a profile on a new socials site Charlotte told her about, MeetMe. She only spent enough time on there to make a profile and browse a little before deciding to watch some TV. She checked her phone. No messages. *That's typical*, she thought.

Her Mom was in the kitchen drinking some coffee and washing her breakfast dishes. She didn't get a chance to cook much so when she had the time she actually liked to cook. She didn't bother trying to wake the kids since Elenore didn't eat in the morning and Charlotte was never awake until noon. It had become routine so it no longer phased her. There was still a plate full of bacon on the table.

"Bacon?" she asked Elenore.

"You know I don't like bacon."

"Yeah I know. I just thought I'd be polite."

Elenore opened the fridge and grabbed a diet Coke, opened it and sat at the table for a few minutes trying to wake up and

trying to decide what to do later. She got up leaving her can on the table and went about her cleaning; her bedroom and bathroom. They don't take very long since she keeps them neat and tidy every day. About an hour passed before she finished and she headed back to the kitchen where her Mom was sitting, checking her phone.

"I put your drink back in the fridge." she said.

"Thanks. I thought it'd be warm by now." She grabbed it and sat across from her mother. "What's for lunch?"

"I don't know. Why don't you make something on your own?"

"What do you mean? I cook all the time." Elenore said.

"Sorry... I'm just in a bad mood. Charlotte sleeps in everyday and basically does nothing to help out nor is she finding a job."

"Yeah I know, but what's that got to do with me?"

"Nothing I suppose."

"I'm thinking about painting again but I don't know what to paint." said Elenore.

"Why not some trees?"

"Trees? You don't know anything about me."

"You love nature and flowers and such." Her Mom said as she looked to the dining table and the flowers on it.

"Yeah, but that's not what I think about. It's not what I dream about. It's not my inspiration."

"What do you think about dear?"

"See?" Elenore got up and went to her room. She laid in bed looking at the ceiling, allowing herself to cool down. After about fifteen minutes she got up and went back to the kitchen to make herself a bowl of cereal. She didn't want to stay in there too long. She'd be forced to talk to her mother or worse... her Dad. Her Dad was home now. He always took her mother's side.

"Will you get Charlotte out of bed?" her Mom asked. "She needs to start getting used to getting up early so she can get a job."

"I'll go wake her but that's it. I'm not relaying messages when she is only a few rooms away." said Elenore with a slight attitude.

"What's wrong with her?" Dad asked.

"Oh... just a bit touchy today I guess."

Elenore walked into Charlotte's room and went to wake her. As she got closer she realized she was already awake and looked

to be shaking, just a little.

"Are you ok? Mom and Dad sent me to wake you." asked Elenore.

"I don't know... Those dreams have gotten worse."

"Well maybe you should drink a glass of warm milk before bed to help you sleep."

"I can sleep just fine. I just don't want to anymore. I feel like I live on Elm Street and Freddy Krueger is coming to get me." Charlotte threw on a robe and grabbed her cigarettes and stepped onto the porch. She nervously lit one and took a few drags.

"You're dreaming about Freddy coming for you?" Elenore asked, vaguely remembering the movie. Elenore followed her outside.

"No... Not Freddy... But someone or something." Elenore said quietly. She stood at the railing looking outward. "Someone is chasing me. I really don't know who or even where I am for that matter. It's mostly shapes and shadows. I'm trying to run but he just gets closer. And pain... I feel pain in them. It's odd. I've never felt pain in a dream before. It was almost pleasing. I don't know how to describe it. I just want to stop dreaming altogether. Do they make a pill for that? Charlotte asked with a grin.

"I don't know about that. Maybe."

"Well they are disturbing nonetheless. I don't know what to make of them."

"Yeah, I have dreams like that too."

"Well mine are real and they happen over and over, and they're getting worse and worse. Yours are just normal dreams."

"You're just as bad as Mom." said Elenore as she turned and headed back inside.

"What do you mean?" But Elenore was already gone.

Charlotte checked her phone.

From Jessica: "Hey, what's up?"

From Jessica: "Well..."

From Jessica: "Wake up!"

To Jessica: "Sorry, slept in today."

No response. Charlotte went back inside and took a shower. When she came out she put on a pair of black shorts and a black tee. While brushing her hair her phone vibrated on the nightstand.

From Jessica: "It's about time. What's going on today."

To Jessica: "Nothing yet and nothing later I guess. Why don't you get Brittany and come over? I think she's off today"

From Jessica: "Yeah, I just talked to her. Won't your Mom mind?"

To Jessica: "Since when does that matter? She always minds."

Charlotte finished putting on her makeup.

To Jessica: "Just come over."

From Jessica: "Ok, give me an hour or so. I have to convince Brittany."

To Jessica: "K."

Charlotte went outside to smoke again before heading to the kitchen.

"You are all clean yet you smell like smoke." her Mom said.

"Leave me alone. I've had a rough night... Where's the coffee?"

Elenore had gone back to her room to get away from the family. *No one understands me*, she said to herself. She checked her phone. No messages. I need new friends. Elenore went to her computer and logged onto MeetMe. She had one message. Quickly she clicked on the message tab and then the message.

"To Elenore: "Welcome to..."

"A stupid welcome message." she thought as she clicked delete. Elenore picked up her phone.

To Charlotte: "I signed up on MeetMe last night and haven't got a single message."

From Charlotte:"Not even the welcome message?"

To Charlotte: "Ha ha."

From Charlotte:"Did you upload a picture or write a status?"

To Charlotte: "No and what's that?"

From Charlotte:"A status is something you write about your day or mood or whatever."

To Charlotte: "Do I need to do that?"

From Charlotte:"If you want people to see you. You aren't visible to people if you don't post anything."

To Charlotte: "Ok, thanks."

Elenore pulled a selfie she liked off her phone and uploaded it. Within a few minutes people wrote her and posted some comments. All the comments were pretty much the same saying she was beautiful or such. Her messages were mostly guys wanting to

hook up. She got even more bothered. *It can't be this hard to meet people, nice people that can understand and care.* She pulled up her profile and read it to herself. *This is all typical crap. This is only my surface.* She deleted her "About me" section and decided to start over.

*Dreams, they're drifting far from me  
The wind, the sun and the sea  
All alone I look inside, destined I see  
To be the island that I am  
Forever  
Just one understand  
Take me by the hand  
Just look from within and you can  
You will see me for who I am*

*I sing my songs inside and smile  
Makes me happy for a while  
And I dance to the beats my heart only knows  
I keep them locked away inside  
Forever*

*Til he comes along  
And sings me my song  
And takes me from this solitaire  
With he, my life I want to share*

*Would his stare even notice me  
Just to see past the unknown  
To pass through deceptions I make  
And to find I'm all alone  
Would his stare even notice me  
When I can't even tell that's my own reflection  
Just how will he see when I am hiding  
Myself too deep inside me*

*I sing my songs the words unknown  
Forever they change, just for me  
So if you look into my eyes then you will know  
The feelings trapped inside of me  
Forever  
Know them and know me  
My reality*

*Only yours to see if you're free  
To live in perfect harmony*

*I sing my songs inside my mind  
Listen and maybe you will find  
The beats that I dance to that my heart only knows  
Feel them, or locked away they'll stay  
Forever  
Til he comes along  
And sings me my song  
I'll look to the skies up above  
With he, my everlasting love*

By this time she had nine friend requests and eight more messages. She clicked on "Friend requests" first. One of them had no photo and one was from India. *Why would I want a friend in another country?* She thought as she denied the foreigner. She accepted of the rest of them. At least they are all in Tennessee. She clicked on her messages and browsed through them. Three were "let's get together". Two of them were "What's your number?". She deleted all of those. She answered the other three.

From Ashton: "how are you doing?"  
To Ashton: "Not so good. How are you?"  
From Steven: "Hey"  
To Steven: "Hey"  
From Derik: "Hey what's up"  
To Derik: "Nothing."

Elenore clicked on notifications. There were a few more comments. They were all the same and boring. She went back to messages.

From Ashton: "what's wrong"  
To Ashton: "Oh just family stuff. No one understands me."  
From Derik: "What yer number" Elenore hit delete.  
From Ashton: "i know what you mean. i go thru the same at home. you are 18?"  
To Ashton: "In October. I just used that so people don't treat me like a kid. You?"  
From Ashton: "I'm 20. I just put 17 so people treat me like a kid :)"  
To Ashton: "Lol :) It says your 20. Funny."  
From Ashton: ":)"



From Ashton: "What are you into today?"

To Ashton: "Did some cleaning but not much of anything else. Just a few arguments."

From Ashton: "Sorry"

Elenore installed the MeetMe app on her phone and decided to do some reading. She was halfway through *The Hunger Games: Mockingjay* and wanted to see how it ended.

There was a knock at the front door and Charlotte went to answer it. It was Brittany and Jessica. Jessica was dressed a bit more preppy than Brittany, wearing a stylish red skirt and a matching top. She was wearing silver jewelry that made her blue eyes stand out. The gold purse she was carrying matched her long golden hair. She was also taller than Brittany by an inch; maybe five six. Brittany was wearing a grey tee with a black inked eagle on the front, a pair of black shorts, a silver studded belt but no jewelry. Her eyes were brown but almost black which goes well with her black makeup and long black hair.

"Hey." they both said as they entered the house.

"Hey girls." said Charlotte's Mom across the room.

"Hi." they both said.

They all walked to her room and got out their cigarettes then immediately went outside and started smoking.

"God I need this." said Charlotte as she looked down at her cigarette, smoke escaping her mouth as she spoke. "Mom is in a mood again."

"So are you excited about next week?" asked Brittany.

"Oh hell yeah. It really looks like a fun club. I need to have some fun... real fun. I also need to get high. Got any?"

"Not me." said Brittany. Charlotte looked to Jessica.

"Me neither. I have some Aderal though."

"Gimme." Charlotte said with a smile.

Jessica gave her one. "You need to get a boyfriend so you get this shit for free. That's about all they're good for anyway."

"Yeah, that's true. But I already get it for free." said Charlotte as she swallowed the pill. "There are still a few guys I can text and get together for that. I just would rather have the drugs and not be bothered by them and their needy asses."

Both Brittany and Jessica laughed.

"When are we going shopping anyway? I want a new outfit for the club" asked Jessica. "I'm off tomorrow."

"You know we don't work. Tomorrow is great." said Brittany.

"What she said." Charlotte added.

Elenore heard voices from Charlotte's room and decided to be included herself. She entered her room and the sliding glass door outside was open so she stepped outside.

"Don't we knock?" asked Charlotte with a tone.

"Yeah. Sorry."

"What do you want?" asked Charlotte.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just bored. What's up?"

"Nothing, just girl talk."

"I'm a girl." Elenore said.

"Then I mean... woman talk." Charlotte grinned. "We are talking about the new club, The Dungeon, that opens next week."

"I want to go."

"You have to be eighteen to get in. Twenty-one to have fun." Charlotte looked to her friends and they all smiled.

They had no choice but to deal with the little sister since they had all just started another cigarette. The balcony is fair game for Elenore.

"I hate my life. I can't do anything I want." Elenore said as she stormed off to her room.

"What was that all about?" asked Brittany

"Everyone in this house is in a mood today. Don't pay attention to her."

Charlotte's phone vibrated in her pocket.

From Steven: "Hey girl"

To Steven: "Hey"

"Who's that?" asked Brittany.

"Steven."

"Is he going to the club?"

"Hell no. I'm not inviting him. I wanna meet some hot guy with a corvette. I'm not going to bring some loser with no job and who probably can't even afford to buy me a drink... God I need new guy friends."

They all laughed.

"Don't we all?" said Jessica.

From Steven: "I got some weed. wanna come hang"

To Steven: "I'm hanging with Brittany and Jessica right now."

From Steven: "bring them too"

"Steven wants us to go hang with him." she said to the

girls.

"No thanks. I got to count the tile in my kitchen." said Jessica.

They all laughed.

"He's got weed." said Charlotte.

"Let's go." said Brittany.

"Nah, I'm good." said Jessica.

"Come on." said Brittany.

"Yeah come on. We'll smoke all he's got and leave." said Charlotte.

"I dunno." said Jessica.

"Your coming." said Charlotte.

They all went into Charlotte's room and took their turn in the bathroom. Charlotte texted Steven back with the go ahead. Charlotte brushed her hair and checked her outfit. The three of them went into the living room.

"Mom... We're going to go out for a bit." said Charlotte.

"Where are you going?" asked Mom.

"Just out... Nowhere in particular."

"Be back before dinner."

"Okay Mom. Geez."

The three of them went outside and made their way to the car. Elenore looked out her window and watched them drive off in Jessica's car, a silver beetle. It wasn't anything fancy but it was more than her sister had. She pouted and dropped her head to her pillow for a moment before picking her book up.

"Are we going to be back before dinner?" Brittany asked Charlotte.

"Who knows, who cares... probably not." she smirked. "God I hate living at home. We need to get a place together."

"Sounds good to me. You guys both need to get jobs and you," looking at Charlotte, "need to get a car first." said Jessica.

"Yeah, yeah."

Jessica started the car and drove off. Steven had an apartment with a friend that his parents helped pay for just to get him out of the house. He didn't have much of anything, not even have a car. He usually had weed though and that's why he was popular.

Elenore was in her room laying on the bed reading. Her book was very interesting but her mood was keeping her attention

elsewhere. She put the book down and picked up her phone. MeetMe had the number 3 on the app button so she clicked it. She had three messages.

From Ashton: "Are you there?"

To Ashton: "Sorry. It's been crazy around here."

From Roger: "how are you?" After looking at his photos Elenore decided to delete Roger's message. He was not her type.

From xSilviax: "You are very pretty. Want to chat?"

To xSilviax: "Sure."

No one returned her messages right away so she amused herself reading through the local statuses of boys and girls near her. Some of them were funny and much of it was drama; girls ragging on other girls... Most of it were girls postings about how bad guys are and how they can't find a good man... statuses that were asking for pity parties. Elenore didn't care much for drama.

From Ashton: "No problem. I have 2 sisters. It is always crazy here."

To Ashton: "I have one, but that's bad enough. She causes enough trouble for three. :)" Elenore read his profile. There wasn't much there but he was cute and he was 20. "Do you have a car?"

From Ashton: "Yeah why? Want to go somewhere?"

To Ashton: "No. I was just wondering. I don't have a car. I got my permit last year but I can't drive my parent's car unless I'm with them so I can't ever go anywhere."

From Ashton: "I see. Well maybe sometime we'll go somewhere together."

To Ashton: "I dunno. Maybe... I don't even know you yet. You don't know me either."

From Ashton: "What do you want to know?"

To Ashton: "Do you go to school? Have a job?"

From Ashton: "Both. I go to college and I work part time with my Dad."

To Ashton: "Doing what?"

From Ashton: "Construction work on the weekends. As long as it doesn't interfere with football practice."

To Ashton: "Ok cool."

To Ashton: "Well I'm going to do some reading. ttyl :)"

From Ashton: "Later"

Elenore had another message. It was from xSilviax. It was very provocative so she just deleted it. Elenore wasn't bisexual.

Charlotte and her friends just arrived at Steve's and gathered their things before they knocked on his door.

"What time did you want to go shopping and where do you want to go?" asked Charlotte.

"I'd say 11 but I know you won't be up so how about I pick you up around 1?" said Jessica

"Sounds good to me. How about you?" she said looking at Brittany.

Brittany was checking her phone and didn't really pay attention to the question but answered anyway. "Yeah, that's fine."

"Hey girls." said Steve as he opened the door.

"Hi Steve." said Brittany and Jessica.

"I so need to get high." said Charlotte with an apparent attitude of despair as she walked in.

They all made their way to the living room. Charlotte and Brittany had a seat while Jessica was forced to remove some dirty laundry and what appeared to be last night's dinner plates from her chair before sitting. She just put them on the floor.

"Where's Brian?" asked Brittany. Brian is Steve's roommate. They got along ok but he was not Steve's best friend. It was just a convenience to live together as Steve was on a limited budget.

"Oh he's out making rent." said Steve as he removed clutter from his seat as well before sitting down. He reached across the table and grabbed a small container; a ceramic box with a skull on top. He opened it and took out a bud and proceeded to ready his bong.

The four of them smoked and talked over the next hour feeling pretty good. They were listening to music and watching a Monty Python movie. Steve tried being very touchy with the three of them. Brittany and Jessica blew him off. Charlotte was more allowing. She knew she was better to be playful if she wanted to get high again. By 8 o'clock they had smoked everything he had and the girls were getting bored.

"Well I need to get home" said Brittany

"Yeah, so do I. I told Mom I'd be back early. Are you ready to leave?" asked Jessica as she looked over to Charlotte.

"I have some whiskey." said Steve as he started to stand up.

"Oh, I wanna get drunk. Come on, let's stay." Charlotte looked at the girls. They were already standing. It was obvious they wanted to leave.

Steve put his hand on Charlotte's leg and she turned to him and smiled.

"I wanna get drunk, really drunk." she said looking into his eyes.

"I have a whole bottle. I only did like maybe 2 shots from it." said Steve.

Charlotte just grinned and leaned into him, touching his face.

"Come on Charlotte." said Jessica as she motioned towards the door. "We have to go shopping tomorrow, remember?"

"I'll catch up with you guys later. I need to do this... really." Charlotte looked down at Steve's big hands. "Oh... I need to do this."

Jessica looked at Brittany. "Let's go... She's not going anywhere." she said as she motioned to Charlotte.

Brittany followed Jessica to the door. "See ya tomorrow." she said as she looked back.

Charlotte ignored the two of them and looked up at Steve. "Go get that bottle."

Steve got up in a flash making it obvious he wanted Charlotte to start drinking. He went into the kitchen and got two glasses, the bottle of Jack Daniels and an opened bag of chips. He brought them back to the couch and sat close to Charlotte. Charlotte watched intently as he poured the first glass and then she grabbed the bottle from him.

"That's yours." she said as she pointed to the glass. Then she pulled the bottle to her mouth and quickly drank three swallows. Charlotte's eyes were already glazed over as she looked up to Steve. "I'm feeling really good... I've been having a lot of dreams, weird dreams. I don't know what to make of them. Sometimes I'm frightened, but I feel compelled... to live it."

Steve just laughed out loud. He was very high and did not know what to make of that. He thought she was kidding around. "What kind of dreams baby?" He asked while smiling.

"I don't know, but they keep me up at night." She looked down at Steve's hands. She placed her fingertip on one and gently stroked it's length. "My you have big hands." She brought the bottle to her lips and took three more swallows, licked her lips,

and then two more.

Steve caressed her. He put his hand between her legs and tried to fondle her. "I want you now baby. I've been waiting all day and couldn't wait for your friends to leave."

Charlotte closed her eyes and nodded her head down. "You don't understand. No one does... I don't understand. I mean... Oh, I don't know what I mean, not really." She placed her hands in her lap and took a deep breath. "Do you know what it's like to want something really bad yet... Not even know what it is, what it is you want?" She turned to her side and dropped her head back on the armrest. She paused a moment and took another deep breath. "I need a psychiatrist."

The two of them decided to watch some TV. They cooked the frozen pizza that was in the freezer for dinner; nothing special but it was food and she hadn't eaten all day. Charlotte's phone buzzed.

From Mom: "Dinner in the fridge when you get home. When will that be?"

She decided to ignore it. It would only start an argument that will continue tomorrow so she may as well save it for tomorrow.

"Well unless Brian gives me a ride home I am stuck here tonight."

"He won't be home tonight. He went to his girl's house. He always stays the night when he's there."

"Well in that case I'm ready for bed. There's nothing on TV anyway."

Steve pointed to the shelf. "We have Xbox. We can play a game or watch a movie."

She browsed their stack of movies... Die Hard, Terminator and about twenty other guy movies from yesteryear. "No thanks... I'd rather stare at the bedroom ceiling."

"Well alrighty then. Bedtime it is." he said with a big smile. He got up from the couch and started towards the bedroom.

Charlotte followed him and stopped. "Wait... can't forget this." She turned back to the living room and grabbed the bottle. "I almost forgot my sleeping pill."

They both got into bed. It was a full size so she'll be forced to sleep right next to him. She hadn't planned on staying the night so she didn't bring anything with her. She just had to make due as she always did before.

Right away Steve was all over her; rubbing his body against hers, trying to put his hand up her shirt. Charlotte just kept shrugging him off.

"Have you ever been kinky before?" she asked.

"Sure, all the time. I like to sixty-nine. I love oral..."

Charlotte cut him off. "That's not kinky. Being kinky is doing things that most people don't. Everyone does those things." She turned her head toward the wall so not to look at him. "I mean like spankings and getting tied up... hair pulling."

"I've never had my hair pulled or been spanked." said Steve.

"Not you..." she said, and in a shy quiet voice, "Me."

"What?"

Louder now, "Me."

"Oh ok. Sounded fun though."

"Would you do it? For me?"

"What?" he asked.

"Spank me. Geez! Don't you pay attention to anything?" She leaned over and grabbed the bottle from the nightstand. It was about on fourth the way full. She drank it all. "Fucking spank me already!" she said in an agitated tone to provoke some kind of effort on his part. She turned over onto her stomach.

Steve smacked her ass in a playful manner lightly. "Like this?"

"Harder than that."

Steve tried again and kept saying silly things as he did.

"Stop..." Charlotte removed her pants and panties. She rolled back over. "Pull my hair."

He grabbed a small lock and pulled sharply.

"Ow! Fuck! Just stop." she said as she rubbed her scalp a bit. "Just try spanking me again. And please... don't say anything."

Steve slapped her ass a few times but still didn't take it seriously. His actions were more that of a clown. "My turn." he said.

Charlotte turned over. "Just forget it." She turned her head to the side and said again, but much quieter, "Just forget it."

Steve wasn't turned off by any of this; in fact he was very aroused and had a sense of pride for doing something new. He slid his hand between her legs. Charlotte didn't resist. It wasn't what she envisioned. She was quite disappointed with it all, but Steve was horny and she was too drunk to resist. She let him fuck



her. She tried to make it more exciting by envisioning her dreams but Steve was too much of a fumbling fool to allow her to immerse herself in a fantasy, besides... it didn't last long enough.

## Chapter 6

### *Stalker*

Charlotte tried to remember the last time she had fun in bed. *Back when I had to worry about getting caught. Now that I am old enough my parents don't care so there is nothing to fear or worry about. That's it...* she said to herself. *I guess I need to try something different. Maybe do it in the park or something... something with risk factor.*

Charlotte got up to clean herself in the bathroom. When she got back Steve was already passed out.

*It figures...* She looked to the clock. *1:30 in the morning? Geez, I'm tired... if only I could actually rest.*

She removed the clothing she still had on, the socks Steve left behind, and tossed them to the floor without a care of where they land. She pulled the sheet back and climbed within. Reaching over, she turned off the light and held her head above the pillow with hesitation before letting it drop.

"Ughhh."

By this time her alcohol had worn off a bit; likely due to her frustration with her lover. She stared up for a while trying to envision Steve as a dominant partner. She had always taken the

lead when she wanted to have fun. The only times she didn't were when she was using the guy and simply laid there until he was done. That didn't imply they were dominant though. It just meant she didn't care. She turned over. Her side of the bed was next to the window and she could see outside. Steve lived in a more affordable apartment. Privacy was not one of its luxuries. She watched as cars passed by, their headlights gleaming in the window; moving streaks of light across the wall. Steve wasn't much of a decorator. The walls were bare.

Her lack of sleep quickly overcame her as she faded silently into the night, awaiting an array of subconscious imaginations to take a hold of her. Mere moments passed before her eyes entered a frenzy.

*I find myself once again, deep inside a wooded area, a place where I have never been yet I have seen countless times. The eerie haze surrounds me as always. It suppresses my awareness, my senses and my sight, putting me into a seemingly tranquil state. If only it were.*

*I begin my panting as always and try to take a deep breath. I find the air too thick, too cold, as I force it inside and out. I hurl myself forward in an effort to find serenity, a place where I am with only myself and a tender thought, or even the lack of thought, as it too offers safe haven. But no, that place is not here. That place is not near. For I have been here before, many, many times. It has become a frequent destination of mine at night's end, but not by choice... not by choice.*

*Without direction I fall forward into the uninviting thicket of thorns and debris illuminated only by the faint moonlight. This light is obscured by the overcast, the trees and the nightmarish figures that haunt me. Shapeless shadows creep their way towards me as I struggle to evade them. They are without form, intertwining into the vines and cold dampened leaves below. They edge themselves into the blackening nightscape. I pull myself upward, struggling against the massive weight I feel pressing down upon me. It is not something I can see, nor do I even bother to look for it anymore. It is an invisible force that pins me down whilst I await my pursuer. Each and every night he is yet another step closer. Looking back I see his form, his silhouette mingling, defined only by non definition... seamlessly blending with the woods and its demeaning branches and its lingering forms. He calls my name with a whisper, a deafening*

whisper, if there is such a thing... Nonetheless the effect is real as it renders me still, helpless and waiting.

"I am he who consumes your every thought. I am he who you undeniably fear. I am he who you cannot resist." he calls.

Grasping a heavy branch I pull myself onward with great effort, dragging my feet behind. The mist surrounds me as the wind casts it from one area to another, intentionally blinding me my escape. From tree to tree I grab, scraping my hands, wearing them down to raw redness and scratched flesh. My arms scrape along their sides, peeling the bark away from the drunken branches. They seem to bend towards me with every step I take, dancing and ripping they grab onto me with every gust of musty air. The wind hurls leaves in a frenzy, swirling around me like a forsaken spell... one that casts doom unto my thoughts. He is drawing near. I can feel his presence taking hold; his scent overcomes me as he gets closer. For every step I take he seems to take two. The haze is his cloak as he floats from darkness to darkness, always avoiding the dim light to which I am trying to reach. My efforts seem futile as the distance between us grows smaller and smaller... yet I struggle, struggle onward.

Looking back, I see his manly figure growing fiercely darker and much more defined against the thickening grey. The fog blankets my footsteps past, swirling almost too solid form. They turn almost silver, like a mirror, a mirror casting back unto me my own image. I see a reflection of my fear and my tormented soul. He's right here, right in front of me. He reaches towards me. I spin myself around and, in a flash; he's within an arm's grasp. I now realize I've been looking upon his reflection the whole time, and with each and every step I took, I became one step closer to my own nightmare.

"Surrender yourself to me." he speaks in a firm whisper.

I take a step backwards and find myself falling. He grabs me by my hand, keeping me from hitting the ground.

"Take my hand and follow, for I will lead the way. Are you ready to begin?"

Charlotte woke up. Her heart was racing and her breathing was heavy and she had a pounding headache.

Why do I always forget to take Tylenol before going to sleep?

She soon realized she wasn't at home and turned to look at Steve who was sleeping like a baby.

How the hell did he sleep through that?

She reached over and saw the clock. *4:30 AM?! And damn it, my cigarettes are in the living room.* She sighed and looked outside once again. It wasn't worth the trouble to get out of bed to smoke and these dreams were getting the best of her. She just laid there trying to fall back to sleep. After a while she counted the cars that passed by. Thirty-one was the magic number, but at this time of the morning there wasn't much traffic. It was 6:20 when she finally fell asleep.

Elenore woke up early today, too early to do her cleaning for she might wake her parents on a Sunday morning. She contemplated going back to sleep but decided to make use of her day instead. She checked her MeetMe account. She had two Messages.

From Ashton: "How are you doing tonight?" The message was sent last night but she had forgotten to check it.

To Ashton: "I'm doing ok. How about you?"

She didn't expect a reply this early so she put her phone down. She picked up her book and started reading. She was almost done and she was enjoying the story. Besides, there was nothing on TV this early, especially on a Sunday. For a while she read but out of the corner of her eye she kept seeing her easel. She took it out of the closet while she was cleaning yesterday and she thought she might be in the mood to do some painting. She got up and put some clothes on and got her paints and brushes out of the closet, set up a chair and started to paint.

She hadn't even decided what to paint but just started mixing some grey and black together and applied them to the canvas. Perhaps her mood was set by the grey overcast outside. Rain was a peaceful time for Elenore. It allowed her to be alone even when she wasn't. But this morning it wasn't raining. It was just dark and gloomy. She got up and opened the curtains all the way so she could see outside and to let some of the natural lighting into her bedroom while painting.

Her phone buzzed. The MeetMe app sent notifications to her phone so she didn't have to keep checking it. There was a message.

From Ashton: "I'm doing good."

To Ashton: "That's cool. Why are you up so early? I thought you'd be sleeping in on a Sunday." It was still only 9

o'clock.

From Ashton: "I'm going out on the lake today with my big brother. Dad is letting us borrow the boat but he won't let me take it out alone just yet."

To Ashton: "That sounds like fun. I wish I could go out on the lake."

From Ashton: "You can come if you want. Yeah... why don't you come with me."

To Ashton: "I'm tempted. Really. But my parents are asleep and they'd kill me if I went out with some strange guy out on the lake, especially while they were still in bed."

From Ashton: "I understand that. Maybe next time."

To Ashton: "Yeah, maybe next time."

From Ashton: "Well if you wanna text me my number is 865 555-7867. I should be available during the day when I'm not swimming or just having too much fun. lol."

To Ashton: "Yeah ok. Well have some fun. ttyl."

Elenore was starting to like Ashton. He seemed pretty nice, not like all the other guys that have messaged her, begging for her number or asking for pictures of her naked. Elenore painted a little while longer. She cleaned up her brushes and put her paints away. The sun had come out so this was a good time to go for a walk; besides... she wanted some fresh flowers for the dining room and for herself. She kept a small vase in her room.

Since it was gloomy when she woke up she instinctively put on pants and a tee shirt. The sun was out now so she changed into shorts and a half shirt so she could enjoy it. She folded her removed clothing and hung them back in the closet. She put on her sneakers though since she'd be walking off the pathway and into the wooded area.

Elenore stepped outside into the beautiful summer air. It wasn't too hot for this time of year, maybe a bit muggy, but still nice. She crossed the lawn and entered the woods through the pathways that ran through them. They weren't there when they moved in, but after years of her and her sister playing as children, the paths were formed. Charlotte hasn't been through them in years; not ever since she was old enough to start getting into trouble; not ever since she found herself liking boys. Charlotte always managed to choose the wrong crowd when she was little. Now she was the wrong crowd. People came to her when they needed a bad influence. Charlotte was not a bad person. She just

had no direction or discipline for herself.

Elenore took her usual path and followed it down for thirty minutes. The woods weren't big enough to get lost in but large enough to explore without boredom setting in. She took her time to enjoy the nature, even if there were no flowers immediately around her. There was a stream up ahead that she sometimes liked to follow. It ran all the way behind the hill where her new neighbor lived. Charlotte and herself used to venture out there when she was young but it took well over an hour to get there, even when you didn't allow yourself to get side tracked with the rocks, trees and other obstacles nature put in your way. Elenore came to a small clearing and gathered some pretty flowers for herself and for the living room. She continued on a little further and sat on a large rock overlooking the stream. She could sit there for hours she thought. Several of the trees around her must have been close to a hundred years old, having huge trunks and branches. Charlotte and herself used to sit on some of the limbs above the creek, just looking down into the water. She was a little too big to try and do that now. Besides... she was at that age where you cared about your clothes and such ventures have destroyed much of her youthful attire. She could still remember all the times her mother yelled at them for just that. She smiled and headed back to the house.

Charlotte awakened to the sound of people arguing outside. She glanced over; all covered in sweat, and saw a young couple outside the window. They were dressed for the summer, both wearing shorts and she wore a tee while he had no shirt on. If we were anywhere near a beach that is where I'd guess they were going.

*10:30 already?* She asked herself as she tried to come to her senses.

She turned her head upwards and stared at the ceiling. A few minutes passed and she shrugged, pulled the covers away and stepped onto the floor.

*I just gotta make it through the day;* she thought to herself, *Maybe shopping will help me get my mind in order.* She sat up quickly. *Shopping. Damn I gotta text Jessica.*

She looked over trying to find her phone but didn't see it anywhere. She got out of bed and ran into the living room. She grabbed her phone off the table where she had left it.

From Jessica: "Are you ready? I'm off to get Bri and then coming to get you."

To Jessica: "Hey I'm still at Steve's. Get me over here."  
No reply.

Thinking she wouldn't read her text until it was too late she called her on the phone. She stepped outside to smoke.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Hey. I'm still at Steve's. Come get me here."

"I'm almost at your house already."

"Ok. Then pick me up there if it's easier."

"Girl... You are too much trouble sometimes." she laughed.

Jessica turned back and headed to Steve's.

Charlotte was waiting by the door and walked out to the car as she pulled in. "Let's swing by my house so I can get cleaned up and put on some new clothes."

"Hey Charlotte." said Brittany from the backseat. Charlotte always rode up front so she didn't bother to claim it first.

"Where's Steve?"

"Asleep I guess... Who cares?"

When they got to Charlotte's house she told her friends to wait in the car. She snuck into her bedroom from the porch entrance so not to alert her parents. Elenore knocked on the door and Charlotte didn't answer.

"Mom and Dad aren't home. There's no reason to pretend you aren't." said Elenore.

Charlotte opened the door. "Oh okay."

"What are you doing home so late?" asked Elenore as she noticed Brittany and Jessica outside waiting.

"Just changing clothes and then going shopping."

"Can I come too? I need to get out of the house."

"No. It's just the three of us. You'll just get in the way."

"You know Mom and Dad don't know that you never came home last night." Elenore said. "If you wanna keep it that way..."

Charlotte rolled her eyes and paused a moment. "Yeah yeah. Hurry up and get ready. It'll give me something less to deal with later."

Charlotte waived her friends to come in. "My parents aren't home so I'm gonna shower real quick." she said as they walked in.

"Really? I mean really?" said Jessica "It's Sunday. The mall isn't open late remember? Besides, I don't feel like sitting here looking at your fish."



"I don't have any fish." Charlotte said with confusion.

"Well if you did it would give me something to look at now wouldn't it?" She smiled.

Charlotte grabbed some clothes and took them into the bathroom with her. Elenore came into the room with her purse."

"I'm all ready. I left a note for Mom and Dad."

"By the way... Elenore is coming with us." Charlotte yelled through the door.

"Lovely." Jessica mumbled under her breath.

"Oh, hold on." Elenore said as she darted out the door. A few minutes later she came back with the painting she started. Jessica and Brittany were outside smoking so she followed them out. "Look what I've been painting." She held it in from of them to look at. There wasn't much there yet. It was all grey with trees and shadows. "Charlotte's dreams inspired me. I still have lots to do though."

Brittany and Jessica looked at it and smiled.

"Looks great so far." said Jessica.

"Is that what Charlotte sees in her dreams?" asked Brittany.

"I don't know for real. She hasn't seen it yet."

Charlotte exited the shower and got dressed. She joined her friends outside to smoke before drying her hair. "I'm almost ready."

Her friends lit up another.

"Look what Elenore's been painting." said Jessica.

Charlotte turned her head and looked. All the trees were twisted and dark with deep shadows and organic forms throughout. She didn't need to ask what it was. She just stared at it with her eyes open wide, not uttering a word.

"I've been painting your dreams." said Elenore.

"But school is out... why are you painting?"

"I've got nothing to do all summer. Your dreams made me want to paint."

"Nightmares you mean. Well keep it in your room. I see it enough already as it is." Charlotte finished her cigarette and headed back inside to dry her hair.

Elenore took her painting back to her room and returned. Charlotte soon came out and they all headed to the mall. When they arrived they stepped outside to smoke. Jessica didn't like to smoke in her car, not since burning her own seat last year. The three of them lit up and took long deep drags as if it was

their last cigarette ever. Elenore just stared at them intently.

"So how's MeetMe going?" Charlotte asked Elenore.

"Eh... I talk to one guy one there some. All the others have been jerks, out of the country or just plain ugly. One guy even sent me a picture of his penis. I didn't know how to view the pictures until I got the app. I blocked his ass."

"Get used to it. That's how guys communicate nowadays... dick pics."

"I'm just not going to view anymore pictures people send. I'll never get used to it. Ever!"

The three girls laughed. They finished up their cigarettes and tossed them into the parking lot. The four of them went inside the mall through the main entrance.

"Meet us back here in two hours." Charlotte said as Elenore walked off.

Paul has enjoyed his weekend off. It has been the first time he could spend it with his family in New York. He flew home on Friday night to surprise his wife. His wife had always been very supportive of his career and was able to tend to most of the children's needs and upbringing since she had no need for a career. Her life as a housewife and mother didn't take their toll on her. She was still very attractive for fifty.

Paul called me around 2.

"Hey Paul. What's up? You're not due til tomorrow."

"I'm just checking in with you. How's Joshua working out? Did he quit yet?" He laughed.

"No. He took my history pretty well, much like you did."

"It does take a little time to swallow and yeah. I talked to him yesterday. I wanted to make sure he was still onboard and knew that you were a normal person all in all. What someone says to your face isn't always what they are actually thinking you know."

"I appreciate that. I think he'll work out just fine. I still have more to tell him but I'll get to that as he asks or when the opportunity presents itself."

"Of course. Never too much too soon. I'll be back in town tomorrow afternoon. I'll be at the Hyatt downtown as usual."

"Nonsense. I have the house fairly well furnished and comfortable. Stay with me during the week. I won't bite."

Paul laughed. "Sounds good to me. I'll cancel my

reservations then."

"We can have some non-business time, maybe go to the lake for a day. I'll invite Josh. It'll be just the three of us."

"That sounds like a plan to me."

"Well get back to your beautiful wife and spend your time with her. Tell Melinda hello."

"Will do."

"See you tomorrow." I said.

"Bye."

Elenore headed to Claire's to look at some jewelry and the girls went straight to Hot Topic after Charlotte ate something from the food court. She hadn't eaten much in the past few days.

Charlotte and Brittany loved the gothic wear which made up almost their entire wardrobe. There weren't too many places to shop for that style so Hot Topic was always first on their list. The only other choices were the thrift stores or online shopping. Brittany always got money from her parents. They were pretty well off although they put her on a fixed budget. Jessica was a little more mixed in her styles. She did enjoy the gothic look but since she had a job, she also wore more contemporary clothing and makeup. She didn't have a professional job but she was assistant manager at Hardee's so she had to subdue her style at times.

The three of them browsed around. Most everything they looked at was in black. What other color is there? Charlotte pulled a pair of black, lace up shorts off the rack.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"Nice." said Brittany

"Hardly clubwear." commented Jessica.

"Yeah, I know. But I do like them."

They both smiled and continue browsing for themselves. Brittany grabbed a few things to try on. Jessica just browsed a bit and didn't see anything she really cared for.

"I'm gonna go look around some other stores. I'll meet up with you guys later." she said.

"Ok." they answered. They didn't really pay too much attention to her. They were shopping after all.

Charlotte pulled a pair of tight fit jeans off the rack. They were distressed, black and had tears up and down the front. They also had small metal skulls for rivets and the button. "I'm in love."

Brittany turned towards her and looked. "You always find the good things before me. It's not fair." She smiled. She continued looking around the store, gathered up a few more things to try on and went to the dressing room. "Hey Charlotte." she said from across the room.

She turned and looked her over. "That's hot. You gotta wear that Friday." She went back to her shopping for the perfect top and accessories.

Brittany tried on a few more things but settled on the first outfit. They both brought their clothing to the counter and asked the girl at the counter to hold them while they looked at some accessories. She obliged. After about thirty minutes they had each found accessories they liked. Brittany got a black purse, a silver necklace and bracelet. She also got a few charms. Charlotte also got a new purse. Hers was black and pink. She also got herself a new belt for her pants. It was black with silver studs running along its length. The two of them purchased their apparel and set off to find Jessica.

Elenore had spent an hour shopping at Claire's. There is way too much to look at so it took some time. She didn't buy anything though. Every time she found something she liked she thought *Who's going to see me in this?* and put it back on the rack. She did particularly like one necklace and thought about getting it anyway on her way out. *Maybe next time*, She thought as she headed out to do some more window shopping.

Jessica was to be found in front of Aeropostale eating an Auntie Anne's pretzel. She had already made her purchase at Ann Taylor and was just wasting some time before meeting up with her friends. She had bought some more upscale clothing for herself. She was content with what she had at home for the club. The three of them walked around, mostly looking at guys now, but occasionally stopped at a shop or two when they eyed something enticing from the window. When it was time they went to meet up with Elenore to leave. She was on time and waiting by the entrance. They headed home.

"Hey." said Elenore. "We should get some pizza on the way home. I've not had a chance to cook."

"Yeah. Maybe it'll cool Mom and Dad off too." said Charlotte. "I'm sure they're in a foul mood."

"I'll call it in and we can pick it up on the way." said Elenore.

Elenore called in their order and remembered about Ashton.

To Ashton: "Hey, this is Elenore from Meetme. Sorry I forgot to text earlier. I went shopping with my sister and her friends."

## Chapter 7

### *Slave to the March*

Throughout the week Elenore and Ashton sent texts back and forth. Elenore liked him a lot, enough to tell her Mom she was talking to someone. Her Mom was surprised but didn't show any concern. Elenore had always been the good girl and never showed much interest in boys. Her idea of getting out of the house was to go grocery shopping with mother.

Charlotte kept a low profile. She didn't want anything to get in the way of Friday night, that was her night of glory. Sure, she went out all the time, but this was special; a new club, a new outfit. She was feeling good and wanted the night to be magical, anything to make her forget about her dreams.

To Jessica: "Can I stay the night with you Friday?"

From Jessica: "Sure, but you get the couch as always. Why?"

To Jessica: "I don't plan on coming home early. You know how Mom is. Besides, if I meet some hot guy I need a place to take him."

From Jessica: "Well let's hope your hot guy has a place of his own. I don't care to sleep alone and have to listen to you

guys all night. That's not hot to me. lol."

To Jessica: "Yeah, that's my next priority in a guy, having his own place, but first comes a car and a job."

From Brittany: "Lol."

To Brittany: "A girl has got to have priorities :)"

Friday came and Elenore was working on her painting again. This was the first time she's worked on it since Sunday. Most of her free time was spent on reading or talking to Ashton, outside of her daily cleaning rituals.

From Ashton: "Hey. There's a new club opening tonight. Do you want to go?"

To Ashton: "I'm seventeen remember? I can't get in. I really wanted to go. :("

From Ashton: "Oh yeah, I forgot."

To Ashton: "You can go though. I'm sure it will be fun."

From Ashton: "Nah. It wouldn't be fun if you didn't go too."

To Ashton: "Awww :)"

From Ashton: "How about a movie then?"

To Ashton: "I don't know. We've never even met."

From Ashton: "How are we going to meet if we don't plan to meet?"

To Ashton: "You've got a point. I'll have to ask my Mom first."

From Ashton: "Ok. Let me know."

Elenore spent the next hour keeping herself occupied while trying to think how to approach her mother. She'd never been on a date before. She went to the prom last year with a girl friend even though she was asked by several guys. She was always unsure about herself when it came to boys and a bit insecure. Now she had to be concerned about asking her mother and if, God forbid, she said yes, she'd have to deal with the date as well. *What have I gotten myself into?* She asked herself. With the courage she finally mustered up she went into the living room and realized her Mom was still at work. *Dang. I've got to make dinner.* She rushed into the kitchen and looked around for something quick to make. Spaghetti, that's it. There were frozen meatballs in the fridge so no worries there. She threw some water on the stove and started cooking. There were fifteen minutes left before her parents got home. Just enough time to get everything ready.

Josh, Paul and I had decided to go out to dinner. We had been at the club all day making sure everything was ready.

"It's looking good." I said. "Let's go eat."

We all rode together in Paul's car. He had rented something a little larger than our cars, a black Mercedes. We arrived at the steakhouse and stepped outside.

"It's a beautiful day." said Josh as Paul locked the doors. "A great night for a grand opening."

"You bet." said Paul as we walked to the entrance. "But I'm hungry. I think we all forgot to eat today."

It was a little early for a dinner rush so we didn't have to wait to be seated. The hostess guided us to our table and presented us our menus. I sat with my back to the wall while they sat across from me. We had some idle chat before the waitress came back with the drinks we selected.

"Are we ready to order?" she asked.

We weren't looking to have our pallets delighted. We were just hungry and wanted something simple, good... but simple. We all ordered from the steak menu. Paul had the New York strip, Josh had the same and I ordered the Filet Mignon, medium rare.

"Are we expecting a good turn out tonight?" I asked.

"The radio ad has been playing for the past three weeks while the television ad started last week." said Josh "As long as the younger crowd likes gothic rave clubs, we are all set. It should be a really good turnout."

"Young people do like risqué. I think we have that very well covered." added Paul.

We finished our meal and headed back to the club. We didn't have the luxury of time to sit around our table and make our waitress stare us out of our booth. Before stepping into the club I took in one last breath of the afternoon air.

"It's going to be a wonderful night." I said "I just have this feeling."

We entered the club.

At 5:15 Elenore's parents walked in the door just as dinner was being finished. Charlotte had been in her room all day pretending to be job hunting when; in fact, she had been sleeping and texting all day. But it was time for her to get out of her slumber anyway. She had a club to go to and she needed time to make herself perfect.



Mom and Dad went to go change into something more comfortable and came back to the dining room just as Elenore was serving.

"No flowers today." Mom said, noticing the empty vase.

"Oh, I forgot all about that. I emptied the vase this morning because they weren't fresh anymore, but I forgot to go pick new ones."

"So what got you all preoccupied like that?"

Elenore wasn't ready to ask about going out yet, not in front of Dad and especially not in front of her sister. She'd love the chance to poke some fun at her.

"Can you pass the parmesan Charlotte?" Mom asked.

It was lucky for Elenore that Mom didn't seem too serious about her inquiry. Elenore waited until the table was cleared and the dishes were done before popping the question. Mom and Dad seemed inseparable that night so she waited for the right opportunity. Charlotte always had better things to do in her room so she wasn't a problem. Dad finally went to take his shower. He preferred to take his showers in the evening.

"Mom?"

"Yes honey?"

"Remember that boy I told you about?"

"Boy?... Oh yeah I remember."

"He asked if I could go out tonight, to a movie."

"Like a date? You are only..." Mom paused. "Well actually you are old enough now. Time does fly I guess."

"Well he's really nice. He has a car and a job and everything."

"Well I can't really say no. I mean... Charlotte started dating at sixteen and you... You'll be eighteen in a few months."

Elenore smiled.

"Sure. I don't think your father will mind. You have to be home by midnight. Maybe it's time we had that mother daughter talk."

"No I'm fine. I listened to your talk with Charlotte years ago. Any questions I may have had got answered watching Charlotte." said Elenore.

"Well, you just do the opposite of Charlotte and you'll be fine. She's not a very good source for answers."

Elenore quickly ran to her room.

To Ashton: "She said I can go. :)"

From Ashton: "Great. I almost gave up on you."

To Ashton: "Sorry. Mom wasn't home to ask til dinner time."

From Ashton: "That's ok. How about I pick you up at 8?"

Elenore finished up the conversation and set the details straight. She needed time to get ready. Her first date. *What am I going to wear?* Elenore really didn't think it through. *Maybe I should wait until tomorrow, better yet, next week.* There wasn't time to think though and Ashton may not like girls who change their minds often. She chose to follow it through, for better or for worse.

*It's 6 o'clock now. That gives me 2 hours. That should be enough time,* she thought to herself as she stood there in the middle of the floor... not moving. *Right.* Lucky Charlotte had already showered so she wouldn't have to use Mom's. That would just slow her down. She walked into the bathroom as Charlotte was doing her hair. *No problem,* she thought.

"I'm going to take a shower. I have a date tonight."

"You? A date?" Charlotte asked. "Since when do you date?"

"Since tonight." She smiled.

"Who with? Where ya going?"

"I'm going to a movie with Ashton from MeetMe."

"Oh really? What movie?"

Elenore paused for a moment. "I don't even know. I don't think we even talked about that part." She said laughing. Elenore undressed. She didn't even fold her clothes neatly like she always did. She just threw them on the floor, turned on the water and stepped in. "Can you get me a towel? I forgot."

Charlotte opened the closet door and got her a towel.

"Sure." She hung it on the shower door.

Elenore finished rinsing herself off and then the conditioner out of her hair, grabbing the towel as she slide the door open. She dried herself off and went into her room to get dressed. Panties and bra were the easy part. She had no clue what else to wear. She stepped back into the bathroom.

"What should I wear?"

"That depends. Do you wanna get lucky?"

"What do you... no I don't want to get lucky. I want make an impression but nothing that says I'm easy. Maybe I should just wear the opposite of you."

"Very funny."

Elenore went back into her room. She should have known better than to ask her sister for clothing advice. She went to her closet and opened it. *Let's see... summer clothes, church clothes, school clothes...* She had no date clothes or going out clothes. She never did either. *Well I suppose I'll go with school clothes.* Most of them were new anyway since school started in a month. She always stayed on top of things. She found something nice; a long black skirt and a red and black blouse. The outfit is a bit plain for a date but at least it was new. Elenore went back into the bathroom.

"Can I borrow a belt, maybe some accessories? My clothes are fine but I want to jazz things up a bit... You know, less school-looking, less conservative."

"Sure, help yourself. I already have what I'm wearing here with me." said Charlotte "But show me what you take and bring it back later."

"Ok."

Elenore went into Charlotte's closets. Everything had its place and was neatly arranged. "Wow! I'm impressed." she said loud enough for Charlotte to hear. "Everything is so neat while your room... your room isn't so much." Elenore was being kind. Charlotte's room was a disaster and stayed that way.

"Hey... clothing is a woman's life." hollered Charlotte from the bathroom.

Elenore went through all of her belts and jewelry. She was actually quite impressed with the selection. She chose a black belt with bigger and smaller studs that ran the length. The belt buckle was silver like the studs. It had some fairies dangling from it. She found a bracelet and necklace to go along with it. She went back into her room and tried them on. She looked into the mirror and checked herself out. The necklace was a little too big for her... Not the length of it, it just took up too much space, covering too much. She went back and found another one. She looked pretty and felt good.

She took the jewelry off so she could dry her hair then put on makeup. She decided to use darker makeup. She had plenty of that, having always bought the larger kits and never used the darker colors before. She remembered how Charlotte applied hers. Maybe... we'll see, she thought to herself as she actually decided to mimic her sister for once. She spent the next forty-five minutes on her makeup alone and then stood back to examine

herself. *I'm not too sure about this.* She did indeed look a lot like her sister now even with the school clothes on. She looked at the time and there was no going back. It was either this or no makeup at all. She put the jewelry back on and went back into the bathroom. Her sister had into her own room so Elenore walked in on her.

"What do you think?"

"Wow... I mean wow... You don't look anything like Elenore. You actually look good."

"Thanks." she said sarcastically "But really... Do I look ok? I went overboard with the makeup but it's too late to change it."

"No. you look really good. Don't change anything."

Elenore went back in her room to find some shoes to wear and realized she had nothing to go with her look and outfit. She went back to Charlotte's room.

"Yes, my shoes are in the closet. Don't pick anything with big heels. You're not used to them and they'll kill you. If they don't kill you I will, for messing them up."

"Thanks." said Elenore as she went to the closet again. She found a nice pair of black boots that matched her style. The boots came up to her calves and the heels were short enough not to give her any grief.

She checked the clock. She had fifteen minutes until her date arrived. She went out into the living room. Mom and Dad were on the couch watching TV. It was rare that either of them watched TV. They must be having a date night since they have the house to themselves for once. She made her way towards the kitchen.

"Oh Charlotte's in her room... Wait. Elenore? Is that you?"

"Yeah Mom it's me."

"Come over here. Let me look at you."

Elenore walked over to where they were sitting.

"Wow. You look completely different. You look like your..."

"Don't say it."

"Well... Wow... Have a good time on your date."

"Be back by midnight and no earlier." added Dad as he looked into his wife's eyes."

"Ok Dad."

Elenore started back towards her room and then remembered why she came out here to begin with. She turned back towards the kitchen and got herself something to drink and took it back to

her room to wait.

There was a knock on the door. 7:50... *At least he is punctual.* Elenore ran out to the door. The last thing she wanted was for her parents, or worse, sister to answer it. God knows what they'd tell him. Elenore opened the door and Ashton stood with a casual but nice outfit on. His hair was neatly combed and he smelled of cologne. It was a nice scent. Elenore felt a bit over dressed. Better to impress than to depress, she reminded herself.

"Hi. Won't you come in?"

"Dang. You look nothing like your pictures."

"Is that bad?" she said as she closed the door behind them.

"No. You look great."

"Maybe I shouldn't have had my sister help me."

"No, no... You look fantastic."

"Thanks."

She walked to her parents and motioned her date to follow.

"Mom... Dad. This is Ashton. Ashton, these are my parents."

Mom and Dad both stood to face him and extended their hands.

"Pleased to meet you." they each said.

"You too." said Ashton.

"Are you ready?" asked Elenore to Ashton.

"Yeah, of course."

"Goodbye."

"Have a good time sweetie." said Mom.

"Let me get my purse. I'll be right back." said Elenore.

She went to her bedroom, grabbed her purse and came back.

Ashton was waiting by the door. They exited the house and Ashton opened the car door for her. It was a black Camaro, a 2000 model. She thanked him as he circled his way to his door. They drove off.

"So where do you want to go?" said Ashton

"I don't know. We never picked a movie and I hardly had time to get ready. I suppose I should have checked to see what's playing earlier today."

"I didn't check either."

"I'll check the listings on my phone."

Elenore browsed the listings around town. There were several choices as always but nothing really stood out.

"Have you seen *The Purge*?"

"Yeah, that was a pretty good movie."

"Well *The Purge Anarchy* just came out or we got *Dawn of the Planet of the Apes* or *Earth to Echo*." Elenore preferred *Earth to Echo* but thought she'd let him decide.

"Hmmm. How about *Earth to Echo*? I like animated movies." Ashton had remembered his previous conversations and knew Elenore liked Disney and other children's movies.

"Sounds great. It's playing at 9:30 at Regal."

"Great. It will give us a chance to talk before the movie starts."

The two of them had some idle conversation on their way to the theater. It was a nice clear night and not too warm. The line wasn't very long at all. They got their tickets and decided to sit on the bench outside until it was time to go in.

Brittany and Jessica arrived at Charlotte's house around 8:45 pm. Charlotte was just finishing getting ready.

"You're always the last one to finish." said Jessica. Jessica was wearing a short red skirt with red sequins, a black belt and a black top revealing a modest portion of her breasts.

"I may always be late, but I always look great." Charlotte smiled.

"Yeah yeah. Just hurry up. I need to get my drink on." said Brittany. Brittany had on a black derby style hat but allowed her hair to fall freely. She also had on a black skirt, knee high black leather boots and a white top with sleeves.

"I hear that." said Charlotte

Charlotte finished brushing her hair and stared into the mirror for her final approval. She was wearing her new jeans and belt along with a black top, much like Jessica's except more revealing.

"You look good already. Let's go." said Jessica

"Oh okay. I'm coming."

She gathered her purse, checked for her ID, money and cigarettes.

"We need to stop at a store on the way. I need some more cigarettes."

"Yeah. Me too." added Brittany.

The girls said their goodbyes to Charlotte's parents and left. They stopped at the store on the way and Jessica got some needed gas.

"There seems to be quite a crowd outside. Perhaps we should open the doors." said Paul as we approached the club. We drove around back and parked, using the employee entrance to get inside.

We made our way to the dance floor. Our employees were gathered around while I presented a motivational speech. It was our grand opening after all. While I have opened several clubs around the world already, this was all new to them. Only the management had any experience. I promoted Jesse, in New York to manager there and brought Melissa here to manage this venue. She was doing a great job as the manager in New York already. I brought Robert over from Chicago to be the assistant.

"Yeah. It looks like we are all set." I said.

The three of us went upstairs to the private balcony so we could watch the crowd without being bothered. The balcony had a great view of the dance floor and the main bar. It was a great place to monitor the crowd and our employees. It also served as a VIP section or simply a retreat for myself when I paid a visit. But another reason it was here is so that I can watch the girls and have a private place to impress upon them.

The door man unlocked the doors and the club was now officially open for business. Most of the people appeared to be in their early twenties with a mix of late teens. A few of them were older. We had two people checking ID's and two people taking money while providing bracelets. The seating around the dance floor was ample but most of the crowd wandered around, looking at the decor and then approached the bar for a drink. The music and lighting started in as the doors were opened.

Josh, Paul and I stayed on the balcony watching. We occasionally went down to check with the managers, to make sure we had no unforeseen issues but everything was going fine. Josh mingled with the crowd a little while Paul stayed on the balcony most of the night. Josh actually dressed in something sleek and casual. If I hadn't known better I'd have thought he was having fun and had taking a liking to the hunt; a hunt for a girl.

Charlotte and her friends arrived around 9:30. I had just been to the bar and was on my way back upstairs when I saw her. She had on torn black jeans that were tight and showed off her rounded ass and slim legs. She wore a black half top that showed her belly and shoulders. Her jewelry and accessories were all silver, a perfect clash to the black clothing. They sparkled as

she approached the dance floor as the lighting flashed her with all their brilliant colors. She stepped towards the bar in perfect beat to the music, her hips swaying side to side. She swung her hair back in confidence whilst ignoring all the on looking boys. She knew she was hot and she wasn't about to settle for anything less than what she wanted. She wasn't about to choose anyone right away. She had planned this night to be special and would wait it out to see what the evening had to offer before she chose anything, anything but a drink that is. She immediately approached the bar and ordered. I couldn't tell what it was, but it was a mixed drink and it was blue. Of course her friends were beside her, but who was watching them? Not me.

"How's it going?" asked Josh.

"Great. I didn't see you come back up."

Josh had interrupted my moment. Just as well. I had the whole night ahead of me. Now was not the time to approach her anyway. After an hour or so Paul decided to call it quits. He's a bit older to care about this kind of night life. He only came to make sure things started well and was not about to stay over until 3 or 4 in the morning when the club got locked up. We said our goodnights and Paul went back to my house.

Elenore and Ashton enjoyed the movie. He had taken her hand towards the middle which made Elenore feel special. It made her feel like a respected adult for once, but it also made her feel like a woman.

"What do you want to do now?" asked Ashton as they left their seats, heading towards the lobby.

"I don't know. I have til midnight."

"Well that's a little more than an hour. Did you want me to take you home?"

"No. I'm having fun. Besides, I kind of got the impression that Mom and Dad wanted to be alone for a while."

"We can get something to eat. The popcorn wasn't much of a dinner." He smiled.

"Let me text them. Maybe they'll let me stay out a little longer."

She pulled out her phone.

To Mom: "The movie just let out. We were thinking about getting something to eat. Can I stay out a little longer? We only have an hour as it is."



From Mom: "Sure honey, take your time."

"She said take my time so where do you want to go?"

"How about Applebee's? They're are open late. Or even Brixx. They have great pizza."

"Either is fine with me. I ate dinner earlier so I'll just get something light."

"Well Brixx is only a few blocks away. Why waste our time driving."

They drove the short distance to the restaurant. Ashton kept up his charm by continuing to open her door for her. He took her by the hand and led her inside. The hostess seated them and handed them their menus. There were many other choices besides pizza. They each browsed the selections. Elenore wasn't very hungry so she decided to just get a salad and a drink. She did look at the various pizzas though. They looked very appetizing for a future visit. The Greek pizza looked especially good.

"I'm going to order a pizza. After 10 it's buy one get one free. Are you sure you don't want any?"

"Yeah. I'll just get the salad."

The waitress came to take their order.

"I'll have the Bronx Bomber."

The waitress turned to Elenore.

"I'll have Spinach Salad."

"Ok. sounds good. I'll have those out to you shortly." she said as she started her way back.

"No wait." Elenore said, stopping the waitress in her tracks. "I've changed my mind. Bring me the Greek pizza and cancel the salad."

"No problem." And she walked off.

"It looked too good. Besides, I can take it home with me for tomorrow."

Ashton smiled. "You look beautiful tonight. Did I tell you that before?"

"You said I looked great, but saying I look beautiful is much, much better." She blushed.

They enjoyed their dinner and chatted for a while. Chatting after you've made physical contact was much different than online or texting. At this point you didn't even focus on the conversation. You focused on what you were feeling. Elenore was in heaven. This was her first date and everything was going great. She had an attractive and competent date that showed her

courtesy and respect. He had a job and a car. She spent the night with a smile on her face.

They headed back to her house. Ashton walked her to the door. They said their goodbyes and Ashton made his move to kiss her. She had been hoping he would but she was very nervous and awkward to receive it. After the first second or two she closed her eyes and let it happen, just as she had seen in the movies; that perfect kiss.

By midnight the club was in full swing. The dance floor was completely covered with guys and girls getting their rave on. The music was almost too loud but no one seemed to care. They were getting in a zone. Charlotte even went out to dance with her friends. Brittany and Jessica had been dancing throughout the night, mostly with each other but they didn't oppose when a guy joined them. It was free drinks and free was good. Charlotte had remained seated except for her repeated trips to the bar.

"Hey, isn't that Charlotte?" Josh asked as he motioned to the dance floor."

"Yep. I was hoping I'd see her here tonight."

"Her friends are hot."

"Friends?" I stared, "Oh yes... her friends."

"So are you going to talk to her?"

"All in good time. It will happen."

"Well get the blonde's number for me."

"That'll be my priority I'm sure."

After a few moments I managed to break out of my stare and my imagination. I turned to Josh. He had a few drinks by now and seemed a bit loosened up. That was a good thing. As for myself, I was always relaxed.

"Look at all these people." I said. "After all these years I have come to realize that they rarely have a clue."

"What do you mean?"

"About life, about the opposite sex, about anything really. Half of them go through the motions and the other half stands stagnant. But neither half knows what they want, what they can accomplish or where they're going. I must face my reality. Those before me, to this day... ignore me. They are lost in their own fantasy. I toss and I turn at night. Oh, those restful nights I so yearn. They are disappearing. The darkness comes... There is no light yet the candle burns."

I stood up and looked down on the crowd. "I climb and I fall but at least... at least I see there is a wall. The world around us actually divides us. While they see none, I see all."

I returned back to my seat and paused. "My soul will never be free. It is slave to the march of society's dark picture of conformity."

"Yeah well... I'm just having a few drinks and trying to have a good time." said Josh.

"Yeah, me too. Sorry. I sometimes have to vent a bit."

I continued to watch Charlotte dance. She was quite intoxicating.

## Chapter 8

### *Night to Day*

Charlotte's friends looked to be having a ball. Charlotte was all by herself, shutting out everything around her, dancing in her own little world. The lights lit her soul as it drifted from beat to beat. I walked down to the bar. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her and I needed to get closer. She had her eyes closed, her body swaying to the music. The bass rocked the place and hypnotized her senses. She opened her eyes and saw me from a distance. She spun herself around and then back again. I was closer. She closed her eyes and shook her head. When she opened them I was gone.

*Maybe I've had too much to drink,* she thought to herself.

She felt a little light headed and startled so she headed back to her table leaving her friends to dance. After a few more songs they joined her.

"There are a lot of cute guys here." said Jessica.

"Yeah I suppose." said Charlotte.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh... I don't know. I'm just tired I guess. Those dreams keep me up at night. But recently they've become much more real.

I can't really put my finger on it but it all seems to be a part of me. If that makes any sense?"

Jessica shrugged. Brittany was watching the guys and not even paying attention to the conversation.

"Yeah, I know. It doesn't make sense. I suppose that's what burdens me. Trying to put the pieces of my sanity back together each and every day."

"I'm sorry. I'm not following you very well. You told me of your dreams a while back but you never told me what they were about." said Jessica

"Well, until the past few days... I didn't know what they were about. They were, more or less, a bad night's sleep; just feelings of despair and fear and oddly... obsession to know."

"To know what?"

"I don't know... anything, everything... But primarily to know the source and to confront, or even join it."

"You still have me lost."

"Well then you know how I've felt. But recently my dreams have become visual. You remember Elenore's painting?"

"Yeah, sort of."

"That's my dream. I mean it's mostly shapes and shadows. I know it is in the woods. It is foggy and I am being chased by someone. Every time I turn around he is closer and closer to me. I have a feeling of fear but I also feel like I want to stop; to be caught... to know."

"Hmmm, well maybe when Elenore finishes her painting I'll understand. But for now, for now I'm going to get another drink and join Brittany." said Jessica as she stood up. "You don't need another drink." She smiled. "Now get up and join us. We came here to have fun... Remember?"

"Yeah yeah, but I do need another drink."

Brittany had already got up earlier in the conversation. She had eyed a man who had eyed her back. She was felt a little tipsy which meant she became more forward. They were dancing together. Brittany had the look of her "Take me now" attitude. There seemed to be no stopping her now.

Charlotte remained in her seat for a while. She waited until the waitress approached to order another drink. She wasn't in the mood to walk to the bar herself right now. She slowly enjoyed her drink and then joined her friends on the dance floor. Brittany was still dancing with that guy while Jessica just kind of moved

from partner to partner, occasionally playing with Brittany and her guy, doing a three-way dance.

After a while Charlotte warmed up, perhaps it was the alcohol finally setting in. She actually danced with a few guys who butted in. She didn't show any interest in them but she did dance, just for the fun of it. The music was blasting and the lights put her in a trance-like state. Half of the time her eyes were closed while her body moved to the beat, the pounding beat. The lights were upon her and the crowd all around her but she didn't care, she didn't even know... she just allowed it to carry her away for a while.

Josh and I made our rounds to the back. We wanted to ensure everything was still running smoothly. We made it back to the kitchen. I grabbed a few fries and ate them as we walked about. Melissa met us there and followed us.

"The staff is doing a fine job." she noted. "I had my concerns with a few of them earlier in the week but they were unjust. They are doing great as are the rest of them."

"So you don't mind me pulling you from the big city?"

"Big city, little city. They are all made up of people. I like it here so far. You know... When I go to bed at night it is actually quiet."

"Is that a good thing?" Josh asked

"I don't know... I'm not used to it. But yeah... I think it is a good thing."

They both laughed aloud.

"Well I've been all over. Each place has its own merits, but I do have a fondness of the mountains. I grew up amongst them, not these... but others like them."

I pulled out my phone and texted Josh.

To Josh: "Btw, You and Paul are the only living people that know my history. Please keep it that way."

Josh pulled out his phone and checked his message. He patted me on the shoulder to acknowledge.

We proceeded to the bar and checked it over. It was tidy and neat. It seemed the employees are taking care of the place. Nothing ruins an atmosphere more than a mess. Everything must sparkle and shine at all times and everything must be in its place. And it was.

The girls went back to their table, not to get away, but to take a rest. They'd been putting a lot of energy into their

dancing for the past forty-five minutes and needed a break.

"I need a cigarette." said Jessica

"Oh God. Me too... that's why I've been a wreck. I've forgotten to smoke for the past few hours." said Charlotte.

Brittany and Jessica laughed and the three of them went out to the patio.

"I feel deaf. It all of a sudden got really quiet." said Brittany.

"Yeah. Me too. It'll take a few minutes for our ears to adjust to quiet." said Jessica.

"Where did your man go?" Charlotte asked to Brittany.

"I don't know. I think he was too drunk to remember who he was dancing with." laughed Brittany.

"Well we'll have to go find new ones. All the good ones are getting taken." said Jessica.

They finished up their cigarettes but decided to have another one before heading back in. They took a seat and ordered a drink from the waitress. The waitress was wearing all black. She had on a short sleeved shirt and slacks, a black bet and shoes. The other help had the same outfits. The men's were a bit different as they had long sleeves and the management had black dress shirts. They were all a good match.

Charlotte looked around and studied the decor. With all the drinking and dancing she neglected to notice many things. There were St. Andrew's crosses against one wall that caught her eye. They spooked her at first but it prompted her to get up and look around. She had confined herself to one area throughout the night and decided to see what else was here.

The dance floor had large black pillars climbing to the sixteen foot ceiling. They were all carved with what appears to be various demons or medieval design. The walls have half pillars of the same design. The front of the bar is black. It too is carved out of wood with different ancient torture rituals. Between the pillars along the wall were tapestries extending upwards, almost to the ceiling. They were all different but the images on them were mostly something you see in a witchcraft book with various symbols and depictions of rituals. The dance floor was checkered marble and the surrounding floor was black marble with fancy inlays bordering the walls and staircases going up to an area she couldn't quite see. They did have a railing that ran up to, and extended across, a balcony. While her eyes followed it

I leaned forward over it and into view.

"That's him." she said in a startled tone.

"Who?" asked Jessica

"The man in my nightmares. The one who's chasing me."

Charlotte made a motion to indicate where I was. Jessica looked up.

"The guy with the long blonde hair?"

"Yes... Don't look."

Jessica couldn't help but to look. She was curious who haunted Charlotte's nightmares and who was important enough to be up here on the private balcony. She had noticed earlier that the staircases were monitored by the club's bouncers earlier. One stood at each.

"He's cute. He can't be that bad. How do you know it's him though?"

"Look at him, well don't look... But he's very distinctive looking. Kind of hard to forget."

Brittany turned towards them, now taking a break from her man hunt. "What are you guys looking at?" she asked.

"That guy on the balcony with the blonde hair." said Jessica.

"He's cute. Who is he?" she asked.

"He's been haunting my dreams." said Charlotte

"Why don't I have such luck. All I get are mice or giant marshmallows or something like that. I'd never wake up if he were haunting me." said Brittany with a smile, taking a sip of her drink. Brittany was afraid of mice and everyone knew it all too well.

Charlotte tried to sit still but her hands were constantly fidgeting. Her body was almost trembling but she contained it well. She's with friends and there were a lot of people around to make her feel safe. Charlotte has been keeping her eyes focused on her drink; studying it as if it about to move. She raised the glass to her mouth and drank it all. It had been full. She looked around quickly and found the nearest waitress and motioned her over and ordered another.

"I'd let him haunt mine too." said Jessica.

"Trust me. The dreams aren't fun."

"Well I don't see why you're afraid of him. He seems rather gentle and confident."

"I'm not afraid of him." Charlotte looked up at him and then



back down to Jessica nervously.

"I thought you said..."

"No... I'm not of afraid of him. I'm afraid of me." There was a long pause. "I'm afraid I'll say... yes." she uttered quietly as if I were listening.

Charlotte grabbed her drink from the waitress as she approached. She couldn't get it soon enough. She immediately started to drink it. Brittany and Jessica ordered some drinks for themselves.

"Well, just don't look." said Brittany.

"What do you mean?" asked Charlotte as she turned to look.

Her eyes met with mine and it was too late. There was nothing she could do. She froze solid. She wanted to run but she was unable to move. If it weren't for Jessica waving her hand in front of her face she'd never have broken off eye contact.

"I got to get out of here." said Charlotte

"What do you mean? We still have hours left and I've not even found a guy... Brittany lost hers." said Jessica as she turned to Brittany.

"I didn't lose him... he lost himself." said Brittany.

"I'm your ride remember?" said Jessica to Charlotte.

"I don't care... I'll wait outside if I have to."

Normally Jessica would have been compassionate and would have taken her friend home, but she was having fun and she had many drinks in her. She wasn't leaving... not until the end.

"I'll meet up with you guys later." said Charlotte as she paid her tab. She did not chance looking up again as she waited for the waitress to return.

"You are being silly." said Jessica.

"Sorry. I'm not trying to be... I... I just can't stay."

She tipped and signed her receipt and stood up.

"You're serious aren't you?" asked Brittany.

"Yes." she said with her eyes wide open. "I have to leave."

Charlotte headed towards the door keeping her eyes down to the floor, only glancing up on occasion to make sure she had her direction in check. She had just past the stairs when she heard a voice call to her.

"Charlotte." I called out.

Charlotte stood still. She couldn't tell if it were real or if her mind was playing tricks on here.

"Charlotte." again I called to her.

She slowly turned to face me, still looking at the floor. Then she raised her eyes to me.

"How do you know my name?" she asked.

"I own the club. I checked the sign in sheet."

Charlotte's mind was somewhere else and couldn't remember signing such a thing.

"But why? Why me?"

"You stand out from the crowd. I wanted to meet you." I said, taking a step forward. "Let me buy you a drink... and your friends too."

"No... I can't... I can't stay."

"I understand. Perhaps another time." I turned away and started my way back to the balcony.

"No. Wait."

I stood still for a moment and turned towards her. "Please join me in the VIP area upstairs. I'll send for your friends to join us."

Charlotte paused, and then nodded her head. I called one of the waitresses over to me.

"Please invite table 4 up to the VIP lounge. Tell them that their friend Charlotte is there."

I reached out my hand and Charlotte accepted. I walked her upstairs and offered her a seat. She chose one in the back from where she couldn't see the dance floor. The balcony offered two rows of seating. Both consisted of black leather couches, each with its own table in front. The front row had a good view of the bar and the dance floor but you couldn't see most of the seated areas without leaning forward and over the rail. Those in the back row couldn't see anything. It had its privacy.

A few moments later Jessica and Brittany were lead up to join us. They sat next to Charlotte in the back.

"Please feel free to order anything you want. You may use the touch screen in front of you." I said. "I've instructed management to delete your tabs. I've also told them to not process your debit card Charlotte."

The three of them looked at the kiosk on the table. It had several functions. It serves as an order taker, a CCTV monitor and a television.

"You can also use it to monitor any camera on the floor. Forgive me... I am Edison Hyde. If Charlotte hasn't already told you, I own this establishment. This is Joshua, my assistant." I

pointed to Josh as he stood up. He approached each of them and shook their hands after me. "Please. Have a drink and get comfortable."

The three of them looked a little uncomfortable so I let them sit alone for a while. They managed to order a few drinks and the waitress brought them up.

"Would you care for anything else? The restaurant is still open."

"Maybe in a little while." said Jessica.  
The waitress left the balcony and the girls each grabbed their drinks.

"So who is he?" asked Jessica

"You know as much as I do. He has been very polite."

"Well I'm not complaining." said Brittany.

"Excuse me." Charlotte inquired.

I turn towards them. "Yes?"

"Why are we up here?"

"You may come and go as you please. I've instructed the bouncers to let you do so. I didn't want to see you leave before having a moment to talk to you. I thought the three of you would enjoy some special treatment. Forgive me if I was wrong."

"No. You're fine. What makes me so special? Have we ever met?" asked Charlotte.

"Not officially. I am your new neighbor. I've seen you and your sister several times. I've also seen your friends when they've joined you outside."

"Elenore told me she saw someone moving in."

"Elenore? That's your sister's name?" I said while still turning my head back to them.

"Yes. And you may sit here if you'd like." She pointed to the couch beside them.

"I wouldn't want to intrude upon you and your friends."

"No problem. Brittany and I wanted to go back to the dance floor for a while after we smoke." said Jessica.

"Oh yes. I'd like to smoke first also." said Charlotte "But I'll be back."

"I'm looking forward to it." I said.

The three of them made their way to the patio and lit their cigarettes.

"So what do you think?" said Charlotte

"Well if you don't take him I will." said Brittany.

"Yeah. Go for it girl." said Jessica.

"He is kind of cute isn't he?" said Charlotte.

Brittany and Jessica looked around outside but they didn't see any men that caught their eye. They all finished smoking and headed back to the dance floor. Charlotte joined me upstairs. I sent Josh down to tend to the other girl's needs. That's what I told him anyway. I just wanted him to have some fun and interact a little. It also gave us some privacy.

Charlotte and I chatted a bit about nothing in particular. It was obvious she was trying to make herself comfortable. She hid the fact that she recognized me from her dreams. She also wondered if it went two ways. Did I recognize her?

She looked around the balcony and studied the decor. Upstairs I had some more interesting devices. They were mostly ancient torture devices; the iron maiden, the rack and various things that were a little more brutal. They were things that would either get in the way or be too dangerous for the general public downstairs.

"So what are these things for anyway?" She wasn't pointing to anything in particular.

"Just decorations. They go along with the theme. It's *The Dungeon* after all."

She looked behind us. On the wall were various hand held devices and restraints. They were actually mounted to the wall and could not easily be removed.

"Interesting." She stood up and looked down to the dance floor. She saw her friends with Josh. The three of them were dancing. "It looks like your friend, Joshua was it?"

"Yes. Josh."

"Well it looks like he's having fun."

"Great. That's what life is for isn't it? I mean, fun that is. I hope your friends are too."

"They've got their drink on and they're in their element. They're good."

She turned back to the wall. "What are these used for? I mean I've seen them before." She reached out and touched one of the floggers. "I've never felt one though."

"They can be used for pain, or they can be used for pleasure. Sometimes they are one in the same."

She stood there running her finger tip along the soft suede tails. It was a medium sized flogger with long tails and a

shorter handle.

"I've seen them, most of them..." She turned to me. "in my dreams." she said in a curious tone. "I can't really explain it. You were there too..." She took a deep breath. "in my dreams."

She closed her eyes. "I don't know what's happening. I should be running... from here... from you..."

She opened her eyes and looked at me. I approached her slowly.

"No. Don't." She turned away once again.

I extended my hand to her shoulder. "You'll be okay. I promise."

She lifted her hand and placed it on my own. She nodded her head down and closed her eyes. She didn't say word.

"I can show you this world..." I leaned forward and whispered into her ear. "It's calling you."

She quickly turned and looked into my eyes. She hesitated to speak.

I took both her hands into my own and held them beneath her chin. "Trust me."

"So how about another drink?" said Jessica. She, Brittany and Josh just topped the stairs. Jessica and Brittany went straight to the computer to place their drink order.

I turned back to them. "It looks like you're finally getting into the swing of things." I said.

"I'm getting used to it. Josh smiled.

We all talked while we had a few drinks. Brittany was starting to slump over so I suggested they have some food. All the girls ordered an entree while Josh just got an appetizer. They enjoyed their meals and their night. Jessica wanted to dance so she went to the floor. Josh and Brittany seemed to become an item and they exchanged numbers. He went for the black-haired girl after all. I handed my card to Charlotte.

"Call me sometime." I said.

"Do you have a pen?"

I reached over, took one off the table and handed it to her. She wrote her number on the back of my card and handed it back to me.

"I'm not much for talking on the phone. Text me."

Now that Jessica was alone it didn't take long for her to attract a guy. By this time many of the men had been taken but that didn't stop her from finding one that suited her.

"We are getting close to closing time. Josh and I need to tend to the club. It is opening night so I need things to run smoothly." I looked to Charlotte. "You both are welcome to stay up here."

"Don't go." said Brittany as she looked drunkenly into Josh's eyes.

"Sorry, but I must. I enjoyed meeting you..." He looked to Charlotte. "All of you. Enjoy your night."

"Text me." said Charlotte as Josh and I started for the stairs.

I stopped and turned. "Count on it."

Charlotte and Brittany stayed on the balcony for a little while. Charlotte forced Brittany to eat some more so she wouldn't pass out. They joined Jessica on the dance floor just as the club was closing and headed out to the car. They all sat quietly while driving Brittany home and then went to Jessica's.

"You know where the blankets are... good night." said Jessica.

Charlotte's phone vibrated as she was tucking herself in.

From Edison: "I had a wonderful time. You are much prettier in person."

To Edison: "So did I. I was afraid at first. But you're much gentler than I imagined. I felt drawn to you."

From Edison: "Afraid of what?"

To Edison: "I don't know... my dreams, you."

From Edison: "Dreams are open to interpretation. Perhaps you should look at them differently. Maybe if you let go of the fear you can embrace what you desire."

To Edison: "What do I desire?"

From Edison: "Only you can answer that question. I can only fulfill them. I hope you dream well tonight. Goodnight."

To Edison: "Goodnight."

Charlotte laid there thinking about what I said and wondered. She wasn't afraid to go to sleep tonight. She smiled, turned her head and closed her eyes. It didn't take long for her dreams to start.

*It's not as dark as usual and a gentle breeze thins the mist. The ground beneath my feet is almost inviting as I lean forward. There is a clearing up ahead. I move towards it with curiosity rather than caution. The shadows that have once haunted me are mere memories... of when I was a child. Fear did not*

journey with me tonight as I am drawn nearer. There is a man up ahead. He is extending his hand.

"Come with me and you will understand. You can only be freed when you allow yourself to be bound." he said.

"Those words echo throughout as night becomes day. Escaping my nightmares, you have entered my daydreams." I said.

"Once a mere image invading your mind, my beginning is your own. You are my birth. From within you I grow. Without... I exist no longer."

I step a little closer and the fog drifts into the surroundings, the trees slowly transforming from disfigurations into blossoms. The grey sky clears, revealing the deepest of blues, the moon slowly burns to yellow and the leaves below turn to bright green grass surrounded by a rainbow of flowers.

"Your dreams are my inspiration. Your desire is my soul"

He steps forward still extending his hand.

"Take my hand and I will guide you on your own journey, one without a destination." he whispers.

All those restless nights feed my thoughts, bringing fantasy to my wake. I must follow. Without... I move no longer.

## Chapter 9

### *A Flower by Another Name*

The sun cast its rays on Elenore once again, but it wasn't the sun that woke her; it was the birds singing and the butterflies in her stomach. Elenore opened her eyes wide and wondered if it had all been a dream, a magical dream that touched her very essence. She picked up her phone. No messages. Then she glanced over to the clock. It was 8:30 on a Saturday morning. *He's probably still asleep. But who could sleep on such a wonderful morning?* She thought to herself. *Not me.* She smiled and bounced out of bed.

She got dressed and rushed out to the living room to tell Mom all about her date. She wasn't there. *It's 8:30*, she reminded herself. She tried to do her house work but she wasn't in the mood, even if it is one of the easy days. She turned on the TV and watched. After an hour she couldn't even remember what she watched. Her mind was elsewhere... far, far away. She glanced outside and watched the clouds changing shapes.

"Why am I watching TV? Why am I inside the house? Why am I talking to myself?" she thought out loud. "Today is a day for singing."



Elenore went to her room and put her shoes on and stepped outside in the cool morning air, paused, took a deep breath and skipped her way to the path.

She started by taking her usual route while she marveled. Today everything was much more beautiful than ever. Even the squirrels and the rabbits were enjoying it with her. She walked casually as she was in no hurry to get anywhere. She found herself at the stream and looked up to the tree and to the limb where she once sat. *Why not?* She thought. She was much bigger now, bigger and heavier. She tried pulling herself up. It wasn't as easy as she remembered it to be, but with a good footing and a little effort she managed to get herself up on the limb. She slid herself along the heavy branch and positioned herself directly above the water. She wondered about her weight but soon realized that the tree grew bigger and stronger just like she did.

The water was clear like glass and shimmered in the sunlight. The woods weren't too dense so sunlight was able to penetrate and cast soft shadows of various shapes and sizes. They were defined by the various trees and their branches that reached for the sky.

She watched the water flow from upstream, cascading over the moss covered rocks before turning into an apparent still pool below. There were rocks of different sizes beneath her, submerged in the seemingly stagnant water. They were covered in a smooth skin of mud as the current wasn't strong enough to carry it away. Crawfish could be seen; one scurrying about and the others just sitting still. She must have sat there thirty minutes just watching and wondering.

She glanced across the stream to the other side. It had been a good many years since she's wandered past this point. Not since Charlotte and herself used to wander and play as children, back when time had no meaning and dinner time came after the sun set. I've come this far, she thought.

Carefully she climbed out of the tree. While she felt like a child at the moment, she was aware that she was now an adult with an adult's body. They aren't as forgiving. She reached the ground and looked for a good spot to cross. As a child she would just walk through the water... but not today. Her shoes were nearly new so she didn't want to ruin them. She found a series of rocks that presented her a bridge. She crossed over to the other side once again.

She had to be more careful now. The paths that were once formed by her and her sister's steps were now grown over and almost nonexistent. It wasn't too bad though. If she looked hard enough she could make out where they used to be. She hummed to herself as she took her stride looking at all her surroundings and remembering those fun summer days from yesteryear. After a while she approached a large rock. She remembered she used to climb on top of it and just sit there. It stood four feet tall. She remembered it to be eight when she was young, or perhaps she was just smaller then. It made no difference to her so she climbed it. She leaned back and laid down looking at the sky above her.

She laid there for at least an hour just watching the clouds change from one animal to another. She saw a rabbit, a cow, a dog, a dragon and she even saw a car. Well it was. The wind was soft and made her skin tingle and with each gust of fresh air she thought about last night. Had she found her prince? He had all the right signs, he treated her well. *We will see*, she thought. But for now he had the benefit of the doubt. He was her prince.

She pulled out her phone.

From Ashton: "How are you?"

She must have been completely preoccupied earlier to have missed the buzz of her phone. *Maybe I was climbing the tree then*, she thought.

To Ashton: "I'm doing just great. I had a wonderful time last night. thank you for everything :) You were so polite."

*Polite? Really? I actually said polite?* she asked herself after sending. *Why not wonderful or awesome or anything else?*

It took a few minutes but he responded.

From Ashton: "No problem. I had a great time also. We'll have to get together again... soon."

To Ashton: "Sounds good to me. School doesn't start for 2 weeks so almost anytime is good."

From Ashton: "Well maybe we can go for a walk or a picnic sometime."

To Ashton: "A picnic sounds great. I haven't been on one since I was little. Then my sister, Charlotte, grew up and became a brat. We haven't had a picnic since. :("

From Ashton: "Well a picnic it is and I promise not to be a brat. lol."

To Ashton: "lol. :)"

Elenore climbed off the rock and followed the stream further.

To Ashton: "When did you want to go?"

From Ashton: "Tomorrow works for me if it does for you."

To Ashton: "I think Mom and Dad had plans for an early dinner. I'd hate to cut our date short. How about Monday?"

From Ashton: "Monday is great. My work schedule has been reduced to just weekends since school is starting soon."

To Ashton: ":) I enjoyed spending time together. I wish you could be here with me right now."

From Ashton: "I can be."

To Ashton: "I wish but I really can't. I haven't seen Mom yet since last night. She'd kill me if I didn't tell her all about my first date."

From Ashton: "First date? Or did you mean your first date with me?"

To Ashton: "Well both actually. I had never had an interest in boys so I never bothered to date or actually, even talk to them."

From Ashton: "Wow. I'm honored to be the first. I only hope I didn't burst your dream."

To Ashton: "Not at all. It was wonderful."

Before long Elenore found herself at the end of the stream. It didn't actually end. It just disappeared under the thicket. This is where her sister and her would always stop. By this point it was always time to head back in order to beat the sun. Curiosity got the best of her today and she was no longer afraid of the dark so she decided to go a little further. She was immensely enjoying her day. Her chores can wait until tomorrow. She texted her Mom to tell her where she was. There was no reason to worry her.

Elenore looked around to find a spot to pass through. After a few minutes and the manipulation of a few branches she managed to get through. "Wow." she said aloud as she marveled. There was a huge clearing that was surrounded by trees blossoming pink and white. There were even a few red ones. She thought they must be magnolias because of the time of the year. The stream twisted its way to a pond that sat in the center of the clearing. There were large rocks and small rocks scattered around. A few of them actually stood out through the pond's surface offering a marvelous vantage point if one could get there. The pond was

huge. She guessed it to be a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. The rock in its center was easily the size of a car.

The land itself was covered in greenery and all types of flowers, flowers she'd seen before... but many not in the woods closer to home where she normally ventures. Her phone buzzed.

From Ashton: "What are you doing?"

To Ashton: "I'm taking a walk outside through the woods."

From Ashton: "Like to grandmother's house?"

To Ashton: "Silly :)"

From Ashton: ":)"

To Ashton: "It is so beautiful here. I found a pond and flowers and... It's just so beautiful."

From Ashton: "Well if it is anything like you, I bet it is."

To Ashton: "Aww. You're sweet."

From Ashton: "I like you."

To Ashton: "Really? I like you too. A lot."

From Ashton: "Me too."

To Ashton: ":)"

Elenore took a deep breath, taking in the flower's fragrance. She was in heaven. She wanted to dance. She wanted to sing. *Why not?* She thought. She was in the middle of nowhere and no one could see or hear her, and who would care if they did?

*It's here, It's time*

*To skip along the meadow*

*The Spring has come*

*And singing are the Sparrows*

*I dance, I sing*

*I wander through the garden watching the birds and bees*

*And wonder how the Robins make their nests up in the trees*

*The bumblebees just floating near the blossoms with such ease*

*All things begin to grow*

*These things I want to know*

*How life begins when all was lost in winter's deadly cold*

*Now life, new life*

*Emerges from the barren earth leaving us to behold*

*The sun, the rain*

*I stand among the flowers*

*The sights, the scents*

They pamper me for hours  
I search to find  
The most amazing flower I can cherish for life  
To keep inside my mind to hide away for rainy days  
To make me sing and other things that make me feel amazed  
To always be my friend  
Until the bitter end  
To find perfection where others have overlooked before  
There is just one  
And I will keep on looking till I find one I adore

In my heart I know I'll find a flower I can claim  
Perhaps a rose that always glows, it's just another name  
A love so fine that's always mine, a flower just the same  
Lilies, all so pretty  
Tulips make me happy  
Daisies are my favorite  
True love, just without the game

Which one, which one?  
It seems I'm always looking  
I fear I'll find  
The one that leaves me wanting  
Have faith, keep faith  
I know the perfect flower can do wonders for me  
And make me sing so happily and fill my soul with glee  
A lovely song where I belong, eternal melody  
For things like this and that  
My heart goes pitter pat  
To find my sign the sun must shine and point from up above  
There is just one  
And I will keep on looking till I find one that's true love

To be alone, my rose unknown, this life I will forgo  
As time goes by it makes me cry to ponder I don't know  
And now I see, but can it be? A flower that's aglow  
I reach my hand out  
A perfect flower just for me  
A perfect daisy just for me  
A flower by another name, by another name  
A flower by another name, just another name

*I'm falling now  
I have found, love profound, right here  
Sing to me, dance with me, and reveal to me  
He's real and then  
I'll show my love for thee*

Elenore was in a spell created only for herself; a magic that no one could touch, no one could undo. She continued dancing around, gazing at all the flowers around her. The vase would be full tonight; full of flowers that spoke her mood. There were so many but she could only pick a few of them. That was okay with her. She can always come back another time for more. She gathered some blue asters, some dahlias of different colors and her favorite, daisies.

As she started back to the opening she made earlier she saw some colorful flowers. They were on the side of the big rock in the middle of the pond. Her first thought was to leave them be as she didn't want to get herself wet, but as she started to head back she suddenly stopped. She cast her shoes and socks off and rolled up her pants. They were just too inviting to pass up. They might not be there next time, she thought. She stepped into the water. It wasn't too deep but it would get her pants soaked. She went back to the grass and looked around to see if anyone was watching. She realized she was in the middle of nowhere so she removed her pants and walked through the waist high water and climbed the rock. She got closer to examine them. They were narcissi. That surprised her since they were out of season. They were in many different colors but she was drawn to the one in the center. It was bright red and larger than she'd seen before. She picked it to go with the rest of the flowers and left the others behind. She allowed herself to dry a little before putting her clothes back on and started her journey home.

She didn't spend as much time looking around as she before. She wanted to get back for dinner and to tell Mom all about her date.

Charlotte awakened to clashing sounds. She opened her eyes, looked over and remembered she's at Jessica's. She is in the kitchen making something to eat. Her clashing was intentional as Charlotte was sleeping the day away. It was her first restful sleep in a long while. She was refreshed.

"It's about time." said Jessica.

"What time is it?"

"It's 2 o'clock."

"Geez... I slept that long?"

"Apparently."

"Well I needed it." said Charlotte. "I really did."

"Hungry?"

"Sure... What are you making?"

"Grilled cheese."

"For breakfast?"

"You mean lunch?" asked Jessica

"Yeah, right. Yeah... I'll have one."

Charlotte got off the couch. She was sore and achy. She didn't know if it was the couch or her dancing that caused it. She went to the bathroom to clean up.

"Where's my stuff?" she hollered through the door.

"Outside the door. You walked right by your bag."

"Oh... Right."

Charlotte came out and joined her for lunch. She was actually hungry this time which surprised her. She normally didn't feel like eating after she woke. She pulled out her phone.

From Edison: "How are you today Beautiful?"

To Edison: "I've finally got some real sleep. I am just now waking up :)"

She did not expect an immediate response so she put her phone on the table.

"Did you meet anyone special last night?" asked Charlotte.

"Most of the night it was just a bunch of losers who tried talking to me but towards the end I did meet one guy."

"Cool."

"We danced a few times before the place closed up. I gave him my number."

"Sorry I was out of it for a while."

"Yeah. So how did that go? Did the two of you make up?" She laughed.

"I suppose you can call it that. He's actually very nice. I actually want to get to know him. Not like before. I wanted to run from him before."

"I suppose things happen for a reason."

"That's true."

Charlotte's phone buzzed.

From Edison: "Well good morning then :)"

To Edison: "Thanks."

From Edison: "What are you doing today?"

To Edison: "I have no plans as of yet. Go home and take a shower I suppose. You?"

From Edison: "I'm out on the boat. I'd have asked you to come if you had gotten up earlier. It's a little too late now."

To Edison: "You have a boat? I'd have loved to have gone. Stupid me for sleeping so late."

From Edison: "I'm sure you needed it."

To Edison: "Yeah. I was just telling Jessica that."

From Edison: "Tell her hi for me. The three of you are welcome out on the boat anytime."

"Edison says hi. He said we can go out on his boat anytime."

"Really? That sounds fun. Can we bring dates?" asked Jessica

To Edison: "Can they bring dates? Jessica wanted me to ask."

From Edison: "Of course. It's a good sized craft. I'll supply everything and there will be plenty of alcohol."

"He said he has a big boat and he'll have all the alcohol we want?"

"Does he smoke... you know?"

"I don't know and I'm not asking. I'll find out sometime. That reminds me. Where are my cigarettes?"

She grabbed them from the floor near the sofa and lit one and had a seat. "It's so nice to be able to smoke indoors."

"What time do you need to be home?" asked Jessica.

"Probably two hours ago."

"Well let me know when you're ready. I need to go shopping anyway."

"Anytime."

Charlotte gathered her things and they headed to the car shortly afterwards.

Elenore walked into the house with a large bouquet of flowers. Her Mom was in the kitchen and noticed.

"Wow. Such a lovely gathering. You and your sister both have beautiful flowers." said Mom as she motioned to the table.

There were a dozen red roses and a card. They were carefully arranged in black vase. The roses were surrounded by little white flowers which created a nice contrast.

"Who gave her those?" Elenore asked.



"I don't know. She hasn't been home yet. But never mind that. How was your date?"

"It was fantastic. He is so nice and such a gentleman." Elenore's eyes were closed and she took a breath. "I feel like I'm in heaven."

"You look like you're in heaven."

Elenore just smiled. "We went to a movie and then went out to eat."

"What movie did you see? Where'd you go?"

"Who cares. Who cares." Elenore just looked up in a gaze. "Oh. There's pizza in the fridge if you want any." Elenore closed her eyes again. "He held my hand during the movie. He kissed me goodnight. My very first kiss."

"That's very nice honey. When you get back to earth we need to start on dinner."

"Oh. Yeah, of course."

Elenore put her new flowers in the vase. She kept the red narcissi out for herself and found a smaller vase for her room. She placed it on her dresser.

To Ashton: "What are you up to."

From Ashton: "Not too much. You?"

To Ashton: "About to make dinner. Fun fun :)"

From Ashton: "lol. Whatcha making?"

To Ashton: "'I don't know yet :)"

Elenore returned to the kitchen and started on dinner. Charlotte just got home.

"Where've you been?" asked Mom.

"Jessica's remember?"

"It's late."

"Sorry. I slept all day. I finally got a good night's sleep."

"Well dinner will be ready soon. Those came for you earlier today." Mom pointed to the flowers.

"Oh wow." Charlotte ran over and looked at them. "They're beautiful."

She pulled out the card and opened it. The card read "Thank you for a wonderful evening, Edison." She brought her face closer and smelled the flowers and then brought them to her room.

To Edison: "Thank you for the flowers. They're so pretty."

From Edison: "You're welcome. You are worth it."

To Edison: "But you don't even know me."  
From Edison: "Each and every day will be an adventure and each and every day I will get to know you more and more."  
To Edison: "Aww. I look forward to everyday then. :)"  
From Edison: "You are welcome to come to the club tonight, your friends too."  
To Edison: "Thanks, but I need to stay in at least one night or I'll never hear the end of it."  
From Edison: "I understand. I'll probably be busy anyway. The first few days or weeks after opening can be demanding."  
To Edison: "I can imagine. Text me when you get the chance."  
From Edison: "Count on it."  
Charlotte went back into the kitchen. "Can I help?"  
"Help with what?" asked Elenore.  
"Making dinner."  
Mom looked at Charlotte in shock. "You want to help make dinner?"  
"Sure. I feel good and I've slept well. It might be fun."  
Elenore and Charlotte made dinner. Elenore did most of it but she was impressed by Charlotte's effort. They all sat down to dinner around Elenore's new flowers.  
"Those aren't the same as the usual flowers are they?" asked Dad.  
"No. They're different. I found a clearing in the woods and there were lots and lots of flowers there. You should come sometime Charlotte."  
"Nah. The woods are a bit too... woodsy for me." She smiled.  
"Looks like both our girls have boyfriends." said Mom.  
"Really... Do they have jobs, cars and places to live? I'm not supporting anyone else when I've spent so much effort trying to get you girls to move out of here. I have plans, big plans for your bedrooms. I'm going to hobby in taxidermy."  
The girls stopped eating and looked at Dad with confusion.  
"Oh stop." said Mom. "You aren't about to stuff deer in this house."  
"Who said anything about deer? Possums, dear. Possums."  
"Whatever." said Charlotte.  
"Well Charlotte... I've met Elenore's guy. Who sent you the flowers?"  
"The owner of the club we went to last night. His name is

Edison."

"The Owner. How old is he?"

"I don't know. I'd say late twenties." said Charlotte "He has a boat and asked me to go out on it sometime."

"Oh, that reminds me." Elenore interrupted. "Ashton invited me on a picnic Monday."

"Well as long as you get your chores done first." said Mom.

"Oh, they'll be done alright." Elenore smiled.

"Sounds like you are in love." said Charlotte.

"Oh, stop. He's very nice though and he's got a car." said Elenore.

Their parents finished dinner first and left the table.

"So did you get lucky?" Charlotte said jokingly.

"I had my first kiss." Elenore smirked.

"Well it won't be long now."

"What do you mean?"

"He'll want more soon enough."

"Oh stop." said Elenore as she brought her dishes to the sink.

Elenore started washing them and put them in the left sink to dry. Charlotte soon followed and went outside to smoke. Elenore sat on the couch and turned on the TV.

To Ashton: "How are you?"

From Ashton: "I'm great. Just watching TV."

To Ashton: "Me too. I don't know what yet though."

From Ashton: "I'm watching Bob's Burgers."

To Ashton: "That show is funny."

To Ashton: "Oh, Mom said going on a picnic Monday is fine :)"

From Ashton: "Cool. how about I pick you up at noon?"

To Ashton: "Sounds good."

Charlotte finished smoking and got on her computer. She logged onto MeetMe and answered a few messages and scrolled through the statuses. There was nothing really interesting. It was Saturday night so most people with lives were out and about while she sat at home. Her phone buzzed.

From Steve: "Hey, What's up?"

To Steve: "Nothing. Just sitting at home."

From Steve: "Wanna get high? I got some good bud."

To Steve: "I can't get out tonight. I have no car and neither do you."

From Steve: "No, but Brian does. We can come get you."  
To Steve: "Mom won't let me go out, I won't even ask her."

From Steve: "When do they go to bed?"  
To Steve: "11 or 12 probably. Why?"  
From Steve: "Sneak out :)"  
To Steve: "I don't know about that. It's not worth getting caught."

From Steve: "Sure it is. It's really good bud."  
To Steve: "I don't think so but thanks anyway."  
From Steve: "Come on..."

Charlotte put her phone down and started browsing online. She was curious about some of the things she saw at the club but didn't know any of the names of anything. She went to Google and searched dungeon and browsed some pictures until she saw something she recognized. She'd click on the images and hopefully get some information about them. After a few attempts she managed to bring up a flogger.

*A device used to flog. It is usually used during BDSM. It can be of various sizes and lengths; it can be hard or soft. They are most commonly made of suede leather.*

She did a search on BDSM and found the results to be overwhelming. She did a lot of reading and went from site to site. She preferred the sites with lots of pictures so she could visualize things. Eventually she found one. It had numerous pictures and most of them were things she saw at the club. She knew she was on the right track.

The phone buzzed. Steve can be such a nuisance, she thought.

From Edison: "How are you on this beautiful night?"  
To Edison: "I'm good. I'm just looking up things on the internet."

From Edison: "Sounds fun. I wish I were with you. It's not been as smooth a night as last night. I'm ready to go home."

To Edison: "Oh? what happened?"

From Edison: "Nothing you'd care to know. nothing I'd care to know actually."

To Edison: "Sorry I can let you go."

From Edison: "No. I want to talk to you. It keeps my mind off everything."

To Edison: " :)"

From Edison: "So how about Saturday?"

To Edison: "What about it?"  
From Edison: "Let's have a date. A real date."  
To Edison: "Yes, I'd like that a lot. Where do you want to go."  
From Edison: "Whatever you want?"  
To Edison: "Well I'll have to think about that. Where to go I mean."

Charlotte and I texted back and forth all night until my attention was required at the club. It was after midnight and issues with the soda fountain came up.

Just as Charlotte laid on her bed her phone buzzed.  
From Steve: "So?"  
To Steve: "So what?"  
From Steve: "I got weed remember?"  
To Edison: "Oh yeah." Charlotte checked and saw her parents lights were out.  
To Steve: "Why not."  
From Steve: "We'll be there in 15"  
To Steve: "Alright. Park down the street and be quiet."  
From Steve: "I know the drill :)"

Charlotte had mastered the art of sneaking outside. She waited patiently. Soon enough they had arrived and gently knocked on the sliding glass door. Charlotte grabbed her cigarettes and lighter and went outside. They walked to the pathway Elenore uses so often and found a good spot to light up. The three of them got blazed. Brian is not as much a heavy weight as the other two. He was almost passing out. Steve made a few passes at Charlotte. She was resistant but pot did make her horny. It wasn't long before she gave in. Steve took her against a tree and fucked her hard. The bark of the tree dug into her skin and left abrasions. After he finished Brian stepped up and fucked her too. She's wasn't sure. She couldn't remember all too well when she woke in her bed the next morning. She did have abrasions so something happened.

## Chapter 10

### *Unwritten*

Elenore couldn't stop smiling today. She got up at the crack of dawn and finished all her chores with time to spare. She even worked on her painting today but the mood wasn't quite right to work on something so dark. No, today was a day to be spent in the sun with the one she was falling for. For her, love was in the air; just a matter of time before the wind sent it her way.

She got on MeetMe for a little while. She responded to a few messages but nothing intrigued, nor did anything bother her. She took a selfie of herself with a wide smile and posted it to her status. "This is how I feel today." She thought about updating her profile to say *In a relationship* but it was a little premature. It was only her second date and there hasn't been enough communication, so she decided against it. *I wouldn't want to scare him off*, she thought.

She scrolled through the statuses and saw a picture of Ashton with his shirt off. The caption read "Pretty girls bring out the best in me." There were a few comments and likes by some of the girls. Elenore wrote her own. "Only the best guy gets the pretty girl :)".

Elenore knew Ashton was awake so she texted him.

To Ashton: "Hi there. :)"

From Ashton: "How are you baby?"

To Ashton: "I'm great. I can't wait til our picnic."

From Ashton: "Yeah, me too."

To Ashton: "Where are we going?"

From Ashton: "I don't know. Any thoughts?"

To Ashton: "There's a nice place near my house but I'd rather get away. I'm here all too often."

From Ashton: "We'll how about we go to the lake? They have a park there and picnic tables and everything."

To Ashton: "Sounds good to me. But I'd rather sit on a blanket in the grass. It's more fun that way."

From Ashton: "Yeah. I think you're right."

To Ashton: "I'll prepare the food and bring the basket and blanket. You just have to drive. :)"

From Ashton: "Ok. I'll see you at 12:30 then."

It was only 11 so Elenore had plenty of time but she was all too anxious. She made the sandwiches and the salad. She neatly placed them in the fridge next to the sodas and fruit she was to bring. She placed the chips on the kitchen table. Now all she had to do was put them in the basket. She went and found a nice blanket. She chose a smaller one just so she'd have an excuse to sit close to him. She folded it and placed it next to the basket, also on the kitchen table.

Charlotte woke from another restful sleep and stepped outside to smoke. She left her phone inside as she usually did. It was her time to smoke without distraction. Those first 5 minutes of the day were crucial to her. It was also her time to wake up. She had a tendency to be rude, arrogant and short while half asleep so why risk it.

She stepped back inside and checked her phone. She had a few text messages.

From Brittany: "I didn't hear from you yesterday. How did things go with Edison?"

To Brittany: "Things went well. We are planning a real date for Saturday."

From Edison: "Good morning Beautiful."

To Edison: "Well good morning to you too :)"

From Edison: "You are up bright and early :)"

To Edison: "Lol"

From Edison: "What are your plans for the day?"

To Edison: "I am supposed to be looking for a job. Parents are getting onto me. I guess I should at least look like I am doing that. :)"

From Edison: "Parentals do have expectations don't they?"

To Edison: "Lol. Yeah they do. If I want to go on our first date I'd better not get into trouble this week."

From Edison: ":( I hate having to wait a week to see you but I will make due. I'll allow work to occupy me until then."

To Edison: "I'm sorry. I want to see you too."

From Edison: "Any thought's as to where you want to go Saturday?"

To Edison: "Oh yeah, I forgot to pick something to do. What are the options?"

From Edison: "Anything you want."

To Edison: "Can we go out on the boat?"

From Edison: "Sure. Anything special in mind? Anything afterwards."

To Edison: "Not really. I'll think about it this week. Yeah. Let's have dinner afterwards and then go to your club."

From Edison: "Done. Do you want to bring your friends with you? We can always have our privacy later in the evening."

To Edison: "Maybe. I'll think about it and let you know."

From Edison: "Okay."

Charlotte got cleaned up and dressed. She stepped outside to smoke and then went to the kitchen for a drink. Elenore was in her room trying to get dressed. There were so many summer outfits to choose from but nothing set the tone she wanted. She didn't know what tone to set. She heard Charlotte in the kitchen so she stepped out of her room.

"How's this look?" she asked.

"Are you going to church? No wait. Today's Monday."

"On a picnic silly."

"Well, If you're going for that *Sound of Music* look, you've got it nailed."

Elenore was wearing a summer dress with floral patterns with white socks and dressy shoes.

"I like The Sound of Music."

"But the question is... Does he?" Charlotte opened herself a can of Coke.



"Well what should I wear?" asked Elenore.

"Definitely shorts. Something not too bright. Wear a top that shows your belly. It is summer time you know?"

"Yeah I suppose."

Elenore went back into her room. She did as Charlotte suggested and also put some sneakers on, the dress shoes just didn't match. She went back to the kitchen.

"How about now?"

"Much better."

"What are you doing today?" asked Elenore.

"Looking for a job I suppose. I'm sure I'll get sidetracked by all the excitement going on here though. Job hunting is boring."

"Well good luck with that."

"Yeah. Thanks."

Charlotte went back to her room and sat at the computer and stared at the screen. She got up and went outside to smoke and came back. She stared at the screen again. "Ughhh." She looked on Craigslist for a while but nothing really appealed to her. She went to Monster.com and started a resume. She didn't have much to put on it; just a few short term jobs and nothing steady. She uploaded it and began looking at some of the openings.

She did a local search; warehouse work, software developer, systems analyst, graphic design, bookkeeping... *I don't know how to do any of these. I don't even know what half of them are*, she thought. *What am I even good at? Maybe bartending.* She did a search for "bartending." She found she have to go to bartender school first. *I'll never get a job.*

After fifteen minutes she needed a break and stepped outside. Her mind went in a different direction. *BDSM. What is BDSM exactly?* She went back inside and went to Google. "What is BDSM?"

According to Wikipedia: *The term BDSM was formed by joining the term B&D (bondage and discipline) with S&M (sadomasochism, or sadism and masochism).* Bondage and discipline made sense. She then searched sadomasochism.

According to Wikipedia: *Sadomasochism, a subset of BDSM, is the giving or receiving of pleasure from acts involving the receipt or infliction of pain or humiliation. Practitioners of sadomasochism may seek sexual gratification from their acts. While the terms sadist and masochist refer respectively to one*

*who enjoys giving or receiving pain, practitioners of sadomasochism may switch between activity and passivity.*

It had become clear that she had a lot of reading to do but it all sounded interesting, and some of it inviting. *Is this what Edison is into?* She wondered.

Her phone vibrated. She picked it up and went outside again.

From Brittany: "Josh is wonderful. He's taking me out this week :)"

To Brittany: "I'm glad you had fun. We were worried about you."

From Brittany: "I had a lot to drink but he didn't take advantage of me :("

From Brittany: "We'll I'd rather it happen when I can remember it the next day."

To Brittany: "For sure."

It was 11:45 so Elenore went to the kitchen and removed the food she prepared from the fridge and neatly arranged it in her basket. She watched the clock tick away until she heard a knock on the door. She quickly answered it and led Ashton inside.

"I've got everything ready." She pointed to her basket and blanket. "Let me go tell my sister I'm leaving."

"Okay."

Elenore went to her sister's room and spoke through the door. "We're leaving now." She waited with her ear to the door for a response. The door opened and Elenore stepped back.

"Aren't you going to introduce me to your boyfriend?"

"He's not my boyfriend silly." she said in a playful voice but looked at her with a "Shut up" expression. Ashton was behind her so he couldn't see her face.

"Oh, sorry." Charlotte smiled.

Ashton walked up and extended his hand. "I'm Ashton. Pleased to meet you."

"Charlotte. You too."

"Well let's go then." Elenore quickly added. She did not want to be embarrassed anymore. She grabbed Ashton's hand and pulled him to the kitchen to get her things.

"Have fun you too. Don't do anything I wouldn't do." Charlotte said in one last attempt to make her mad. There wasn't much Charlotte wouldn't do.

Elenore opened the front door. "Bye." she said as she closed it behind them.

Ashton showed his chivalry once again by opening the car door for her. Elenore appreciates the simple things.

"Sorry about that. Charlotte likes to embarrass me when she gets the chance."

"Think nothing of it."

Ashton pulled into the parking lot at the lake. There weren't many cars here today.

"It looks like we'll have our privacy. There doesn't seem to be many people here today." said Ashton.

"Yeah. That'll be nice. It is a Monday. I guess everyone is at work. Where do you want to sit."

"Over there by the water, not too far away. That way we can put our things back in the car when we are done and take a walk or something."

"Yeah. It will be easier that way."

They carried their things across the grass and playground area and got close to the water. Most of the park was grass but they had put sand down for the volleyball court and some sections of the shoreline to look and feel like a beach.

"Do you want to sit in the sand or on the grass." Ashton asked.

"The grass. We have a blanket. How about over there under that tree?" She pointed to a big oak tree near the shore.

This is a favorite spot for many people but today there wasn't a crowd. It was a bright sunny day with a light breeze. The water was still since there was very little swimming and not a boat in sight. Elenore laid out her blanket and placed her basket on one corner and laid down facing the sky.

Ashton lit up a cigarette. "Do you smoke?" he said as he offered her one.

"No, but my sister does so it doesn't bother me."

After Ashton finished Elenore sat up and got her basket.

"We should probably eat first while the food is still cold." she said while opening the flaps. She got out the sandwiches and gave one to him.

"Wait. Before we eat I wanted to..." He leaned over and kissed her.

The moment kept going as Ashton put one hand behind her head and the other around her side. Elenore was very receptive to his tongue and learned to use her own to further the sensations, arousing herself in the process. After a minute they separated

and looked at one another for a few second.

"That was wonderful." Elenore smiled.

Elenore put everything in her basket after they finished eating and put it on the grass beside them. They kissed again and laid down looking up in silence. After a few minutes Ashton broke the silence.

"So I'm your boyfriend?"

"Oh don't listen to her. She was just being smart." Elenore was glad they were looking up so he couldn't see her blush, but if he did, she would have blamed it on the sun.

"I don't mind."

Elenore wasn't sure how to take that remark. *He didn't mind being her boyfriend or didn't mind Charlotte's remarks?* She wondered.

"Good." said Elenore

"So I'm your boyfriend then." His tone was more of a statement than a question.

Elenore was completely confused by this point and she sat there wondering where this was going. She decided to get it over with and find out. The longer she waited the harder it would be to bring it up again.

"Do you want to be my boyfriend?"

"Of course." He reached over and took her hand. "I thought we just decided that baby."

"Awww. That makes me happy." She sat up. "Let's go for a walk."

"Well let's finish lunch first."

Elenore looked at the sandwich in her hand. "Yeah, of course." she smiled.

They put their things back in the car and went back out to the playground. She was feeling carefree now so she sat on the swing swaying herself back and forth. They took turns pushing each other and had a good time; laughing, chatting and being playful.

They started back on their walk until they came across a collection of large rocks extending from the shore into the water. Elenore walked through the woods often so she didn't hesitate to wander amongst them. She headed out to the largest one and almost the furthest one out. Ashton followed at a slower pace. His sense of balance wasn't as good as hers. Eventually he caught up and sat down next to her. They kissed again and Ashton

pressed her body onto the flat hard surface. He laid on top of her and put one leg between hers. It wasn't all that uncomfortable for Elenore, but she likely wouldn't have noticed anyway.

They continued kissing and Ashton rolled to his side taking Elenore with him. He reached out one hand and put it on her ass. Elenore didn't object. She found it rather sensual and loving. She had seen her Dad do this often with her mother. It wasn't long after that he slid his hand between her legs. Elenore's body told her to spread her legs to allow access to her crotch. She was feeling hot and bothered like many times before bed when she fantasized about such things. Her mind told her no. She wanted the moment to be special and she wanted to be a good girl as she has always been. She kept her legs closed and his actions were limited. Eventually he drew his hand back to her ass while they kissed.

Ashton sat up and looked out to the water. "It's a great day for a swim. Too bad we didn't plan ahead."

"Yeah. I love swimming." Planning ahead would have been dangerous. Kissing out there in the water where no one could see below the surface, limited clothing, fully accessible? Elenore did plan ahead. She planned on not getting herself in trouble.

The day was fabulous. Elenore had a boyfriend, she got kissed again and again... She was in heaven. At 4 it was time to head home and prepare dinner for the family.

Charlotte spent most the day exploring the many aspects of BDSM and a smaller amount of time looking for a job. Her phone buzzed.

From Edison: "How is my beautiful girl doing today?"

To Edison: "I'm doing great. How about you?"

From Edison: "It's such a beautiful day outside."

To Edison: "I wouldn't know. I've been stuck inside."

From Edison: "Sorry. How is your job hunt going?"

To Edison: "Not so great. I don't know what I like."

Charlotte stepped outside to smoke. I make it a habit of stepping outside to text her when I am home just so I can watch her. She lit up a cigarette and stood at the railing.

From Edison: "What are you good at?"

To Edison: "Partying... But I don't see any jobs for that :)"

From Edison: "What about bartending then?"  
To Edison: "You have to go to school for that."  
From Edison: "So go to school then. It isn't a very long course."

Charlotte sat down on one of her lounge chairs. The sun was still out for a little while before falling behind the trees. She was already wearing shorts but she decided to take her top off and take in some rays.

To Edison: "Such a commitment. lol"  
From Edison: "It's not so bad."  
To Edison: "I'm not much into the long term of things. I tend to live my days in the present."  
From Edison: "Well how is your present then?"  
To Edison: "Point taken :)"

Elenore walked in the door singing. Charlotte stepped out of her room.

"Good day I take it?"

"Wonderful. Mom and Dad will be home soon. Did you find anything online?"

"No. Not really. What's for dinner?"

"Not sure yet."

Elenore looked through the cabinets and managed to find something. An hour later Mom and Dad come home, settle down and they all sit at the table.

"So how did the job hunt go?" asked Mom.

"Not so great. I'm not qualified for all that much."

"You should have gone to college. You could have been starting a career by now. Education is important."

"It's just a piece of paper."

"It's a piece of paper that says you learned something, something that is likely relevant to the company you applied to." said Dad.

"I know, I know."

"Well it seems you don't know. You've made little to no effort. You are twenty-one and you don't have a job." said Mom.

"Neither does Brittany and..."

"So are you and Brittany going to come up with some grand plan to make you rich?"

"No." said Charlotte while slowly picking at her food.

"I thought about being a bartender but that requires taking a course."

"Do you plan on supporting a family as a bartender?"

"What family? It's just me."

"And in five years? Then what?" asked Mom.

Charlotte sat there in silence. Elenore had quickly eaten her meal and excused herself from the table. She didn't want the family argument to bring her down. She washed her dishes and went to her room.

"Maybe if I had a car I could..."

"Maybe if you didn't wreck your car you'd have one."

"Well what about bartending school?" asked Dad.

"You are not humoring her are you?" asked Mom.

"Well it's something. It's better than this."

"She needs to do something with her life. She needs a real education and a real job."

Charlotte sat up from the table. "Let me be me." she said abruptly.

"While we pay for you? You can be you on your own."

Charlotte stormed into the kitchen. She tossed the remainder of her dinner into the trash, cleaned her plate and stepped out onto the porch to smoke and calm down. She took out her phone.

To Edison: "God, I hate my parents sometimes."

From Edison: "What's wrong?"

To Edison: "Just the usual. They want to dictate my life to me."

From Edison: "You are twenty-one. You are an adult and responsible for your own decisions."

To Edison: "But I do live with them and they support me. It's so hard to be independent without a job or a car. I can't wait to move out."

From Edison: "That has its advantages and disadvantages just like every choice you make."

To Edison: "All my life I heard them tell me I should become a doctor, I should become a lawyer, I should become a teacher... They can't even make up their minds. How do they expect me to make up mine? It is my life isn't it? Shouldn't I have input? They insist I go to school. They insist I have a job. They won't even help me get a car or let me use theirs. How can I do either?"

"Even as a child they wanted me to play piano. They set up lessons for me and even bought a piano to hear their little girl play those beautiful songs that touched their souls. They never

bothered to ask if I wanted to play, never mind allowing me to play music I enjoyed. They eventually gave up and moved onto something else. It has been one thing after another.

"It's only now that they don't bother me about how I dress or how I do my hair and makeup. My Mom would go shopping and buy me clothes throughout my youth. I had no image of my own. I wasn't allowed to wear makeup until I was eighteen. She freaked when Jessica dyed my hair the first time. I mean she went nuts like the mother in *Carrie*. She went to the store and found a dye to match my natural color and dyed it back. It was during the summer and I wasn't allowed to go outside until it looked normal again. It's like I am supposed to be in their image for all their friends and family. We don't even go anywhere. They never have friends over. It was completely blown out of proportion.

"The last two years of high school all we did was fight. I couldn't take it anymore, living like their princess. I rebelled. I cut up my clothes to match styles the other kids were wearing. I cut my hair off. I started staying over with friends, drinking, smoking and doing drugs. It was for fun, yeah, but it was mainly for lashing out. They stopped taking me to church because I embarrassed them.

"They need to allow me freedom to choose my own life. They need to understand that my path has not been chosen, that my future is unknown as long as I don't know what I want. If they want to help they should give me space. They should help me to determine what I want and not tell me how to get there. One shouldn't choose a path not knowing where they are going.

"Sorry for rambling. It's been a long day."

From Edison: "You're life is unwritten. It is up to you to fill it in."

To Edison: "Exactly."

From Edison: "What kind of food did you want on Saturday?"

To Edison: "I'm up for just about anything as long as it's relaxing."

Charlotte lit another cigarette and sat in silence.

Elenore had gotten back into her reading mode and managed to finish her book. She got onto MeetMe and posted a status about having a boyfriend. She changed her profile to read *In a relationship*. She scrolled through the statuses for the past twenty-four hours. It was pretty much the same as usual. Many people would post funny images, either of themselves or something



they linked to. She decided to text Ashton since he hadn't texted.

To Ashton: "I had a really good time today. Thank you for taking me on that picnic."

He didn't text back right away so Elenore decided to paint a little and watch some TV in her room. She was a little preoccupied though and didn't pay much attention to her show, even if it was *True Blood*. No. Her mind was on today. She was happy that she had a boyfriend but she's afraid he'll forget about her if she didn't get sexual with him. He's already made a first move. *Maybe I'm thinking about this too hard. It's only been two dates and he only made one move.* She tried to wipe it from her mind but it would linger there until the subject finally came up.

She watched TV again. He heart wasn't in it but it was too early for bed. He texted her back two hours later just as she was getting into bed.

From Ashton: "You're welcome. I had lots of fun. You looked nice today. Maybe next time you'll wear a bathing suit :)"

To Ashton: "Maybe. You never know :)" She didn't want to be confrontational over a thought she wasn't entirely sure about.

From Ashton: "I start back at school in a month. How about you?"

To Ashton: "August 11th. I like school though. My senior year :)"

Elenore leaned over and turned out the light. She waited several minutes. He didn't reply.

To Ashton: "Well I'm going to sleep now. Have a good night."

## Chapter II

### *Only in Her Eyes*

Charlotte woke up bright and early this morning. Her date was in a few days and she needed to go to the mall. Charlotte went into the kitchen and started the coffee for her parents. That's one of the few appliances she learned how to operate. The life of a partier has its necessities.

Once Mom was dressed she joined Charlotte at the table. The coffee fueled her inspiration to finish getting ready, and to go to work itself.

"You're up early today."

"Yeah... I have coffee made for you guys."

Mom looked over and saw the coffee pot just as it finished brewing. Charlotte had put the creamer next to it.

"To what do I owe this pleasure?"

Charlotte mustered up a puppy dog face. "Can I please borrow the car today? I have a real date Saturday and need to go to the mall. I asked Jessica but she has to work."

"Is this the same guy who sent you flowers?"

"Yeah. He's been very sweet to me. We are going out on his boat."

"We?" said Mom as she poured herself a cup. She always used the same mug and Charlotte had that set out for her also along with her Dad's.

"I can take my Brittany and Jessica with me if I want. I haven't decided that part yet."

"I don't know. You've not exactly been pulling your weight around here. I'll ask your father."

Charlotte had a seat at the kitchen table and pretended to play with her phone. None of her friends would actually be awake this early; not unless they had to be. Mom took sips from her coffee and checked her Facebook account. Mom kept a laptop in the kitchen. Newspapers were out of style and this was her modern day alternative. Dad came out from his room and had a seat.

"Charlotte wants to borrow the car today." she said without looking up. Dad was mixing in his creamer.

"What did you tell her?"

"She's not been very helpful around here. I don't feel inclined to let her until she's made a stronger effort than making coffee for us."

Dad looked at the coffee. "At least it's a start."

"I'll be home early and I'll help with dinner tonight. Please Dad? I have a date Saturday."

"Is it the..."

"Yes dear... Mr. Roses." she interrupted with a smile. A smile was a good thing.

"His name is Edison." said Charlotte.

"I'll think about it." said Mom.

"You're leaving for work in forty-five minutes."

"I can think quicker once I finish my coffee so it's in your best interest not to keep me talking."

Charlotte went to her room to give them their space. She logged onto MeetMe and kept herself busy for the next thirty minutes before stepping back out. Mom and Dad had finished getting ready. Dad was checking his phone while Mom was back at the laptop. Her parents didn't talk to each other much in the morning.

"We'll let you borrow the car on two conditions. One, you make dinner. That means without Elenore helping."

"Done."

"Two, you take Elenore with you."

There was hesitation. "But... yeah okay." Charlotte did not

want to babysit Elenore or talk to her about Elenore's life and her petty problems. She made it a habit to be a nuisance when they were alone together. But she also knew how stubborn her Mom was. She'd likely revoke the offer altogether if she tried to amend the conditions.

"Elenore is still asleep so you'll have to wait until she's up and ask her if she wants to go. And no ditching her so you can be alone."

"Okay. Thanks." Charlotte went back to her room. It was only 7:30 in the morning. Elenore doesn't usually get up until 9ish. She had a lot of time to kill. Going outside to smoke was a good start. She heard her parents drive off. She lit a cigarette and instinctively got her phone out to text. 7:30? *I don't know anyone awake at 7:30.* She put her phone back in her pocket.

She decided to do some more reading on BDSM. The subject was fascinating to her but she knew very little. Bondage made sense to her. It's rather self-explanatory but, maybe there's more to it. She decided to look it up and found there were quite a few restraints she had never heard of. She was fascinated by the ones that locked your body into specific positions. They could, by far, restrict your movement much more than a pair of handcuffs could. It didn't take very long to skim through them all. Pictures alone were enough to explain how they worked.

She moved on to discipline. While the term itself was well understood, the various methods to invoke it were fascinating. It could be physical, emotional, psychological... The only limit was the creativity of the one in control. While Charlotte wasn't into pain for the sake of pain, she did understand the relationship with pleasure and the arousal of giving control to another. Her phone buzzed.

From Edison: "How is my beautiful lady doing today?"

To Edison: "I'm great. I'm waiting for my sister to get up so we can go to the mall. I need to buy myself a new bathing suit if I'm to go on your boat Saturday."

From Edison: "Oh so you plan to go swimming?"

To Edison: "I may, I may lay on deck or I may just sit in the cabin. Regardless of what I do, a bathing suit is the proper thing to wear :)"

From Edison: "I see your point. I'll likely look like a golfer. I assure you though, I don't play golf."

To Edison: "I hope not. I'd hate to have to end things

before they even start. I can't be seen with a golfer. I have an image ya know. lol"

From Edison: "Well have fun today. I need to run a few errands myself."

I realized that I had no clothing that would fit in with Charlotte's style. Sure, I have plenty of leisure wear, but nothing remotely gothic or any summer clothes that don't have a preppy look to them. Off to the mall I go. With any luck I'll run into Charlotte. It's been several days since we've seen each other.

I called Josh to see where the younger guys shop today. Halfway through the conversation I determined that Josh, with his clothing choices and social life, is the last person I needed to ask. I decided to rough it and just go shopping unprepared. Maybe I'd see some good examples at the mall.

Charlotte heard Elenore in her room. She was up and about so she shut her computer down and went to her room.

"I'm going to the mall today. Mom said I had to invite you if I wanted to borrow the car." Charlotte had contemplated not telling her anything but decided not to risk it coming up in conversation at dinner time. She may want to use the car again sometime.

"Really? Yeah, I'd love to go."

Charlotte didn't even consider she'd decline so never bothered to get her hopes up.

"Yeah. I'd like to leave soon so I'll give you thirty minutes and then I'm leaving."

"Okay." Elenore went to her room and came back out ten minutes later all set to go.

They entered the mall through the main entrance on the east side.

"Where do you want to meet?" asked Elenore.

It was tempting to separate and she'd likely get away with it, but no... Mom said not to ditch her.

"Mom wants us to stay together." said Charlotte. "I need a bathing suit." Charlotte led the way.

"Yeah me too. Maybe."

"What for?" asked Charlotte. "And what do you mean maybe?"

"Ashton took me to the lake. He wanted to go swimming. If I wear a bathing he'll expect to go swimming and will probably try something with me under the water. So I don't know if I actually

want to."

"That sounds fun to me." Charlotte smiled as she browsed some of the new designs on the rack. "I'd go for it. He's cute."

"Yeah I know. I like him and all, and he is cute. I've just been waiting for the right guy, the right time for so long. I wanted it to be a special thing."

"First of all, you can play without having sex. Second... There's no such thing as special. Your first time will probably suck so why save that for the guy you really like. You may as well get good at it before meeting your prince. Guys prefer a slut over a prude. You should accept that now instead of wasting many good years of fun. Look at me."

"I have looked at you and you never have a boyfriend for any period of time."

"The problem is you want a man to spend your life with."

"Doesn't everyone?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"Then why not look for that guy?" asked Elenore. "They exist."

"Yes they do... when they're forty. And they aren't fun guys to be with. Don't you want fun?"

"I like to think I'm fun, so yeah."

Charlotte had picked a few suits to try on and walked to the dressing room. Elenore had been preoccupied by the conversation and didn't bother looking at anything.

"Well everyone is fun in their own way. Young guys are fun the way we like fun. Older guys aren't so much. Younger guys aren't able or wanting to commit to anything. They like to play the game until they have no choice but to settle. So it comes down to young and fun or, older and committed." said Charlotte from behind the curtain.

"There are young guys that will commit."

"The ugly ones, the fat ones, the ones with awkward personalities... basically the ones who have to settle now before they get any worse."

"Besides, you should know what you're getting before you invest any time in them. Take me for example. I'm trying on these four bathing suits before I decide which one I like. If I like two, I get two... Same with men." Charlotte stepped out. "What do you think?"

The suit was very skimpy and revealing.

"I think that's a little too much for me."

"I may not have gone to college but I know marketing. You have to sell yourself. If you're worth more you can get the best guys."

She looked at her cleavage. "I'm not worth that much."

"You are what you believe you are. That's the first thing you have to change. Guys like sexy. The young and the old. So regardless of which you choose, sexy is better. Confidence is sexy"

"I suppose." said Elenore as Charlotte went back to try on another.

"Forget 'I suppose'. If you don't believe it then you can't expect anyone else to. Don't be one of those girls on MeetMe or any other site, for that matter, that says 'I want someone to love me for who I am. I am happy with myself.' That's all crap. Those people are fishing for comments to stay how they are because they are too lazy to change things; how they look, their job, where they live... Everyone can better themselves."

Charlotte came out with another suit on.

"I like the first one better."

"Yeah me too. I'll get that one."

"What about the other two?"

"I tried them on already. I didn't like either of them enough to bother showing you." She went back to the dressing room and changed into her own outfit, returning with her initial choice. "Aren't you getting one?"

"Not today. I still want to think about it more."

"I may not know what I want in life but at least I am having fun along the way." Charlotte paid for her purchase and they stepped outside so Charlotte could smoke before going back into the mall.

I got to the mall around 1 and had no clue where to go. I didn't want to look for Charlotte since that would only interfere with my actually finding something to wear. I went into a few of the stores and browsed the shorts; that was my biggest concern. I picked through pair after pair. Every time I found something I liked the back of my head screamed out "Golf." I eventually found myself at Hot Topic. They seemed to be the closest I could find to non-preppy, non golfy men's clothing outside of the casual jean and tee shirts.

I felt uncomfortable shopping there. Everyone was much

younger than me. Well everyone, everywhere is much younger than me. I looked thirty, so I tried to keep that in mind. Most of the people working there were wearing clothing similar to what they are selling. I was embarrassed but I needed input. I didn't want to make a poor choice or go overboard. I thought about asking the one male worker but thought I might sound gay if I had done that. I decided to enlist the aid of a female.

Excuse me, Ma'am?" I could have killed myself for saying ma'am. While I looked young I did not hang out with young people. Most of my socializing was with business clientele. I have been with countless women; most of them young, but not all of them needed an introduction.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes, please." I tried to look relaxed". I have a date to go boating this weekend. I have clothing but I think it's a bit too preppy in style. The girl I'm seeing wears clothing like you have here," I waived my hand towards some of the female attire and then back to her. "Like what you have on yourself. I'd like something that would suit my appearance but not make me look too young, nor do I want to overdo it."

She seemed to understand my predicament but she also looked like she thought I was a foreigner. *A thirty year old should know how to dress*, she must have been thinking.

"Well I'd go with something simple then. Maybe a black tee with a simple design even. Did you want shorts?"

"Yes shorts, definitely."

"The current trend would be something dark. Black always works. If you aren't wanting anything too stylish then stay away from something too long and the ones with lots of loops and jewelry on them. Maybe something loose but without the frills. Something like this." She pointed a pair out.

I followed her advice and chose all of her selections. I walked over to the belts and she immediately interjected.

"If you're going to wear a belt just a plain belt is fine. These clothes will fit in with normal crowd and the gothic look as well." She pointed to what I was already carrying. "Anything else like jewelry or studded belts will make you stand out which is what you want to avoid right?"

"Yeah, definitely."

"Personally I'd skip the belt altogether. Even with the right clothes a belt can make you look preppy." she added.



I purchased a total of seven shirts and three pairs of shorts and just as I was leaving she called out.

"Lose the shoes. Get some sneakers. White, Black, whatever... but not those."

I looked down at my Italian shoes and agreed. "Thanks for all your help."

Shopping for shoes wasn't such a big ordeal. A pair of converse did just nicely. "I'll do some running in the dirt and gravel to wear them in a bit. I'll also wash my clothes a few times." I thought. I didn't want anything to look brand new. I wanted to look like these were my clothes.

I finished shopping, put my new outfits in the car and went back into the mall hoping to run into Charlotte.

Charlotte managed to find some nice sandals. It was time to find a nice pair of sunglasses. The two of them browsed a few of the stores before heading to Sunglass Hut. She had many pairs already but they were more for clubbing. She wanted a pair that went with the boating lifestyle.

"How do these look?" asked Charlotte. She put on a pair of Ray Bans.

"I like them a lot." Elenore liked anything name brand. She was always a simple person but appreciated the finer things in life. But she, herself, could never justify spending lots of money on fashion.

There were several other pairs that Charlotte liked that weren't in her budget.

"What about these?" she said wearing Pradas.

"I really like those."

"Yeah me to. Maybe next year."

Everything she liked was a little too expensive. The summer was ending so she couldn't justify anything expensive. She decided to settle on a pair she saw at one of the other stores. Her phone buzzed.

From Jessica: "Are you at the mall?"

To Jessica: "Yeah, why?"

From Jessica: "Well stay there. I left work early."

To Jessica: "Ok cool."

From Jessica: "I'll text you when I get there."

Elenore had been thinking about what Charlotte said earlier so she wanted to look at bathing suits for herself just in case she felt adventurous. She had always been the good girl but that

doesn't mean she never fantasized. She fantasized regularly. By the time she picked one out and paid for it Jessica had texted Charlotte back.

From Jessica: "I'm here. Let's meet in the food court."

To Jessica: "Okay. On our way."

"Jessica is here. We're meeting her in the food court."

"Oh, okay." Elenore wasn't too excited. She was enjoying her time with her sister.

On route Elenore stopped by Godiva. She needed some chocolate. The three of them met and took a seat. Charlotte got out her bathing suit to show off. The Charlotte and Jessica chatted, while Elenore felt left out. She found herself doing as she always did when she's alone; watching people and looking into their personalities; words unspoken but thoughts just the same. She, being a loner, had become quite good at reading people.

*When I look in their eyes I see who they are inside, behind the mask they wear in vain. But can they see me too? Sometimes I see an angel cast from the heavens above. Sometimes I see the Devil's reach taking a man's hand.* She looked over at a couple sitting nearby. The man was very animated and did all the talking. His wife looked as though she's heard him for the hundredth time. *His face shows the world sincerity, but inside, anger and sin. When I look into his eyes, his soul inside cries. This is what I see.* His wife looked up from time to time with a smile and an occasional laugh. *Behind smiles I see frowns; tears pour like the rain deep down and misery disguised as joy. But can they see me too?*

Elenore heard a loud woman behind her and turned. She appeared to be a business woman, sporting a suit and designer shoes. She was talking on the phone with long fancy words. She's right and everyone else is wrong, never to let in a word. *Her words say one thing, such wealth of verse. But inside a girl crying in fear. Thus when I look in her eyes I see nothing.*

I walked around the mall pretending to browse some of the stores. Some of the things were actually interesting so I wasn't completely pretending but, needless to say, that's not why I was here. I ventured upon the food court and glanced over the crowd to the different restaurants, all the while, my eye on the crowd. And there I saw Charlotte with Jessica and, I assumed, her sister. She was looking right at me.

*And now, for this man, I must concede. His persona was a*

*mystery. A wandering soul, he looks to me. His eyes are piercing my own. Perhaps he can see me, unlike the rest who always fail.*

Startled, Elenore quickly looked away. I turned towards Charlotte paying no never mind to her sister. Charlotte had my eye and my obsession. I chose to wait until they got up and started walking before I made my approach.

"Hey there." I said while casually walking by.

"Hey. I didn't expect to see you here?" said Charlotte.

"I need to get a few things. Hi Jessica."

"Hi Edison." said Jessica.

"And this must be your sister?"

"Yeah, this is Elenore." said Charlotte.

"Nice to meet you."

"You too."

I glanced at her for a moment, as did she, and turned my attention to Charlotte. "Have you girls eaten?"

Jessica was quick to answer for all. "Nope."

"It would be my pleasure to take you all to lunch."

"You came here to get something right?" said Charlotte. As she noticed I wasn't carrying anything.

"It can wait. Having some fun is more important."

"That's sums me up pretty well." said Charlotte.

Jessica laughed.

"How about some Chinese? There's a nice place just a few blocks from here."

"What do you think?" asked Charlotte to Elenore.

"I don't know. We have to make dinner soon." said Elenore in a whimper.

"I tell you what. You girls let me buy you lunch and we can order take out for Mom and Dad. I assume that's who you are making dinner for?"

"Yes and okay. I think they'll appreciate Chinese for once." said Charlotte.

We all met down the street. The hostess took us to our table and handed us our menus.

"Order anything you want." I said.

Jessica was doing most of the talking today but Charlotte got her words in also. Elenore sat their quietly. All her focus was on the people in the restaurant or her food.

"We just love your club." said Jessica.

"Thanks. I tried to make things risqué yet trendy."

"You got that right. I've found myself in fantasies ever since." said Jessica.

Jessica surprised me. She had that "I'm all proper" look about her. If I didn't know better I'd suspected she was interested in me. My attention, however, was on Charlotte.

"You look wonderful today."

"Me? I am dressed to go to the mall. I hate that you've seen me like this."

"You have natural beauty."

"Whatever." said Charlotte as she struggled with her chopsticks. "I love Chinese but I prefer forks."

"I can ask..."

"No. I'll manage."

The four of us finished dinner and ordered take out. It was almost 5 so they needed to head back home. Jessica didn't seem all that rushed and almost implied she wanted to stay longer with me.

"I'll text you later." said Charlotte as they were getting in her car.

"Okay. Drive safe."

"I assume you know him?" asked Elenore.

"Yeah, he's the 'Mr. Roses', as Mom calls him anyway."

"Oh okay." Elenore looked at her phone.

"I haven't heard from Ashton today."

"Well he looks like a 'young and fun' guy so he's probably having fun."

"I suppose." said Elenore. She acted a bit unsettled. She wanted Ashton to be her prince.

They arrived home just as Mom and Dad were pulling in.

"We were running a little late so we got Chinese for everyone. Elenore and I ate at the restaurant."

"Chinese sounds great." said Dad.

Mom wasn't upset. Elenore needed to get out more so she was happy Charlotte spent the day with her. Charlotte went to her porch to smoke while Elenore went to her room to text.

To Ashton: "How's it going baby?"

She didn't get a reply right away so she went to MeetMe. Elenore hadn't posted a status in a while so she hadn't gotten any messages. *It seems you have to be somewhat in the spotlight to get any attention*, she thought. She posted one now.

"I had fun shopping with my sister today. We had Chinese."

She wished she had taken a selfie today and thought about taking one now, but the moment was gone so there was no point. She browsed through the statuses for a little amusement. A little while later Ashton texted back.

From Ashton: "It's good. How bout you?"

To Ashton: "Good. I went shopping with Charlotte today. We had Chinese."

From Ashton: "Sounds fun."

To Ashton: "Oh. I got a bathing suit today :)"

From Ashton: "Did you take a picture of you wearing it?"

To Ashton: "No. Silly :)"

From Ashton: "Do you want to go to the lake next week?"

To Ashton: "Yeah. That would be great, but that's so far away."

From Ashton: "I know. I'm sorry. I have things to do with Dad this week."

To Ashton: "I understand."

From Ashton: "How about Wednesday?"

To Ashton: "Yeah. I don't see a problem with that but I'll ask Mom and let you know."

From Ashton: "Ok."

Ashton stopped texting so Elenore tried to find a new book to read. *I should have got one today*, she thought but her mind was on spending time with her sister, until Jessica got there anyway. She picked up *Harry Potter*. She had read the series already but it was worth reading again and she had nothing new to read. She laid down and bed and looked up. She was thinking about me, that moment when I caught her stare. She usually felt she was above the masses; that no one can see into her like she does with others. When she looked at me she couldn't see into me, and that got her to wonder. *Helpless, I'm left to guess. Should I wonder or forget him, and never know his own; my own. I must look deeper into his soul and try to realize why... When I see him, I see me.*

Charlotte watched some TV before her phone buzzed.

From Brittany: "God I need to get out of the house and get drunk."

To Brittany: "Oh me too. I've been cooked up here forever. I can't take it anymore. See if Jessica can pick you up and come get me."

From Brittany: "Will your parents let you?"

To Brittany: "They are in a good mood but I don't want to ruin it. How about you guys come here?"

From Brittany: "I'll see if she can."

To Brittany: "Ok"

## Chapter 12

*It was a beautiful day to go boating.* That's the thought that's been on her mind all day. Charlotte has had a good week with her parents and managed to stay out of trouble. It did take a lot of effort but she was looking forward to today. Charlotte may have liked me for my money, my club, my boat or because of her dreams. Her intent may have been simply to have fun and use me for what I'm worth until it ends. That was all fine with me. Just having the opportunity to win her over was enough. It was all in my hands; my control.

Charlotte spent most of the early morning getting ready. She didn't do anything fancy with her makeup. It's a day in the sun and possibly the water. She would save makeup for later in the day before going to dinner and then to the club. Everything was ready. She had her lotion and change of clothes all packed. I had already told her I'd have towels.

Elenore spent the morning texting her boyfriend sporadically. She was hoping to get asked out for tonight but it hasn't happened yet. She did envy Charlotte for having a date. Elenore walked out into the living room. She was surprised that

Charlotte was in there making her presence known to the family. Charlotte did spend most of her at home time in her bedroom. She must have been working on keeping good relations with everyone. She must have wanted something.

"Have fun on the boat today." said Elenore.

"Thanks. I think it will be. Brittany and Jessica are coming too."

"Lucky for them." Elenore smiled.

After another thirty minutes in the living room they came knocking at the door and Charlotte left with them.

"Get me out of here." said Charlotte as Jessica started the car. "If I have to spend one more minute with the family I'm going to scream."

They all laughed and headed out to the marina. Charlotte was using her phone to navigate to the address I'd given her. They pulled in and found a place to park.

"Ok. He said to follow this path to the third dock, dock number two, and he'll meet us. He texted me a few minutes ago so he's there now."

I was wearing my black shorts and a dark red tee, and my new sneakers of course. I decided not to wear the belt although I did feel like I was missing something for a while. Charlotte was wearing a short red skirt with a white top. She had her hair pulled back in a bun although you could plainly see the red stripes through it. Brittany and Jessica were both sporting similar skirts and tops. All three were wearing their sunglasses.

"You girls look lovely today." I said while reaching my hand out to help. "Can I carry anything?"

"No thanks." said Charlotte.

They each had a small bag and nothing encumbering. We started walking down the dock.

"Which one is yours?" asked Brittany.

"The last one on the left." I pointed. It was the biggest boat on the water. One could hardly miss it.

"That white one?" Jessica asked with her mouth wide open.

"I'm afraid so."

Brittany and Jessica took off running to the boat where they met up with Josh. He was waiting to untie it from the dock.

"I hope you don't mind Josh coming along with us. I thought since you were bringing your friends that it might do well to have him keep them company."



"As long as he brought his own alcohol. I don't share."  
Charlotte smiled.

"Oh there's plenty. More than enough."

"Wow. Is that a yacht?" she asked as we got a little closer.  
The boat was a thirty footer, all white and had its name  
Persephone, at the stern.

"Nah. It's a cabin cruiser. There should be ample room to  
sunbath though."

"I like the name."

" Persephone was the daughter of Zeus."

Brittany and Jessica had already climbed on board and were  
checking it out. I helped Charlotte.

"Watch your step."

Josh stayed behind, untied the mooring line and tossed it  
into the water. He stepped on the boat quickly before it had a  
chance to drift from the dock. I started the engine and pulled  
away from the dock, allowing Charlotte to watch. She stood proud  
as we ventured off.

We headed south in search of a nice spot to lay anchor and  
enjoy life. The water was fairly calm today. There was no wind so  
all surface movement was due to other boats which passed by  
occasionally. The three girls stood at awe watching the water  
roll under us, the land whisking by and the feeling of distance  
from the world fell upon us.

"What would you like to drink?" asked Josh as he stood  
attending to the girls.

"What do we have?" asked Brittany.

"Uh... Pretty much everything but it's probably better to  
skip any mixed drinks until we've settled."

Brittany and Jessica both asked for Corona while Charlotte  
wanted a Smirnoff. Josh got himself a beer while I held out until  
we stopped.

"How often do you come out here?" asked Jessica.

"This is my second time this summer."

"I'd be out here all weekend. Every weekend." said Brittany.

"Me too." said Charlotte.

"Unfortunately I tend to keep rather busy most of the time.  
Opening a new club demands a lot of attention." I said  
"Besides... It's not near as much fun to come out here alone.  
Your company made it worthwhile today. Otherwise, I'd probably  
not be out here at all for the rest of the season."

Josh and Brittany were chatting while Jessica was with us looking ahead to the waters that await us.

"How fast does this thing go?" asked Jessica.

"Hmmm, I don't really know. It'll go faster than I'm allowed to go." I laughed. "I like boating for relaxation not contests."

"I've never been on a real boat before. Not like this one." said Charlotte. "I mean I've been in a row boat and I think I was on a sailboat when I was really little. I don't really remember."

"Well how do you like it?"

"I'm in love with it. I could stay here forever or until we run out of alcohol. Whichever comes first." Charlotte just looked onward and felt the wind blowing against her skin. "You have to take us out again... Before the summer ends."

"Anything you wish." I said.

Charlotte and Jessica walked back to check on Brittany. Her and Josh seemed to get along great.

"So what do you girls think?" asked Josh.

"We're in heaven." said Brittany.

"This is only the second time I've been on it. We took it out last week for a test run." Josh took a sip of his beer. "I think I could get used to this myself, providing you girls came also."

"You won't have a problem with that." said Charlotte.

"Speak for yourself." Jessica added. "I have a job remember?"

"Work days and you can't go boating. Work nights and you can't go clubbing. Don't work and you can't do either... not unless you meet a guy with a little change in his pocket." Jessica said while looking towards me.

"I suppose you're right to an extent but I'd never date a guy if I weren't attracted to him." said Charlotte.

I cut the engine and slowed to a stop. It got really quiet. Everyone wanted to soak in the tranquility of the moment. There was hardly a wave so even the sound of the water slapping the hull was at a minimal. It took a minute before Brittany broke the silence.

"Who wants a drink?"

All the girls had finished their beers. Josh was too preoccupied to notice. After all, his girl was there too and it wasn't her drink he was watching. The girls made their choices and Josh obliged them. I walked back to join them and grabbed a

beer for myself.

"If you girls want to swim go right ahead." I suggested.

"Not yet." said Charlotte. "First we drink and sunbath. Don't you know anything about girls?"

One doesn't live as long as me and not know something about girls. When choosing between saying something thoughtful verses saying something presumptuous... I'll choose thoughtful. You can't lose.

"Of course. Keep in mind though that you'll get drunk much quicker in the heat so mind your drinks." I said. While this falls under presumptuous, we have plans for the evening. Charlotte getting drunk now could ruin the night.

"Okay Mom." said Brittany.

Jessica and Brittany laid towels on the two lounge chairs at the back of the boat while Charlotte and I went to the bow. She found a spot to place her drink where it wouldn't get knocked or kicked over. Then she laid out her towel. She stood for a while looking forward before taking off her shirt and skirt. Her sandals had come off as soon as she got on the boat.

"It's beautiful." she said.

"I couldn't agree more." I replied while looking at her lovely body. It was apparent that she sunbathed nude as her tan lines were very soft and blended almost completely into the rest of her body. She had perfect curves and her cleavage was a good size; not too modest but not too small either.

She laid down and took her sunglasses off. She closed her eyes and looked as though she were sleeping. Brittany and Jessica did the same and occasionally took sips from their drinks. Josh and I stood in the cabin to relax ourselves.

About an hour later Brittany stood up.

"I don't know about you guys but I'm going swimming."

Jessica and Charlotte sat up and stretched. Jessica finished her drink and stood up.

"I think I'll join you." said Jessica.

They stood at the stern of the boat and took a step down. Brittany jumped right in and Jessica eased her way in slowly. Charlotte just stood up and watched as Josh joined them.

"Aren't you going to swim also?" I asked.

"Part of me wants to. But just sitting here watching is fun also." She looked out to the islands; all covered with greenery, trees, cliffs and hills.

"I'd love to have a house out there." She pointed to one of the larger islands. "Separated from the world, yet convenient."

"That would be nice." I said. "It might be a little difficult to put a driveway in."

"Yeah, but I'd have no reason to leave. There would have to be a club though... and a mall." She laughed and looked over to the girls swimming and having fun. "Oh, fuck it." She jumped over the side of the boat and swam over to them.

I was the last one on the boat. I wasn't wearing swimming trunks but the shorts did just fine. After removing everything else I jumped in myself.

"The water is nice." I said as I approached them.

"Glad you joined us." said Jessica. "Did you bring a drink for me?"

Brittany and Josh were cutting up amongst themselves and having fun. We couldn't see under that water so we can only imagine what they were doing. Jessica and Charlotte were splashing each other and occasionally splashed me which drew me in closer. Charlotte circled behind me to shield herself from her foe. She put her arms around my shoulders and her body fell upon mine, her body warming mine as she clung tight. Sure, the water felt nice, but this was much better; the first time we've touched.

We stayed this way for a few minutes but it felt like much longer. My thoughts were cleared of the water fight at hand as I was left to daydream about the moment; wanting to turn around and look into her eyes while she held on for her life. Jessica splashed at Charlotte but hit me in the eyes. She forced an innocent expression and smiled. Charlotte released herself from me and swam over to Brittany.

Brittany and Josh were kissing and holding one another.

"We can't have any of this." said Charlotte. "Everyone plays together." Charlotte reached her hand out to Brittany and pulled her face towards her own. She slowly raised her lips to match Brittany's and gave her a slow sensual kiss while placing her other hand to her chest.

"Oh, stop playing." said Brittany as she smiled and pushed Charlotte away.

"Oh I'll play." said Jessica as she reached over to Charlotte. They just laughed and splashed each other again. They never did play and thus, my thoughts faded into nothingness.

Eventually we all found ourselves back on the boat. The water was much too deep to stand. Everyone got themselves a new drink and grabbed a towel to dry off. The girls decided to lay in the sun a little longer. The water became quite cooling to the body even this time of year.

I joined Josh in the cabin while he was making himself a drink. "You and Brittany seem to be getting along well." I smiled.

"Yeah. She's fun to be with and she is definitely hot." he said as he dropped some ice into his glass. "I just don't see it going anywhere really. I'm the type to date one girl, someone down to earth and grounded. She's more 'go with the flow.' The fun, party girl type."

"I know what you mean. I have the same predicament." I looked out to Charlotte on the bow. She finished her drink and laid herself back to absorb some rays. "But you may as well have some fun in life. I mean, you aren't really ready to settle down yourself at the moment."

"That's true. It will take some time to get settled into the business and break in my condo a bit. It looks like a model home. It needs a little more clutter." He laughed.

We spent the next hour or two relaxing and having small talk. The girls got up from time to time to join in and to get a drink. It was time to head back if we're to continue our date into the evening.

Jessica dropped Charlotte off at her house. "Let me know the next time you go boating. I had a great time. We all did."

"He asked earlier about next week. I think you had dozed off."

"What day?"

"I don't know yet. I'll let you know."

"Okay... Well text me when you're ready to be picked up."

Charlotte went inside to shower and get ready for her date. Elenore was in the bathroom putting some things away.

"How was the lake today?" she asked.

"It was wonderful. I hope I didn't get burned."

Elenore glanced her over. "No. It doesn't look like it."

"What did you do today?"

"Nothing much. Texted Ashton earlier today but it's been quiet ever since... and boring. At least Mom and Dad seem to be in a good mood."

"Well that's good. I still have a date. I'm only home to shower and get ready."

"Now that I've had my first date I hate not going out. I didn't realize how boring my life was until now."

"Well going out isn't always great. Well... yeah it is. Anything beats sitting at home alone with nothing to do. Especially with Mom and Dad around. They don't know what fun is anymore."

"Yeah. I am beginning to realize that a life of Monopoly, popcorn and Netflix leaves some things to be desired."

Charlotte laid out her outfit in the bed. "Crap... I didn't get anything for my hair."

"Your hair always looks nice."

"Well, I wanted to do something special with it. I'll manage I guess."

Elenore looked down at her outfit. "I need some new clothes. Mine are so conservative."

"That's true. Sometimes I can't tell if you are going to church or going for a walk." She laughed.

"That's what I mean... I need to dress more like you now that I've taken an interest in dating."

"Are you going out tonight?"

"No. Ashton hasn't texted me in a while."

"Text him."

"I'm not like that."

"Well you need to be. Guys aren't the first to talk anymore. Get used to it." said Charlotte.

"Maybe."

"Well I need to shower and get ready. It's starting to get late in the day."

Elenore went back to her room and sat on the bed looking at her phone. She waited a minute or two then decided to text Ashton.

To Ashton: "Hey baby."

From Ashton: "Hey girl. What's up?"

To Ashton: "Just sitting here alone. What are you getting into tonight."

From Ashton: "Not too much. How about you?"

To Ashton: "Nothing at all. I'm free tonight. Did you want to get together?"

From Ashton: "Oh, sorry. I had made plans already. Me and

the guys."

To Ashton: "That's ok. Maybe another day."

To Ashton: "We're still on for the picnic next week right?"

From Ashton: "Yeah, as far as I know."

To Ashton: "Great. I'm looking forward to seeing you again. I just wish it wasn't a whole week away."

From Ashton: "Me too. I wish I didn't have to work with Dad all week but it's money."

Charlotte got out of the shower and dried off. She wore a towel as she blow dried her hair. When she was younger she let it air dry but now she finds herself to always be in a hurry. She started her makeup, applied her deodorant and perfume; Allure Parfum. I'll always remember that night, that fragrance.

She went into the bedroom to get her outfit and there, beside it, was a gorgeous red flower. Charlotte didn't know her flowers outside of the common ones like daisies and roses, but it was beautiful nonetheless. Elenore must have placed it there to wear in her hair tonight. It was a perfect match for her red and black hair and the black outfit she had chosen.

She finished getting dressed and put her makeup on. She added some red to her eyes to complete her look then she pinned the flower into her hair. She stood back and looked at herself in the mirror. She knew she was stunning tonight.

She thanked Elenore for the flower as Jessica arrived to pick her up. She wasn't ready for me to introduce myself to her parents. She also wanted a scapegoat to stay out all night if she wanted.

## Chapter 13

### *Alone With Company*

Jessica dropped Charlotte off at the restaurant.

"Have fun. How will you get home?" said Jessica.

"You know me. I'll figure that out later. I always manage something."

Charlotte chose Calhoun's on the River. She thought it would be a fitting restaurant after a day on the lake. I was already seated, having made my reservations and preparations in advance. The hostess showed her to our table; one on the deck with a nice view. The skies were clear, the air was dry and pleasant.

I stood up and pulled back Charlotte's chair for her.

"You look beautiful tonight. I love the flower in your hair. It adds that personal touch." I sat staring at her. I had showered and changed myself. I was wearing something a little more preppy than I intended; a loose fit black, long sleeved shirt and designer jeans. It seemed appropriate for the restaurant and also for the club.

"Thank you." she said as she placed her purse down.

"We all had lots of fun today. Thank you for taking us out."

"It was a pleasure. We'll pick a day next week to take them



out again. A weekday perhaps. There will be less people on the water."

"Maybe we can see how fast your boat can go."

"I don't know about that. We'll see."

The waitress arrived with the menus, announced the specials of the day and took our drink order. Charlotte opened her menu gazed through the selections while I placed mine down on the table.

"Do you already know what you want?" she asked.

"I always know what I want." I said looking into her eyes. "I'll get the filet as usual."

"I've never had that before. What's it like?"

"It's the most tender steak you can get. Melting in your mouth, you'll never eat another steak again."

She spent the next few minutes browsing before the waitress returned with our drinks.

"Are we ready to order." she asked as she noticed my menu was closed. I looked over to Charlotte.

"Go ahead and order. I'll be ready in a second."

"I'll have the nine ounce filet, medium and baked potato with butter."

"What kind of salad would you like with that sir?"

"None. I'm good."

I handed the menu back to her and the waitress looked to Charlotte.

"I'll also have the filet, six ounce, medium; a baked potato with the works and a Caesar salad with Ranch dressing."

"Very good. I'll be back with your salad momentarily."

It wasn't a very long wait for the salad to arrive. We talked a bit about Josh and Brittany.

"I usually don't eat much salad but sometimes I have a craving for it."

"Diversity keeps things less boring. It keeps us sane." I said.

Charlotte looked around at the decor. "I've never been here before. It's nice and I just love the view." The surrounding buildings and trees were reflecting off the water. The sun was setting behind us so many of the city lights have been turned on. The breeze and occasional traffic on the water made it ripple, its reflections bounced and the lights sparkled.

"They have their own boat dock here." I pointed. "They're

famous for their BBQ but I come for the steak. I'll probably avoid the crowds come game time though. I'm not much of a crowd person."

"They do love football. That much is obvious." she said glancing around again.

Our entries arrived to our table and we've assured the waitress everything was fine. The scent of freshly cooked beef and it's seasoning was in the air from the moment it hit the table.

"It sure smells good." said Charlotte as she watched the juices run off the top of her steak onto her plate. Her potato was split open and topped with sour cream, bacon and seasonings.

"Just wait til you taste it."

We both cut into our steak and I watched her open her delicate lips as she brought the fork to her mouth.

"Mmmm..." she said after her first bite. "This is good. I can't believe I've never had this before." She chewed slowly. "It's doesn't even look like any steak I've seen before."

"Filet means thick cut and mignon means dainty. It comes from the narrow end of a beef tenderloin. This part of the animal doesn't bear any weight so the meat is always tender."

"Oh. Okay."

"Sorry. I guess that is needless information."

"Well I'll probably forget it by tomorrow. I do like being taught things though. I just need to train a little harder to remember." said Charlotte. She intently used those words trying to provoke a response. She had been doing some reading on being a submissive.

"We are all students but I am happy to teach what I know."

The two of us exchanged some idle chat throughout our dinner and ordered a few drinks to relax afterward. The club setting would be quite loud later on. Just sitting back on the river was most rewarding.

"I'm really glad you took me here tonight. It was a very enjoyable dinner." said Charlotte as she slid her chair close to mine.

"I've been here many times. But I must say this was the most pleasant. All do to present company of course."

I laid my hand on her leg and she looked down to it. I thought I may have crossed a line and attempted to pull it back. She put her own on my and looked at me.

"I've been wondering if you'd ever touch me." She looked into my eyes. "Now I'm wondering if you'll ever kiss me."

We leaned our faces towards one another and enjoyed our first kiss. Then we turned towards the water and just watched the minutes pass us by, slower and slower.

The dining aspect of our date was over but the night had just begun. I took Charlotte's hand and we walked to my car; a 2014 Mercedes-Benz S550 in black.

"Is that your car?"

"I slipped the waitress a twenty when you weren't looking. She let me borrow it."

She laughed. The club wasn't far away so it only took a few minutes. I let my valet park the car around back and Charlotte and I went in the front door. It was a little early for the crowd so I took Charlotte on a mini tour through the kitchen and bar area where she grabbed herself a drink. There wasn't anything exciting to show her. As we passed by the crosses she posed on one of them. In a joking manner she suggested I spank her. She may not have been joking but she smiled as though she were.

We went upstairs to the VIP section to have a seat. The music was loud and the beat took hold of her, pounding the animal instinct into her body as it shimmered in the lights.

"Do you want me?" she said as she ran her finger from her chin to her crotch, dragging the fabric of her shirt along with it.

"More than you'll ever know."

I sat on the couch and she stood facing me. She walked forward, swaying her hips from side to side. She sat herself down on my knees with her bare legs spread and slid herself forward. Her skin felt a slight burn as my jeans rubbed against her inner thighs. She reached down and put her hands on my crotch. My arousal was felt as my cock began to swell beneath her gentle hands. She moved her fingers as if to unbutton me.

"I may be able to fix this for you. What's in it for me if I do?"

"Anything you want."

"What's in it for me... if I don't?"

"Oh, a few things come to mind." I said as she looked to the toys mounted to the wall.

"Well you think about it and let me know." She sat up and placed a drink order. "Are you going to dance with me?"

"I'm really not much of a dancer. Besides, I own the club. It wouldn't be appropriate to dance in front of my employees."

She frowned. "Well I need to dance so I'll just have to manage by myself."

She went to the dance floor without waiting for her drink. She carried her head high in confidence knowing it was her night. She owned the floor. By this time the crowd thickened. She disappeared into the frenzy of bodies moving to the percussion of the music. The strobes put them into slow motion and the men looked upon their new prey with the eyes of the hunter.

Charlotte wasn't shy at all. She had no problem dancing and toying with men, after all, it was her territory. She allowed each and every man to approach her, to touch her and to grind themselves upon her. She'd return the favor to the cuter ones, pressing her body amongst theirs, putting her hand between their legs checking their manhood all the while glancing up at me to see if I was watching. Watching I was. I was left in a state of emergency.

She spent the next three songs pounding the dance floor, pounding the men around her. To her, seduction was an art and a nightclub was her favorite place to hang her tapestries, displaying all she could legally bare and more, when the moment presented itself.

She went to the bar and got another drink and brought it upstairs. She gulped it down in a few seconds and grabbed the one that was waiting for her and did the same. She looked at me, to the dance floor and then went into the private bathroom on the balcony.

Charlotte relieved herself and without raising her shorts she stood half naked, appraising herself in the bathroom mirror. Her breasts, all thirty-four inches of them stood out with pride from her trim, hard stomach. Striking a model's pose, Charlotte's lush ass, svelte hips, and long, perfectly formed legs accentuated her shaved, baby-smooth cunt. Charlotte grinned as she remembered the hot guy dancing with her. She had put her hand into his pants and stroked him in sync with the beat moments ago.

Spreading her legs apart wide, Charlotte touched her cunt, smearing her wetness over her clit, watching herself intently.

*Oh God... so good... it feels so fucking good to touch myself like this*, Charlotte moaned, fighting to keep her eyes open, wanting to watch her slutty reflection. Her sensations were

building again, driving her crazy with hungry desire. She slid a finger up inside her pussy. She bent herself at the knees, struggling to remain standing as her legs wobbled beneath her. Then she jammed another finger up inside her pussy, feeling the waves of yet another powerful orgasm building deep inside her sultry body.

*Oh Godddddd... I need it... I need it now!* she moaned.

"Charlotte?" I called from the door. "You've been in there for a while."

"Oh Shit!" Charlotte whispered. She was shaking and on fire; unable to stop masturbating. She fingered herself as fast as she could. *So close... so fucking close....*

"Are you alright?" I asked, knocking on the bathroom door.

"SHIT!" Charlotte sighed, pulling up her shorts. "Just a minute baby," she said. "I'll be out in a minute." She had forgotten that it takes longer to have an orgasm while drinking.

Charlotte opened the door and walked onto the balcony. Her cunt was quivering, and knowing I might suspect something turned her on even more. "Sorry. I needed to catch my breath."

"Oh. I didn't mean to interrupt you." I stepped back, noticing how wet Charlotte's shorts had become. I felt my cock grow in excitement, pushing outward in my boxers.

"Come here and kiss me." she said.

I walked to her and kissed her on the lips. She pulled my body against hers and I felt the warmth of her boding through my thin shirt. She grabbed my ass and forced my body to hers, grinding her crotch on my own. She realized I was getting an erection.

She pulled back quickly from my body, and without thinking, looked down at the bulge growing my shorts.

"Oh baby... I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this to happen." Charlotte breathed heavily, once again allowing me a close up look at her wet crotch, standing with her body mere inches from mine, feeling her nipples growing hard as I continued to stare.

"You are beautiful tonight."

"Do... do you like looking at my body, Edison?" Charlotte asked, on fire with lust as she brazenly spread her legs apart.

"Yes... I do."

She pulled her shirt tail down tightly against her body to accentuate her breasts.

"If we weren't here at the club I don't think I could contain myself."

"You mean you are getting excited just looking at me?"

"What man wouldn't? What woman for that matter?" I stood back trying to focus my attention elsewhere and regain control of myself.

"Don't you dare look away from me." She rubbed her finger to her wet spot and extended it forward. "Do you want a taste?" She paused for a moment and brought it to her lips. "Mmmm. I think you'd like it."

"I want you." I took her by the hand and started her towards the bathroom. "I want you now."

"What do you think you're doing?"

"Getting us some privacy." I answered.

She led me back to the couch. "Who the fuck wants privacy?"

She pushed me into my seat and took a kneeling position in front of me and pulled her shirt down so that I could see her flesh. Her hands moved down to my crotch and her fingers popped my buttons open one by one. I could feel my cock forcing its way out through the flaps as she pulled them apart wider and wider. She pulled my boxers down as her head leaned forward, her lips approaching. She looked up and I could see the hunger in her eyes while she licked her lips, her mouth wide open. Her eyes shut slowly as she look my shaft inside, her tongue swirled around my cock, once, twice... She stopped.

"You never answered me." she said as she pulled herself back.

"Answered you? About what?"

She walked towards the bathroom and stopped. She looked at me with pity. "I'm going to finish what I've started. You'll have time to think about it... And don't interrupt me this time or I may have to discipline you." She closed the door behind her.

*Discipline me?* I thought. I looked around and found myself gazing at my toys. *No. She's got this all wrong. I'm... I'm not submissive. I take control. I'm in control.* I stood up and quickly went to the bathroom door.

"Hey..." I stopped myself from finishing the sentence. I opened the door. "I'm in control here. I'll take what I want, when I want." I hardly noticed the lights were off. The strobes flashed on and off allowing me to see her fingers moving in and out in perfect harmony, her shorts and shirt removed. She moved to the beat, upwards she raised her head and clenched her teeth to her bottom lip.

"Then why are you standing over there? Take me."

Without shutting the door I dropped my pants, pushed her up against the sink and buried my cock inside her. She moaned in delight and dripped with excitement as I brought my hands to her nipples. I tugged them downwards in a fierce manner to show I owned the moment, to show I owned her.

"Let's get this straight." I whispered as I grabbed her by her hair. "I am the one who disciplines."

"That's the answer I've been waiting for."

I grabbed the faucets to thrust myself forward, pressing her body hard against the sink. The loud music drowned out her screams as I fucked her harder and harder. The bathroom door was open wide and the strobe lights dancing on us. If anyone saw us they didn't make it known.

We went back to the lounge area and ordered some drinks. She sat beside me with her head to my chest. It was a time for rest before jumping back to the dance floor. We gazed upon the crowd holding one another for a while without uttering a word. Sometimes less words mean so much more. We finished our drinks and ordered another round and the silence was broken.

"Look at all those people out there." I said. "The girls don't know what they want and the guys won't admit what they want. It's all a big game, a fantasy... A facade that one puts on to believe they're in control."

"What do you mean?"

"Everyone wants to believe they won't get caught. They all think they are smarter than the next so they're all playing the game. In reality, 99% of them never see it, no matter how many times they lose."

"I don't know what I want. I don't need to pretend." She laughed.

"Girls fall in love too easily and over trivial things. I mean, just because they both like the color blue... There's no depth, no passion. It's all about showing off your guy to your friends. It doesn't matter if he treats you badly, nor if he cheats. Girls crave attention. Whether it's envy for their guy or pity that he cheated, it's attention. The ones that desire love always chose the guys who won't return it."

"I want love, but I've learned early on that young guys just want to be players. So I let them play me and I play them back." said Charlotte.

"At least you are aware. These people are not. The girls will just keep trying, over and over, believing that they'll find their prince. Princes do exist, don't get me wrong, but they do not post shirtless pics online, they do not go clubbing, they do workout for muscular bodies. They are normal, everyday guys who have lived long enough to have earned some wisdom."

Charlotte leaned her head against mine and squeezed my hand.

"You seem to have it all figured out. What do you think of me?"

"I like you just fine."

"That's not what I meant."

"I'll give you just what you want by not answering you just yet." I turned to her.

"Huh?"

"In time things will become clear." I looked back to the dance floor. "Guys all want the same thing. Sex. 'He who dies with the most toys wins.' Right? In the case of young guys, toys means women. They know what a girl wants and they play the part. Some girls see them playing the part but believe they can change them. The guys can't be changed so it's just one big viscous circle. A game that no one wins."

"I don't try to play anymore." She smiled.

"The purpose in life is to have fun." I said. "I mean, what's the point if we aren't having a good time."

"Well I like to shop, party, have sex and relax at the beach. I haven't been there this year but Brittany, Jessica and I went last year though. We almost didn't come back."

"I bet you had fun."

"Too much I'd say. We went to relax but the party found us there and took control." She laughed and looked out to the crosses. "So really, when are you going to tie me to one of those?"

"Are you into BDSM?"

"I've been doing some reading on it. It's been on my mind a lot lately, especially when I sleep." She looked at me, her hand rubbing my chest. "I want to try some things and see if it's as exciting as my mind makes it out to be."

"We can do that. We can try one thing at a time and see what you like."

She stood up and finished her drink. "Order me another. I'm gonna dance."



She stepped down the join her comrades, relentlessly throwing her body around amongst the drones following the beat. At least she knows what she wants.

I sat there for a while, watching her and trying to show pride in exercising my control earlier. "Who was really in control?" I wondered. "I did exactly what she wanted me to do." I pondered for a while. "Next time... next time I'll take the initiative." I told myself with some assertion.

I stood up quickly, gathered her things and my own and called the valet. I made my way to the dance floor and found her in the crowd, taking her by the arm. "We're going to my place." I said in a commanding voice. "You want control? I'll just have to show you." I led her to my car and let her in and drove the fifteen minute drive without her uttering a word.

I took her into the house and laid her things down on the table.

"We'll get to the cross when I feel you are ready for it. Before we can get to discipline we must first cover obedience." I said as I dragged her to the sofa, hair in hand.

I leaned her over the arm and removed some of her clothing; her heels, her shorts and panties. She quivered in silence not knowing if she could speak. I pulled my hand back and swung it to her ass; not too hard but not too light.

"Ow. I didn't expect that." she whimpered

"I didn't expect you to speak." I watched the blood rush to her ass, leaving an imprint of my hand. "Obedience means you do as I ask without question, by words or by motion.

I put one hand to her throat and put two of my fingers inside her from the other. I can feel just how wet she was. I could even feel her heart beat. In and out I moved them while she sat slumped over the sofa trying to contain her excitement and her voice. She wanted to scream in pleasure as she had orgasm after orgasm. She had never been taken this way. She had always been in control. She wanted more.

"You've done very well. I will lead you on this journey, one step at a time." I stepped away for a moment and returned with two roses; one white and one red. "I give these to you to represent the first two things I will teach you. The white one represents obedience while the red represents discipline. I'd like you to wear them proudly for it is only the beginning."

She removed the flower from her hair and handed it to me.

"And I give you mine as I am yours to lead." She put the two roses in her hair where the other once was.

I was through for the moment, for the day. I wanted there to be some time, some time for it to all sink in. For now I wanted her company and the pleasure of her body against mine while we look at the stars.

I allowed her to dress herself and led her outside to the porch. We looked up at the sky and starred at the stars. Charlotte lit a cigarette.

"Sometimes I get too carried away and forget to smoke." She took a drag and exhaled.

"If you're going to smoke you may as well do it with style and confidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Look at how you dress, how you wear your makeup, how you hold your head up high. You do all those things to feel good about yourself and to announce to everyone that you are in control and that you have style."

"Yeah?"

"Well one can just smoke, as you do or... You can smoke with style and add even more to your display of confidence."

"How do you smoke with style?"

"Google it. Search for French inhale, snap inhale, smoke rings, etc. I'm sure you can even find examples on YouTube."

"Oh, like smoke tricks. I know how to blow smoke rings." She demonstrated for me.

"Well that's pretty good. Now just don't do it as a trick. Do it as a routine. Do it all the time until you're doing it without thinking. Then it becomes a style. Learn the other ones too."

"You can see my house from here." she said.

"Yes. I can."

## Chapter 14

### *Take Me Rain*

It was 10 in the morning when Elenore's alarm woke her. Today was the big day and she was looking forward to another marvelous picnic. The week had gone very well for her. Ashton had been quite talkative and he and Elenore had gotten a lot closer even without having seen each other. Words can be much more important than contact and important words were shared. Each night they've texted back and forth and each night their feelings were coming more and more to the surface. While the strongest words have only been. "I want to spend my life with you." and "I'll always be yours." Elenore has fallen in love and today she wanted to say it for real, in person.

It was 10 in the morning when her alarm woke her. She set it just in case she didn't wake on her own as the sun shined her face every morning. It was raining outside and Elenore's plans must be altered. There will be no picnic in the sun, no swimming in the lake and no looking up at the sky. Elenore had planned on getting a little bit physical. She had been fantasizing all week and even fondled herself. She wasn't quite ready for sex, nor did she feel ready for any penetration but today was the day to start

living for today, and not for tomorrow.

It was 10 in the morning and the day was over.

Elenore checked her phone but she had no messages. She took the initiative as her sister suggested.

To Ashton: "Hey baby. I miss you so much, Muah."

From Ashton: "Hey. I miss you too :)"

To Ashton: "It's raining outside. Our picnic is ruined :(")

From Ashton: "I know. I was looking forward to it and you in your bathing suit :)"

To Ashton: "Me too. I wanted to hug and kiss you out in the water."

From Ashton: "I'd have loved that too."

To Ashton: "So what do you want to do today instead."

From Ashton: "Oh, I made plans with the guys since it was raining. We're going to play some video games."

To Ashton: "You mean I don't get to see you? We've been waiting all week."

From Ashton: "'Sorry. I couldn't think of anything to do. I figured you wanted a picnic but we can't now."

To Ashton: ":(")

From Ashton: "Well what about later or tonight? Maybe we can find something to do."

To Ashton: "Yeah, lets plan on it. Even if it's just going to another movie. I just want to see you."

From Ashton: "Me too. I'll let you know."

To Ashton: "Okay :)"

Elenore went about doing her chores for the day. She was working much slower feeling depressed about her plans falling through. Rain also made her sluggish, but her real reason for going slow was to pass the time. She was waiting for Ashton to message her back with a new plan for the day. She went into the kitchen for something to drink.

"How's your day honey?" her Mom asked.

Her Mom was sitting at the kitchen table immersed in her Facebook account checking on the lives of her friends and family. Most of them lived in another state or another city so Facebook became her primary connection to the world. The whole family left their friends behind when Dad got transferred here about seven years ago. They've since made new friends but still kept in touch with the old.

"It's horrible." Elenore said as she dropped her body to the kitchen chair. "It's raining out so the picnic is cancelled." She put her hands over her face.

"Well you two can find something else to do then."

"He already did and it's without me."

"I'm sorry dear. I know you've been looking forward to it all week."

"I know. Stupid rain. It's not fair." Elenore picked up her juice and drank some. "He said he'll message me this evening and do something."

"Well that's good. Maybe it'll be as fun as the picnic would have been."

"Maybe... Can you take me shopping today?" I want to get out of the house. I don't want to sit here all day waiting for a message. It's depressing. The rain is depressing."

"Sorry hun, but I've already made plans with Betty from work to do her hair. When it started raining I advised her against it but she insists. You can come if you want to."

"No thanks Mom, but watching old people do each other's hair isn't quite the picker upper I was looking for." She laughed.

"What about Charlotte? Can she take me?"

"I don't know about that. She's been staying out late all week. I'm not too happy with her right now."

"Please Mom... It's for me, not her."

"Well okay, but you have to ask her." Mom never took her eyes off her computer.

Elenore sat up and knocked on Charlotte's door. There was no answer.

"She's probably still asleep." said Mom.

"Yeah. I'll try later."

Elenore went to her room and logged onto MeetMe. She decided to be a little more daring today so she tried on her bathing suit and took a selfie. She wasn't really happy with the pic. *I look blah*, was her thought. She went into the bathroom and did her hair real nice and put on some makeup. She was going out later today and perhaps tonight. She may as well get ready now and then change into some normal clothes after the selfie.

She went back to MeetMe and uploaded her new pic. She was quite happy with this one. She even ran her fingers through her hair in a provocative manner. She added a tagline that read "My swimming date got cancelled because of the rain but I plan to

have fun tonight." She was quite proud of herself. She never made such bold statements, especially to the general public.

She started reading through statuses to pass the time. Who knew when Charlotte will wake up. It was mostly the same old thing over and over. She did see a few girls that she may have things in common with so she read their profiles. Elenore has lived here for seven years but never really bothered to make any friends, only acquaintances from school that she never hung out with. *Perhaps it's time to change that*, she thought. Some of them she recognized from school but had never spoken to. She picked the girls who seemed more popular for a start and messaged them with a simple "Hello, I know you from school right?" It couldn't hurt to try.

She checked Ashton's profile but he hadn't posted anything new at all. It was a good way to pass time though, looking through his pictures and dreaming. She went through each of them as she had before they met. There were various comments posted to them that she hadn't seen before. They were all from girls with comments ranging from "Hey baby." to "I love your eyes." *He did have nice eyes*, she thought. She wasn't really concerned about what the girls wrote but she was a bit bothered by his replies, primary his response about his eyes... "Thanks, so do you." Elenore was a little bothered by it but it could have been harmless enough. *A compliment for a compliment.*

While the day took a turn for the worse, she wasn't going to let that bother her. She was determined to go out with her sister and do some shopping.

It was 11:30 now and Elenore was a little more adamant about waking Charlotte. It was important that she got home early enough to have a date later. She knocked harder and called her name.

Charlotte opened the door wearing shorts and a shirt. It was obvious she had fallen asleep in them as she recognized them from yesterday.

"What do you want?" she said as she turned back into her room.

"I want to go shopping today."

"Yeah, so?"

"Mom's busy. She said you can take me."

Suddenly Charlotte's eyes opened. She love to get out of this house for the day, even if it did mean waking up early, even if it did mean taking Elenore with her. Elenore saw the approval

in her eyes.

"I thought you'd like that." Elenore said.

"Give me thirty minutes." Normally Charlotte took much longer to get ready but every minute she spent here was a minute longer with the folks.

After she finished getting ready she stepped out onto the porch to smoke. It was a covered porch so the rain couldn't get in. Elenore was outside just passing time.

"Damn it. It's hard to practice this shit without a mirror." said Charlotte.. She said it to herself but Elenore couldn't help but hear.

"Practice what?"

"Edison wants me to learn how to French inhale."

"What's that?" Elenore asked while approaching her.

"It where you take a drag but instead of inhaling it through your mouth, you let push it out slowly and inhale the smoke through your nose instead."

"I've seen that in movies sometimes. It looks cool."

"He says it's sexy and displays confidence in yourself."

"I never thought about it that way."

Charlotte tried again. She took a long drag and opened her mouth a little. She pushed the smoke out with her tongue while breathing in through her nose. Half of the smoke up her nose and the other half just drifted away. Elenore watched with curious eyes.

"Did I do it?"

"Sort of. Some of it went into your nose."

"I must have pushed it out too fast or I didn't breath in fast enough. Grab me my little mirror on the dresser."

Elenore returned with the mirror and she tried a few more times with moderate success.

"Well, I'm ready now. Let's go." said Charlotte as she put it out.

"Let me grab my purse." said Elenore.

Charlotte followed Elenore into her room and looked around. She didn't come in here too often and never really paid attention when she had. She noticed all the princess figurines.

"Always looking for that prince huh?"

"It can happen." Elenore picked up her purse and checked to make sure her money was inside. Elenore had a secret place to keep her money just in case one of Charlotte's friends ever

wandered from her room. She trusted her friends now but it had already become a habit to keep it hidden.

"Perhaps." She thought about me for a moment. "Perhaps it can."

Charlotte looked over to Elenore's painting. It's come a long way since she last saw it.

"Looks like you done some more painting." she said. She looked at some of the details. She made out some of the shadows and could see herself and her stalker. The painting was all in grey with a little black for accentuations.

"It could use some color though. Maybe some blue."

"You said it was all grey."

"That was then. Now... there's life to the nightmares... dreams."

Elenore was all set.

"Bye Mom. Have fun doing Betty's hair."

"Drive safe. It's raining outside." said Mom.

"Of course." said Charlotte.

"I'm gonna swing by and get Brittany." said Charlotte as she started the car.

"Mom didn't say anything about bring your friends."

"She didn't say anything against it either. Besides, it's not friends it friend. Just Brittany." Jessica had to work today so she didn't bother messaging her.

"Wait here. I'll be right out." said Charlotte after pulling into Brittany's driveway.

Elenore sat in the car listening to the radio. One of her favorites songs just came on keeping her occupied. Then a second and a third song played and Charlotte was nowhere in sight. She glanced over and saw Charlottes cigarettes and stared at them. She had contemplated trying smoking these last few weeks but has never gotten up the nerve to do it. She had thought about stealing one from her last week and she was now thinking about it again. Something came over her and she got a sudden burst of courage. She was going to take one and save it for later, after her sister has gone out one night. Just as she reached for them the front door opened.

"Hey girl. How are you?" said Brittany as she climbed into the back.

It was unusual for Brittany to even speak to her, never mind be polite. And then she smelled it. Elenore knew the scent of



weed and it lingered off their clothing filling the car. Elenore had never tried it but growing up around her sister exposed her to its aroma and its effects.

"Maybe I should drive." said Elenore.

"I'm fine... really. Besides, you don't have your license yet." said Charlotte.

"You don't have your license yet?" asked Brittany. "Aren't you seventeen? I got my license when I was sixteen." She laughed.

Elenore knew better than to argue with two girls that were high. The mall wasn't far away and its effects should wear off while they were shopping. Just have to make it that far.

Luckily nothing happened on route and the three of them made it to the mall just fine.

"Meet us here in two hrs." said Charlotte.

Elenore really didn't have much to shop for. She just wanted to get out of the house and keep occupied for a while. She found herself looking at little things here and there and she remembered seeing some interesting toys at Spencers before. In the past they never interested her but lately... lately it was different. Her newfound interest in sexual pleasure gave her direction today and Spencers it was.

She entered the store as she normally had before, like any normal person would. But every time she attempted to get near those toys she got nervous and thought she was being watched. *I don't want to be seen looking at them*, she thought to herself. *What will people think?* Thirty minutes passed by as she pretended to look at other things. She eventually looked at the posters, just a few feet away from her was her destination. If she waited any longer the clerks would have gotten suspicious. She may be trying to steal something they'd think. *It's now or never*, she said to herself.

She walked straight for them. There wasn't too big of a selection but still, more than she's ever really seen. She browsed through them one by one.

"Don't buy those here. They are expensive and they are junk." said Charlotte from behind.

"Oh. I was just..." Elenore's heart skipped a beat. not only was she seen, but she was seen by her sister.

"Yeah, yeah. We all play. We all masturbate. It's nothing to be ashamed about. Are you ready to go?"

Charlotte gave her an easy out. All she had to do was say

"yes" and she was home free. She could have made her feel ashamed by rubbing it in... But she didn't.

"Are you going out with Edison tonight?" asked Brittany as they left the mall.

"No. He's been out of town all week. Remember? We've been partying most every night."

"Oh yeah." She turned to Elenore. "Don't be a party girl. You'll forget everything." She smiled.

"Then why do it?" Elenore asked.

"To forget everything!" exclaimed both Brittany and Charlotte.

Charlotte dropped off Brittany and headed home. She didn't take the normal route.

"Where are we going?" asked Elenore.

"I have a stop to make."

Elenore didn't ask where. She just sat back and watched the cars pass her by. Charlotte pulled into a parking lot and Elenore looked up. *Adult Super Store* read the sign.

"Give me thirty dollars and I'll go get you a real toy. You have to be eighteen so you'll have to wait here."

Elenore thought about objecting but thought she'd never have this chance again. She quickly pulled out the money and handed it to her.

Charlotte returned with a bag and handed it to Elenore. Elenore had no intention to look inside until she was home and the parents were in bed. She was embarrassed, afraid and excited all at the same time.

"Don't tell Mom I bought this for you."

"I'm not telling Mom anything. If she ever found it I'd just kill myself. The dead don't talk." She smiled.

Upon returning home Elenore quickly went to her room to hide her new toy. She didn't want to risk Mom asking what she got; putting her on the spot. Charlotte also went to her room and stepped outside to smoke. Elenore joined her and watched.

"You're doing much better now and... thanks."

"Don't mention it."

Charlotte pulled out her phone and texted me.

To Edison: "How's your trip?"

From Edison: "Boring. I hate business. I've missed you. What have you been up to?"

To Edison: "Just hanging out with my friends when I get

the chance. Mostly I'm just bored sitting at home. I wish you were here."

From Edison: "Me too."

"How are things going with Edison?" asked Elenore. Elenore was making the most of the opportunity to watch Charlotte smoke.

"Oh, it's going great. It just sucks he's out of town all week."

To Edison: "When will you be back?"

From Edison: "Sunday night. It'll be a long day and I'll just want to sleep. Let's plan on getting together Monday. We can take the boat out."

To Edison: "Sounds great to me. I can't wait to see you."

"Do you love him?" asked Elenore.

"I don't know that I've loved anyone. I like being with him and he's got money... He's also great in bed."

Elenore blushed and turned her head away.

"Don't be embarrassed. You'll need to learn that good sex is important to a relationship. Stop holding yourself back for Mr. Right cause he will likely be Mr. Wrong in the bedroom. That won't be any fun."

"I guess."

Charlotte finished smoking so Elenore went to her room and texted Ashton. He didn't answer right away so she laid on her bed thinking about her new toy. She was anxious to see it, to touch it but too afraid. It would have to wait til tonight, after her date.

Charlotte continued talking with me.

From Edison: "You're not going out tonight?"

To Edison: "No. Jessica had to work late and Brittany has no car. I have no car. I hate my life :("

From Edison: "Well I love your life and the time you spend with me."

To Edison: ":)"

To Edison: "Are you going to teach me some more? I'm really curious about BDSM." That was a lie... She was obsessed with it.

From Edison: "Of course. There is a lot to learn. but first we will have to establish your role(s)."

To Edison: "What do you mean?"

From Edison: "Like are you submissive, a slave, a switch,

a bottom, etc. We will talk about that tomorrow night."

To Edison: "Sounds good."

From Edison: "Once we determine that we can discuss your limits, your desires and what methods we may use to achieve them."

To Edison: "It sounds like a lot of work."

From Edison: "It is... for both of us. Are you sure you want to go there?"

To Edison: "There's not a doubt in my mind :)"

Elenore laid on her bed, her belly down and her feet kicking back and forth. She was just thinking and thinking and over thinking. Her phone buzzed. It was almost 8:00.

From Ashton: "Hey baby. What's up."

To Ashton: "Nothing much. Just sitting here. Me and Charlotte just got back from the mall a few hrs ago."

From Ashton: "Cool. What did you buy?"

To Ashton: "Nothing." It was true. She bought nothing at the mall and her sister bought her toy for her. She wasn't about to tell Ashton or any boy or anyone what she got. She'd take that secret to her grave.

From Ashton: "Well I hope you had fun."

To Ashton: "It was better than sitting at home... in the rain. So are we going out tonight?" Elenore held off as long as she could. She was hoping Ashton would bring it up.

From Ashton: "Sorry. I am still with the guys. We got carried away and I won't be home til late."

To Ashton: "Okay. Another day then." It wasn't okay though. Elenore was really looking forward to today.

From Ashton: "Of course baby."

Elenore didn't respond. She had nothing more to say at the moment, at least nothing nice to say. Her day was ruined. If it weren't so early she'd just go to bed. She almost did.

She pulled herself to the window and watched the rain come down. She had a corner bedroom with a window on one wall and the sliding glass door to the porch on the neighboring wall. It was yet another benefit over Charlotte's room.

It wasn't pouring outside but it had been raining all day. It was "yucky" outside. That was her word for it. It was also dark but there were a few lights in the distance. They glistened as each drop hit the pane. Sometimes the drops would sit there waiting for another to join. Sometimes they would run down the

glass immediately, creating a trail behind it. And sometimes they would hit an existing trail and flow straight to the bottom. She sat there trying to find order in something chaotic which was ironic in itself. Elenore was orderly and life was trying to find chaos in her. Those were her thoughts now and for tomorrow. To cast away this good girl and open her mind to having "real" fun, as her sister called it. She watched and sang to herself. Singing brought her peace and tranquility.

*In your downfall I want to fade  
and be unseen  
Another drop just like the rest  
Just one tear, another tear  
Please take me with you  
I just want to be forgotten  
When the last rain drop falls  
I vanish, into the sea, and you'll see*

Elenore traced the water as it fell with her fingertip, over and over until the glass was almost covered. It was just another thing she'd have to clean when she got up. She didn't care. It would give her something to do and perhaps keep her mind occupied.

Elenore fell asleep in her chair. Sometime in the night she awoke and found her bed, never having looked at her toy. It wouldn't have been very pleasurable. Not tonight.

## Chapter 15

### *His Power*

Elenore was up bright and early today. It was the first day of school and Mom didn't even have to wake her up. Elenore enjoyed going to school; a structured environment where she can learn and, this year, meet new friends. She was coming into her own wanted to explore herself and what better way than to make friends.

Mom and Dad weren't up yet. They woke at 7 to get ready for work but Elenore's bus comes shortly after. It was routine for Elenore to make her own breakfast and start the coffee for her parents, giving her only a short time to talk and say goodbye before walking to the end of the road. She made herself something simple and quick; toast and cereal. She wanted to spend time going through her backpack and making sure she had everything she needed and ready for her first day, even though she'd done that the previous night.

Mom and Dad came into the kitchen, half asleep as usual, and went straight to the coffee. Elenore had already had a cup and started a second.

"Good morning." said Elenore.

Mom and Dad mumbled a few indiscernible words but Elenore took them as "Good morning to you too dear." Their actual words fell short of that meaning but Elenore was too excited and she didn't let anything bother her. Elenore finished her cereal and washed her dishes. She went to the couch, sat down and watched the clock tick away in anticipation. At 7:15 she said her goodbyes and headed outside.

It was a beautiful morning with a sunny day ahead. She walked down to the end of the road. At the intersection stood no one. Elenore was early, but she was always early. A few minutes later some of the children from the neighborhood started gathering around her. Amongst them were two girls who looked to be around her age. She didn't recognize them. *They may have moved up the road over the summer*, she thought. It is a high school bus and not many kids her age played outside for her to have noticed. Elenore is both assertive and shy. She was not one to usually make first contact but opened up fairly quickly. They were talking amongst themselves so Elenore didn't want to intrude. The younger kids were making enough ruckus as it was.

After another few minutes another girl came to the bus stop. She looked to be a year or two younger than Elenore. Her hair was dyed black and flowed from her scalp down to her chin before turning blue. She seemed to keep to herself and kept her head down. She reminded her of Charlotte. She glanced up as Elenore was looking at her.

"Hi." she said before lowering her face again.

"Hi. I'm Elenore."

"I'm Faith." she said. She was wearing all black just as Charlotte did, with the same taste in fashion.

"That's a pretty name."

"Thanks. My Mom was a Buffy fan. Even though I was born before she became a character on the show, she still insists I was named after her." she smiled.

"That's funny. It's nice to meet you. I'm a senior this year. You?"

"Junior."

She didn't seem too talkative so Elenore didn't press things. The bus came, picked the children up and brought them to school. When they arrived Elenore stood up and got off. Faith had sat towards the back so Elenore waited a few moments for her to catch up.

"I'll see you around." Elenore said.

"Yeah, okay."

Elenore went to her homeroom that had been assigned during the summer. As always she sat towards the front. She liked being called upon by her teachers as she took pride in being prepared to answer.

It was only a half day today. Elenore went to each of her short classes and took notes as the teachers explained the curriculums.

She didn't spend much time looking at her classmates but she did see a few that she remembered from last year. Her school was pretty big with nearly two thousand students. The chances of having the same classmates year to year wasn't very high.

Elenore took the bus home. Faith wasn't on board so she must have been picked up. The bus was only half as full as it was this morning. She was dropped off at her stop and she went inside.

The house was empty and she remembered that Charlotte was going boating again. No one would be home for a while. They didn't serve lunch today, being a short day, so she made herself a grilled cheese. She didn't like to make a big mess cooking only for herself. After she finished cleaning up after herself she went to watch some TV and remembered about her new toy. *How could I have forgotten about that?* she wondered. She left her backpack in the living room and rushed to the bedroom.

She pulled out the bag from her hiding place and opened it quickly. She pulled out the box and turned it over to see what she had. It was a seven inch silicone vibrator in black. She started to read the box but found herself too anxious to hold it in her hand. She opened it and pulled it out. It was bigger than her finger, much bigger. It wasn't as thick as some of the ones she'd seen before but it was still scary. She turned it on, but nothing... She needed batteries. She picked up the box and skimmed over it. Two C batteries not included. Elenore didn't have batteries lying around so she got disappointed.

Elenore stood up and started searching her room anyway and then checked the house for batteries or something with batteries in it. In the kitchen she found a flashlight that looked to be the right size. She checked to make sure it worked and then pulled the batteries out. Two C batteries, just like she needed. She took the flashlight back to her room so she would remember to put the batteries back in when she was done. She didn't want to



didn't want to be put on the spot if Mom asked why the flashlight was empty.

She checked to see what direction the batteries went in and fit them in. She screwed on the cap and turned it on. It startled her at first. The vibration felt tingly in her hands. There was also another switch. *Click*. It went faster now. *Click*. And even faster. Elenore was excited to try it out. She put it on low speed again and brought it down to her leg. She touched it against herself and couldn't believe the sensation it gave her. *I'll have to try this later when I'm naked*, she thought. It just seemed too early in the day. She wasn't in a sexual mood yet. She just excited to see what she had.

Charlotte, Brittany and Jessica arrived at the marina around noon. Jessica was supposed to work today but "Another day on the boat. Hell yeah!" attitude made her call in sick. Even though she was a manager, she remembered her roots... Party girl.

I was already on board, flowers in hand, waiting while Josh helped the girls on the boat and tended to the mooring line.

"Something beautiful for something beautiful." I said, handing her the flowers, a small bouquet of daisies.

"Awe. You shouldn't have."

I just smiled.

We set sail south once again. This time we decided to go a little further out. Charlotte stood much closer this time, holding my hand and leaning her head on my shoulders. She wanted to spend some alone time, but most of all, she wanted to see how fast the boat could go. She couldn't coerce me from the back of the boat. Josh made the girls some drinks and brought Charlotte's up to her.

"Are you going to do some swimming today?" I asked.

"I haven't decided yet. Maybe." Charlotte removed her shirt leaving her shorts and sandals on. She was wearing her bathing suit beneath her clothing. "It's nice out today."

"Yeah. It is." I really need to get on here more often. Once Josh is trained I'll have more leisure time."

"So where are you from anyway?"

"I spent most my life in New York. I opened a club there and still have a house in the Catskills. It's a bit of a drive but I love the seclusion, the privacy and the view. I've always been fond of the mountains."

"You said you have other clubs?"

"Chicago, Atlantic City, San Francisco... I have smaller condos in those cities. I'm not there often enough to keep up with something big. When I want to get away I go to New York or My home in Austria."

"Austria? I always wanted to go to Europe." she smiled.

"Maybe sometime I'll take you. Right now I've got too many things going on to take a few weeks off. I don't like to travel so far for just a short visit."

"So let's see how fast this thing will go."

I look around to make sure there are no other boats nearby and yell back to the others. "Hold on."

"What do you mean?" ask Josh.

"I mean hold on."

Josh and the girls found something to hold onto. I gave them a moment to gather any loose items and finish their drinks. I motioned Charlotte to do the same.

I pushed the throttle forward, about 3/4 the way. The bow of the boat raised into the air as we were thrust forward. The sound of the engine wasn't too loud as you can still talk loudly over it. Everyone looked forward as the water swiftly passed us by, the wind pulling their hair backwards.

"Ready?" I asked.

Charlotte was the only one who could hear me as she stood beside me. The others were just enjoying the ride. She pat me on the back to signal she was. I pushed the throttle all the way forward. The engine was deafening, only hand signals would serve any purpose. We blazed through the water creating a huge wake. The girls were enjoying themselves while Josh looked a little pale. We continued for about thirty seconds before coming to a slow.

"That was intense." said Charlotte..

I kissed her. "It's fun to let it go sometimes."

Charlotte grabbed my crotch. "What if I don't want to let it go?"

Josh quickly made another drink for himself. "Want anything while I'm here?" he yelled back.

Of course the girls wanted another and he obliged. I brought the boat to a stop and Charlotte and I joined them at the stern. Brittany and Jessica had already claimed the lounge chairs so the three of us stood leaning on the rail.

"Why don't we all go to dinner tonight? Who's game?" I

asked.

Brittany and Jessica glanced at each other and quickly yelled, "Me."

"If they're going I'm going." said Josh.

"Well cast a vote and decide where you want to go." I added.

"Calhoun's is great." said Charlotte. "But I'm in the mood for something new."

"How about Chesapeake's?" asked Jessica.

"Yeah, I heard that's a nice place." added Brittany.

"I'm letting the girls decide." said Josh as he looked over to Charlotte.

"That's fine with me." said Charlotte. "A day on the water... May as well have seafood."

"That works for me. They have steak. That's all that matters." I said.

After another drink Brittany and Josh went at it. Jessica was feeling left out so she removed her top, put on some lotion and laid back in the sun. Josh kept looking over at her exposed breasts until Brittany noticed. He expected she'd get upset about it but instead she reached over and grabbed one of them.

"The lotion makes them feel really smooth. Wanna try?" Brittany said to him.

Josh looked surprised as he glanced over. Jessica still had her eyes shut and didn't pay any attention to her. Josh sat there for a minute thinking about it then reached over and cupped the other breast.

"See?" said Brittany.

"They are." he said as he gave it a gentle message.

Brittany got off her chair and leaned into her. She ran her hand down her torso stomach until it reached her panties. She bent forward and put her lips to her nipple and ran her tongue along its perimeter. Jessica still didn't budge. Brittany then ran her hand under her bathing suit and pressed her fingers hard against her clit trying to get a reaction out of her. Nothing. Brittany ran her tongue up to Jessica's neck and started to give her a hickey. She pushed three of her fingers inside her and thrust them in deep and hard as she bit Jessica's neck. Jessica's only reaction was opening her mouth as she took in a deep breath. She left her mouth open as she started to breathe harder and harder as Brittany fingered her vigorously.

"I guess I'm not gonna get anything out of her. Do you want

to try?" said Brittany.

Josh's jaw had been dropped for the past few minutes as it was. His cock was standing firm in his shorts. He didn't hesitate long. He moved himself between her legs and leaned forward grabbing her bottom and pulling down and off her legs. Finally Jessica reacted but not as he expected. She opened her legs wide, sliding her ass down the chair giving him complete access to go down on her. Brittany moved in on Josh and pulled his shorts down. She took his cock into her hands and firmly stroked him until he was ready to cum. She stopped for a moment and took his shaft into her mouth slowly until it was buried in her throat. She wrapped her finger and thumb around its base and applied pressure to keep him from cumming as she took him into her throat over and over. She pulled back a little bit and released her hand. Josh exploded inside her mouth for several seconds and sat back to breathe. Brittany leaned into Jessica who's mouth was still open, orally feeding her Josh's cum, kissing her until it was gone.

Charlotte just glanced over a few times but paid it no never mind as it were a common practice. Brittany was a slut for the most part. She was like a male who sought out sexual prey. As long as they could get her high or drunk and didn't look half bad she'd use her art of seduction to get what she wanted. Jessica was a bit more selective and reserved but after a while of no sex she's ready to give in. This was one of those times.

We got to the restaurant around 7 without having showered. It just would have been too much of an ordeal to all go home, shower and put on new clothes. None of us had gone swimming so there was no need to dry off before getting dressed. While we weren't looking perfect who would object to three hot girls sitting down for dinner.

It was a Monday night so the restaurant wasn't very busy. We were seated quickly and handed our menus. We all looked them over, placed our orders, got our drinks and chatted while looking at the rustic sea decor.

"This was well worth calling in to work, but next time I need to get fucked." said Jessica without looking up from her dinner.

"I'm sure we can arrange something to that effect." laughed Brittany.

Josh just sat back and smiled, wondering what could or would

happen. His imagination ran away with him as he started getting hard under the table. Brittany and Jessica were sitting on either side of him and Jessica moved her hand to his lap, feeling his bulge.

"Yeah, next time I need to get fucked." said Jessica.

After dinner Josh and I took them back to the marina where Jessica had parked. Charlotte rode with me back to my house. We went in and she had a seat while I poured us a drink.

"What'll you have?"

"Straight up vodka... bring me the bottle."

I got myself a beer and brought her the bottle she asked for.

"It's only three-fourths the way full."

"I have more."

"Okay. Just checking."

I sat down beside her. My intent was to start our conversation but it seemed Charlotte had a different plan. She took the bottle to her mouth and drank a third of what was there. She made a face momentarily as it burned her throat and then drank a little more. She placed the bottle down on the table and sat on my lap, legs spread. She grabbed the back of my head, my hair through her fingers, as she leaned in for a long passionate kiss.

"Take me now." she said.

I wasn't one to argue with a woman wanting sex, not usually anyway. And while it went against our original plans for dominant/submissive sex I let her top me. We haven't yet established what our roles will be so no rules had been broken... yet.

She grabbed my crotch and felt me up for a little while then unbuttoned my jeans, spread the flaps apart and lowered them to my ankles and she got on her knees. She pulled my shoes off along with my pants and socks as I pulled my shirt up and over my head, tossing it to the floor. As she stood up she pulled down her shorts and bathing suit together and kicked her shoes off.

She got into my lap again in the same position and kissed me while stroking my raging cock.

"I'm going to fuck you hard." she said as she lifted her cunt directly over me.

She positioned the head of my cock into her opening and sat down on me hard, pounding her body on top of mine over and over.

With her eyes closed and her head leaning back she lifted her body up and down, her hair bounced off her shoulders to the rhythm of her fury, taking me as deep as she could as fast as she could.

I grabbed her tits and squeezed and moved them to her nipples. I pinched at them lightly and then a little harder until I got a sigh, then I pinched even harder expecting her to reach her threshold. She only moaned louder. I pinched and twisted more fiercely.

She finally screamed. "Don't stop. Don't fucking stop."

I dug my nails into her breasts and pulled them down over her stomach leaving red trails of passion to remember the moment by. She only rode me harder and dug her own nails into her breasts as until she came, again and again. When she was done her tits were exposing a little blood by her own hands.

"God, I've not cum that hard in forever." she said as she noticed I wasn't done. "Let me make you cum just as hard."

She got up off of me and sat down between my legs. She took my cock in her mouth and clamped its base taking it all the way down. Slowly she drove her mouth up and down and applied as much pressure as she could with her mouth, any more and she would have been sinking her teeth in. She started to speed up and she placed her other hand between my legs to separate my legs. She spit a little saliva onto her fingers and put two of her fingers into my ass. Slowly she drove them deeper and deeper, massaging my gland from the inside until she released her hand from my cock allowing me to cum into her mouth. She let it dribble down her lip before licking it back into her mouth.

We both sat back, holding each other and resting. We were too tired to get dressed just yet. Laying there naked was much more relaxing, feeling her warm body next to my own.

"I think I'm falling in love." she said.

"Oh really?"

"I can't say I've ever really loved anyone. I've liked guys... I've even felt puppy love, but I don't think I've ever known what real love was."

"So why do you think you're falling?"

"Because I feel different than before. I've always been attracted to you. I've always liked you. But now I find myself missing you when you're gone. I find myself wondering what it'd

be like not to have you with me."

I looked into her eyes. "I think I'm falling too."

We kissed and held each other until she dozed off. A long day drinking in the sun, followed by a hardy meal and vigorous sex takes its toll on the body. She was out like a light. I pulled the blanket from behind me and put it over her while she slept. I sat there wondering what it would be like without her.

It was almost midnight and Elenore was wide awake. Yes, she had up all day since 6 in the morning. Yes, it's a school night. Yes, she should be in bed asleep. But she's got a new toy that's been calling her name all evening, through dinner, through TV and now... while she waited for her parents to fall asleep. She knew all too well that her parents went to sleep an hour ago. She knew they couldn't hear a thing from her room as they were on the other side of the house. But while she was overly anxious to try it out, she was also paranoid they'll find out and paranoid that she'd like it too much.

She felt as safe as she was going to so she got out of bed, removing it from its hiding place. She opened her bag and then the box, pulled it out and put in the batteries as she had earlier today. She didn't want to risk her parents asking about the flashlight and her handing it to them empty. Now it was all ready to go, but was Elenore?

She laid there with paranoid thoughts of getting caught, not only by her parents but was it legal? She was almost eighteen but technically a minor. She wasn't even allowed to purchase this toy herself. As much as Elenore wanted, she decided to wait. Her birthday is next week after all. It'll be worth six days of agonizing pain waiting to try her new toy verses her sanity. Sanity won.

Charlotte was sound asleep. I held her for an hour or so but then got up to tend to some business in my office, a smaller bedroom I had no other use for.

"I see the flower is in a vase. Nice touch."

That tormenting soul that invaded my privacy from time to time took human form, or something close to it, standing at the open doorway, a darkened man without definition and boundary. It was only on rare occasions did he make a more solid presence, actually speaking words. He mustn't be here to intimidate as

usual.

"The prophecy is almost complete. You can't interfere."

"I have no intention to do so. I find it rather entertaining." He stepped back and looked over to Charlotte from the hallway. "She is quite feisty isn't she? Are you sure you can tame her?"

"I have every intention of trying."

"Good luck with that." he said walking away, his body fading into the air.

I walked to the kitchen as Charlotte began to shuffle herself. I poured myself a drink and waited as I watched my Beautiful sleep.

I checked on some of the clubs over the phone just to pass the time. I wanted Charlotte to feel rested.

"What time is it?" she asked, turning her head towards me.

"It's past midnight. You were sound asleep and looked so comfortable, so I let you rest."

"Oh, okay."

"Want a drink?"

"No, I think I'm good for now. Thanks though."

"Well maybe we should have our discussion then."

"Which one is that?" she said still trying to wake up.

"Maybe some coffee."

"No problem." I started the coffee and joined her in the living room.

"We were going to discuss roles. You know? BDSM."

"Oh yeah."

"Well let's let you wake up a little bit first."

"Okay."

The coffee was ready soon enough. We just had to let it soak into Charlotte's body. I sat there next to her with my arm around her.

"Did I say I love you?" she asked.

"You said you thought you were falling in love with me. Is that still true?"

"Yes, I suppose I am. What was your reply again?"

I smiled and looked into her eyes. "I said I was falling too."

Charlotte just smiled and hugged me. She leaned back and drank some more coffee.

"So fire away... What do you want to know?"



"Well I'm going to ask you a series of questions to determine what you are and what you're wanting. Don't assume I want any or all of these things. I'm just covering the all the bases."

"Okay."

"You've done some reading. Do you know the terminology?"

"Some of it."

"Well we can define them as needed."

"I've already judged you to be a bottom but as such you can also be a submissive, a slave, a brat... You can even be a switch."

"I'd say I am borderline sub and brat. I love to tease and please. I'm not a switch. Spanking a guy doesn't turn me on."

"There are still other bottom types but we'll let those evolve as they may. For now let's stick with the basics."

"Now we need to define what it is you are seeking; a Master, a Dom, an owner?"

"Well I'm just starting to learn so I'm not sure."

"Master means teacher. He is there to teach and train. He generally is also a play partner as he may participate in the training. An owner is just that. You are his possession and you answer to him about anything and everything. A Dom is a play partner that you give control to but you do not answer to him."

"I think I want a Master. I need to be taught everything."

"That means I will teach you to be obedient and train you to be a submissive. Think of it as being in school. You will have homework assignments, a curriculum and a schedule. It will require discipline, but it will also be rewarding."

"I like discipline."

"By that I mean you will need to discipline yourself to follow the rules and to follow through. You can walk away at anytime but you'll lose everything you've been working for."

"I need discipline in my life anyway."

"We will start next weekend. I want to give you some time to think about things, do some reading and such." I said as I put my hand to her leg. "You are free to spend the night here if you wish."

"I think I'd prefer that. It's too late to get a ride anyway."

"Let me show you to the bathroom and the bedroom."

"We are sleeping together right?"

"Of course. I wouldn't deny myself your company... your body." I smiled.

I showed her the bathroom and its amenities, pointing out the extra toothbrushes and girly needs. I then showed her the bedroom.

"Is that the flower I gave you." she said as she looked upon the dresser and saw the flower in a vase.

"Yes it is. It reminds me of what is mine."

"I love you." she said as she turned towards me.

I paused to appreciate those words. "I love you too."

We held each other and kissed.

"I'm ready for bed now. How about you?" she asked.

"Anytime you're ready."

She cleaned herself up and got ready. She came into the bedroom naked.

"This is how I sleep. Do you mind?"

"Not one bit. That is how I like it." I said as I undressed myself.

"I guided her towards the bed and pushed her onto it, her legs still on the floor and bent over. I slapped her ass.

"I like that." she said in a giddy tone.

"I changed my mind. We're going to start tonight."

"Sounds fun."

"Parts of it will be. For now you are allowed to ask questions. In the future you will be disciplined for doing so." I stood her up and she looked down to my crotch. "You don't look at me as Master."

She looked up to me. I slapped her face with little force.

"You didn't understand me. You don't look at me as Master."

She looked down the floor.

"That's better." I sat on the bed. "Bend over my knee."

She bent over my knee just as I asked. I gave her a firm spank this time. *Smack!* "Anytime you disobey me." *Smack!* "Anytime you talk back to me." *Smack!* "Anytime you fail to please me." *Smack! Smack!* Her ass is getting red. I can be kind so I switch cheeks. *Smack!* "Do you understand?"

"Yes. Fuck me now. Charlotte is hot and bothered and ready to orgasm.

"Anytime you tell me what to do." *Smack!* "Anytime you fail to address me as Master." *Smack!*

"Do you understand me now?"

"Yes Master."

"End of lesson one."

## Chapter 16

*Today will be another great day,* Elenore pondered as she awoke. It's not too early nor too late. It's a Sunday morning, it's beautiful outside, the birds are singing and most importantly it's her birthday.

Elenore had been planning this day all week. Her parents are taking her and Charlotte out to eat today and best of all, Elenore is going out tonight with Ashton. Ashton has been very loving this week and very attentive to his phone. Elenore is ready to say those magic words to him and even get somewhat sexual, maybe.

Elenore headed out to the living room, her parents were already up and waiting.

"Good morning everyone." Elenore said with a smile.

"Happy birthday!" exclaimed her parents. Charlotte must still be in bed.

"Thanks"

Elenore went over, got herself a drink and sat with down with her parents.

"We're going to give you your present now before your sister

gets up." said Mom.

"Why."

"You'll see."

Her Mom reached into her lap and pulled out a small box gift wrapped with a little bow on it. Beneath the box was a card which she handed to her first. Elenore opened the card.

"Happy birthday for my 18 year old daughter"

Inside the card was hand written:

"We never imagined our daughter would grow up so fast and become a responsible adult at such a young age. You've helped us in many ways and shown yourself to be dedicated and hardworking to achieve your goals. So we have completed a goal for you. Happy Birthday. Love, Mom and Dad."

"Thank you." Elenore grabbed the box and opened it. Inside was a set of keys.

"Enjoy it."

"What... What... Keys to your car?"

"Go look in the garage."

Elenore ran as fast as she could. *It couldn't be. It couldn't be.* She open the door and... It was. In the garage was parked a 2011 black Mustang convertible. She stood there in awe for a minute while Mom and Dad caught up to her.

"You're eighteen now so it's about time you have your own car. You'll need to study and get your license before you can drive it." said Dad.

"Oh my God. Oh my God." She jumped with excitement, shaking. "Thank you. Oh my God. Thank you so much. Both of you. I love you."

She gave them a hug and then ran to the car. She used the key remote to unlock the doors and climbed inside. It had a black and grey interior and all sorts of dials and such. She didn't know what most of them were yet but they looked cool.

"Can I start it?" she looked at her parents with joy.

"Yes but don't put it in gear or rev the engine. The garage door is closed and you'll fill it will exhaust."

Elenore fondled the keys and inserted it into the ignition. She checked to make sure it wasn't in gear before turning it. It started right up and purred like a kitten. After a few seconds

she turned it off and looked around. She would need help figuring out how to lower the top and to refresh her memory on driving. Dad had given her lessons since she was sixteen and she even had her permit. She just never thought about getting a car of her own, nor did she care to use her parents. She always put school, the house and her at home activities first.

She got out of the car. "Thank you so much."

"Study and get your license. Then you can drive it."

"Oh, I will."

"And don't tell Charlotte just yet. We'll tell her later."

"Okay."

Elenore kissed her parents and went to her room to text Ashton about her new car. Her parents were back in the kitchen when Elenore zoomed by to the garage, a minute passed and then started to zoom back.

"What are you running around for?" asked Mom.

"I wanted to take a picture of my car." and she finished zooming to her room.

To Ashton: "Hey baby."

From Ashton: "Hey baby. How are you?"

To Ashton: "I'm great. I just got my birthday present from my parents."

From Ashton: "Oh Yeah, Happy birthday."

To Ashton: "Thanks"

From Ashton: "What did you get?"

To Ashton: "You'll never guess."

From Ashton: "What? A puppy? lol."

To Ashton: "Lol. A car."

From Ashton: "Wow. What kind?"

To Ashton: "A black Mustang."

From Ashton: "Lucky girl :)"

To Ashton: "Yeah. It's a convertible too."

From Ashton: "Did you want to drive for tonight's date?"

To Ashton: "I need to get my license first, but another time. Yeah."

From Ashton: ":)"

To Ashton: "Well I gotta go. Family is taking me to lunch for my birthday. I need to get ready."

From Ashton: "Well have fun and happy birthday again."

Elenore went into the kitchen.

"Where are we going for lunch?" she asked.

"We were thinking Outback Steakhouse. What do you think?"

"Sounds good to me."

"Go wake your sister and... try to calm down a little bit."

Elenore had been bouncing up and down. She paused, took a deep breath and went to Charlotte's door. She knocked.

"Time to get up. We're going out to eat remember?"

After a minute she came to the door. "Okay. I'll be out in a minute." Elenore went through her room and out to the porch. She knew Charlotte would be out there in a moment.

"We're going to Outback." she said as soon as Charlotte opened the door, startling her.

"Geez. You scared me."

Charlotte took a cigarette from her pack and lit it as Elenore watched. Charlotte assumed she was anxious to leave.

"I'll be out in a few minutes." said Charlotte.

"I know. I just thought I'd stay out here for a bit. Ashton and I have a date tonight." she said trying to create an excuse as to why she was bouncing. She couldn't help it so she figured she'd have an out if Charlotte should notice.

Charlotte took a long drag and did a perfect French inhale, held it in and exhaled through her nose slowly, followed by another.

"Hey. You got it." said Elenore.

"Got what?"

"French inhales. They look perfect... They actually look sexy. He was right."

"Oh thanks. Yeah. They have gotten easier to do."

"Why do you smoke anyway. I mean do you like it?"

"Most people will say they smoke because it's habit and they wish they could stop. I like it. I love it actually."

"Does it make you feel good or something."

"Not like drinking or doing drugs or anything. It doesn't make you feel good that way. It's hard to explain. You know how when someone runs their finger down your arm it feels good?"

"Yeah."

"Well you can't explain why. It's more a sensation you get. You inhale the smoke into your lungs and it's like a burning sensation."

"Burning? Why would you want that?"

"Well not a painful burn. It's more like putting your hands in warm water or laying in the sun. It just feels good. The

harder drag you take, the longer you hold it in, the stronger the sensation."

"Oh okay. Does it taste good?"

"Not really, especially at first. It's an acquired taste so you eventually grow to liking it and you associate the taste with the feeling. She looks at her cigarette and it was almost finished. "I'll have to have another now. I didn't smoke much of this one."

She pulled out another and lit it.

"Do you want to try it?" she offered to Elenore.

"No thanks." She was lying. She desperately wanted to try it. She just couldn't admit it.

Elenore watched her for the next few drags and tried to imagine what it felt like. She did know one thing though. It made her look sexy.

"Well I'm going inside and getting ready."

"Okay."

Elenore went to her room and found a nice outfit to wear. She put on her makeup and texted Ashton.

To Ashton: "I forgot to send a picture." She sent him the picture of her new car.

From Ashton: "Wow, That's nice"

Charlotte eventually came out of her room all dressed and ready to go. Her parents and Elenore gathered their things and stepped outside. Charlotte looked to the driveway feeling a little confused. She couldn't put her finger on it though. Both her parents cars were outside.

They got to Outback in time for a late lunch. It was past the general church rush but too early for dinner. That suited Elenore well since she had a date later. They were going out to eat.

They all received their menus and ordered their drinks. Soon they placed their orders. Mom and Dad ordered dinner entrees while Elenore and Charlotte ordered an appetizer each and shared them with each other.

"Charlotte. Your mother and I want to help you get a car. It will make it easier for you to find a job if you have transportation." said Dad.

Charlotte's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"You'll need to be responsible and you will need to find a job. We aren't going to supply you gas money to truck all over



town."

"What? Really?" Charlotte was still in shock.

"Your mother and I want to see you, the both of you, become adults and to make adult choices. We can't taxi you guys around all the time, but we can't just loan out our car in case we need them for something."

"Okay. Sounds good to me. So what do I need to do?"

"Just agree to finding a job and start taking care of yourself. Pay for your own expenses. You can still live at home for free, but you'll be responsible for contributing to food for yourself."

"No problem... what are we getting and when?" Charlotte was excited now. She wasn't quite looking at the responsibility end of the agreement though.

"We can look tomorrow after I get out of work. We'll get something reliable and in good shape. Nothing too fancy. You wrecked your first car that we bought you so it won't be as nice as that one."

"Sounds good to me. I can't wait. I promise I'll get a job."

"We'll hold you to it." said Mom.

After lunch they headed back to the house.

"Anyone want ice cream?" asked Dad as they approached Baskin Robins. "Birthday girl?"

"Sure. Why not?" said Elenore.

They parked and went inside. Charlotte ordered single scoop cone of Rocky Road. It had always been her favorite. Elenore and Mom both got chocolate, Elenore's on a cone and Mom's in a cup. Dad got vanilla in a cup. That had a nice leisurely afternoon and finished the trip home.

"Oh Charlotte?" said Mom.

"Yeah."

"We forgot to mention. Like you, we got your sister a car for her birthday."

"I thought something was strange when I saw both your cars in the driveway. What kind? Can I see it?"

"Elenore. Why don't you show her?"

Elenore jumped at the chance. She wanted to see it again herself. Elenore ran to get her keys and then to the garage door before Charlotte could walk across the room. She opened the door.

"Wow. That's nice. Really."

Elenore looked her car over again. It was a GT. She didn't

know what that meant but it sounded cool. It had been polished and detailed before Dad snuck it into the garage. Everything shined, from the wheels to the glass. She couldn't wait to get her license.

Elenore went to her room and put her keys on the dresser. Dad followed her in.

"Oh, there's one more thing." said dad. He reached into his pocket and removed a small box. "This was your grandmothers. I think she'd like you to have it." He handed the box to her.

Elenore opened it and pulled out a long chain with one hand and let the pendant drop into the other to look at it. The pendent was gold just like the chain; a coin of some sort.

"She said it always brought her luck. You'll need all that you can get in this world."

"It's beautiful." She clasped it around her neck and walked over to her mirror. "I love it."

"Charlotte would never appreciate such a gift."

"No, probably not. Thank you."

"No problem. I know you'll take care of it. Happy birthday."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

She looked herself over in the mirror once again, fascinated with the pendent. *It's getting late. I need to get ready!* She removed her necklace and put it back in its box, placing it in her drawer for now. She felt pretty good about how she looked. *Maybe just a little makeup*, she thought. She brought her things into the bathroom. Charlotte was already there getting ready for our date. She had just started her makeup herself and Elenore watched as she applied it. She always went for the gothic look.

"Will you help me with my makeup?" Elenore asked.

"You've been doing makeup yourself for years."

"Yeah I know. I want to try something different. Something more like you."

Charlotte looked at the time. It was still very early.

"Sure, why not? Why do you want to look like me?"

"I just want something different, something sexy, not 'The Sound of Music' as you once put it."

"I gotcha. Let me finish mine first."

Elenore studied everything she did. If she decided she liked hers she'd need to know how. Charlotte had already applied the base so she was working on her eyes now. She applied dark

eyeshadow to her eyelids twice to get them really dark. Then used the liquid eyeliner both over and under her eyes. She used mascara on her lashes and painted some lines extending from her eyes. After her dark lip liner she applied red lipstick and then darkened her eyebrows.

She asked Elenore to sit and she started the same process with her. She explained how each step was done. Elenore already had the pink hair but Charlotte suggested to dye half of it black and get some piercings if she wants to complete the look. When she was done Elenore stood up and looked herself over. It was quite different but she liked it.

"I could get used to this." she said.

"I like it too. You should go for it... You'll need new clothes though."

"Yeah I do." Elenore had money in the bank though. She had worked the past two summers and saved her checks. She took this summer off because it was her senior year and wanted to relax before taking on the world. She could get several outfits and still have money left.

Ashton got there at 6 just as he promised. Elenore was ready to go.

"Where are we going?" asked Elenore while they were on route.

"How about Applebee's?"

"That'll be nice."

Elenore ordered the chicken tenders and Ashton got the hamburger platter.

"I went for a late lunch for my birthday but I saved my appetite for tonight."

They finished their dinner and shared chocolate cake for dessert. Mom didn't make a cake this year. She wasn't complaining. The car was enough. After they finished up they went for a drive.

"Where are we going now?" asked Elenore.

"Just for a drive. I thought we'd go up to the mountains and stare at the sky."

"That sounds romantic."

Their drive took about an hour. They went up to the parkway on top of the ridge. It wasn't muggy out so the stars were a beautiful sight. They got out of his car and sat on the hood. Elenore was pointing out constellations. Ashton only recognized a

few major ones. Elenore was always a book worm and girl who loved nature. She knew quite a few of them.

Ashton put his arms around her and kissed her as she was still speaking. That was her signal to be quiet and enjoy the moment. They made out on his car for nearly half an hour before he suggested something more private.

"Let's take a walk?"

"Where to?"

"There's a nice ledge down this path." he said as he pointed to it. "It has a nice private clearing to lay down."

"Okay."

He grabbed the blanket from the back seat that he prepared earlier. The two of them walked for about ten minutes. It was dark so Elenore needed to take it slow and easy. He laid the blanket down once they got there and sat down.

"Have a seat." He patted the blanket beside him.

Then he put his arm around her and she did the same. They sat there quiet for a few minutes.

"Do you come here often?"

"I've been here a few times."

He turned her face towards his and gave her a good kiss.

"Happy birthday baby."

"Thank you." she said as she kissed him back.

Ashton took the lead and laid her on her back, putting half his body on hers while they kissed relentlessly. This was all still new to Elenore so she let him take control. She was feeling good and wanted the moment to last forever.

Ashton reached his hand under her shirt and slid it up her tummy towards her breasts. Elenore didn't resist and felt ready for this. His hands made it all the way up between them. When he sensed she was ok with it he rubbed one of them gently with a finger and then his hand, cupping them and gently caressing them before putting his finger tip to her nipple. Elenore felt a tingly sensation as he ran his fingertips in a circular fashion around it.

He then reached to unbutton her blouse. Elenore intentionally wore a button up shirt just for this occasion. He started at the bottom and slowly worked his way up and then took it off. He reached around to her back and unfastened her bra, slid the straps around her arms, one by one, and removed it as well. He gave her another kiss and slid his mouth down to her

exposed breasts. Her nipples were standing hard by the time he lips touched one. He licked each of them for a while before putting his lips to one, gently sucking on it and then the other.

Elenore was overwhelmed by the feelings that came over her. Her body fell limp while the burning sensations between her legs took control. She desperately wanted to touch herself giving Ashton an open invitation to do the same but it was too soon, too fast. Ashton slid his hand downwards and onto her leg. She felt it move up her inner thigh, slowly, caressingly her gently. Up and down it went, each time a little closer to her excited cunt, each time she got hotter and hotter. The anticipation alone was enough to make her quiver. Just as she was about to scream out, "Touch me now!" his hand landed on her crotch. He tested her reaction by leaving his hand on her mound, not moving, waiting... When she showed no opposition he dug his fingers deep towards her ass and firmly applied pressure. He dug his fingers even harder and pulled upwards forcing the crotch of her jeans to rub against her skin towards her belly. Her panties pushed inside her, between her inviting lips. She moaned with pleasure wanting... wanting more.

She placed her hands to his chest and caressed it gently. She slid them up and down his muscles and over his firm stomach. Each time she was getting closer, just as he had done. This was all new to Elenore and she wanted to do it right, but thinking about it only ruined the moment. *Just do it*, she commanded herself. She brought her hands to his zipper and fumbled for a moment to find the button and popped it open. She slowly pulled the zipper down exposing his bulging underwear. He was on top of her and her eyes were closed. She couldn't see it but she sure felt it push forward when his jeans loosened. She reached for it slowly. This was the first time she would ever touch a man. It was very warm, almost hot. She allowed her fingers to trace its shape and size. She imagined what it would feel like inside her as he continued to caress her crotch harder and harder.

He raised his hand to her buttons and popped them open. one by one she felt the excitement. One by one she her heart pounded to each pop as she felt waves of desire breaking down her will power.

She had decided earlier that she wouldn't allow herself to get carried away. They hadn't even admitted their love for one another. She wasn't Charlotte, not yet at least.

Just as Ashton's fingers approached her cunt she put her hand to his stopping his motion. As much as Elenore wanted to feel herself be penetrated for the first time, she needed to take control.

"Sorry, I'm just not ready yet." she said. "But soon. I want to feel that you care about me and not just my body."

"I understand baby. We can wait... I really do care about you though."

"Thanks."

Elenore buttoned her pants while Ashton left his open, hoping the moment would present itself. Elenore left her shirt unbuttoned but pulled it forward to hide her breasts. She was a bit shy about her looks, her body and anything sexual in general. They sat up and kissed again.

"I like you a lot." said Elenore. "I mean a lot."

"Me too. I think you are perfect for me."

"Awe." Elenore checked the time. "It's getting time to head home. I have school tomorrow and we have an hour drive ahead of us."

"Yeah. You're right."

"Maybe next time I'll be ready." she smiled. Elenore got home by 10 and texted Ashton while lying in bed. She had already changed into something more comfortable, a nightie.

To Ashton: "I miss you already."

From Ashton: "I miss you too :)"

To Ashton: "I really had fun tonight. I really liked you touching me."

From Ashton: "Same here. I could hardly contain myself."

To Ashton: "Me too. I didn't want to stop. Sorry. I'm a girl."

From Ashton: "That's Okay. It's normal."

To Ashton: "Thanks for understanding. I like you a lot :)"

From Ashton: "Me too. I think I love you."

To Ashton: "Really?" Me too. I mean you. I love you. :)"

From Ashton: "That makes me happy :)"

To Ashton: "Soon, I will feel comfortable with sexual things. :)"

From Ashton: "I'm looking forward to that part :)"

Elenore put her phone down thinking about the night, about Ashton and her feelings. She found herself getting aroused again.

*Oh, my toy!* she thought. Quietly she got out of bed to her hiding place, retrieved it and put the batteries in.

She laid there nervously holding her new toy. Her finger was on the button but she couldn't bring herself to turning it on. *What if her Mom and Dad were still awake?* she wondered. *They couldn't hear it... or could they?* She put her finger to her crotch. It was on fire. Elenore moved it lower and lower. *What if someone was in the kitchen? They might hear from there.* She held her breath but heard nothing. *I better check,* she thought. She slid out of bed and slowly walked across the room. She opened the door just a crack. Nothing. She went back to bed and took a let out a sigh of relief as she laid there oh so quiet. *Here goes nothing. Click. Bzzzzz.* She panicked and turned it off. The sound must have blasted through the house...

She took her phone out and looked at Ashton's pictures, thought about her date and that private spot he had chosen for them. She began to get aroused again and put her finger between her legs. She touched herself again, only this time she held it there. She let it slip between the crack just a little. It was hot and wet. *Fuck it. Bzzzzz.*

She put the end to her clit and the sensation overwhelmed her body as her wand wandered to the dark, dirty corners of her mind. She thought about Ashton putting his fingers up inside her, up and down, up and down as he kissed her. His other hand would be on her chest, cupping her breasts and pinching at her nipples. Slowly he'd bring his mouth to her neck, whispering lustful and romantic words and her body would tremble beneath his. His manhood would rub up her leg and lay against her cunt just teasing and taunting before pushing its way in. Elenore's knees pulled up into the air and shook violently as she experienced her first orgasm.

## Chapter 17

### *The Journey*

At 5am I awoke from my own nightmare. I've had these dreams before and you'd think I'd react differently as I come to know what to expect, yet each time I am left with the sweat, chills and pale complexion. The locations vary, the people vary... but the ambience is always the same.

*It is late at night and Charlotte and I were sharing in a session. Tonight it is on the cross again. She has grown fond of the leather straps, the immobility and the comfort. Tonight we suspended the cross from its four chains, one at each corner. It allows her to stand up straight or to lie in a vertical position.*

*In this session she is lying vertical at my waist feeling the wrath of the cane she had become accustomed to and adored. The strikes were not too hard, just enough to leave a good red line behind. This was a talking session. In that I mean that she directed my actions, explored her own desires and tested her own limits.*

*"A little harder this time."*

*Whack!*

*"Higher."*



Whack!

She is testing and tasting her own endurance without my provocations, making herself sweat, tasting her own tears.

The walls around us were distant but not unseen. Candlelit sconces faintly marked their boundaries with tall candle stands closer to the cross. The ceiling cast back the flickering of the flames, the floor reflecting the various weaponry amongst the room.

A wind cursed the room from left to right, prompting the candle flames to dance. The air fell stale as the walls faded to black, disappearing from sight, the ceiling crumbled and fell to dust around us revealing the night sky, a deep shade of grey outlined only by the lightning that flickered within the clouds.

Charlotte's words became inaudible before they faded entirely. Only her form could be seen, a shadow dangling on rusted chains reaching endlessly into the night, surrounded only by a ground covering mist that crept in from all directions.

Suddenly a flash of lightning brightens the western wall for a moment, revealing the lurking shadow that haunts me, endlessly calling my name, tempting me to falter. Then again to the north, exposing him for another split second. Charlotte faded to indistinction as if she momentarily existed in another dimension.

He never spoke. He never does. Not in this form. But his words are heard all the same.

"The hour is upon us as it has always been. Time to reclaim your right, time to forfeit what I've always owned. Release to me those souls you've collected on my behalf and stand by my side once more."

I fall to my knees, my hands to the floor and raise my head.

I don't answer, I never do. All it would take is the calling of his name, a name I don't dare even whisper, for silence can be heard.

"Again... Harder this time." said Charlotte, the room back to as it was just moments ago.

Charlotte waited on the porch for Jessica to come get her. Soon I'll have my own car. I can't wait, she said to herself. It was 9 already and she was going insane sitting at home, Waiting for Jessica to get out of work. She lit another cigarette and practiced her Frenches and tried a few other tricks. The snap inhales were a bit more difficult for her. She had watched

several videos on YouTube so she knew how they were supposed to look. They just weren't looking like the ones she seen. *Practice and coordination.*

Finally Jessica arrive, texting her as she pulled in. Jessica didn't want to go to the door so late nor did Charlotte want her to. She quietly walked down the steps to the balcony, around the house to her car and left.

"Hey, I'm getting a car soon!" said Charlotte.

"Great. I can take taxi driver off my resume." she laughed.

"Well you still got Brittany."

"That's true... Oh, I got some weed."

"Pull over then."

Jessica found a secluded spot to smoke and they got out of the car.

"What kind of car are you getting?" asked Jessica as she fired up. She passed it to Charlotte.

"I don't know yet. We're going to look tomorrow."

Jessica paused. She was still holding the smoke in. "Cool."

"It will definitely make life much easier." said Charlotte. as smoke poured out of her mouth. "I can't wait."

The two of them got high and then smoked a cigarette before getting back into the car.

Jessica dropped Charlotte off at Riverside Tavern to meet me for something light to eat. Charlotte wasn't too hungry and neither was I. We stayed over a bit for some drinks and some leisurely chat. There was a couple at the bar hanging all over each other that caught my eye.

"Have you ever gone to a club just for the purpose of finding a guy to fuck?" I asked.

"I don't think so. I mean I've gone to clubs to meet guys, I've gone home with guys and fucked, but I can't say it was my intention, at least not consciously. Why?"

"I was just wondering. It's not important now."

We finished our drinks and headed back to my house. I thought since we've been falling for each other that I should show her around some. She's never seen my property or my house, except for a few rooms. It was getting dark so we didn't walk the land. I just pointed out the flower garden I had and the land I owned around the cul-de-sac. We went inside and I showed her the extra bedrooms, the billiard room. When we passed by the play room she inquired.

"What's in there?"

"We'll get to that room soon enough. It's our play room. That's where I keep my toys."

"I wanna see." she said trying to hold me back.

"It's important that we establish what we like and don't like first, our expectations and our limits." I pulled her back to the living room leaving her to sit while I got my beer and her bottle.

"It's full." she smiled.

"Don't worry. I remember well."

"So what is the next step then?"

"Well first I'm going to ask a series of questions. I'll go from one category to the next. From that I can assess what your kinks, limits and curiosities are. Then we will be able to set up goals for ourselves. Then our journey begins."

"Journey?"

"All of this is an continuing evolution. It's not about getting to the end; there is no end as it always changes. It's about the things that keep us moving forward. Let me give you an example. Let's say you are a virgin and your goal is to get laid. At this time you say anal is a definite no, that giving oral is ok, that swallowing is a no and that receiving oral is a yes. To define your route to your goal you might chose to fondle, receive oral, give oral, fuck. Right?"

"Yeah, I suppose."

"Well you may rearrange things, repeat things or whatever. The bottom line is you had set limits. Half way through the process you may change your mind about anal and now it changes from a 'No' to a 'Curiosity'. Later you may change it from a 'Curiosity' to a "Try it" and then change it again from a 'Try it' to a 'Do it again.' or to a 'Never do it again'. That's your sexual evolution."

There are no real hard limits. I won't force you to cross boundaries. I only ask you to accept that all boundaries can change during the course of the journey. The journey is about enjoying the pleasures that keep you moving forward. The limit is not the pleasure. The 'pushing' of your limits is."

"So what are goals?" asked Charlotte.

"The goal is to get pleasure. The limit is your stopping point. The pushing of your limit is the pleasure. Does that make sense?"

"Sort of."

"Let me give you a short example. Let's talk about spankings. Your limit is you don't want a bruise. Your goal is to get aroused. A little slap on your ass doesn't really please you. A few slaps on the ass gets you to think about reaching your limit which is arousing in itself. But the real pleasure is when you are being spanked hard enough that you may bruise. It's like having sex outside. The fear of getting caught makes it exciting even though you don't want to get caught. If you were all alone in the woods and you knew that no one could possibly see... It wouldn't be as arousing. The threat must actually exist in order to feel it."

"And you are going to help me with all of this?"

"Yes, That is what a Master does. He teaches and he trains."

"When do we start?"

"We can start now if you'd like."

"Go ahead."

"Like I said. A series of questions from each category... Sexual, bondage, discipline, pain, degradation/humiliation, kink, and submission. I'll start with sexual. You are to answer in three parts; past, future and desire."

"Huh?"

"Another example. I ask anal? You answer, 'I have, I will and I love it.' You could also just say 'Yes, yes, love it.' to speed things up. Make sense?"

"Yeah."

"So anal?"

"yes, maybe, didn't much care for it."

"I'm going to skip questions I already know the answer to like oral, swallowing and such. Also, don't assume I want to do any of these things. I am just covering everything."

"Threesome with 2 girls?"

"Yes, yes, like it"

"Threesome with 2 guys?"

"No, yes, want it bad."

"Orgy?"

"no, yes, sounds fun."

"Gang bang?"

"No, yes, sounds more fun."

"I know the answer to everything else so onto bondage. Rope?"

"Very little, yes, and a big yes"

"That pretty much covers bondage."

"What do you mean? There's lots of things."

"Yeah, but I have found that if you like one type of restraint you pretty much like them all. You'll just give me the same answers over and over. Handcuffs, rope, shackles, etc... They all achieve the same effects so I'm just going to skip to discipline."

"Spankings, yes. How about a belt?"

"No, Yes, I think I'd love that."

"I'm going to skip most of the discipline devices like flogger, crop, paddle and such. If you like one you usually like them all. I'll just ask about the more extreme ones."

"Whip?"

"No, maybe, scary."

"Cane?"

"What's that?"

"Like a cane cane, you know, walking stick. or something similar... a switch, branch, bamboo?"

"Oh, okay... no, maybe, not sure."

There are basically two categories that subs fall into. Does pain turn you on or do you just like it to make the fantasy real?"

"It turns me on."

"So you'd basically want me to push your limits, to inflict pain until you can't take any more and then get you to want to go even further?"

"God, yes. That would be hot. I've tried getting guys to spank me and they treated me like a baby. I don't want to have a little pink spot that fades in ten seconds. I want a fucking bruise that I can see in the bathroom mirror when I get up in the morning."

"Well ok then. I can skip most the pain questions except for a few. Blood?"

"Sort of, yes, love it... Does it count if I made myself bleed?"

"That's fine. You like blood so that answers the question."

"Welts?"

"No, not sure, Don't want anything visible to people"

"They can be done in places one cannot see."

"Maybe. Let's step outside so I can smoke."

She grabbed her purse and we stepped outside.

"All of these question are getting me hot." she said after lighting up. She took a long drag as she looked into my eyes and did a near perfect French inhale."

"Looking good. It seems you've been practicing. Now where were we? Ah, degradation/humiliation."

"I'm not sure what those are really."

"Degradation would be slapping you, name calling and things like that. Humiliation would be like making you expose yourself, doing remedial tasks, being pissed on and such." I am guessing you'll answer no to most of them. You seem to be too confident a woman. We'll start with degradation.

"You probably like degradation in a playful sense as long as it doesn't come too close to home. I mean, if you had an abusive ex then you'd probably not like it.

"Face slapping?"

"No, yes, not too hard"

"Name calling?"

"Yes, yes, some words are good like whore, slut, bitch as long as you don't make me think you really mean it. I don't like anything to the likes of stupid and worthless."

"Being pissed on?"

"No, maybe, In a submissive sense it may be fun to do as I'm told, but not in a degrading sense where you are making me feel worthless."

"I am guessing 'no' to all of the humiliation things as you don't like to be humiliated.

"Onto kink. This covers the things that don't fall into other categories or crossed into more than one. Like fear of getting caught.

"Voyeurism?"

"Yes, yes, turn on."

"Exhibitionism?"

"Yes, yes, turn on."

"Incest?"

"No, no, never thought about it. Well some of my cousins are hot."

"Pedophilia?"

"No, no, Does it count that when I was 13 I was fucking older men?"

"Hmmm, not really. You weren't turned on by people younger

than you.

"Bestiality?"

"Huh?"

"Animals."

"Oh... No, don't think so, nah... don't think so."

"Role play, rape play?"

"Not really, yes, that would be hot."

"Age play, cosplay... Basically age play would be you playing mommy or little girl. Cosplay would be you dressing as an animal or such."

"No, maybe, maybe play little girl but not a mommy or a cat."

"Needle play, piercing?"

"No. not really, Don't think it'd turn me on.:

"Watersports/scat... Translation. Urine play, poop play?"

"No, maybe urine, definitely no poop."

"And lastly submission. Are you ready?"

"I need another drink."

I went inside and got a drink for both of us. Charlotte stepped in to use the restroom and met me outside. She lit another cigarette.

"Do you like being told what to do?"

"I like to please and to be somewhat controlled or directed." she said as smoke trickled out of her nose. "I am not so much into being a slave or servant outside the bedroom. In the bedroom it's fine as long as it's within my limits."

Charlotte attempted a snap inhale but it didn't turn out too well. Most of the smoke drifted off to the side. "It's hard to practice outside. The air moves."

"We can go inside if you'd like. I don't mind."

"Really?"

"Sure. It is my house after all."

We both went in. She had a seat in the living while I went to get an ashtray.

"So how long have you been a Master?" she asked.

"Oh, a long time now. Do you still wish to take this journey with me as your guide?"

"More than ever."

"Then take my hand and I will take the lead." I extended my hand to her.

She put her cigarette out and sat up. She took my hand and I

led her to the play room.

"This room may overwhelm you at first. Just know that we will only do what you are comfortable with, we will experience at your own pace and it will all be done one step at a time."

"Okay."

We entered the room and she ran over to the bed.

"Watch your step." I shouted.

"This is awesome." she said as she felt the comforter and jumped on top. She looked at the footboard and asked, "Do these work?"

"Of course. Everything is functional in here."

She looked around the room a little bit more and then brought her eyes back to the footboard. "I wanna try."

"Well get off the bed and come around here." I pointed to a spot on the floor. I pulled the pin that locked the top board in place and lifted it up. "Put your head here and your wrists here." I pointed again.

She did as I instructed and I lowered the locking board into place and secured the pin.

"Wow, this is..."

*Smack!* I slapped her ass. "This keeps you locked in place so that I may discipline you, use toys on you or fuck you."

"fun." she finished.

"The other side can be used for someone else... like Jessica?"

"Do you think you could handle both of us?"

"Do you think either of you could handle me?" I asked. "Hold on a moment."

I walked over to the racks while she sat there waiting and trying to anticipate what I was doing. I grabbed one of the floggers, a crop and a paddle off the wall and brought it back to the bed.

"I'm going to try a few things to see how you like them."

"Should I be afraid?"

I pulled her shorts and panties off of her.

"No. We haven't begun training yet. It is not my desire to push your envelope of pain just yet."

I swung my arm back holding the flogger; It was a medium size, heavy suede one, and hit her back with medium-light force.

"Oooh, What was that?"

"A flogger. Did it hurt? Did you like it?"



"It didn't hurt at all. Do it harder."

I tried again at medium force.

"I liked that one better but I can take it a lot harder than that."

Again with heavy force I swung. The flogger hit her back with a thud. The force was spread out over a large area and suede doesn't sting much. It was more of a pressure sensation.

"Much better. I like that."

"It seems you may indeed like pain. Let me try something else."

I hit her ass mildly with the crop. It had a mild leather fold at its end.

"Try it harder." said Charlotte.

Again I swung mildly hard. *Smack!*

"That doesn't really hurt."

"It's a riding crop. They aren't designed to inflict pain. They serve to get attention or to intimidate."

Now for the paddle. It was made of oak, a flat solid board about half an inch thick. I hit with mild force. *Smack!*

"Ow. I felt that one. That one stings. Try it again."

I swung again, slightly harder this time. *Smack!*

"Yeah... We'll need to work on that one a little but I like it a lot. I want to see how far I can go."

"We will do just that. For now I am only gauging your tolerance and desires." I walked back to the wall and grabbed a cane. "I didn't think you were ready for this but let's see."

I gave her a light smack with a sturdy bamboo cane.

"That stung. Maybe a little harder?"

I swung again with a little more speed. *Smack!*

"Oh, I like that one." she said.

The second hit was hard enough to print two red dashes across her ass and raise slightly. I swung again at medium force. *Smack!*

"Ow... That definitely stung a lot. Ow." She instinctively tried to bring her hands back to rub her burning ass but they were locked into position.

I rubbed for her to ease her pain; to show I wasn't a complete sadist. Upon pulling my hand back I could see marks that will remain until tomorrow; two deep red slashes and a noticeable rising of the flesh.

"I'll hold off on the whip. I prefer you to be fastened to

the cross for that. We haven't yet begun your training but you should start getting used to a few things."

"Okay."

"Which brings us back to the proper response."

"Yes, Master."

"Much better my love." I pulled the pin freeing her from the stocks. She stood up and moved her head and wrists around to loosen up.

"I imagine that can get uncomfortable after a while." She turned toward me. "But I am liking everything so far."

"Let's sit on the bed for a moment. We've discussed what you want and need."

We moved to the bed and sat down. She rubbed her ass a little bit but not enough to indicate she was in real pain. "Let's discuss what I expect and what I want."

"Okay. I mean... Yes Master."

"First of all, I am not a sadist. I do not get aroused causing you pain. My arousal comes from your enjoyment. If pain brings you pleasure then it is pleasurable to me. I do also enjoy pushing your limits, taking you there and getting inside your mind so that you desire to go further. It is a turn on when you discipline yourself into exceeding your own goals."

"Second... I expect you to be faithful to me. If you wish to serve me you must do so by my rules and by my command and answer to no one else, not even yourself."

"Yes, Master. I wish to serve you and others at your desire. I will be your submissive."

"Perhaps it's a good time to start."

"Now? Please let it be now Master."

"I want you to bend over the bed, your ass in the air."

She did so as I stepped away. I got one of the belts hanging on the wall and returned to her.

I swiftly, brought the leather belt to her ass, striking her across both cheeks. The sound of it whirling through the air and the echoing *Smack!* startled her for a moment before the pain took hold. Charlotte bit her bottom lip and pushed her face into the pillow to muffle herself; if not for the first blow, but those to follow.

I watched as Charlotte's ass reddened and pulled the belt back slowly, watching her tremble with anticipation. Charlotte's thoughts wandered from fear to lust and back to fear. Her

knuckles were white having closed her fists so hard. I raised the belt up slowly and watched as she tightened her ass muscles.

"It'll only hurt worse if you tense up."

I watched her body as it began to relax. Again I swung mightily, bringing the belt to her ass once more, *Smack!* A few inches lower than the first. Charlotte threw her body forward giving me a sense of satisfaction. I was approaching her threshold. I swung the belt in the air just to taunt her with the soft whispering sound it made, but in her mind... that of pain and torment. She laid there trying to time her response, only guessing when it would strike her again.

"A gentle Master I can be." I leaned into her and caressed her ass and ran my hand up her back bringing my head to her own.

"I do this only... only because I love you. Because I wish to be one with you."

I gave her a soft kiss, my breath almost as heavy as her own and then brought myself behind her for another round. *Smack!* *Smack!*... Twice I sent blows to her ass overlapping the first. She began to squeal. It was short-lived as she managed to contain it, but not before it was heard.

"With obedience must come your silence." I paused.

I repeated the lashes, *Smack! Smack!* twice more to the same spot. She clenched her teeth to bear the pain that sent shivers up her spine and the pain flared down her legs. Barely able to support her own weight, she was being driven into the bed with the blows. She could move forward no further but her body kept trying, trying to escape.

Suddenly there was silence. Charlotte waited for the next blow but it didn't come. The silence left her to wonder, to think about the pain, to grip even harder in anticipation. She started to turn towards me and open her eyes.

"No. Stay as you are."

Charlotte laid there, quietly wondering what was to happen next. She thought about leaving, ending this journey that she was so driven to begin. Tears fell from her eyes drowning the sheets below. She couldn't help but to whimper. A minute later the silence was broken. The belt dropped to the floor.

She felt her legs being pushed apart and the gentle caressing of my hands. Her ass still burned whilst her lust grew, denying her body's pain. *The suffering is over?* She wondered.

Higher my hands traveled to sooth her wounds. Slowly my

fingers massaged her skin as she allowed herself to loosen up. By my hands she did suffer. By my hands she would heal. The pain weakened as she began to moan, my tender hands taking the fire away.

I stretched her legs further apart allowing my fingers to braze her cunt. She quivered at the touch, perhaps out of fear... perhaps out of desire. She offered no resistance and loosened the grip her hands had upon themselves, sliding them above her head to signal her surrender.

I left the room and returned with a dampened towel. I sat myself on the edge of the bed and gently touched the cloth to her skin. The cool water startled her momentarily but she soon welcomed the sensation, relaxing her muscles. Her breathing began to settle as I tended to her body, embracing her warm soft skin into my hands.

I motioned her to lie herself completely on the bed as I laid down beside her, running my fingers up her spine, into her hair, allowing them to intertwine. I slowly massaged her scalp, her eyes closed, her body relaxed.

"These are the moments I desire." I whispered into her ear, my head behind her own. "Not the pain, not the pleasure..." I placed my hand to her cheek. "The feeling of being close. The union of our bodies and mind... our souls."

She turned to look towards me.

"I want to share with you my life." I said looking into her eyes."

"I'd like to become part of it."

"You have always been." I placed my lips upon hers, breathing softly her breaths into my own. Placing my hand behind her head I raised my mouth to her forehead, pressing them against her skin, embracing her body against my own. "True passion exists when one no longer says 'I'." I rested my cheek upon her. "We cherish this moment and all that we spend together." I pulled myself back, looking into Charlotte's eyes once again. "We have a journey together, not only of pain and pleasure... but that of fate and destiny, where no boundaries exists. It is that which we crave most; an endless love and union with your soul... our souls as one."

"I'd like that a lot." she said smiling.

She kissed me, her hand running up my back to the back of my neck, pulling my face against hers. We laid there, our bodies

pressing together, an effort to feel as one, our thoughts blending together as the seconds passed... our future together only moments away. I released my hold to look upon her face once again. Her eyes gazed upwards into my own, her lips opened slightly. She was bedazzled in the still of time, embracing the serenity... as was I.

*Oh what a splendid beauty awaits this soul  
a reminder of the past, an ambition to begin anew  
Time, an ever wonder, marks Summer's end  
but not without a wondrous display of hue*

*Seasons change, and with, we must change as well  
or forever cling to yesterday in despair or in glee  
Today will pass but beyond is another tomorrow  
and I choose to take this beautiful wonder with me*

*You have my heart, this time of year, as you will always  
and forever give me reason to try  
For Spring will come again and again, always alive  
and I now must appreciate this you and I*

"That was beautiful." she said looking upon me. "Did you write that?"

"For you, for us... Yes."

She placed her arms around me, squeezing me into herself. "I love you."

We fell asleep in each other's arms. Our night spent as one, welcoming what's to come.

## Chapter 18

As with any school day Elenore was the first to rise. She made herself breakfast and started the coffee for herself and her parents. She used the laptop in the kitchen to browse different accessories for her car. She didn't plan on actually buying anything until a key chain caught her eye. It was simple yet elegant. It simply said Mustang, but it was pink and chrome. She had to have it.

Mom and Dad woke and had their morning brew, exchanging some idle chat. Dad said he would pick up a copy of the Tennessee Driving Handbook for her on his way home from work. Elenore could view it online but she wanted the actually book so she could read it on the school bus or while on break at school.

At the bus stop she would meet up with Faith. The two of them had become friends and now text one another every day. They were about the same age but Elenore has always been reserved and slow to progress. She didn't fit in with the girls her own age, as they were always into guys, fashion and makeup; things that until recently, Elenore has neglected. Faith offered her an opportunity for a new start on having an actual friendship.

Faith's Dad took a job in town, moving here over the summer. Faith hated leaving all her friends behind in Florida and, naturally, hated Tennessee. Faith was much more wild than Elenore expected, especially for her age. She had even asked where she could get weed or other stuff. Elenore responded that her sister probably had some without revealing herself to be straight as an arrow. She didn't want to get left out by yet another girl in the neighborhood.

To Elenore's surprise Faith was at the stop early this morning. Elenore was used to standing alone, waiting for the others to arrive. Her curiosity was answered when she pulled out a cigarette.

"Sorry, I only have one. I had to steal it from Mom." as she looked at Elenore. "We can share if you want."

"No. I'm good, but thanks."

Elenore watched her as she smoked. She suddenly didn't look 16ish at all. She could easily pass for 19, maybe 20. Faith dressed much like Charlotte; always wearing black and red, dark makeup... Her black and blue hair was fading a little and her brown roots were coming in. She wondered if she would soon dye it again and what colors she would choose. She was thin and petite but her chest was filled out, Much more than Elenore's were. "Oh. I got a new car for my birthday. Sorry I didn't text you about it. It was a busy day." Elenore added.

"Wow. That's great. What kind?"

"Black Mustang convertible."

"Umm. Why are you here?" she said with a confused look. "Taking the bus I mean."

"I never bothered to get my license so it will have to wait til next week."

"Oh, I see."

"I can drive you to school if you want. If your parents don't mind."

"They don't really care what I do, nor do they pay attention either."

"Well that's good... and bad I suppose."

"But yeah, definitely." said Faith. "The snobby girls are going to be jealous." she said looking up the street. Tracy and Michelle were approaching the stop. They were both seniors with Elenore but they had made it obvious that Elenore was beneath them.

"I bet they will be." Elenore smiled.

Soon the other children had come and the bus thereafter. She was off to school. All day the only thing she could think about was her new car. Over and over she test drove it in her mind, obeying all the rules. The sun was shining and her top was down, driving through the mountains and near the beach. Elenore loved the beach. Her and her family had gone to Disneyworld several times and each time they made the side trip to the beach.

Charlotte woke up around 11 and stepped outside to smoke before going inside for some coffee. There was usually some left in the pot from earlier that morning and today was no different. She poured herself a cup and placed it in the microwave, added her sugar and cream; and proceeded to engage in her wakeup ritual. After the caffeine started to register she checked her phone. She had a message.

From Edison: "You were marvelous last night. You are a quick learner and a natural, but sleeping with you by my side was the best part."

To Edison: "It was you that was marvelous. I have never felt that way before. I love the belt."

From Edison: "Glad to be of assistance :)"

To Edison: "I didn't expect you to start as rough as you did, but I liked it. I liked it a lot."

From Edison: "I didn't plan to but you were too sexy to pass up; lying there on the bed naked, something came over me."

To Edison: "Well I'm glad you did :)"

From Edison: "I would have talked more about the BDSM afterwards but, with a long day and all that training, I was wore out. I was more inclined to bring us closer together."

To Edison: "I was wore out also. In a good way though. Sorry I fell asleep so early."

Charlotte stepped outside to smoke again. She took a pic of herself doing a French inhale and sent it."

From Edison: "Looking good. Looking really good. Very hot."

To Edison: ":)"

From Edison: "I forgot to ask. Are you free tonight?"

To Edison: "For you? or course :)"

From Edison: "Great. I have plans tomorrow. Josh is coming by to talk business. I'd much rather be with you though."

To Edison: "You mean I don't get you three nights in a



row?"

From Edison: "Sorry babe. Things will die down. I promise."

To Edison: "I love you."

From Edison: "I love you too."

From Edison: "Oh. I have some tasks for you today. What are your plans for the day."

To Edison: "Tasks? what do you mean?"

From Edison: "Remedial things. To prove your obedience, increase your tolerance to pain."

To Edison: "Like what?"

From Edison: "Well, tell me your plans for the day and I'll think of some."

To Edison: "Sitting around all day waiting for Dad to get home. Did I tell you? He's getting me a car :)"

From Edison: "No you didn't. That's great. I'll be able to see you more often."

To Edison: "Yeah, I can't wait... So those are my plans. Nothing, dinner, car and then you."

From Edison: "Well I have to do some things at the club tonight. How does 10:00 sound?"

To Edison: "Works for me. So... What tasks?"

From Edison: "You have a butt plug?"

To Edison: "Of course :)"

From Edison: "During dinner I want it inside you, while you are seated with family. You can put it in before you're ready to eat."

To Edison: "Ok? And then what?"

From Edison: "I want you to take a picture of it and send it to me so wear a skirt that you can pull up. No panties."

To Edison: "Sounds hot. Anything else?"

From Edison: "Yeah I want you to use the restroom at the car dealership before leaving with your new car. I want you to finger yourself and send me a pic. I also want you to put the butt plug back in for the drive home. Send a pic."

To Edison: "That sounds even hotter. Anything for you Master."

From Edison: "That brings up another point. I only cared to be called Master when in the moment or talking about that moment. In normal life I treat you as an equal so I'd prefer you do the same."

To Edison: "Great. I think it would be hard to explain to my friends anyway."

From Edison: "Ah... You'd be surprised."

To Edison: "What do you mean?"

From Edison: "Many girls have the same desires. They just don't tell anyone. Later we will do other tasks like those of pain..."

To Edison: "I used to cut myself." She took a picture of her arm and sent it. "It's very hard to see. If you want me to try again I will."

From Edison: "I want you to do it for the right reasons. Depression isn't one of them. But... pushing yourself to please me is."

To Edison: "That sounds hot. I want to push myself. I want you to push me even further. I want to feel real pain."

From Edison: "Interesting."

To Edison: "I want to get so turned on that I see pain as pleasure and I want my body to be torn, scared and cherished. Oh God... I want to get fucked right now."

From Edison: "Your body will be my canvass, pain is my medium and your scars... my masterpiece."

To Edison: "Please Master. I beg you. Paint me again and again."

From Edison: "I love you."

To Edison: "I love you too."

From Edison: "What kind of car are you getting?"

To Edison: "I don't know yet. Anything is better than nothing."

From Edison: "That is true."

Charlotte spent the rest of the day trying to keep occupied. She texted everyone she knew just to speed up the day. Only a few were responsive but it was something anyway. The last two hours she spent getting ready. It didn't take her quite that long but she needed something to do, besides, she'll have a car. Who knows what she'd do afterwards.

Elenore got home first and started dinner. Charlotte helped her out. She wanted to make sure it was ready to eat as soon as Mom and Dad got home.

While it was cooking Charlotte stepped outside to smoke one last time. She wouldn't be able to while with her Dad. After she finished she went to the bathroom and checked her hair. She was

all set. As soon as Dad was finished eating they could leave. *Oh... the butt plug*, she remembered. She went back to her room to get it, back to the bathroom and in it went. She took a pic and sent it.

Dinner was placed on the table just as her parents walked in. Dad walked over to Elenore and handed her the study guide.

"Thanks Dad." she said.

"Dinner's ready." shouted Charlotte.

"We'll be there in a minute. We need to get out of these clothes first." said Mom.

"You look just fine for car shopping Dad."

"Thanks. I appreciate the complement... But I'll also look fine in something else too." he grinned.

The end of dinner couldn't come soon enough. Charlotte had finished her meal in five minutes. Elenore wouldn't stop talking to Dad which slowed him down. Charlotte tried kicking her under the table but she didn't take the hint. Under the table Charlotte spread her legs and got her phone out. She made sure to turn the flash off. That would have been hard to explain. And *click*. She brought the phone back up to the table and sent it to me.

"Do you mind doing the dishes tonight Elenore?" asked Charlotte.

"No. You go get your car." she said smiling.

"Thanks."

"Okay okay. I'm done. Let's go. No rest for the wicked." said Dad as he got out of his seat and kissed his wife goodbye.

"You can relax when you get home dear." said Mom in a loving voice.

Charlotte was at the door waiting.

Dad opened the front door. "Ha... Rest? Thinking about Charlotte driving her new car is not relaxing."

"Thanks Dad." said Charlotte. She closed the door behind them.

Elenore and Mom finished their dinner and took the plates to the kitchen. Mom helped Elenore to wash them.

"Life will be easier when Charlotte has her car." said Mom. "Just hope she follows through and gets a job."

"Yeah, me too. It will be quieter." she laughed.

Elenore picked up her handbook and headed for her room. "I'm going to go do some studying." she said. She went into the bathroom to freshen up and saw Charlotte's cigarettes on the

vanity top. It was very tempting but she dismissed the idea, but only for a moment. *When will I get another chance like this?* she asked herself. It was a pack of Marlboro light 100's, box. She took notice of where it laid and the angle so she could put it back exactly as it was. She lifted the pack and opened the lid. It was almost full. *Perfect*, she thought. Charlotte would never notice one missing. She reached in and grabbed one. It was much lighter than she expected it to be. She held it in her fingers for a moment and placed it on the counter. She closed the pack and placed it back where she found it. Elenore got to thinking. She's always cleaning up after Charlotte. If she slides the pack into the drawer, one that she never goes through, she may just forget about them altogether. The whole pack will be hers. She brought the cigarette to her room and hid it with her new toy. All she needed now was a lighter, Mom and Dad asleep and Charlotte not home

Charlotte and Dad arrived at the Ford dealership. Charlotte immediately headed to the showroom.

"We won't be buying a new car." said Dad stopping Charlotte in her tracks. "We'll be looking over here." He pointed to the rows of pre-owned vehicles."

Charlotte browsed the sports and luxury cars while Dad browsed the economy cars.

"How about this one?" shouted Charlotte. She was swaying her hips, imagining herself behind the wheel of a 2014 Mercedes.

"I'm not even going to bother asking the price on that." He couldn't even see what year or model it was, but a shiny almost new Mercedes? Out of the budget. "We are looking at a \$10,000 price range dear. I don't think you will find anything over there." He was low-balling her. The real budget was \$15,000 but if you tell that to Charlotte she'd be looking at the \$25,000 cars.

Charlotte didn't attempt to argue. She had already been given a car when she was eighteen. For her parents to buy her another one just three years later was a miracle in itself.

A dealer approached Dad and offered his assistance. Dad politely declined and said he'd find him when they were ready to ask questions and to take a car for a test drive.

"How about this one?" Dad asked. He was standing over a 2010 Kia Sportage.

"Ummm. No thanks. I'm not the SUV type." she said. "And don't even think about a minivan or a pickup truck."

Dad was actually thinking about a pickup truck. He'd be able to borrow it next spring when landscaping season started again. He and Mom had plans for a new walkway, a flower bed and other undecided things. "Are you sure? I may be willing to up the ante a bit for a nice full size truck." He stared at the red, 2013 F150 pickup two cars down, listed for \$18,000.

"I'm sure."

Dad's heart sank back into his chest. Well maybe before spring he'll be able to talk his wife into it. Maybe. They looked from car to car, Charlotte at the high end and Dad at the low. Eventually they'd meet in the middle.

Charlotte had some difficulty looking in her price range. Most of the cars screamed "Mom" or "conservative". She wanted something that suited her. She found a 2002 Camaro and pointed it out to Dad. It was in pretty good condition. Dad looked it over.

"It's a little on the older side. It might not be too reliable."

"Yeah, I suppose. But there isn't much to choose from that I like."

Dad reevaluated his preferences for a moment and walked over to car he saw earlier, a 2012 Mitsubishi Eclipse GS Sport for \$16,498. It was almost new, reliable and sporty. "What about this one?" he asked, almost hoping for a denial.

"Wow." She ran over. "How did I miss this?"

It was bright red with a grey interior. It wasn't a straight up sports car but it was close enough and nicer than Jessica's for sure. She looked at the price.

"It's way out of budget though."

"Do you want to test drive it?"

Charlotte jumped up and down. She realized that Dad was going the extra mile. If she wanted it, it was hers. And she wanted it. Dad approached the salesman and asked to take it out for a spin. Charlotte had already decided but she had to go through the motions. An hour later she was handed her new keys.

"Can I drive by my friends and show off my new car?"

"I'd expect nothing less. Go ahead." he said. "At least take a picture and send to Mom. I have the impression you won't be home before dark."

"Will do." Charlotte immediately texted all her friends and

ex's. She sent a group message to everyone, "My new car :)" with a pic. She texted Brittany to see what she was up to and was immediately invited over.

"Wow girl." said Brittany. as she stepped outside glaring.  
"What are we waiting for? Let's party."

They got inside the car and took off.

"Where are we going?" asked Charlotte.

"Jessica's at work let's show off your ride and figure it out from there."

"Sounds like a plan or a partial one anyway."

The two of them headed to Hardees. Brittany checked out the interior and then the stereo. She dialed in to 94.3 and turned up the volume. She parked the car and they both ran inside. Jessica was at the counter helping another employee on her register.

"Did you get my text?" said Charlotte. She couldn't hold still.

"No, not yet... why?"

"I got a car. An Eclipse GS Sport."

Jessica tried to look out the window but it wasn't visible from where she was so she came out from behind and the three of them stepped outside. Charlotte pointed to it.

"Wow. It's nice." she said as she got a little closer.

"I love it." said Charlotte.

"What are you guys up to?" said Jessica.

"We're going to go party." said Brittany.

"I'll text you later from where ever we end up."

"Thanks, but I have to work a morning shift tomorrow."

"Your loss." said Brittany.

"Yeah. Another time though. You owe me a ride or two or three." Jessica laughed. "Well, have fun. I have to go back to work."

Jessica went back inside and Steve texted.

From Steve: "Great. Come on over. I might find some weed."

To Steve: "Okay. See you soon."

"We're going to Steve's. He might get some smoke."

"Cool." said Brittany.

Charlotte knocked on the door and Steve answered. Brian was in the background playing Xbox. They went inside and had a seat.

"I couldn't get hold of my friend so I don't know about the weed."

"That sucks." said Charlotte.

"I have a little whiskey left." he brought out a third of a bottle.

"There are three of us." said Brittany.

"Better than nothing." said Charlotte.

Steve handed the bottle to Charlotte. She took a few gulps and handed it to Brittany. She had hers and then Steve finished it up. Charlotte got another text.

From Eric: " That's great babe. Why don't you come see me?"

To Eric: " I got Brittany with me. We're looking to party."

Steve sat himself next to Charlotte and started to rub on her. Charlotte was interested in weed and in partying. Neither were going to happen here.

From Eric: "Don't worry girl. I got ya. Bring her with."

Brittany sat there bored and hoping Charlotte had an out. Brian kept looking at her. Brian is a game geek, out of shape and far from attractive. Even if that bottle of Jack was full and she drank all of it, he still wouldn't look good to her. He was creeping her out.

Charlotte pretended she got a message. "Damn it. Mom said I need to come and show her the car before it gets dark out. I have just enough time to get there."

"Really?" said Brittany. "We have to leave?"

"You can stay if you want. Maybe I can get out later and come get you?"

"No, that's ok. I think Mom and Dad are expecting me anyway."

"Well. let me know when you get some weed." said Charlotte as they walked to the car."

After they stepped out Steve closed the door. Brittany hit Charlotte in the shoulder. "Don't you ever do that to me again."

Charlotte laughed and unlocked her doors. Charlotte texted Eric back with confirmation and they drove across town to his place. Eric was someone Charlotte used to hang out with until he started college. He shared an apartment with Justin just inside of campus. They were both party guys but neither of them had a car. Their parents paid for their schooling, their place and gave them an allowance. They preferred to spend it on the essentials like drugs over non essentials such as a car and food.

Charlotte and Brittany entered when Eric opened the door.

"Long time no see." said Eric.

"I've texted a few times but you never write me back."

"Ha. I'm rarely straight enough to."

"So whatcha got for us sexy?" said Brittany. Brittany always had the hots for Eric being a party girl herself. But since neither of them drove it was a lost cause.

"I got some weed and some coke." he said smiling.

"Thank God." said Charlotte. "Where's Justin?"

"He took a walk to the store. We're out of beer."

Eric got out his bong and his stash box. He loaded up the bong as Brittany removed the white powder from his box and poured it all onto the glass table top.

"That's a lot of coke there. It's all I got."

Brittany ignored him and found his blade. She started cutting lines, 12 big lines. She rolled a note and snorted the first one and handed the straw to Charlotte. Charlotte didn't hesitate and snorted two lines. Brittany grabbed the straw back and did another.

"Slow down you two. I got weed." said Eric as he fired the first hit. He handed the bong to Charlotte and held in the smoke for ten seconds, then exhaled.

Charlotte took a big hit and passed it off to Brittany. They took turns with another round and chatted a bit. Brittany loosened her top to be a little more showing. A few minutes later she did it again since no one noticed the first time. Eric seemed to be more interested in Charlotte as was always the case. Brittany was just as pretty but Charlotte was strong willed which made for a good hunt. Brittany was too easy.

"Put on some music." said Charlotte.

Eric reached over Brittany to the stereo and turned it on. Brittany moved forward and Eric's arm "accidentally" rubbed her tits.

"Oh baby. They're getting hard for you."

"Oh really?." Eric grabbed her tits as he pulled his arm back. "Just how hard are they?"

Charlotte couldn't care less. She did another line while they were occupied.

"Feel em up fucker." said Brittany. "Work them over for me."

"Maybe you'll do the same?"

Brittany grabbed his crotch and opened it. She got on her



knees in front of him, pulling out his hard on into her hands.

"Baby... It's so big." she said while giving it a few rubs.

She took her lips to it and in one slow motion swallowed all eight inches. Eric grabbed the back of her head and pushed her head up and down on it making Brittany choke. She pulled herself off for a moment to catch her breath and went back to the action. Eric reached for Charlotte's chest and rubbed her titties.

Charlotte leaned forward and gave him a kiss. Eric returned with his tongue entering her mouth, his hands pulling up her shirt and caressing her nipples.

She waited and waited for him to get a little rougher as she longed for something a little more intense. *Grab my nipples and fucking pull them hard, harder. That's it. Rip those fuckers off.* She thought to herself but it wasn't happening. She could hardly get excited so she pulled back and did another line.

She laid back and watched Brittany standup and remove her shorts and panties. She faced him and positioned herself to receive his lust. Up and down she rode his prick hard, driving it deep inside her, her fingernails cutting into his shoulder. He moaned and bounced his ass upwards to every stroke she made.

"I'm about to cum." said Eric as he started to push her off.

"Don't you dare pull out. Cum inside me fucker. I want it deep inside me. Cum now. Cum now."

Eric's head rolled back as he exploded inside her. Brittany was on her third orgasm still riding him hard until he softened up. She didn't even take a moment to breath before bending over the table to snort up another line.

"When the fuck is Justin gonna get here? I'm hot. I'm fucking hot. Gimme that bong." she said.

Eric pulled his fly shut. "That was awesome."

Brittany sat there naked and feeling really good and feeling really horny. She kept her excitement flowing, rubbing her fingers over her clit. She grabbed the bong and fired up. The base of the bong was between her legs and she grinded it against herself while taking a long, long hit.

"Um, What did I miss?" said Justin as he entered, barely able to close the door behind him.

Brittany didn't even attempt to cover up. She watched Justin walk closer, watching his crotch grow as he stared at her.

"Your friend here didn't last long enough. Do me a favor and finish me off."

Justin literally dropped the beer and stood there.

"I'm waiting." said Brittany in an agitated tone.

Justin didn't get laid much. He was very inward and shy around girls, but he didn't need to be told a third time. He rode Brittany hard for about ten minutes before cumming himself.

"Well... I either need one real man or ten average men." she laughed. She got herself dressed and had a seat. Justin picked the beers off the floor and handed one to each of them.

"Does anyone like pain?" asked Charlotte

"Who would like pain?" asked Eric.

"I mean like when having sex."

"I like when fingernails dig into me or getting scratched when I'm about to cum." he said.

"Me too." said Brittany as she took another hit and passed it around.

"I mean like being spanked or paddled."

"Not me." screamed both Eric and Justin.

"I dunno... maybe." said Brittany. "Sounds hot actually, but not too hard though."

Charlotte felt misplaced. They didn't know what she was talking about, the thoughts and dreams that consumed her both day and night. Sex would never be the same. The two are becoming one. She felt alone as the others chatted, leaving her in her thoughts. She lit up a cigarette and sat back on the couch. She did her French inhales and thought about being spanked for real, not the baby crap that they envisioned. There was no one there to give it to her, not like she liked it.

She started brazing the cigarette along her arm feeling the immense heat as it lightly grazed her skin. She found herself actually getting aroused. She slowed the motions down to allow it to gently burn her, getting wetter and wetter. Before she even knew it she had held the burning cherry still just barely touching her. She could feel herself getting burned while she herself was burning inside. She leaned forward and snorted up another line *Fuck it*, she said to herself as the others chatted. She leaned back and took a hard drag on her cigarette getting the cherry bright red and touched it to her arm, cumming without even playing with herself, she let out a cry; a cry of pleasure.

The others looked over to her. They didn't even notice her quivering, her trembling.

"Are you alright?" asked Brittany.

"Yeah... Yeah, I'm fine. I just burned myself."

"Don't smoke too much weed. You'll fall asleep and burn my couch up." said Eric.

Sleep was on her mind. After an orgasm like that she was spent.

"I think I'm awake now." she laughed and looked down on her burn. It was amazing.

Before leaving Charlotte managed to bag up the remaining four lines of coke and pocketed it without being noticed. She wanted to try that again. Next time with a big cock inside her.

## Chapter 19

### *Suspended Dreams*

Charlotte laid in her bed trying to recall what had happened the previous night. She looked to her arm. *Ahh, I remember now.* Her burn wasn't too bad. *It should clear up in a day. It was worth it. I have never cum so hard... a little pain goes a long way to make fantasy reality.* Recalling herself years ago, those days where she used to cut herself she wondered if it had only to do with her depression or was it her body calling out to her, a beckoning to be tormented and marked, by herself or by others.

The thoughts were taking control of her and she couldn't bring herself to get out of bed. She wanted to touch herself, fuck herself right then and there. Her routine would have been to get up and go outside to smoke but her pussy wouldn't let her move. She needed to please herself now, right now. She so wanted to smoke. *Just one time. My parents won't be home for several hours so they won't even notice.* She looked over to her nightstand. She had laid down her purse there before going to bed. Her ashtray was outside though. *What to do? What to do?* Glancing around she saw an empty glass on the floor, well within reach.

She grabbed it and opened her purse to get her cigarettes. She took her first and second drag of the day and exhaled toward the ceiling, cherishing the moment. She thought about last night and her cunt started to swell, an invitation to be molested. She took a hard, double drag and slid her hand into her panties, digging three fingers inside herself while the smoke rolled out of her nostrils. She tossed the half spent cigarette into the glass and made herself cum hard, thoughts of being paddled and maybe caned filled her mind. *Screw the spankings*, she thought as she envisioned the paddle splintering her ass leaving a red memory to carry her into the next day. *This is what I want. Definitely!*

She almost fell back sleep having put her body through such convulsions. She didn't need a man. She needed a Master who would take her beyond her tolerance, to use her, inflict pain upon her and fucked her hard. *Lucky I have such a person. Let's see how far he is willing to go.*

She picked up her phone and had a few messages.

From Steve: "Hey baby. What's up?"

She wanted nothing to do with Steve anymore. He was just a loser and offered her nothing in the bedroom. She has chosen her path, her lust for pain and mutilation. Steve had nothing but an occasional weed offering. She just ignored him.

From Edison: "So what happened last night?"

*Oh shit. I forgot our date*, she thought *Damn!*

To Edison: "I'm sorry Master. Really. I got my new car and hung out with Brittany for a while since you weren't going to be home til 10. We had a few drinks and I must have passed out. Forgive me?"

From Edison: "You didn't send me those pics I asked for either."

Charlotte pondered for minute before answering.

To Edison: "Oh yeah. I got so excited with my new car I completely forgot."

Charlotte took a picture of her arm and sent it to me.

To Edison: "Look what I did last night... Intentionally."

Charlotte was afraid to admit just how much pain she wanted to endure. I might think she was nuts and find someone else.

To Edison: "I wanted to see if I could take it."

From Edison: "Obviously you did."

To Edison: "With a little help from alcohol and weed and such."

From Edison: "I have two problems..."

Charlotte sat there waiting for the next text, worrying about what I was going to say.

To Edison: "Yes Master?"

From Edison: "As your Master, I dictate the rules and the curriculum. Discipline is at the top of the list. By that I do not mean my punishments onto you. I mean that you need to take control of your life, that you enter into this bond with a clear mind. It seems you are allowing yourself to lose control by succumbing to the effects of alcohol and allowing it to influence your actions. Secondly you are not to be doing drugs. They defeated you in the past. They will be your undoing in the present. You need to focus on what you really want and put all of your efforts into that."

To Edison: "I want you. I want a life with you, and to be disciplined by your hand."

From Edison: "Then I expect you to show me an effort. You cannot please all your friends and please me also. They don't seem to have control for themselves and they serve as a bad example."

To Edison: "I can't see my friends?"

From Edison: "I'm not saying that. I'm saying you need to put partying behind you. Choose your friends carefully and make them aware of your ambitions. It is up to you to dictate the lifestyle you need to lead to make those ambitions a reality. That means not being the party girl you once were and not to be the addict you once were. We can return some of these things to you in the future, but for now, you are in training."

Charlotte thought for a minute. She really did like me and she liked where things were going. Building up her pain tolerance and the sexual pleasure it brought her was her goal. It was an easy choice.

To Edison: "Of course Master, my love." You are the teacher and I am the student. I know you are meeting with Josh tonight. Can we get together tomorrow night?"

From Edison: "I'm not sure yet. It depends if we are able to finish going over things tonight."

To Edison: "Okay. Well I need to look for a job anyway or my parents will get mad."

From Edison: "Best of luck to you."

Charlotte was wide awake now so she stepped outside to smoke and then made herself some breakfast. Today she would actually make an effort to find a job. She would need gas and spending money or having a car would do her no good. Off to collect applications.

Elenore got home from school around 3:00. She thought she smelled smoke in the house. Charlotte wasn't home which didn't surprise her. She made it a point to be out of the house at all times other than to sleep, and even then, it was a tossup as to where she slept. Maybe Charlotte left the door open when she went outside today and some of the smoke came in she thought. Her parents would be at work til 5:30 so she texted Ashton.

To Ashton: "Her baby. I love you."

From Ashton: "I Love you too."

To Ashton: "What are you into today?"

From Ashton: "Nothing much. Do you wanna go out? Maybe get some playtime in? I've been thinking about it all week."

To Ashton: "That really does sound fun, I'd love to just curl up in your arms right now."

From Ashton: "Then let's do it :)"

To Ashton: "I really can't though. I have my driving test to study for and lots of homework." Elenore was an A student. She took a lot of pride in her studies. She planned to go to college and wanted to make sure she had her choice in schools.

From Ashton: "I understand baby. Maybe this week sometime then."

To Ashton: "The weekend is better. Like a Sunday if all my homework is done."

From Ashton: "Okay... I guess we will try for Sunday then."

Elenore took a selfie of herself in the bathroom mirror lifting her shirt above her belly button and sent it."

To Ashton: "Just something to think about."

From Ashton: "That's hot." Ashton returned the favor with a shirtless selfie with his hand covering the crotch in his pants.

To Ashton: "Now that's hot :) I'll definitely be thinking about that!"

It was only 3:30 when they stopped texting and Elenore thought about her toy. She was paranoid about her parents coming home. *What would they say?* She'd die if that happened. Still... It was two whole hours. She could easily play with herself and still have tons of time to make dinner afterwards.

She wasn't as quiet and sneaky as before in retrieving her toy. No one was home to wonder what she was doing. She readied herself on the bed, removed all of her clothing and thought about her boyfriend with whom she was preparing herself for. *In a few weeks I'll make it real with him and get fucked for the first time.* She thought to herself. This thought and many others wandered through her mind as her new toy buzzed, sliding up and down on her skin and exposed body. She thought of him kissing her nipples as he'd done before and his hand sliding to her crotch, only this time she didn't stop him. In her thoughts she offers no resistance to his charm, his love and his lust for her.

For the first time Elenore attempted to put a finger inside of herself. She needed to be prepared for Ashton's cock so this was the moment to get herself ready. It was tight going in. She pushed it inside herself slowly with her toy vibrating the top of her slit. Suddenly she felt what all girls talked about, her body flashed in a cold sweat, that feeling of internal pleasure waiting to be prodded by herself, her toy and her man.

She gently pulled the lips of her cunt apart to allow her toy to actually touch her clit. The sensation was amazing and sent her head buckling back, supporting her body's weight as her chin pointed straight up. She pushed her finger back inside herself and rubbed the inside, the left side, the right and then pushed it in further, a good two inches. *Ashton's manhood would be bigger than this,* she thought.

She moved her toy towards her swollen opening. It was a modest size, but to Elenore, it was huge, about the size of a beer bottle's neck. It was rounded on its end so it was easy to get it started. She could feel pressure as her cunt stretched to accommodate its presence. Her thoughts and the vibrations made her very wet. Her only resistance was the size of her hole and her own inhibitions. She slid it inside herself with ease until she reached the same depth her finger reached, two inches of vibrating ecstasy pushing her lips apart, stretching her skin and aching herself with desire. Slowly she slid it in and out and each time it was easier and easier. She was burning up inside, her



knees standing up and trembling. She pushed it in and wrapped her fingers it to see how deep it was going. She pulled it out. It looked to be maybe three inches at best. She knew if she's to accommodate a man it needs to go further, much further.

It felt really good; the pleasure was intensifying and driving her to push it in further. She met with resistance as she applied more pressure with each stroke, a little more, a little more... She finally just forced it in, pushing it hard in one good blow, shattering her cherry and plunging deep, deep inside. She felt a shot of pain but it dulled as she pushed it in and out, all seven inches, her knees spreading til they met with the bed. The orgasms were forcing her to raise her body. All of her weight was now on her feet and head as her body arched, her fingers getting lost inside her as her fuck toy got swallowed up. She had three orgasms before she couldn't hold herself up any longer. Her body dropped to the bed, her knees still shaking, and slowed her breathing to normal.

She looked at the clock. "Shit! It's 4:30." she yelled. It was time to make dinner. She quickly cleaned her toy and put it away so she could get dinner ready. She sat at the kitchen table reading her guide while dinner was cooking.

After dinner she went to her room to do some more reading. He phone buzzed.

From Faith: "What's up?"

To Faith: "Nothing. What about you?"

From Faith: "Just bored."

To Faith: "Yeah. I'm just studying for my driver test."

From Faith: "I Can't wait for you to get your license. We can have some fun."

To Faith: "Me too."

From Faith: "Maybe find some parties. I haven't partied since I moved here. I'm jonesing :)"

To Faith: "I've never been to a party so I wouldn't know what to do. lol"

From Faith: "You are missing out girl. Live it up while you're young. yolo right?"

To Faith: "Right."

Elenore didn't know what to make of it. Faith might be a little too much for her. She's willing to try new things in life but she's never had a drink, never tried smoking... *Smoking. I almost forgot about that*, she thought as she started becoming a

little anxious. *Tonight I'm going to try it.*

She laid her book down since she could no longer concentrate, daydreaming about tonight. Seconds turned to minutes and minutes to hours as she watched the clock. Her parent's bedtime seemed like tomorrow as she stared at the ceiling. After almost dozing off she looked at her clock. It was now time.

She snuck quietly to her stash and grabbed one of her cigarettes. *Damn!* She said to herself. *I need a lighter.* She sat there trying to figure out where one might be. Her parents didn't smoke. *Maybe Charlotte's room.* She went into the bathroom first which connects to her room. Nothing there as she expected. Then she browsed around Charlotte's room. Her room was always a wreck making it hard to search through, but at the same time, made the likelihood of Charlotte misplacing a lighter amongst the clutter a fair reality. After several minutes of prodding through junk, dirty clothes and some other indefinable things she almost gave up, but there it was... a Bic in all its glory. She snatched it up and went back to her room.

Her heart was pounding as she slid the glass door open. This was it! She tried holding the cigarette in her fingers, admiring how it looked. She closed the door behind her and waited a moment, quietly and listening for any movement in the house. She slowly brought it to her lips and sucked on it gently, finally feeling the sensation between her lips for the first time. The taste of the unlit tobacco filled her mouth. She opened her mouth and breathed in, practicing what she would be doing for real in just a moment or two.

Elenore started to realize what she was about to do, and it couldn't wait one more second. She took a deep breath and put the end of the cigarette into lips. She fired up her lighter and brought the flame to the tip as she sucked on it just a bit. Smoke began to drift into the air. She knew that there was no turning back now.

She pulled the cigarette away from her mouth watching the smoke curl upwards. The odor was much more inviting than she remembered Charlotte's to be. Perhaps the anticipation adjusted her senses. She put her lighter in her pocket, her heart beating rapidly, and now she was going to do it for real. She intensely watched as she brought the cigarette to her lips, parted them slightly, and then closed them around the filter. She sucked on

it softly, watching the tip glow a little brighter. She realized it was herself now and not her sister. Her mouth filled with a somewhat warm and bitter taste.

She took the cigarette away and opened her mouth. Some of the smoke drifted away and she immediately blew it out. Her mouth started to water just a little. She wanted to watch herself though. She looked around and saw a larger adjustable mirror on the small table between the lounge chairs. *Charlotte must have been practicing her smoke tricks.* How convenient for her. She sat down in the chair and positioned the mirror for herself. She took another short puff and opened her mouth. She saw a ball of smoke inside and then she blew it out. It wasn't quite what she expected it to be but she enjoyed watching herself. She just had to see again.

She raised the cigarette to her lips, and took another small puff and watched the burning end creep up slowly. This time it didn't taste as bitter as before. She opened her mouth again, and watched the dense smoke roll out of her mouth, and then blew out. It didn't look like she thought it would. *Oh... I'm not inhaling,* she thought. Elenore tapped the ashes into the ashtray, and took a deep breath, and then slowly let it out. Time to do it for real.

She brought the cigarette to her virgin lips once again and sucked on it a little harder. The fire at the end grew brighter for a few seconds as she held it between her fingers before pulling the cigarette away. She opened her mouth and saw that the thick ball of smoke was there waiting. She inhaled quickly through her mouth, watching in astonishment as it disappeared down her throat. She started to cough. She expected she would but didn't realize the sensation would be this discouraging. She held it down to a muffle and glanced around to make sure no one was coming. She wasn't about to give up. She had waited too long.

She tried again just like the last time but a smaller puff this time. She had a mild urge to cough but not like before. She'll have to get her lungs used to this if she wanted to become a smoker. She exhaled into the night. Elenore had never felt a sensation quite like it. She felt the smoke slide down into her chest and then feeling a pleasurable fullness in her lungs. She held it in for a couple of seconds, pursed her lips, and started to exhale. For a second nothing came out, but then a thin stream of smoke began to flow from her lips, gradually thickening a

little.

Elenore was getting excited. She had finally tried smoking a cigarette. This time she took a bigger puff and sucked it down her throat, watching herself in the mirror. She held it in longer this time. She started to feel a little dizzy, but she wasn't about to stop now. She had to do this again. She tapped the ashes off again.

She tried it again and watched the flame travel up the end as she dragged on it. She was so aroused by the sight that she didn't realize her drag was much longer this time. It was beginning to taste much better now.

She opened her mouth and the smoke was really thick...it filled her mouth completely. She breathed in and to her surprise, it seemed even easier this time, and she was thrilled once again as white smoke filled her lungs.

She turned her head to watch herself exhale in the mirror. This time the smoke was a thick stream almost that started almost immediately which thrilled her.

The cigarette was about halfway done but she had to try it just once more. Elenore brought the cigarette to her lips and took a long, hard drag, the way Charlotte did, watching the flame creep up the length of it rapidly. When she had taken as much smoke into her mouth as she could, she opened wide, and took a short breath and took another drag. She took a deep breath in, and all the smoke slid down her throat with ease. This time she exhaled through her nose. It burned a little bit but she loved how it looked. She would definitely do this again.

She put the cigarette out and replaced the mirror to its original position. She then emptied the ashtray.

She laid in bed for a little while until her stomach was beginning to settle down. She still needed to brush her teeth and get ready before going to sleep.

It was a little late but she got on her computer and checked Facebook. She had no friends on there so she didn't check it too often. Her family was boring so there was nothing to miss. She logged onto MeetMe. She had some comments on the last picture she uploaded and a few messages and friend adds.

She scrolled through the statuses to pass the time as usual and saw a picture that Ashton uploaded today. He was as cute as ever so she went to comment on it. Below the picture were several comments by girls.

Stephanie: "Hey cutie."  
Lisa: "I wanna party. You game?"  
Ashton: "HMU girls :)"

Elenore got quite upset. This did not look good. She paced around the room a while trying to contain herself, trying to figure out what was going on and what Ashton was up to. She decided to make a fake profile to see if he intended on cheating or if he was just playing a game.

She found some unlikely girl in California and copied her pictures to her computer, created a new profile and uploaded some pics. She was pretty, but not overly so. Nothing stands out as being fake more than having some model's pictures on your profile. She decided that to be believable she'd have to accumulate some friends, post some statuses and such before she could message him. It will take around a week. She used the name "Scarlet A". There was no way Ashton would know the book reference. She took enjoyment in being devious when the time presented itself. She soon found herself with several friend requests but she went ahead and sent some herself. The more friends the more believable the profile would be. She posted the status "I just need a real man." which was the truth as Ashton seemed to be a child.

She took some pleasure in concocting her scheme. With a little patience she would soon find out just what Ashton's intentions were.

Elenore couldn't fall asleep. Her first love... the guy she was about to give herself to looked to be like all other guys. She tried doing a little reading but her heart wasn't in it. Her heart was deep down inside her, missing every other beat. *God a need a cigarette*, she thought. She never thought she'd say those words, words that Charlotte said frequently. Whether she actually needed one or whether she was too anxious to try again didn't matter. The effect was the same. She went back to the bathroom and checked the drawer. They were still there. She contemplated taking the pack now but decided to wait just another day. She grabbed one and stepped outside, not as quietly as before. Her mind was too flustered.

She lit it up and took a good drag and inhaled, no longer feeling the urge to cough, and held it in for a few seconds. She exhaled into the night watching it hang there in the air. It wasn't windy outside so it just lingered, the muggy night made

the smoke very visible. She didn't care if anyone saw it, not now, not with her heart in turmoil. She sat there taking drags, thinking about her shattered dreams; that of finding the perfect guy and sharing a bond that takes her from today into tomorrow. She thought that he was her tomorrow but it's looking like he was her yesterday. *Now I understand all those posts on MeetMe*, she thought. *Are there no good guys out there?* She was surprised that her cigarette was almost finished. She was feeling a little queasy but she knew it would pass shortly. She had seen her sister do double drags many times when her cigarette was almost gone. Those last desperate attempts to get every bit of smoke into her lungs, holding it inside forever, before finally letting it go. *It's just like love*, she thought. She took a long hard drag, a little air and then another, holding it in as long as she could, she let it go. And, just like love it lingered there; a suspended dream.

## Chapter 20

### *Memories, All Mine*

Today Charlotte got up at a reasonable hour with nothing much to do except look for a job. She was actually making an effort to try to control her partying and her desires to do so. She used to do lots of hard drugs a several years back. Her parents always blamed her for hanging out with the wrong crowd, but it was her depression that welcomed the mind altered states. Drugs took her to the wrong crowd, not the other way around. Her depression was triggered by her moving here, having to leave all her friends and life behind. She was alone; her parents didn't understand her pain and drove her to deal with it herself. What was a child to do when she hadn't a support system to fix her void? Starting over is never easy on anyone, a teen is no different. By the time you become a teen you've grown into yourself, you've made concrete decisions about who you are and where you are going. You've chosen your friends and have taken the time and effort to involve them in your life. So, when you take those things away it can be very hard on a person and Charlotte was no different. Elenore was lucky since she was still very young. At ten you've not begun your life, not like thirteen.

Before taking on the world, Charlotte texted me.

To Edison: "How are you Master, my love?"

From Edison: "I'm good. It's been crazy but I'm good. How about yourself?"

To Edison: "Pretty good I guess. I'm being a good girl and I'm going to look for a job today."

From Edison: "Great. You'll find life more rewarding when you have to make an effort to live."

To Edison: "It will also keep me occupied so I don't hang out with friends all the time. If I'm not around partying I am less likely to party. :)"

From Edison: "That's true also. Why don't you stop by the club tonight? I miss you and I won't have time afterwards. Josh and I didn't finish up last night."

To Edison: "Really? I was looking forward to being held in your arms tonight. :("

From Edison: "Oh, so was I. Believe me."

To Edison: "So what are we going to do next Master? As far as training goes."

From Edison: "I think some forms of bondage would be fun... Some rope play, shackles and things like that."

To Edison: "Oh Master... That sounds exciting :)"

From Edison: "How about tomorrow night? Have any plans?"

To Edison: "Nope. I'll be there. What time?"

From Edison: "9 works. See you then my love."

To Edison: "Yes, Master. I love you"

Charlotte got herself dressed up to search for a job. She didn't own much clothing that would be appropriate so she made do with what she had; black pants, a white long sleeve shirt and a plain belt. She found some nice but more elegant jewelry and did her makeup more appropriately. She didn't really know where to go but the mall sounded good.

It felt different going to the mall alone as she always shopped with her friends. But today she wasn't shopping, it was a job hunt. Clothing was her specialty so her first logical choices were all the clothing and department stores; abercrombie, Aeropostale, Belk, Victoria's Secret and all the rest including Hot Topic. She'd prefer that one since she could dress more naturally. She even applied at some of the jewelry shops and Godiva. She spent three hours filling out applications and taking note of the stores who only did online apps.



Upon leaving the mall she really didn't know where to go so she tried a few restaurants for a waitress position and even some fast food chains. While they weren't so appealing, their hours were flexible. She wasn't quite ready for full time work. She enjoyed her social life too much.

She stopped by Hardee's where Jessica worked.

"Is Jessica here?" she asked a cashier. Most of the employees recognized her since she and Brittany made it a point to bug Jessica at work.

"Yeah, hold on."

"Hey girl." she said as she approached the counter.

"Hey."

"What's up?"

"Doing a little job hunting today. I figured maybe you can put in a good word for me here."

"I'll see what I can do." Jessica may be a partier but she generally kept to her work schedule and didn't allow outside activities to interfere, except for the day on the boat. That was an exception. Charlotte, on the other hand, wasn't very reliable. She was the only girl she knew that could be out of the house every day, even without a car.

"Great. I applied at the mall first."

"Let me guess. Hot Topic?"

"You know it. But also most of the other clothing stores. We'll see how it goes."

"Cool. I hope you get it but I'll still look into things here." said Jessica as she handed her an application. "Want something to drink?"

"Sure."

Jessica handed her a coke before Charlotte took a seat against the wall. She was showing some effort today. She actually was filling out the applications instead of collecting them to fill out later, even bringing her own pen. Upon filling it out she brought it back to the counter and waited until Jessica came forward.

"Here ya go." said Charlotte.

"Ok, cool. Anything going on tonight?"

"I'm going by The Dungeon later. Wanna meet up? Free drinks." she said smiling.

"I could use a drink." said Jessica while looking at the havoc going on.

"Then it's settled. 9 o'clock?"

They chatted for a few minutes before Jessica was called away and Charlotte headed home for dinner.

Elenore logged on to MeetMe and posted another status and picture on her dummy account. She glanced at the messages just to see who wrote but deleted all of them without reading. Later tonight she planned to do it again. By the time Charlotte got home dinner was underway. She went to her room and started with the online applications. Thirty minutes later dinner was served.

Charlotte took the initiative. "I filled out 11 applications today and I'm online now doing some more."

"That's good news." said Dad.

"Yeah, I hope to get a call back. I even applied at Hardees where Jessica works. She an assistant manager so if all else fails she can probably get me on there."

"I'm glad you are making an effort." said Mom. "And how was your day Elenore?"

"Just the usual school stuff." Elenore didn't want to talk about Ashton. She had already played him up so high. It would be embarrassing to say what was going on. Besides... She has always been the strong one. She didn't need support to get over him.

After dinner Charlotte and Elenore went to their rooms. Charlotte worked on her applications while Elenore sat on her bed texting Faith.

To Faith: "Hey girl."

From Faith: "Hey what's up?"

To Faith: "Nothing much. Looks like Ashton is an ass." Elenore didn't have a chance to talk about it at the bus stop in the morning. There were other girls present and she didn't want make things public.

From Faith: "Really? What did he do?"

To Faith: "He posted something on MeetMe asking girls to hit him up. I made a fake account to call him out."

From Faith: "That sucks. I'm sorry for you. I have a MeetMe account too. I can play along if you want."

To Faith: "Cool. We can both catch him in the act. His name is Ashton Necromancer on there."

From Faith: "Ok. I'll send him a friend request."

At 7:30 Charlotte started getting ready to go out. The clothes she had on were a little bland for her tastes so she added a little garnishing changed her top and redid her makeup.

She texted Brittany to see if she wanted to go. Of course she would. She had nothing else to do so Charlotte picked her up and headed to the club.

Elenore was studying her book for the third time over. *The written test should be a breeze.* She heard Charlotte leave so she went into the bathroom and opened the drawer. There they were, almost a full pack. Charlotte never asked about them so now they were hers. She took them into her room and into her hiding place. She looked back into MeetMe and changed her status and uploaded a new picture.

Charlotte and Brittany got to the club but didn't see Jessica. They were a little bit early so they weren't concerned. Jessica was the reliable type. I saw them near the bar and walked up behind them.

"Howdy ladies."

Charlotte turned around. "Howdy my love." She gave me a hug.

I got the bartender's attention. "Everything is on the house for these two girls and..." I turned back to Charlotte. "Is Jessica coming?"

"Yeah, she's coming."

"And for their friend." I said back to the bartender.

They had already placed their drink order.

"Michael will take care of the three of you. So... Any luck with the job hunt?"

"I filled out over ten applications in person and about five online. Just a waiting game now."

"Sounds like you're making an effort. I hope it works out for you."

Drinks were served and they each had a seat, waiting for Jessica. I stood there beside them as long as I could but eventually I got sidetracked. Jessica showed up right around 9. They had another drink and took a seat near the dance floor. The dance floor wasn't popping quite yet and Charlotte was the type to get a get a little bit tipsy and care free before joining in on a crowd.

At 11 there were many dancing. The girls were outside smoking when I walked by. Charlotte saw me and stared as she took her cigarette to her arm, thereby showing me her readiness to move forward. I mouthed to her, "Tomorrow." and she nodded. Over the next few hours the girls danced and drank. Jessica left a little earlier than the others leaving Brittany and Charlotte to

dance together.

Josh and I were having a meeting upstairs but we occasionally made a few rounds just to exercise our feet and break the monotony. Lisa, one of our servers smiled and winked at me while she lightly smacked her butt. We had never had any kind of play session but, like all the girls, she had asked questions about the decor, the crosses and the tools upstairs. I am not the type to hold things back and be reserved so I allowed those conversations to develop and answered anything they asked. Josh noticed her little butt tap.

"You sure have that charm." he said with a smile.

"If you want to charm any lady, take the effort to know what they want. BDSM for instance... It's taboo and anything taboo is exciting. BDSM is most every girl's secret desire. Know your stuff and they'll surround you."

"You make it sound easy."

"It's not as easy as it used to be. Today half the guys out there are pretending to be something they are not. When a girl decides to join him, he just ruins the experience for her and, in all likelihood, detours her from ever trying again."

"In my distant past, before I denounced myself, I was far from charming."

"What did happen exactly?"

"Let's go upstairs. We'll have a little more privacy and possibly, fewer interruptions."

Josh and I got ourselves a drink at the bar. We prefer to be more personal rather than to use the kiosk on the table upstairs. We took a seat on the back row.

"As to what happened... Let me back up to the beginning. I've omitted a few details. As I said I am... was, vampire, a predator of souls. What does that mean? Exactly that.

"I woke and found myself at the feet of Donatien. He was holding a black sword, its point digging into the floor as he twirled it. He was wearing something a little more regal than I was accustomed to, something closer to his royal heritage. Behind him was another figure, manly most definitely, not exactly human, but not far from it... at least in my encounters.

"'Take it easy.' he said as I tried to sit up. 'You need to regain your strength.'

"'What happened? Where am I?'

"'This is my home. Take it for what you will, but it's mine,

secluded and private. You are safe here. What do you remember?'

"'I remember the asylum... I remember waking up and seeing you, then... nothing but a blur and shadows.'

"'Yes. That is right. I did come forth to visit whilst you approached your death bed. I couldn't bear to see you wither into the night. You had become dear to me, my only friend in many ages past, the only one I was ever honest to. When we met I had promised you a gift. I made good on that promise.'

"My mind was in a frenzy. I tried to shake my head and focus. 'What gift? What promise?'

"'How everything became to be is not of consequence. That part will return to you soon enough. What is important is what actually did happen that night and what it means to you now. I once promised you eternal life. That was my gift to you. You are now a vampire, just like myself. With that comes immortality, strength and power of the mind, but it does have its price.'

"'What price is that?' I asked.

"'Your weakness to sunlight, Christ and the need to feed.'

"'Feed? Feed on what?'

"'Blood of course... souls, taken from your victims through their blood. You have seen me do this many, many times. You've done it yourself, only you weren't collecting their soul in the process. With the exception of avoiding sunlight, you need not live your life any differently.'

"'And if I don't?'

"'It will be very uncomfortable, to say the least.'

"'And what's the sword for?' I asked, gazing at its golden jeweled handle.

"'A family heirloom. I was just putting it away when I saw you awakening.' He walked over and leaned it against the fireplace. There was a fire burning inside which lit the well decorated room. Above the fireplace were several swords and daggers hung with pride, and around the room, tasteful medieval decor.

"'What exactly do I do with these souls?'

"'You needn't do anything. They will periodically be collected. You won't feel a thing.'

"'What happens to this person once I've collected their soul?' I sat up and looked around. The figure behind him remained a disfigured shadow though everything around him was clear. It was as if he weren't there but his presence was so heavily felt

that it became somewhat visible, dark encumbering weight that filled the room, choking the air with the scent of decay.

"'You've become witness many times already and, as you have seen, nothing becomes of that person. They simply lose a part of their soul. They become more likely to fall into temptation.'

"'Who's that behind you?' I asked.

"'There is no one else here.' he said with assurance. He pointed to my neck. "The man that once turned me was there that night. He turned you as a favor to me."

"I tried to look before realizing it was beyond the reach of my eyes, placing my fingers there instead to search for the remnants of an old wound.

"'I didn't bite you. That would have enslaved you to me. I wanted you to keep your own free will. I gave you something better than that.' said Donatien.

"'What do you mean?'

"'We weren't reborn as vampires as most others have been. Generally, a vampire is born through a bite by another vampire where one is intentionally infected, making you a part of his family. There is another way however... the way clan leaders themselves are born; to pick a narcissus tainted by Hades himself, sealing a contract with him. The latter is rare. I was only the fourth to have ever transformed in that manner.' Donatien looked outward to the room. 'The clans create their own offspring, their own family. That is done by the bite itself, from the leader. All of those bitten by him will answer to him, and him alone.'

"'Are there others like us?'

"'There are many more actually, vampires that is, but only two clans.' Donatien sat on the edge of the bed. 'They are quite a journey from here but someday you'll run into them... perhaps. I am an outcast of sorts. I don't have such a clan.'

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'I'm not in this for domination, leadership, a family. To me it's simply a means to prolong my sexual perversions. I get what I want, he gets what he wants, I live forever.'

"'Who's he?'

"'Hades of course. And now you are a leader just like myself. It's up to you if you want a family.'

"'A family?'

"'Clan, family... it's all the same to me. You can fall in

love and have a real family also, but you will have to watch them grow old and pass on.'

"'Why not make them like us?'

"'I've tried that myself once. I blindly fell for a woman and tried to immortalize her, but the results weren't favorable. She answered to me but she tore our love apart. Maybe you will have better luck.'

"I tried to clear my head and process everything.

"'I'm not sure I like this at all.'

"'It was either this or death. The latter fell upon you that night.'

"'So why are there only four of us?'

"'Hades has no need to tempt others when the family grows on its own. That's why there are only a few of us. The leader of the first and second clans were the second and third recipient of Hade's gift. I was the fourth and you are now the fifth.'

"'What of the first?' I asked.

"'That one was a long, long time ago. You may have heard the story of Persephone before. She picked the first narcissus, becoming Hades wife, standing to his side still today. Persephone didn't like that others were like herself so she cursed each of them to fight for superiority.'

"The darkened shadow of a man faded away as a knocking on the door was heard. Donatien answered, leading a woman into the room.

"'Leopold, this is Gabriella... Gabriella, this is Leopold.'

"I stood up and took her hand. 'Nice to meet you.'

"'You too.'

"Gabriella was an attractive young woman of thirty, She had blue eyes, long blonde hair that curled their way to her shoulder blades, a slim figure, and fair skin. She was dressed much finer than the woman Donatien normally took a liking to. She took a seat across the room.

"'You have no such clan?' I continued.

"'I've always been a loner, a sexual deviant. To me, soul collecting is a perverse sexual act that satisfies my personal thirst. All the others get off on the power, the strength, the feeling of immortality. I could care less about those things.'

"'And they haven't fought with you?'

"'I've kept my distance for the most part. They also don't see me, a vampire without a family, as a threat.'

"'I understand your desires. I feel them myself.' I said.

"'Which is why you are different. You are the only one I've ever taken a liking to, even as a mortal. That is why I enlisted Hades to present such a gift to you. You were so far out of it at the time that you didn't know what was going on.'

"'And who's this Gabriella?'

"'Just a girl I met last night. She has peaked some interest in me, actually showing herself to be intelligent and well cultured. I thought I might see what may develop with her. A change of routine.'

"For the next few weeks I followed him on his ventures when he wasn't spending time with Gabriella. He had taken a liking to her and over time. I had gotten to know her and become friends myself.

"We'd venture into town seeking our pleasures. I'd partake in the feedings just as I have always done. He made it very clear about not travelling too far. There are only so many hours of darkness in the night. We spent the daylight hours resting in the basement of his home.

"Then one night, after I fed my lust, I was visited. Out of the night a figure formed, that same figure I'd seen once before. His image formed out of the black, the shadows twisted and stretched, reaching to a singular point soon to take form of a manly figure.

"He never said a word, nor did I want to hear one. Moments later I felt a quick rush and watched streams of light exit my body towards his own. Then it was over and he faded as quickly as he arrived.

"After every ten souls I've taken he would come to collect. It became almost invisible to me. But each and every time, when I laid myself to rest, My sleep would be haunted. Not by his figure, but by my own conscience. The price for immortality was just too high for me. *But how to undo what had been done to me. How do I take back what was taken from me?*

"I hadn't bothered to console with Donatien. He was content to live his life just as he was. No. I had to do this myself. I have become a servant of the Antichrist and it was ripping my own soul apart.

"One night I fell upon a woman in the comforts of her own home, crocheting to the candle light in a one room cabin. Many of the homes of this time period were one or two rooms. They made



for easy feedings since there would be no surprise encounters with another.

"I had never fallen to the likes of taking someone by force. Donatien made it somewhat of a routine by this time. No. I preferred to be invited, to seduce and pleasure my women. I knocked on the door and asked for water. I made up some story about having to walk the night to get to my brother in the next town over, or something to that liking.

"I'd accept her invitation and seduce her as any man might. Eventually I'd enter the taboos of kink into the dialect and found that one out of five women was aroused by the idea.

"My evening with her was no different. After an hour or so she allowed herself to be bound to her bed face up, her legs and arms spread like an X across the comforter. I teased her gently, I tormented her with pain, all the while tugging and pulling at her breasts and cunt in sensuous orgasmic delight. She showed no resistance and almost begged for more. I dragged my fingernails across her tummy digging into her flesh and I drank the blood that poured from within, taking with, a part of her soul. I fucked her harder and harder. When we were done I untied her and left her home like all the others before her. She was falling to sleep after exerting herself and offered an open invitation to visit again.

"A wave of guilt came over me. I was taking, unknowingly to them, something they held dear, all in exchange for a short lived pleasure and a forsaken path. I staggered the road in the general direction of my home, my head fallen and my soul dragging the earth. I had truly become lost. *I know I once belonged here, knowing who I was. Now only shadows remain, my lost voices without the pain, some... gently calling my name; just hear me. Days of then, days of now. Which will be tomorrow?*

"It wasn't too late in the night. Others were still in their wake and I found myself upon a church, candlelit from within; a place I did not dare to tread. But, I myself, felt that calling; a beckoning. Be it my demise, I could not resist.

"From the shadows cast that manly figure once more, and without words, he forbid me to enter and reminded me of my fate should I choose to disobey. It will be my undoing... And it was.

"Upon pushing the door open I could feel death falling onto me. My skin felt as though it were on fire as I took the first few steps before falling to my knees. The night turned to storm

and lightning filled the void of night, the thunder pounding as my own heart slowed. *I must leave. I must leave now.*

"Forgive me Father, for I have sinned."

"The doors waivered back and forth clashing to the stone columns beside them. The wind howled and screamed, for me to surrender into the night as lightning blistered the sky, illuminating that ghastly figure just outside the doors.

"A hand touched my shoulder as I fell weaker. The doors slammed shut quieting the rumbling storm abroad.

"A man spoke to me. 'Only from within will your journey begin. Deep inside you must cry and know that you belong here. Cast all the shadows away. Lost voices have nothing to say. Just one remains... Just hear me.'

"He lifted my head to see him and I see his silhouette amongst the candles behind.

"I struggled to get my words, 'For all that I am is not what I've been, but what I'm yet to become. I must defy myself, not by choice, but demand.'

"He spoke again, 'You must choose to reclaim your fate and to join in the promised land.'

"For I have no answer and I have no escape."

"My son, For the answer has always been clear. Take Christ into your heart. Tear down these walls of fear for all to see and hear. You'll be free, at last. Look within yourself and accept his gift."

"He lifted me to my feet. 'Take my hand, you'll see.'

"He led me to the altar. On the wall behind it stood a large cross glowing brilliantly, Jesus weeping tears.

"He has given his life for yours. Will you accept his gift?"

"I accept Jesus Christ into my heart. He is my lord and savior."

"I fell to my knees and then to the floor as the storm grew calm. I was awoken by the warm sun casting through the now open doors. I stood up and approached the light, my God, and thanked him. For the first time in years I was able to walk this earth by light of day."

Josh sat quiet for a moment. "So that was the end of that?"

"It was the end of that, but only the beginning for the rest to come." I laughed. "I still carry with me those last few souls

that I denied Hades. From time to time he'll visit me, trying to collect, trying to temp me back into his world. My transition is not complete, but I have become a servant of the Lord."

"So now what?"

"Now... I wait. And hope that my fate draws near."

## Chapter 21

Charlotte had a good night last night. In fact, she's been doing well all week. She's been doing the tasks I assigned to her. Last night she had put an anal plug inside herself at the club and took pictures in the bathroom. Later she took pictures on the dance floor. She had on a short skirt and no panties. Most of the pictures were from beneath her skirt, but she did get daring and lifted her skirt high enough for all to see, if anyone was watching. I was impressed by her progress so tonight I would reward her.

Oddly she awoke to her phone buzzing. Normally she would sleep right through that sound. Today she was more rested though. She left the club around 2 and, while she protested, took Brittany straight home. Brittany had heard of a party going on and was adamant to go along. One of the guys offered her a ride but he had left before she realized Charlotte wasn't interested.

From Brittany: "Party pooper :("

To Brittany: "Lol"

From Brittany: "I so wanted to party last night."

To Brittany: "You party enough. A Wednesday night? Can't

be that fun."

From Brittany: "All parties are fun."

To Brittany: "Lol. Get your party on tomorrow. There are more guys out on a Friday."

From Brittany: "Yeah, but more girls out also."

To Brittany: "You're a slut."

From Brittany: " :) What are you doing today?"

To Brittany: "I might get my hair done. Edison wants to tie me up tonight. :) "

From Brittany: "Can I come with?"

To Brittany: "Where?"

From Brittany: "Both :) I wanna be tied up too."

To Brittany: "That would be interesting, but I am trying to be good. I wouldn't want to screw things up with Edison."

From Brittany: " :( Well at least take me with you for hair appointment."

To Brittany: "Dang. I need to call it in. I hope she can take me today."

Charlotte got her hair done every few months. She has always preferred that Cindy did it. She called her and set up an appointment for 3.

To Brittany: "All set. I'll pick you up at 2:30"

From Brittany: "Ok."

Charlotte reached over for a cigarette. She had gotten used to smoking in bed and didn't care anymore. As she grabbed her lighter she saw her dildo on the floor. After coming home from the club she was horny so she pleasured herself. She must have fallen right to sleep since she didn't bother to put it away.

She picked it up along with her lighter and stared at it while lighting up. She couldn't wait to go out tonight. She had never been tied up before, not really. She had been cuffed and her hands had been tied together, but that was before she knew what BDSM was, before she dreamed of submitting to another. They were just boys trying to be kinky. While it may have been fun at the time, it fell far short of her current desires.

She wondered what I'd do to her tonight after she was bound. *A spanking? A good fucking?* She would always welcome both along with many other things. Before she knew it she had raised her skirt and slid her hand up her inner thigh. She took a hard drag. The thick smoke poured from her nose onto her body, engulfing her bare breasts. Her finger slid easily inside her wet crack, then

two, then three. Deep inside they caressed, grazing her clit. Her knees dropped instinctively, as she became almost dripping wet with thoughts of herself getting spanked, paddled and caned.

She took another hard drag and held it in, her muscles tightening with each stroke of her hand. She darted up in surprise when her cigarette dropped a hot ash onto her chest. She quickly brushed it off and relaxed finding herself even more excited. She began to gently rub that little red spot she just inflicted on herself, to caress it, to make it feel better but found herself wanting more. She took a long drag and brought the tip of her cigarette to her skin, her breast. The pain grew strong but, the pleasure stronger, as she finger fucked herself even harder. She held it there for several seconds, holding her breath, containing the smoke within her before lifting it off her seared breast. She exhaled her smoke, as if to mend her pain, towards her burn. The combination of pain and pleasure brought her to orgasm hard. The more intense the pain was, the more intense the pleasure. She repeated herself a few more times until her body was completely powerless to move. She needed another cigarette.

To Edison: "Hi Master."

From Edison: "Hello my love."

To Edison: "I can't wait for tonight. What are you going to do with me?"

From Edison: "Now that would ruin the fun wouldn't it?"

To Edison: "Maybe, but it would make my day more fun thinking about it."

From Edison: "You can think about the unknown."

To Edison: "If you say so Master."

From Edison: "I want you to wear all black tonight... pants, shoes, shirt, panties and bra."

To Edison: "Why?"

From Edison: "Are you questioning me?"

To Edison: "Of course not Master :) But I thought outside of the bedroom I was to be more of an equal."

From Edison: "That you are but one of the luxuries of being Master means that I make the rules, therefore I can use them how I see fit."

To Edison: "Of course Master. Only you could be so fair :)"

She took a picture of her breast and sent it to me, wishing

she had taken some during the acts.

To Edison: "I just burned myself while playing. Do you like?"

From Edison: "Looks hot, very hot. Maybe we'll do some ourselves."

To Edison: "I'd like that very much :)"

From Edison: "Come by the club around 6. We can have dinner."

To Edison: "As you wish. I love you."

From Edison: "I love you."

Charlotte got out of bed, slid her ashtray under her bed and put her toy away. After her shower she made herself something eat, wasted some time and then left to get her hair done.

Charlotte and Brittany checked in to the hairdresser right on time and Cindy was all set up for her.

"What are we getting done today?" she asked while attaching the drape around her neck.

"I want something completely different. I've been just fixing what I have over and over."

During the day Charlotte had Googled current new trends for hair and had selected one for herself.

"I want this." she said as she held up her phone.

She showed her a picture of the hairstyle she wanted. The hair was about the same length, reaching to her mid back. It was all jet black but the front, left side was vivid blue fading to purple towards it's ends. The hair on the right side was shaved about an inch above her ear. In the photo the girl's hair was pulled over from that side over the left, exposed the shaved section. There was also another photo where her hair was parted in the middle and one could hardly tell it was shaved at all.

"Well that is quite a change but not a problem."

The haircut itself was simple enough. It was just a matter of trimming the ends for a little shape and shaving the one side. She first pulled aside the section to be blue and bleached it white, wrapping it so not to be dyed black. Then she dyed the rest black. After the developer process was complete her hair was rinsed and the blue was applied to all her hair. This gave the black hair a blue sheen. Purple was brushed into the lower sections starting just below mid-length. Her hair was combed to evenly distribute the pigments and to blend the blue and purple together. She had to rinse the comb after each stroke so not to

put any purple dye to the top of her head when coming through. After another rinsing and blow dry she was all set.

"How does it look?" Charlotte said as she approached Brittany in the waiting area.

"Damn girl, I want something like that. You steal all my thunder."

Charlotte texted me to let me know she would be a little late. Her hair appointment took longer than expected.

Elenore got home from school at 3 and invited Faith to come over. Her parents wouldn't be home until 5:30 also. She had a younger brother of fourteen who she referred to as her "nuisance". Going to Elenore's was much better than hanging out with her little brother.

Faith got there just five minutes after the invite and they went to Elenore's room.

"Where's your sister?" she asked knowing her parents weren't going to be home.

"I don't know. Out I guess."

"I brought you a cigarette." she extended it to her.

"No, thanks. I have my own."

"I guess you smoke outside too?"

"Yeah, Although it smells like charlotte's been smoking inside."

"Well? Wanna smoke?"

"Sure."

Elenore got hers and they headed out to the porch.

"Any word from Ashton?" asked Elenore.

"He added me. I wrote him 'Thanks for the add cutie.' but he hasn't written back yet."

"I guess it's safe for me to add him now. We'll see what happens."

Elenore took a drag. "And to think... I was going to give myself to him."

"Are you saying you've never been with a guy before?"

"I've never had any interest in guys until now. Or smoking for that matter." Elenore said as she exhaled, holding her cigarette out.

"I think it's sweet. I wish I had saved myself like that. I mean... I've had fun, but boys are boys. Nothing is ever what you hoped it to be. And girls are the same way."



"You played with girls?"

"A few times. They've been better than boys at least. I guess age makes a difference. Older people seem to do things better."

"I suppose so." Elenore put her cigarette out.

Faith put hers out also and they went inside. Elenore logged into her MeetMe account on her computer and uploaded a new pic. She found Ashton and sent him a friend request.

"That does that." she said as she logged out.

Just then Elenore's phone buzzed.

From Ashton: "Hey baby."

Elenore showed her phone to Faith. "Speak of the devil."

"What are you going to do?"

"Just ignore him for now I guess."

Elenore faced her desk and put her phone down and when she turned back, Faith leaned in and kissed her. Elenore wasn't sure how to react and so she just went with the flow.

"I'm sorry. Did I upset you?" asked Faith.

"No. Just caught me off guard. It was nice but I'm not sure I'm ready for that just yet." Elenore put her hand to her necklace and twirled the pendent in her fingers.

"Ok. I won't try again. Just let me know if you change your mind sometime."

"I will."

"I like your necklace." Faith looked at it more closely.

"I got it for my birthday."

"And I thought you got gypped getting just a car. She laughed.

"Yeah right. My dad gave it to me for luck." She held it up to look at it again. "I just don't want to lose it so I don't wear it much."

"Well hold onto it. Maybe you'll get lucky." Faith pretended to kiss Elenore. Elenore just pulled back and laughed.

The two of them chatted for a while longer while Elenore was making dinner. Her parents came home so Faith left.

"Are you ready to do some practice driving." said Dad.

"Uh... Yeah. I've been waiting all week."

"Well as soon as we are done eating we can take a spin."

After dinner Elenore got to start her car for the first time without having to shut it off right away. With Dad at her side she pulled out of the garage and drove around the neighborhood.

Elenore was already an experienced driver as Dad had shown her how to drive last year. She just needed to get a feel for her own car.

Charlotte arrived at the club around 6:30 with Brittany. She had already dressed as he had asked before getting her hair done.

"Wow. I love your hair." I said touching my hand to it.

"Thanks. I think I like it too."

"It's shaved on one side?" I noticed upon looking a little closer. She had parted her hair to cover it.

"Yeah. I can part it either way. I can hide it or show it off."

"I like it a lot." I touched it again. "Really."

"Hi Brittany. Care for a drink?" I asked.

"I'll take her home before our date tonight or she can get a ride. She's a whore anyway so that's no problem for her." said Charlotte.

"Hey, I resemble that." said Brittany with a smile.

The server handed Brittany her drink.

"Hey, what about me? Am I not allowed to drink anymore?" Charlotte asked.

"No, no. Nothing like that. I just thought you might like a job here. It wouldn't be appropriate for you to drink on your first night now would it?"

"Really? You are really giving me a job?"

"If you want it. You'd be a server but you are welcome to take the bartender course and move up."

"Oh of course." she smiled at Brittany and turned back to me. "I love you."

"Okay, Okay... We'll need to act a little more appropriate around here my love." I gave her a hug. "As for Brittany... she is welcome to stay here tonight while you work." I turned her.

"Oh, don't mind me. I'll find some trouble to get into tonight." she looked down the bar. The club was dead at this time but there were still a few guys. "Definitely get into trouble."

For the next hour I showed her around the club, explained her job and introduced her to everyone. Adam was the head bartender tonight and Sherri was the head server/hostess. I assigned Candi to train Charlotte on everything. Candi was in her early twenties with long blonde hair that she wore in a ponytail. She was just shorter than Charlotte but had a slim figure like

hers. She was Asian but she was born and raised in the states so she had no accent.

"Hi. I'm Candi."

"Charlotte."

"Nice to meet you. This is the kiosk for placing your drink orders..."

For the first few hours Charlotte shadowed Candi. Charlotte was quite inquisitive asking countless questions, both job related and personal. Cindi lived alone in an apt a few miles away. She had a boyfriend but they didn't see one another enough do to their work schedules. Cindi worked nights while he worked days. After work she occasionally got together with one of her few friends from work for some drinks and relaxation.

"Working a night club is fun, but it kills your social life. You'll find yourself making new friends here just so you have someone you can actually hang out with." she said.

"That makes sense. Right now I only have two friends really. One works a mix schedule and the other has no job, but she loves to party all night."

"Well you have a choice. You can go to sleep after work and wake at noon. Or you can stay up all night and sleep until 5. With the first choice you can do day things like lay out in the sun. With the second you can do parties. Neither is great, but that's what work does to you." she laughed.

"I'd likely stay up. I don't think I could fall asleep right after work."

"Well, if you ever wanna hang out just let me know. I'm always up until 6am or so."

"Sounds great."

Charlotte made it a point to introduce herself to everyone and strike up a conversation with some of them. Adam was thirty, very cute, single and had his own place; Stephen was twenty-five, cute, had a girlfriend and they lived together; Tonya was twenty-eight, hot, single and lived alone; Roger was thirty, decent looking, single and had a roommate; and Michelle was twenty, very hot, had a boyfriend and lived with her parents." Most of them hang out from time to time after work.

I checked on Charlotte. "How are you liking it so far?"

"I love it. I'm still learning the system and trying to remember everyone's names."

"Great. Everyone here gets along well with one another."

"I've noticed. Candi has been showing me everything I need to know."

"I'd like you to come back tomorrow and Saturday. I'll work you into next week's schedule."

"Sounds great."

"I was thinking we can do lunch on Sunday then go to the mall. I'll get you some clothes appropriate for work."

"Isn't what I'm wearing good?"

"It looks great but you'll want more than one outfit unless you care to laundry every day."

"True."

"Besides. It would be nice if you had some clothes at my place for those nights you stay over. Maybe a few other necessities."

"Very true."

The rest of the night went flawlessly. Charlotte even started running her own tables later in the night when she got the hang of things.

I let the manager close up so Charlotte and I could have our date when she finished her side work. She followed me back to my house and had a few drinks. She doesn't get to drink at work.

"So what did you wanna do tonight?" she asked.

"I was thinking about starting with rope. If it doesn't get too late we can try other things as well."

"That sounds fun. What are you going to do to me when you have me tied up."

"Better to show you."

"What are we waiting for then?" She stood up and headed for the play room.

I followed behind her and we stepped inside. She stood still waiting for me to take her hand and lead her in. I took her to the footboard and had her face the bed.

"Remove your clothing."

"All of it?"

*Smack!* My hand slapped her ass without warning.

"Sorry Master." she proceeded to remove her top and her bra and tossed them onto the bed in front of her. She stepped out of her shoes and kicked them to the side. She unbuttoned her pants and dropped them to her knees, removing one leg and then the other. She pulled her panties down and off of her feet and tossed them, along with her pants, to the bed also. She turned around to

face me.

"I didn't ask you to turn around did I?"

"No Master." She returned to face the bed. "Sorry Master."

I smacked her ass once more and stepped away to grab some rope and a knife.

I started with her right hand and gently wrapped to rope around her wrist leaving a lot of slack. It was a soft rope made of cotton.

"We will start with something more to your liking. Later we will use something a bit more abrasive."

She started to reply but shut her mouth before any discipline warranting words came out. I tied a knot at her wrist and cut the rope to match the length of the slack. Adding a second piece of rope I braided the three pieces together and fastened them to the top of the bedpost. I repeated my steps to her left wrist before cutting off another length of rope.

I ran the rope around her neck and down her body caressing her, taunting her with her own restraints. I created a functional yet elegant harness for her waist; wrapping the ends up, over and around her neck, looping them together at her back and then her front, repeatedly working my way down her body. I started from the breasts and tied the loose ends to either pole at her waist.

I took the knife to her neck and ran the cold steel gently down her body sometimes allowing it to leave a mild scratch which forced her to shiver. I brought the blade back up her inner thighs stopping just shy of her crotch where I teased her, occasionally allowing the tip to poke her above her clit. I continued upward to her breast and circle each nipple, dragging the blade. She tried to keep her eyes closed but every time I approached something sensitive she'd open them for a moment.

I put the knife back in my pocket and tied her ankles together about twelve inches apart and then to the base of the bedposts. She could not close nor open her legs any further. I used my hand and *smack! smack!* Each cheek started to turn red. I caressed each cheek for a few seconds and then *smack! smack!* Each grew a deeper shade of crimson. I placed my hand between her thighs and thrust them upward to her crotch and I grabbed her by the hair.

"I will have my way with you tonight and forever thereafter." I said as I jerked her head back within an inch of my mouth. I continued to hold her head back while I jammed three

fingers inside her and forcefully massaged her inside. My hand gripped harder on her hair as I twisted it before thrusting her head forward.

"As my submissive I expect you to be just that. You will do as I ask and as I command."

I thrust my fingers upward and she lifted her body with her toes.

"I did not tell you to lift yourself."

I held my fingers in place while she lowered her weight back onto them stretching her cunt lips further apart.

"I may direct you by words. I may direct you my actions."

I took her left nipple into my free hand, caressing it gently before pinching it hard. Then I twisted it while I watched her face contort in almost the same manner. I let her nipple go and used that hand to spread her cunt lips apart while I probed inside her deeper. She got wetter and began to moan louder and louder. Just as she was about to orgasm I pulled myself out and touched my finger to her mouth. She greedily extended her tongue to taste herself.

I gave her a moment to relax as I retrieved an average size anal plug from the wall. I lubed it moderately and touched it to her asshole. She leaned forward a bit after feeling the cold tip. She then dropped her body back knowing it would mean discipline if she hadn't. Without warning I pushed it inside her until her rectum closed around its base.

I fingered her once more until she was about to orgasm and then I stopped. I untied her and removed all of the ropes, tossing them to the side.

I led her to the center of the room where she stood quietly and still, awaiting my next direction. I grabbed another length of rope. It was a twisted sisal rope, that cheap brown rope which is very tough and very rough. I tied her wrists together tight, wrapping each wrist several times and then, with the stepstool, I looped it through the eyelet that was hanging from the ceiling.

I pulled her upwards, forcing her onto her tippy toes and secured in place. The rope burned her skin leaving behind mild abrasions. She struggled to keep the weight off her wrists and on her toes but she could hardly keep balance to do so. I got out the crop and started prodding her exposed body, gently working my way up and down either side. I stood in front of her and slapped her breasts with the crop repeatedly and then to her nipples,

tummy and crotch. The swings were not hard enough to cause any pain, just enough to be startling. I returned to her backside and lashed a bit harder to her ass cheeks, massaging them periodically after every few hits.

I then brought my fingers inside her once again while pushing at the base of the plug she still wore. I worked her up hard and long until she was about to cum. I untied her wrists and directed her to her knees while I stood with my crotch in her face and unzipped myself. That was direction enough.

She lowered my pants and boxers to my ankles and stroked my cock for a few seconds before taking it into her mouth. Back and forth she sucked the first four inches before I grabbed her head and took control. I fucked her face hard and fast forcing her to gag when my cock reached her throat. I didn't stop nor would I let her back off. After a minute she had become accustomed to it and resisted no longer. As I was about to cum I pulled it out of her mouth and exploded onto her face. She used her tongue to lick up what she could and then her fingers gathered the rest for her to swallow.

I let her sit for a moment while I raised my pants and then directed her back to the living room. I asked her to have a seat while I made us a few drinks.

"Next time we will try a few more things." I said.

"Um, Aren't you forgetting something?"

"What do you mean?"

"I haven't had an orgasm yet."

"Well... That's called orgasm denial. You've read about that right?"

"Yeah, just a little. It didn't seem to fun so I kind of skimmed over it."

"I thought it was fun." I laughed. "Besides, it helps to train you."

"I'm not sure I like that aspect. Now I am all hot and bothered."

"Well maybe next time."

"Really? You're going to leave me like this?"

"It wouldn't be denial if I make it happen, now would it?"

"I suppose."

Charlotte went back to her house. It was lucky for her it was next door. She went straight to her bedroom and pleased herself before sleep.





## Chapter 22

Charlotte had learned her job really well and has been doing a great job these past few weeks. I've been out of town for the first week but Melissa kept me informed. Charlotte was overly friendly with all of the staff, especially Adam, which made it hard to tell if she is being flirty or not. That's probably intentional as it keeps people guessing as to what she would or wouldn't do. It sure made it easy to excuse herself saying "I act that way with everyone."

Charlotte made it a habit to hang out with the girls from work afterwards, usually Candi. Candi had a boyfriend but he was out of town a lot due to work. Charlotte even hung out with Stephen one night and missed the date we planned. On her off night she missed a date once again.

Adam had been eyeing Charlotte since she started working at the club. That may be why she's been especially flirty back. He was a good looking guy and he was single, not that Charlotte would care about such details, assuming she had any interest in him at all.

We did have a nice date a few nights ago and we've been

texting a lot. All in all our relationship has been going forward. With the exception of a few missed dates, we've both been having fun. On our date we did some more rope play, but she objected to the orgasm denial acts. She wants to feel close to me and have fun together. She wanted to be rewarded when she pleased me. I thought it was a fair arrangement so I accepted her terms.

Elenore passed her driving test on the 20th and she and Faith have been hanging out a lot more. Elenore didn't like to smoke in her car so they'd always find somewhere to pull over to take their breaks.

Last week Elenore and Faith went to see The Maze Runner. It was Faith's eighteenth birthday and they wanted to make it fun. Elenore didn't realize that Faith was her age. Her outfits and slim body made her look younger. They both thought it was a pretty good movie and stopped to get a late night bite to eat afterwards. They got to talking about movies. Elenore was much in tune with the animated flicks, romances and comedies but most of the movies Faith named off she'd not seen, nor heard of half of them. In particular she referred to Pulp Fiction and told her she had to see it.

Today Charlotte went to work as usual, showing up right on time. She's been pretty good about that so we've had no complaints, not like some of the other girls. Charlotte was a knockout, and with her hairstyle, she stood out from the crowd. She has developed many regulars in a very short time, but it wasn't only her looks, but her personality. Being flirty goes a long way when you're a server.

Elenore had found Pulp Fiction on Netflix and invited Faith over to watch it with her. Elenore's parents went out for the night and wouldn't be back til after midnight leaving the two of them not to be interrupted by overly friendly parents who still treat their child and her friend like they were eight and doing a sleepover.

Faith arrived at 7. Elenore's parents had already left for the night so they went right outside to smoke before starting the movie.

"Oh... Ashton finally wrote me. He asked if I wanted to go out." said Faith

"Yeah. He asked me out on my fake account. I just stopped talking to him." Elenore flicked an ash.

"I think all guys are that way. I haven't bothered to even look."

"I think hanging out with girlfriends fills the void just fine."

"Yeah, and toys." said Faith.

Elenore laughed. The two went inside and had a seat. Elenore turned the TV on and put it on Netflix. She had already added Pulp Fiction to her watch list so she scrolled over and selected it.

"Do you want any popcorn or anything."

"Sure, why not."

Elenore didn't think about it ahead of time as they were preoccupied with smoking and boy talk. They went to the kitchen and grabbed a can of Coke and made some popcorn. They returned to their seats and hit play.

Elenore had never watched many adult movies so she was quite intrigued. The two didn't chat much through the first half but Faith interrupted.

"I think Uma is hot in this movie."

Elenore was expecting her to talk about some of the many guys in the movie, but not a girl.

"Yeah, she is I suppose." She watched as Uma snorted some white powder. "What's that? Is that cocaine?"

"Yeah."

"She looks like she's dying. Is she dead?"

"No. It's just a movie. What she snorted was supposed to be some powerful hybrid and she did too much. It's not really like that."

"You've done it before?" asked Elenore.

"I've tried just about everything. I've had my share of fun." She smiled.

"It didn't look fun."

"Like I said, that wasn't real coke. What she was doing earlier was. She was having fun then."

"Oh ok." Elenore grabbed some popcorn. "I don't know about that."

The two of them finished the movie and looked for something else to watch but nothing seemed too exciting, besides, it's hard to talk when you're watching a movie. They went back outside and stayed there the rest of the night smoking and talking.

Elenore looked over to Faith's cigarette and asked her what

kind it was.

"Newports. Why? What are you smoking?"

Elenore held up her pack of Marlboro light 100's. "I'm running out though. I need to get some more. What are those like?" Elenore has only smoked a few times so she didn't know what the differences were.

"Well these are strong. Wanna try?"

Elenore took her from her while she extended it. She took a drag.

"These taste a lot different."

"They're menthol."

"I'll probably stick to mine for now." Elenore laughed. "I'm not sure about the taste." She took one more drag off it. "I suppose it's not that bad. It's kind of easier to inhale."

"We need to do a sleepover some weekend." said Faith

"Yeah that'll be fun. Who's house?"

"Well my parents are never home on weekends. We'd just have my annoying brother."

"My parents are usually home but no brother. Hmmm. I dunno."

"No parents are probably better. I can lock brother out of my room and we don't need to go outside to smoke."

Elenore took a drag. "They let you smoke?" she said while exhaling.

"Not really, but they gave up trying to keep me from doing it."

"Oh, well that's cool."

"Well it's a school night so I better be heading home."

"Dang. It's 10:30 already?"

"Yep."

"Well text me when you get home." said Elenore as they walked through the house.

"I will."

Elenore still had two hours before her parents got home so she wanted to make the best of it. She decided to watch Pulp Fiction again since they started chatting halfway through it. This time she paid more attention to Uma and her role. *She is sexy*, she thought to herself. She also was intrigued by the drugs she was doing. She didn't really have any interest in trying them herself. She was more fascinated as to what the big deal was

I generally don't go into the club on Wednesdays and tonight was no exception.

Charlotte had a good night at work. The club wasn't too busy so she managed to get her social time in. A few of her regulars came in, adoring her as usual.

"What time do you get out tonight." asked her customer.

"Same time as always Derrick." said Charlotte as she grazed his shoulder. She learned early on that being touchy meant bigger tips. It came naturally to her.

"That's too late for me. I have to work in the morning. Me and you should get together on your night off."

"I make it a rule not to date my customers." she said smiling. She didn't generally tell people she had a boyfriend. Candi told her it was a good way to lose regular customers. They like to feel like they have a chance.

"Well what if I stopped coming in here then?"

"Then it would be hard to ask me out. Right?" she laughed.

Derrick was sitting at the table with his friend Stan as usually. They placed their drink order and Derrick handed her his number. Charlotte walked over to the kiosk and waited for Candi to finish using it.

"This is the third number tonight." said Charlotte holding up a piece of paper. "I need my own little black book."

"You'll get used to it. We have a trash can right here." she laughed and pointed to the can which looked to be filled with such numbers.

Charlotte looked down the bar while Adam was mixing a drink. "So what's the deal with him?"

"He goes after everyone here. I'm surprised he hasn't hit on you yet."

Adam looked over to Charlotte. He's been eyeing her all night but Charlotte didn't know what to make of it.

"He is really cute." said Charlotte.

"He's keeps himself available. He likes to play the game."

Charlotte entered in her order and checked on her other tables before going back to Andy to get her drinks.

"What are you doing after work?" asked Adam.

"I haven't made any plans yet, why?"

"I have some good green at the house if you're interested."

"I dunno... Maybe." Charlotte didn't really want to ruin what she had with me but green is green and good green is even better. She really wanted to go but Adam was just too gorgeous. She might get herself into trouble. "I'll think about it."

Charlotte brought her drinks to her customers and took an order from her next table. Candi was at the kiosk again.

"Adam just invited me to smoke after work."

"That's typical of him. He's invited me several times already."

"Have you ever gone?"

"Once, but two of the other girls were with me. He got too preoccupied with Michelle to bother with me."

"I thought she had a boyfriend."

"She does." Candi turned to get her drinks. "But it didn't stop her from doing anything. I think she's even been back over there since then."

"Oh okay."

For the next hour or two Charlotte avoided any conversation with Adam. When her drinks were ready she'd wait til Adam got distracted before she grabbed them. That didn't keep him from looking at her though. Being her normal self she'd respond with one of her many flirts; squeezing her boob, fondling her ass and other provocative motions. She didn't know how to hold back and always managed to get herself into trouble.

At closing time Charlotte ran into Candi.

"What are you getting into after work?" asked Charlotte.

"Just going to get some sleep. I have to run some errands with Mom tomorrow."

"Sounds fun."

"Ha... Not really."

Most of the other girls had already walked out leaving no one around except for Stephen and Adam. Stephen was really boring the one time she hung out with him and she had no intention to do that again. She had managed to avoid Adam all night and figured a good night sleep for herself sounded good.

Everyone left but Charlotte. She went to the back go get her purse from her locker. When she came back everyone was gone except Robert. He still had to close the books for the night so he would be a while. It was standard that one of the employees stayed over with the manager so she assumed tonight it was Adam. She stepped into the back ally alone and started for her car. There was no one in sight. *I guess I was longer than I thought.* she said to herself.

This part of town wasn't too bad but it was an alley, it was dark and it was late; not the ideal circumstances one would hope

for. She kept her eyes open and looking forward as she approached her car when out from behind her someone grabbed her; one hand around her mouth and the other around her torso. She tried to kick and claw her way free but her struggle was futile. He had her overpowered and dragged her against the wall where he pulled a knife to her throat.

"Quiet." mumbled. "Let's not mess this pretty little face up."

She was breathing erratically but managed to maintain some composure, not wanting a confrontation.

"Open your purse."

She opened her purse and reached for her wallet but he reached in and grabbed her cell phone instead. He threw it to the ground, shattering it.

"Just keep quiet and you'll live."

He pushed her forward to a black van parked nearby.

"Open the door."

She opened the door like she was told. He pushed her inside and climbed in with her. She managed to turn her head just a little to see he was wearing a ski mask. There was another person in the van waiting, the driver who also had on a mask. The attacker reached over and grabbed a hood that was placed on the seat, putting it over her head. He pulled the draw string tight enough to keep it in place before tying a knot. It wasn't smothering as she was able to breathe but she was left with no sight.

She didn't dare try to make a scene as her head was pushed low. This was no robbery like she assumed. They took no interest in her belongings other than to smash her phone.

She guessed they had been driving twenty minutes before the van came to a stop and the engine turned off. The doors opened and she was yanked from the car. She was pulled across pavement or concrete until they came to some stairs going downward that she was forced to descend. At the bottom she heard a door open before being pushed through it. Her heels clacked on the floor as she was led a fair distance before being told to stop. She stood there with arms at her side wondering what was going to happen to her.

"Undress yourself. Leave the hood on."

She stood there in defiance for a moment before the touch of steel was upon her throat.

"I don't care to repeat myself." he said.

Charlotte dropped her purse to the floor and heard a slight echo. She realized the room was large. It was damp and felt cold, but in this type of situation anyone might feel cold. Her body shivered as she took everything off. The other man took the clothing from her as she undressed.

She felt iron chains being fastened to her ankles and then to her wrists she felt cuffs, only they were much heavier than she'd ever worn before. She heard the sound of the chain being pulled from above as it creaked and clanked along its pulley. Her arms were pulled tight above her head.

She stood there waiting in torment, unable to move, unable to see. A blade was brought to her throat once again.

*What have I done?* she asked herself. She had shown no resistance since getting nude.

The tip of the knife dragged slowly down her body; first between her tits and then along her tummy when it came to a stop, it's point facing right into her gut. His hand grabbed her ass and pulled it forward pushing her onto the blade but not hard enough to puncture her.

She broke silence. "What do you want?" she said in erratic breaths as heart beat faster and harder. She felt it expanding her chest over and over and heard it over the dead silence.

There was no response. They did not try to muffle her.

"I'll do anything you want." she cried. "Just don't hurt me." her voice echoed back to her ears.

One of the men walked away. She could hear his steps across this hard stone floor fade into the distance until they stopped altogether. Then she heard something as it whirled through the air; a faint whistling sound that was unfamiliar to her, a sound she would soon remember forever.

The steps continued once more, getting louder as he approached. She heard a sound. *Snap!* and a moment later her ass was on fire. She instinctively moved forward. *Snap!* And her other side burned to match. She wiggled fiercely trying to dodge the next blow to her frail body. A hand was inserted between her legs motioning her to spread them. She resisted his motion only to find her ankles being pulled by their chains and fastened leaving her legs locked apart. *Whirl snap! Whirl snap!* Both ass cheeks felt the streaks forming on her skin.

"Ahhhh, fuck!" she screamed in pain.



She felt an object sliding along her inner thigh; its end came into contact with her cunt. It was too rough to be a dildo although it seemed to have the same shape. With one hand he spread her lips apart and with the other he guided this object up inside her. Slowly it rubbed her insides while grinding against her clit. Five, six, seven inches and further it traveled and stopped. She waited and waited. She became much calmer as this was more pleasant than the lashes she received just moments ago. The object was pushed yet deeper inside her. This time it was much easier. She had been lubricating it naturally, whether out of fear or desire she wasn't sure. The thought of getting struck again cast fear but it also provoked her sexually. It had become instinctual these past few months.

The object began to move up and down, easy at first but progressively harder and deeper. She soon forgot about her chains fastening her helpless in place, her abductors who hid behind their masks and this room that she has yet to see. Her knees began to buckle dropping her body slowly towards the ground until the pinching steel at her wrists cast a reminder to her imprisonment.

The object was pulled out. *Whirl snap! Whirl snap!* Her back this time. The striking pain traveled through her body. *Whirl snap! Whirl snap!* The motions repeated. She felt the pain once more as they lingered and faded.

She heard the sound of the chains being tampered with and suddenly she dropped to her knees. She had levied all her weight upon her arms, her knees too weakened to support her weight. She sat the with her head hung low, her arms still chained together but touching the floor in front of her.

One of the men pulled her head back and tightened the hood against her skin.

"Open your mouth." one said.

She dropped her jaw and breathed heavily through the tight cloth and felt the knife being poked through it, tearing away an opening. She could breathe more freely.

Only for a few seconds did that last before a man's cock was pushed deep inside, his hands to the back of her head so she couldn't pull off. He jerked her head back and forth repeatedly while his cock grew harder and harder in her mouth. Minutes later he pulled it out and spewed cum over her mouth and the hood she wore. She slumped forward as it dripped downward making no effort

to clean herself.

She felt her ankles being unfastened from the floor and the two of them dragged her across the floor onto what felt like a bed. There she was fastened once more, spread like the letter X. One of the men sat on the bed with her, his knees into the bedding, spread to either side of her head. He guided his cock into her mouth as she pressed her lips to it.

Unexpectedly *Whirl snap! Across her torso.* It wasn't as hard as before but her skin, being much more tender, felt the same sensation. Instinctively she bit down on his cock and he slapped her face in return. *Whirl snap! Whirl snap!* Again to the torso while one grazed her tit. She refrained from biting this time, but instead, sucked with as much motion as she could muster. The other man leaned over between her legs and brought his tongue to her skin, licking down her tummy and to her crotch. He traced her clit repeatedly while bringing his fingers inside of her, more gentle than the object he was using before. He curled one finger upwards, rubbing violently against its textured wall. She tried sucking harder and harder but found herself focusing below where she was burning inside, hoping his fingers would press with more force and depth. She pulled her knees as high as the chains would allow and dropped either knee to their sides, her signal of a warm welcome.

She came hard. "Don't stop... Don't fucking stop! She screamed after pushing the cock from her mouth.

He kept his fingers moving, pressing them firmly inside her walls and his other hand now at her clit rubbing over her mound. back and forth with a savage passion until she burst, squirting her cum outward. This was the first time she had ever squirt. Her body collapsed and quivered for the next few minutes.

Her chains were unfastened leaving her ankles and wrists free to move. She touched her lash marks on her front. They were tender to touch and slightly raised but they weren't bleeding.

She was pulled upwards as the man at her face laid down. The man from her waist directed her on top of him and she could feel he was laying face up. Her body was positioned so that she was on all fours with her cunt directly above, and now touching, his cock. Without instruction she lowered her lubricated pussy onto it. It must have been ten inches since the last few were a struggle, a pleasant struggle, to accommodate. She had never had one this long before and that aroused her fully. She began to

ride it up and down wanting to climax yet again. Faster and faster she rode it, gathering her strength from the adrenalin rush she felt come upon her with the anticipation of engulfing his huge cock inside her.

From behind she was pushed forward. The other assailant bent over her forcing her to slow down. He wet his cock against the juices dripping from her and poked her asshole, slowly pressing it inside of her. She had never had double penetration either. The thought was very welcoming. Without hesitation she thrust herself back upon him forcing her ass to open, and both cocks all the way inside her. She stood still for a moment to feel both men filling her holes before pushing herself back and forth on them, their cocks stretching both her holes simultaneously.

The tightness she felt reminded her of losing her virginity and the first six months of sex before she didn't care anymore, just fucking everyone she found attractive. She wasn't complaining. She enjoyed sex, probably too much. She just had long forgotten how it felt when something pushed her limits.

She came three times more before they injected their loads inside of her leaving her to lay in their pools dripping from her body, trembling and curling herself up on the bed.

## Chapter 23

### *Scars That Heal*

Charlotte woke several hours later. The covers were upon her, the hood removed. She could smell a pleasant fragrance as she opened her eyes. The room was very dark, lit only by the candles that were inserted into stands at each corner of the bed. There were three candles in each of them. She could tell she'd been sleeping for hours judging by the amount of wax that had dripped and hardened on the sides of each of the candles. She couldn't see much beyond this point. The room must be very large, the candlelight not bright enough to reach the walls. She sat herself up and could see nor hear no one.

"I see you're awake. I trust you had a pleasant sleep?"

The voice was familiar but she was just waking up from what seemed to be yet another dream. In the distance she could see a figure approaching her and step by step he had become clearer as he neared bed. The candle light exposed his face.

"I love you Master." she said.

"And I love you my dear." I sat on the bed alongside her and lowered the sheet to expose her wounds. "These are healing scars and by that I don't mean they themselves will heal. They serve to

remind you of all the pain you suffered in your youth, your days til now; a time where you became lost and struggled to find meaning and understanding within yourself; your ongoing struggle to discipline your own wants and weigh your own consequences. These scars mark the end of your torment. They are meant to heal your soul and remind you as to what you now have and should forever hold on to. They are scars that heal."

I carried her to the bedroom and laid her upon the bed. "Go back to sleep. You'll need your rest."

"Okay Master."

She awoke around noon to the smell of fresh brewed coffee, bacon and pancakes which were on the breakfast tray beside her bed.

"You have a maid?"

"Here? No." I said as she sat up. "I couldn't sleep so I made you breakfast."

"I'm sorry. Did I keep you up? Did I snore."

"No. You were wonderful. I just couldn't keep my eyes off of you." I lifted the tray to her lap.

"Thank you. But I'm sorry anyway."

"Don't be."

Charlotte ate her breakfast and then lit a cigarette. "Last night... Oh last night was fun." She took a drag. "I can get used to that." She motioned to her breakfast. "And all of this."

"What do you want to do today?" I asked.

"I need to run by the house before work tonight so we have like four hours. What's there to do?"

"Hmmm. Well we can always go shopping." I've been wanting to spoil her and today would be the perfect day.

"That's not fair. You know that's my weakness."

I just smiled. "So it's settled then. We'll take my car."

After breakfast and another hour waiting for her to get ready we headed towards town.

"The mall?" I asked.

"Where else?"

She immediately took to the clothing shops as if she'd forgotten what they had. It's been a whole week since her last visit and things change.

"Pick out anything you want."

"Anything?"

I regretted my words that day. Money wasn't the issue but

giving her that freedom meant I'd be sitting around all day waiting, while she tried everything and anything on. It would have been easier just to give her my credit card. But nonetheless, it was nice spending time with her and it allowed me an opportunity to do what I came here to do.

I left her in one of the many shops while I took my exit.

"I'll be back in a little while."

"Okay. How do I look?"

She'd just came out of the dressing room wearing another outfit. I don't remember which one. She must have tried on hundreds today.

"You make anything look great." That became one of ten alternating responses for the day.

I left her to try on her stack of instant gratification while I headed to Zales. I wanted to get her something that said "I cared deeply." without going overboard. I started looking at rings but decided that one could interpret such a gift as a marriage proposal too easily. Neither of us was quite ready for that. And, while there are many non-wedding rings, the ring box alone could initiate a premature uneasiness. Needless to say, I ventured towards a nice necklace, or perhaps, a bracelet.

The saleslady was very helpful. You'd think, given my history, I'd have gotten women down to a tee. Truth be known, I've always steered myself away from love since it's been something I could never have. She showed me several evening necklaces. That seemed to be the logical choice. She was definitely an evening girl. I looked at all of them but was drawn back to the first.

It was a nice 6-1/2 CT. graduated diamond tennis necklace in 14K white gold. It stood out but it was elegant enough to be worn with anything. I also found a matching tennis bracelet to go with it and a pair of diamond stud earrings. I thought about giving it to her today but waiting until our date tonight seemed more appropriate.

By the time I returned to her she had finished trying everything on but was still deciding which outfits to get.

"We'll take them all." I said to the clerk.

Charlotte attacked me with a big hug.

"I love you." she said.

It was getting late so we grabbed a quick bite in the food court and went to the house.

Elenore had been thinking about starting a new painting all day today while she was at school. Pulp Fiction aroused her; not so much a sexual thing but her senses and her thoughts of exploration. She had always been the princess type, as her bedroom decor has always suggested, but now she was feeling adulthood upon her. She's still motivated to extend her education and keep her priorities straight, but that didn't mean she needed to be naive to the curiosities her fellow peers indulged in. She dropped off Faith and smoked a quick cigarette with her before going inside.

Elenore checked her MeetMe account, her real one, and had a few messages. No one really stood out so she just deleted them. She decided that if she was going to have fun that she was going to hold out for the cuter guys. She'll play that game also. She posted a new picture of herself. Today she dressed a little more like Charlotte and Faith. While her clothing was limited she was able to do her makeup.

Elenore pulled out her easel and set herself up to paint. She wasn't quite sure what she was painting but it was her way of expressing her inner self. They tended to always be abstract. She chose an appropriate color for her mood and went from there. It wasn't surprising that today it was red.

A while later she logged onto MeetMe and had several messages and comments. The gothic makeup attracted some cuter guys as she had hoped but she wasn't too eager to push herself into anything serious. Her first and last relationship left her heartbroken so she had no desire to open those doors again anytime soon. She responded to the few that hadn't immediately engaged her in sexual talk, although that was her mood today. While she may have been on the verge of breaking she still knew how to play it safe. That, for the moment, left her two hot guys to talk to.

She stepped onto the porch with her phone to smoke. She logged back into MeetMe. She preferred to use the computer since it was easier to type but the phone offered her the convenience to be outside. Her parents would be home in another hour.

Charlotte went home to take a shower and to change her clothes. She had picked several outfits in black that she could wear to work. She heard Elenore on the porch so she stepped outside to say hi.

Elenore quickly threw her cigarette butt to the ground below

hoping Charlotte hadn't seen her, unfortunately she had just taken a long drag.

"Hey. What's up?" said Charlotte.

Elenore tried holding her breath as long as she could. She knew the longer it stayed in the less smoke would come out, but Charlotte was expecting a response to her question. Elenore turned away and tried to make it appear she was looking at something.

"Nothing." She kept her response quick and then she exhaled slowly through her nose while looking away. The smoke was almost invisible. Most people wouldn't have noticed but Elenore turning the other way drew attention to her.

"Are you smoking?"

Elenore turned around quickly. "Don't tell Mom. Please?"

"Don't worry. I've done far worse things and you've never told on me." Charlotte pulled out a cigarette for herself. "So, when, how did you start? I mean, you've never been the type."

"Well I..."

Charlotte looked a little closer and interrupted. "And that makeup? Change your hair and you'd be mini me." she laughed.

"I'm just going through changes. Don't give me a hard time."

"I'm not. I like it. I'm just not used to it." Charlotte flicked her ash. "There's a Halloween party in a three weeks. I actually might not be embarrassed if you went too."

"Gee thanks."

"Really. You should go with us."

"What kind of party is it."

"It's a party party, not like a birthday but the fun kind. You can bring Ashton."

Elenore got brave and lit another cigarette for herself. "I stopped talking to him."

"You broke up?"

"I guess it goes unsaid. I just stopped talking to him. He was hitting on other girls on MeetMe."

"Sorry." Charlotte leaned over the railing. "There'll be a lot of cute guys at the party. Older guys. Stop playing with boys." Charlotte took a drag and turned back to Elenore. "I mean, I was playing with real men when I was sixteen."

"Ha, that sounds about right. I remember how much trouble you used to get in."

"I had fun though and I'm still here today to talk about



it."

"That is true. I guess having fun isn't so bad. I'll think about it. Where is the party?"

"It's at Brittany's so you know it will be wild. Her parents will be gone the whole weekend."

"Cool, can Faith come?"

"Sure. Brittany doesn't discriminate between girls or guys. She likes them all."

"That's not what I meant."

"She can come. Don't worry." Charlotte put her cigarette out. "Bring a change of clothes in case you crash."

"I don't plan to." Elenore laughed.

"Ahhh, those younger years where I never planned to. I miss those days. Bring clothes. You never know. Unplanned fun is the best kind of fun."

Charlotte went back inside to get ready for work while Elenore went in to make dinner. Afterwards Elenore started back on her painting. Her phone buzzed.

From Faith: "God... I gotta get out of the house. My brother's being a pest."

To Faith: "What's he doing?"

From Faith: "He's being a brother. That's enough for me. Lol. I forgot you don't have one. Must be nice to be the youngest."

To Faith: "I dunno. I've never thought about it."

From Faith: "Can I come over? Please?"

To Faith: "Yeah, sure."

Faith came over and said hi to Mom and Dad before she and Elenore went back to her bedroom. She was all dressed and made up like she was going out on the town.

"What are you dressed up for?" asked Elenore.

"We're going out. I've been talking to these guys and they want to party."

"I don't know about that."

"Come on. It will be fun." Faith started going through her closet. "Damn girl. You need a new wardrobe."

"Yeah I know. It's too bad though. Half those clothes are new. School you know."

"More like church." Faith continued to look through them and pulled out an outfit. "This will have to work."

"I didn't plan on going out tonight."

"Too late now. You should have thought about that beforehand."

"I didn't know about it beforehand." Elenore said stressing "beforehand."

"That's not my fault." Faith started through her shoes.

"It... kind of is."

"Well that doesn't matter now. Here, wear this." She handed her the outfit and some shoes. "And we have to do that makeup. You should have done that earlier."

"What's the hurry?"

"We're supposed to be there at 7."

"Thanks for the warning."

"No problem." Faith stood waiting. "Well, take those clothes off already."

"Wait. Hold on. I at least need to let Mom and Dad know." Elenore left the room and came back a few minutes later. Faith was sitting on the bed. "Okay." Her parents never had a problem with Elenore going out. She was always the recluse and her parents were happy she was making a life for herself.

Elenore stripped down to her underwear as Faith watched.

"You're really hot you know." she said standing up to get a closer look.

Elenore looked at herself in the mirror. "I dunno. I guess." Elenore had started using words like "dunno" and some new phrases to fit in a little better. She had always used proper English before. Maybe that was another reason she had no friends until now.

Faith played with her Elenore's hair. "It's about time for a makeover."

"Well I have money in the bank. I suppose I can go shopping and get some new clothes, makeup, shoes, hair and whatever."

"Deal. Next Saturday. I'm coming with."

"Yeah, why not? It's my money."

Faith touched Elenore's face. "Let me pick out the makeup. I'll make you look hot." Faith dropped her hand casually down her Elenore's chest. "For tonight we'll just have to make do with what we have. I'm not going back to the house to get mine. I've had enough family for one day."

Elenore put on her outfit and Faith took her to the bathroom to put her makeup on.

"I can dye your hair for you this week." said Faith.

"Yeah I suppose."

"We'll stop by Sally's after school this week so we can get what we need. Elenore had been driving her to and from school every day now. It had become routine.

"Okay."

When Faith was finished Elenore looked completely unlike herself. As she was putting it on it was all gradual so Elenore didn't notice how drastic a change it really was.

"I look like the girl in 'The Corpse Bride', but with pink hair." Elenore laughed.

"Which is why we are doing your hair this week."

Elenore tried to avoid her parents while leaving but it didn't quite work out.

"Aren't you going to say goodbye?" asked Mom.

Elenore turned around. "We're leaving now. Good..."

Dad interrupted. "We have three Charlotte's now? One was enough."

"She looks... good dear." said Mom. "She's growing up. Let her be herself."

"Or Charlotte." added Dad.

"Well goodbye. I love you." said Elenore. "We shouldn't be too late."

"Have fun."

"Where are we going anyway?" asked Elenore as she started the car.

"That way." She pointed.

On route Elenore pulled into Pilot. "I need some cigarettes."

They both went inside and Elenore approached the counter. She was very nervous. She'd never bought cigarettes before so she was happy there were three people in front of her to give her some time to choose. Elenore, being very organized, had did some research online beforehand. She wanted to get something a little stronger than Charlotte's but also wanted it feminine. She liked the all whites and she also liked the menthols that Faith had. She found that Salems were everything she wanted; white, long, strong and menthol. She couldn't smoke as often so it needed to satisfy the cravings that have been getting stronger by the day.

"Can I help you?"

"One pack of Salems 100's."

She was all set. Faith followed the map on her phone and

directed Elenore where to turn.

"So, you've not met this guy or guys?"

"No."

"So it's like a blind date? Especially for me."

"Yeah, I guess. But he's cute."

"And the other one?"

"I suppose he's cute too."

"Just great."

They got to his apartment just after 7 and knocked on the door. Mike opened the door. He was a good looking guy about six feet tall, brown hair and a good build. He appeared to be in his early twenties. The apartment wasn't in a great part of town and looking in from the outside the furnishings were fair at best. He obviously didn't have any money or he didn't manage it well.

"Hey." said Faith.

"Hey. Come in, both of you." said Mike.

"This is Elenore." She stepped in.

"Welcome." he said.

"Thanks." Elenore said as she reluctantly stepped inside.

The smell through her off. She had become accustomed to her own house. The smell of flowers, air freshener, cleaning supplies and soap. This place didn't smell like any of those.

"Can I get you two something to drink?" he asked.

"Sure." Said Faith.

Mike walked into the kitchen. Elenore tugged at Faith.

"I don't feel comfortable here." said Elenore giving her an "I want to go." expression.

"You'll be fine."

Mike returned with three glasses. They were half full and looked like they had iced tea in them. Faith grabbed two and handed one to Elenore. Elenore didn't need to bring it to her nose before she could smell it. It wasn't tea. Faith took a sip immediately and then another before putting her glass down and took a seat. Elenore put hers down also, cleared her seat and sat down on the couch beside her making sure to take up the remaining room so no one else could sit next to her.

"So where's your roommate?" Faith asked.

"He'll be back. He went to go get some shit."

"Oh cool." said Faith.

It seemed to Elenore that Faith knew what he meant even though Elenore had no clue. Mike and Faith started talking while

Elenore nervously looked around the room. She could tell right away that if there was a cleaning list, one would need to clean just to find it. About ten minutes later her date showed up. He wasn't really her date but Elenore felt like she was on the spot regardless. He wasn't bad looking but his head was shaved. Elenore really didn't go for that type.

"Yo girls." Todd said as he walked in. "Ya tryna get sum dank? I gotchya."

"And he's ghetto... ughhh" Elenore thought to herself.

"This here is Faith," Mike turned to Elenore. "and Elenore."

"Sup?"

"Just chillin." said Faith.

*At least she understood him.* Elenore thought.

Elenore put her hands beside herself to keep her boy at bay. He went into the kitchen. Faith took another drink and motioned to Elenore to do the same. Elenore had never had any alcohol before and was reluctant to try it now but something told her she'd need it before the night was through. She took a sip. It was strong and burned her throat. She put it back down on the table.

"I'm driving so I can't drink." said Elenore.

"You guys are stayin the night." said Mike.

"No we aren't." said Faith.

*At least someone is sane around here.* Elenore thought to herself.

"Yeah. We have to be back soon." said Elenore.

"Whatcha talkin bout go home?" said Todd as he turned to Mike. "You said these baes wuz cool."

"Hey man, chill." said Mike. "I'm playin with Faith here. Ya gonna scare her off."

"Like I ain't gives a damn. I not sharing dis dank wit bones."

Faith stood up. "I think we'd better be gone, whatya think sista? This shit gettin real."

Elenore stood up and was already making room towards the door.

"Well be gone den." said Todd.

"I'll textya." said Mike.

"Yeah okay." said Faith closing the door.

"You know I was about to kill you." Elenore said as she started the car.

"Yeah. It was a bit much for me too. What do you wanna do now?"

"Not hang with your friends." She laughed.

"Yeah, well you never know til you meet."

"I guess."

"Wanna go to the strip?" asked Faith.

"What's the strip?"

"The college strip. Where all the college kids hang out."

"What's there?"

"Everything and anything. Places to eat, lots of people, cars, alcohol, etc."

"I dunno. I can't drink." Nor did she want to.

"Well lets drive through and see what's up anyway."

They went and drove through the traffic from light to light seeing what was going on. On the round trip they stopped off at McDonald's for a drink and sat outside for a little while.

Elenore was leaning towards the antisocial side while Faith was a little more proactive. Towards the end of the night Elenore warmed up a little. At least she was able to smoke. If she went home she wouldn't be able to. Elenore even gave her number to one of the guys later on but then it got late so they went back to the house.

"Mom, can Faith spend the night?" Elenore asked as they walked in.

Mom and Dad were watching a movie.

"Yeah, I don't see why not? Did you have fun?"

"Yeah I guess."

They went into Elenore's room and sat around for a little while.

"Get on MeetMe. Let's see if there are any cute guys." said Faith.

"I dunno. I don't think I'm in much of a guy mood right now." She laid back on the bed with her hands on her tummy.

"Yeah, I know what you mean." She laid back also and played with her phone.

"Do you want something to drink?" Elenore sat up.

"Sure."

Elenore went to the kitchen and brought back two Cokes. She turned her stereo on and started going through her CD's.

"Does your stereo dock to an iPhone?" asked Faith.

"Yeah why?"

Faith sat up and docked her phone to her stereo. She found her song list and hit play. Elenore heard what sounded like techno rave music. She wasn't familiar with it but it sounded like something Charlotte would play. They sat there chatting for the next few hours and went into the living room to watch Netflix after her parents gone to bed.

"What do you want to watch?" Elenore asked.

"Something scary."

Elenore scrolled to the horrors.

"*Dead Silence*. Let's watch that."

She hit play and they watched. Elenore was never much for horrors unless you want to count *Monster House* which was an animated family flick. Once it started getting scary Elenore moved in closer to Faith out of instinct. Her Mom wasn't around but she needed someone to cuddle with. It was either that or wimp out.

She leaned into Faith and Faith put her arm around her and played with her hair. Elenore liked the feeling so she didn't think much about it. Eventually her hand dropped to her shoulder and she gently massaged it, rubbing her finger tip up and down within her reach. Elenore offered no protest and became very relaxed.

Elenore found herself actually waiting for another scary moment just so she could get even closer. It didn't take too long and she pushed up against Faith and put her arm around her and squeezed, her face was against Faith's breasts. Faith just looked down at her face and then over to the top she was wearing. It was a shoulder top so it was easy for her to slide her hand underneath.

Elenore pretended to be watching the movie but by this time she was in fantasy land. She had imagined this moment time and time again in her head. It was always with a guy but she imagined it felt just the same. Something came over her and she pulled her shoulder back slowly, pushing her breasts forward as Faith slid her hand under her top and under her bra.

Elenore's nipple tingled as Faith's fingers came closer and closer. Her eyes closed as she pulled her even closer, her hand gracing at Faith's breast. Elenore looked up at her and met with Faith's eyes. Elenore's mouth opened in awe, an open invitation for Faith to kiss her, unlike the first time, this one got a response, a deep response.

Faith was a much better kisser than Ashton. Girls are much gentler and soothing, their actions natural and their touch; smooth as silk. Everything felt so natural that she soon forgot what she wanted a man for. She was in heaven.

Faith savored the moment without rushing anything. She had some experience with women but not a whole lot. If she pushed anything it could break Elenore. It could break their friendship. She remained casual, just a little kissing and fondling. She'd let Elenore make the next move.

The movie ended and both felt it was time for bed. They didn't think about it in advance but Elenore had a queen bed.

"You can sleep in my bed and I can sleep on the couch." offered Elenore.

"There's room for us both. I don't mind if you don't."

"No, I'm good with that."

They first stepped outside to smoke. It actually worked out well. If her parents were to ever check on her she could always say Faith was smoking. She should have thought of that earlier. After they smoked they got ready for bed. Elenore wore a long night shirt. Faith wasn't prepared so she stripped to her underwear.

Faith liked laying next to Elenore half nude but managed to contain herself. *Another day*. she told herself. They had one kiss goodnight and Faith dozed off.

Elenore laid there awake for a while. She could feel Faith's bare leg against hers and it felt nice, very nice. She even managed the nerve to rub on hers a little but Faith was fast asleep.

Charlotte had a good night at work. Candi and Adam both asked her to party but she already had plans to be with me. She politely turned them both down and got her side work done as quickly as she could and came straight over.

"Hello love." she said walking in the door.

I had given her a key for such occasions. I was sitting on the couch waiting for her. On the dining room table I had some wine, glasses and candles. The rest of the room was dark and she hardly tell I was there.

"Hello my love." I stood up and took her bags and placed them on the floor. I took her by the hand and led her to the table, pulling her chair out for her.



"This is sweet. I've never had anyone treat me with such romance." Charlotte saw her flower as the centerpiece. "You still have my flower?"

"You're worth it." I smelled the flower. "Whenever I need a reminder of how special you are I just take in a deep breath."

I poured us each a glass and got some finger foods I had prepared earlier from the fridge. We sat there for maybe fifteen minutes, poured ourselves another glass and headed for the bedroom.

She undressed herself, pulled the sheets back and climbed into bed sitting up to drink her wine. I did the same and reached for her gifts. I had them gift wrapped for her.

"What's this?"

"Just something to show you that I care for you."

"I already know you do." she smiled.

"I can return them." I said starting to pull them back."

"No. That's ok." She smiled back.

She opened them one at a time, the necklace first.

She held it up and immediately asked. "Is this real?"

"Of course it is. I wouldn't give anything unworthy to you."

She placed it around her neck for a moment and then opened the other gifts; her bracelet and then her earrings. She was genuinely surprised and ecstatic and gave me a huge hug.

"I love you." she said with tears coming from her eyes. "No one has ever bought me anything, not even fake jewelry. This... This is just too much."

"You are worth every penny."

"Tonight I am your slave."

"You're my slave anyway." I smiled.

"Yeah true."

## Chapter 24

We had a new girl, Violet, start last night so I introduced her to the family and left Candi and Melissa to train her. I had left early and went to bed at a decent hour.

I slept in today feeling well rested and sat around watching football most the day waiting for my date with Charlotte tonight.

Faith went over to Elenore's around noon. She spent time with her family yesterday. It wasn't a voluntary act though. Her Mom had invited her brother and his wife over for dinner. They brought their kids with them which meant Faith had to babysit all day. They had two kids. They were thirteen-year-old twins, Samuel got along with her brother just fine but Samantha was a handful, most teenage girls were.

Elenore and Faith went straight to her room.

"Let's go outside to smoke."

"Your parents are home. They don't know do they?"

"No, but they know you do. I'll just toss mine if they step outside." Elenore was taking bigger risks every day now. She just loved to smoke too much and going without for many hours was nerve wrecking.

"Okay, that's cool."

They stepped outside and lit up. Elenore stayed at the railing just in case.

It was a gorgeous day, much warmer than it should be this time of year. The leaves had all changed to vibrant shades of yellow, orange and red but have not yet fallen. She appreciated that most of the woods around here was made up of oaks, maples and poplars. There weren't many evergreen trees at all except for those her Dad planted when they first moved in. This year they were a good size for Christmas lights. She was looking forward to that. It was her favorite time of the year.

"Do you want to go for a walk?" asked Elenore.

"Sure... Where?"

She pointed across the yard. "There's a path that leads into the woods over there. I used to play back there with my sister when we first moved in. Now I just like to go for walks. Come on."

Elenore led the way, down the stairs, across the yard and into the woods.

"During the summer there are flowers everywhere. There's even a garden way back there." She pointed. "I found it this summer. I'm surprised I never seen it before, but then again, Charlotte and I always got into something before we ventured that far."

"Sounds like you had fun."

"Yeah. I miss those days." Elenore kicked a stone across the path. "Now I just go for walks but usually not this late in the year."

"I see a creek up there." She pointed.

"Yeah. I spend hours just watching the water flow over the rocks."

Faith started heading towards the creek. She was in no hurry though, leaning over to pick up a stone, looking at it. Elenore picked one up also and threw it across the creek.

"We're almost there." she said.

Faith tossed hers also and heard it plop into the water.

"Good shot." said Elenore.

"I was aiming for the tree." she laughed.

"Oh, I forgot to mention. We were invited to a Halloween party."

"Oh yeah? Sounds fun." She picked up another stone and threw

it hitting the tree this time. "Where's it at?"

"Brittany's. She's Charlotte's friend. Her parents will be gone the weekend. It's supposed to be big."

"The bigger the better."

"Yeah, I guess. So are you coming?"

"Of course. Is it a costume party?"

"I forgot to ask. I'll find out."

"I hope so. I always wear something sexy."

They approached the creek and came to the tree Elenore used to climb. They stood there looking at the water. Elenore bent down to feel it but it was much colder than it was over the summer. She quickly removed her hand.

"So what kind of sexy costumes?" Elenore asked. She'd never been to a Halloween party since she was a child. She never wore, nor seen a sexy costume.

"Oh you know... Like a witch in a short skirt, a nurse with her breasts half showing."

"Oh okay. Sounds fun." Elenore was a little worried about dressing sexy but if everyone else was doing it she'd likely be fine.

They followed the creek and came to a fallen tree. Elenore would always like to sit down and look around. This time it was no different except it was a cigarette break. Faith joined her.

"So when did you start drinking?" ask Elenore as she exhaled. Elenore liked smoke coming out her mouth when she was talking so she made it a point to take a drag beforehand.

"The first time I got drunk I was Fourteen."

"Fourteen?"

"My parents always go out on the weekends. One night I was curious so I tried it?"

"What was it?"

"Vodka." She took a drag. "It was way too strong so I mixed it with some Kool-Aid. It tasted good. Much too good, which is why I drank too much."

"Whatever those guys had the other night was awful." said Elenore.

"That was whiskey. You get used to the taste after a while. Kind of like smoking."

Elenore looked at her cigarette, flicked an ash and took a drag. "Oh okay. Yeah, I can see that."

"Anyway... After a while I felt really buzzed and kept

drinking. I threw up before I could make it to the bathroom. My brother came out of his room and asked me if I was sick. No, I throw up all the time. Ha. He said it smelled funny and left me there. I passed out and my parents found me laying in my vomit."

"Yeah, I don't think I wanna do that. That doesn't sound fun at all."

"Yeah, they about killed me. Ever since then they kept their alcohol locked up."

"I can imagine."

"But I made a lot of friends so finding alcohol wasn't a problem."

"I wouldn't know where to look. Not that I want any."

"I'll teach you... that and many other things. It's not bad. Just mix it with something until it tastes good. Eventually you'll just mix it until you can swallow it without gagging, and then after that you can drink it straight."

"Why do you want to drink it straight? wouldn't it be better to just mix it and like it?"

"Cause you get to feeling good a lot quicker straight. Plus you don't want to ruin your figure mixing sugars and such into it."

"Oh I see. I dunno though."

"One day we'll try it together. I'll show you. At least at the Halloween party, if not sooner."

"Maybe."

Elenore stood up. "Let's go further. The garden is just down there. There's an opening we can get through."

Faith got up also and followed Elenore. After about fifteen minutes they reached the opening. It was much easier to climb through this time of year. Many of the weeds had died with the cold weather.

They both stepped through and saw the pond in front of them.

"You didn't tell me there was a pond here." said Faith.

"Oh yeah. I guess I didn't."

"In the winter we can go ice skating. I haven't been in years."

"Yeah that sounds fun." said Elenore as she stared into the water. It was crystal clear and still. There was no breeze today. She could see a few fish here and there. "I need to get some skates though. I've grown since the last time I went skating. I think Mom gave them away anyway."

"Yeah me too, but it will be fun."

They walked around to the other side.

"I just love these fall colors. I could lay down and stay forever." said Elenore.

"I know. Me too."

They sat down and did exactly that. They laid there speechless for several minutes.

Faith broke the silence. "I'm glad I met you. You're cool."

"Me too. You're my only friend. I'm glad you live right next door."

"Yeah, before I moved here I only two friends. We saw each other at school but not much outside of that. We were too far to walk or even ride a bicycle. I met some guys later on that I became friends with. They were older and had cars. They helped me to grow up fast."

"What do you mean?"

"They were partiers, like hardcore."

"Like drugs?"

"Yeah, but not just weed. One of them was a dealer. I used to fuck him to get high. Those were the days."

Elenore sat up. "You liked it?"

"It was fun. I'm not that bad anymore but I don't regret anything. Great sex too." Faith sat up also,

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. That's when I first played with a girl. He'd have me mess around with him and another girl but it got to the point that I only wanted the girl and not him."

"Why's that."

"Well for one, he was a lousy fuck when he was wasted. He'd always do downers and just laid there."

"What's a downer?"

"You really don't know anything about such things huh?"

"Nope. I've done Advil." Elenore said laughing.

"Ha... A downer makes you sleepy, not want to move and such. I like uppers. They give you energy and keep you awake. If you like cleaning you should try them. You'll be cleaning for days."

"Nah. I don't need energy to make me clean. I just need dirt and it comes natural."

Elenore stood up and lit another cigarette. "I really like these Salems."

"Let me try."

Elenore gave her one. Faith took a drag and then another.

"Yeah, they're not bad. About the same as mine."

"They look more girlish though."

"I guess so."

"Summer is a ways off. It was really pretty here with all the flowers. Now they're pretty much all gone."

Elenore turned to the rock in the middle of the pond. "The narcissi are still there though." Elenore pointed.

"They're pretty."

"The water is too cold, otherwise I'd pick some."

"Don't look at me." she smiled.

They spent the next thirty minutes looking around and chatting before heading back to the house. It was getting close to dinner time.

"Can Faith stay for dinner? She can help." said Elenore.

"I can't cook." whispered Faith.

"That's fine honey." said Mom.

"It'll be easy. I tell you what to do."

After dinner they went back to Elenore's room, took a smoke break and got on MeetMe. Elenore had a few messages. Faith thought Jaden was cute so Elenore wrote him back. She took a selfie with Faith and posted it. She labeled it BFF. They scrolled through today's statuses and didn't see anyone interesting to write. They weren't really in the mood to man hunt. They were content.

Charlotte's night didn't go as well as usual. The crowd was small, her regulars weren't there and her tips suffered. One of her customers was somewhat abrasive and kept touching her. On any other night she would have just blown him off, but tonight she wasn't in the mood and her attitude reflected just that.

"Geez. I just want this night to be over." said Charlotte.

Violet was at the bar with her. "I know what you mean. Last night was much better." she said.

"You're telling me." Charlotte looked at the time. "Still another two hours to go. It can't go by fast enough."

"Why don't you come over after work?" said Violet. "We can have a drink, maybe a little something else. Forget about this place."

"Yeah. After tonight I really need something like that."

The next few hours didn't get any better. The crowd thinned

down to almost nothing so everyone started doing their side work early to get out of there early. Charlotte got Violet's address, put it in her phone and headed there as soon as she got out.

The drive was short so the party started early. She knocked on her door and Violet answered in her bra and underwear.

"Sorry. I was just changing into something a little more comfortable." she said, motioning Charlotte in.

"No problem. I wish I had something else to wear myself."

"I'll be right back." Violet walked back to the bedroom and put on a night shirt and started brushing her hair. Violet was tall for a Hispanic girl, standing about five-five". She had long dark wavy hair and didn't wear too much makeup. She had a nose ring and spider bites and was far from looking her age of thirty.

"I've always wanted to get some piercings myself." said Charlotte.

"My roommate does them. I can go ask him if you want."

"Maybe after a few drinks. I'd like to loosen up first. I don't want you to have to wake him though."

"He's always up this late. He just likes to play his Xbox in his own room in case I have guy friends over."

"Okay. I'll let you know later. What are we drinking?"

"I have an extra nightshirt here if you want to wear it." Violet leaned out through the doorway holding a long black shirt.

Charlotte thought for a second. "Sure. Why not?"

"We have Corona, vodka and tequila. Help yourself. It's in the fridge."

Charlotte went to the fridge and got the tequila out. She didn't bother with a mixer tonight and just poured it straight into a glass from the cabinet. She drank half of it and then topped off the glass before returning to the living room.

Violet came out of the bedroom and handed the shirt to Charlotte before going to make herself a drink. "The bathroom is right over there." she said pointing.

Charlotte just removed her clothing in the living room and put the shirt on. She never really cared if anyone saw her body. It was nothing to be ashamed of.

Violet returned with a glass, the bottle of tequila and a packed glass pipe. She put the pipe on the table and poured herself a glass, setting the bottle down also. She took a few gulps before putting her glass down as well.

"So how are you liking the club so far?" asked Charlotte.



"I love it. Tonight wasn't so busy but that's helpful when you are just starting. But my first night, being a Saturday, was hectic. I barely learned anything because the girls were always so busy."

"Well you'll do fine the rest of the week since they're all weekdays." Charlotte took a drink. "So you have an accent. Where are you from?"

"I was raised in Jersey but I moved here with my family when I was sixteen. Last year I moved to Virginia with a guy but it didn't work out. I moved in here with my friend Joseph a few weeks ago until I find my own place."

"Lucky he had an extra room."

"Yeah. His roommate bailed on him a few months back. I guess it worked out ok for everyone."

Violet picked up the pipe and fired up and passed it to Charlotte. She tried taking a hit but it had gone out. She grabbed the lighter and lit it again. She took a good size hit and held it in.

"God. I needed that."

"Take another."

Charlotte wasn't going to argue. She did another hit and passed it back. Charlotte picked up her drink and finished off the glass. She poured herself another.

Within a few minutes she was feeling really good. Weed always made her horny but she was also feeling a bit tipsy.

"I have some ice if you want any."

"You mean like..." She pressed her index finger to her thumb and brought it to her mouth.

"Yep. I don't usually do any this late unless I plan on staying up all night. Since there's no real party I'll pass tonight."

"Same here. I am fine getting drunk and passing out."

"You're welcome to stay the night. The couch folds out and I don't think you'll be in shape to drive anytime soon." Violet lit up a cigarette.

Charlotte did the same. "That sounds great." It doesn't even cross Charlotte's mind to ask for a place to crash. It has become so common with her that she assumes it's okay.

"Hey Joseph!" Violet yelled. She must have been feeling somewhat tipsy herself to get so loud this late at night. She has neighbors in the apartment next door.

Joseph opened his door and stuck his head out.

"Charlotte wants some piercings." said Violet and then turned to Charlotte "He doesn't charge much for my friends."

"Cool." said Charlotte.

"Okay. Give me a minute." said Joseph.

He walked back into his room and left the door open. He came into the living room with everything he needed. It was all in a case so there was no need to figure out what I wanted first.

"Let's go into the kitchen." he said.

Charlotte and Violet got up and joined him. He pointed to a chair and Charlotte had a seat.

"What do you want to get pierced?" he said, opening his case.

"I've thought about so many different things but I just got a new hairstyle. What do you think?"

"I'd go with the spider bites like mine and a septum piercing... maybe even a brow." said Violet.

"I like all three. Will it look good though?"

"Girl. You can pull anything off. Just look at your hair."

"Yeah, I suppose. Let's do the septum and spider bites. I can always come back for more."

"Sounds good to me." Joseph got out the appropriate tools and started with the lip.

"Ow." said Charlotte, muffled. She paused for a moment. "I guess it wasn't that bad."

She didn't flinch on the second one.

The septum was a little more time consuming and awkward to insert the tool and find just the right spot. The pain was there but it was bearable. She got the smaller gauge horseshoe barbell.

Charlotte went into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. She loved it.

Violet followed her in. "It may swell up just a little or get red for a few days. Kind of like having allergies."

"No big deal I guess. I really like them a lot." She went back to the kitchen. Joseph was cleaning his tools and putting them away.

"How much do I owe you?"

"We'll call it \$30."

"Sounds like a good deal to me."

Charlotte went to the living room and got the money out of her purse, before bringing it to him.

"Care to have a few drinks with us?" asked Charlotte  
Joseph was in his mid twenties, about five ten, good build, tan and full of tattoos and had several piercings.

"Sure. Why not?" he replied.

"He also does tattoos." added Violet.

"I'd love a tattoo. The problem is I change my mind all the time but I'll keep that in mind."

Joseph returned his tools to his bedroom and grabbed himself a beer. Charlotte and Violet topped off their drinks.

"So what's the deal with Adam." asked Violet. She took another hit and passed it to Charlotte.

"What do you mean?" said Charlotte.

"Is he single, taken or what. He's hot."

"He's single as far as I know. He's asked me to party with him but I've yet to see him outside of work."

"Cool. So he's fair game then? I mean, none of the girls have staked a claim?"

"As far as I know. I know he's been with a few of them but he moves onto the next." Charlotte drank down half her glass and grabbed Joseph's beer as a chaser. She drank a gulp and handed it back to him.

"I wanna be next then." Violet smiled and took another hit.

"Go for it." Charlotte laughed.

"Or..." Joseph took a hit and held it in. "You guys can play with me."

Violet laughed. "Leave us alone pervert."

"Just sayin." said Joseph. "We can play strip poker to set things up." He smiled.

"Yeah right. Violet and I have on a shirt and panties while you are fully dressed." said Charlotte.

"I'll drop down to 2 socks. How about that?" said Joseph.

"Go back to your room." said Violet.

Charlotte hit the drunk stage and began to lean on Violet. They sat on the couch together when Joseph came over. Charlotte's words began to slur so Violet called it a night. Carefully she got up and brought her a blanket.

In the morning Charlotte woke up to Joseph and Violet talking in the kitchen. They were making breakfast when Violet noticed Charlotte was awake.

"Do you want anything?"

"Wake n bake?" asked Joseph.

"Wake n bake before anything else." said Charlotte

"Are you sure?" asked Violet. "I have ice remember. It'll get you going today. Do a little more later before work to keep the edge off."

"Yeah. I think I'm game." said Charlotte.

"You think?"

"Bring it on." Charlotte sat up.

Violet brought the pipe over and a few shards of ice. She loaded it up and brought it near her mouth. She used a torch lighter to heat the chip while rotating the pipe to keep the heat even. After a few seconds it began to smoke and she brought the pipe to her lips. She kept inhaling slowly while she continued to heat until her lungs were completely full. Then she exhaled a huge cloud and passed it onto Charlotte.

Charlotte followed Violet and passed it on. They loaded the pipe a few times and kept passing it around until they managed 3 good hits for each of them.

"I'm feeling good now." Charlotte smiled.

"Me too." said Violet.

Charlotte decided to hang out there the rest of the day until work. That way she could get in several more hits and feel energetic about going to work. She swung by the house just long enough to clean up and change clothes before going to work.

## Chapter 25

The past two weeks have been hit and miss for Charlotte and I. She has become drinking buddies with Violet and hangs out with her every chance she gets, causing her to be late for our play sessions. She also missed two dates, including last night. I am not happy with the situation or the direction she has taken. We have plans to meet again tonight after work but my optimism is lacking.

Charlotte got up today around 9, much earlier than her usual time. She took a shower and got dressed for work. Elenore went into the bathroom and ran into her.

"You're smoking in the house?" asked Elenore.

Charlotte didn't care anymore. She was all about doing what she wanted and so far her parents haven't noticed, or at least they haven't said anything. Besides, they were gone for the day.

"Yeah, I guess." Charlotte kept it short and went back to her bedroom. She grabbed her makeup bag and necessities for the day and headed straight to Violet's place to hang out for the day; her new routine.

"Hey girl." said Violet.

"Hey." said Charlotte. as she closed the door behind her.

Charlotte sat down on the couch, followed by Violet.

Charlotte grabbed the pipe and noted it still had some good ice in it. She brought it to her mouth and used the torch lighter to heat it. Just as the vapor started to escape the air hole she took a long drag filling her lungs before exhaling.

"How did you do at work last night?" asked Violet.

"Decent I guess. Adam hit on me as usual, along with a few customers."

"Same here. I guess Adam is a slut." she laughed.

"Where's Joseph?"

"He's got a date with some girl he met at the club."

"Oh yeah. I saw him all over someone last night. I guess that would be the one."

"Yeah."

Charlotte lit a cigarette and tossed her bag to the side.

"I so don't want to work tonight." said Charlotte.

"Me neither. We should call in. I know a party going down tonight."

Charlotte took a drag off her cigarette. "I can't. I need my job right now and I've been late enough as it is."

"I can find another job if I need to." said Violet.

"But I like this one... Usually."

Elenore got out of bed around 10 and took a shower. She planned to take Faith shopping with her this afternoon and to get her hair done. They had planned on doing it last week but Faith's parents planned otherwise, taking her to Kentucky to visit family.

Elenore was ready by 11:30 leaving her a lot of time to kill. She logged onto her MeetMe account and responded to a few messages. She had been fantasizing a lot lately but hadn't made any effort to follow through with any of the guys she had been chatting with. She simply kept the conversations going and nothing more. Elenore decided that if she's going to do any playing that it would be on her terms and when she felt she was ready, but that didn't keep her from playing with her toy.

She logged out of MeetMe and lit herself another cigarette. No one was home and since Charlotte was smoking in the house it didn't seem to matter.

It was relaxing to smoke inside the house for a change. She

brought up YouTube and decided to learn a few more smoke tricks. She had already mastered the French inhale, much better than Charlotte, and had gotten the snap inhales down pretty well. It aroused her to watch herself smoking in the mirror and it was much easier inside. There's no wind to interfere.

She tried Googling erotic smoking and found some pornography smoking pictures. They were quite interesting to say the least. She then decided to search for videos and found a few. She watched as a girl performed oral sex on guy while smoking followed by vaginal. She found herself quite aroused and playing with herself. She took her last drag and laid on her bed, grabbing her toy from underneath. Elenore hasn't been very anal about hiding it anymore. It was out of sight and no one searched her room so under the bed was just fine.

She turned it on and brought it to herself. In her excitement she missed the spot and aimed a little low. This caused her to wonder. She had seen anal sex on her computer. Perhaps it was time to try it out. The toy didn't slide in as she thought it would. She was already wet from her arousal so she used her cunt to lubricate her toy and tried again. Her instinct was to close her anus every time her toy hit the spot so it took several minutes to actually get it in. The first time caused her to tense up with a sharp pain. She had to wait a minute for the pain to fade away and to relax herself again. She lubed herself once more. The second time worked much better. She slid it in slowly and thought about some of the videos she had just watched. It felt weird to her and she didn't get sexual pleasure out of it like she expected she would. With ease she slid it in and out for a while, getting herself used to the motions.

She freed one hand and put her finger inside herself, and then two. Now she found herself getting aroused. With each stroke she pushed just a little bit deeper but her concentration was on her fingers. They rubbed over her mound vigorously until she came hard. Her ass was getting a little sore since it was new to her, but she wasn't finished yet. She pulled it out and pushed it all the way into her cunt, still rubbing her clit, in and out, faster and faster, until she cum yet again.

She got her ashtray and lit another cigarette on the bed and learned why women love to smoke after sex.

Faith came over at 1. They were both ready so they headed out to get her hair done.

"Too bad it's chilly out. I'd like to ride with the top down before I get my hair done."

"That would be fun. But yeah...Too cold."

"I was thinking about dying it pink again since the color is fading out."

"No. We are getting you a new wardrobe and a new look. I have something else in mind for you."

"I'm afraid."

Faith laughed. "Don't be. It'll look great."

They arrived at the hairdresser and after a short wait it was Elenore's turn. She had been looking through some of the magazines for ideas and showed the ones she liked to Faith. Faith had other plans. Elenore had a seat while Faith showed the hairdresser a photo from her phone.

"This is what we want." said Faith.

Elenore spent the next few hours getting her hair dyed and styled. Faith kept her occupied so she couldn't see what was happening. Finally her hair was rinsed and dried and styled. It was mostly white, almost silver, but the front sides were rainbowed from blue to purple to red.

Elenore looked at herself and wasn't sure what to think, not that she had a choice.

"What do you think?" asked Faith.

"I feel like a clown." She laughed.

"It'll look good with the makeup."

Elenore didn't bother getting her face all pretty today knowing they'd be out getting something new, something a little more gothic. They headed to the mall to get some new clothes and makeup. First they went to Hot Topic and she bought five new outfits and some accessories. Everything was black or primarily black. She got some belts, jewelry and even a purse. They shopped for a while longer to find shoes and anything else she needed.

They quickly head home to complete her makeover. Faith picked out an outfit for her and then started on her makeup. Elenore had already started with the goth look but now, with the right colors, she was able to complete it.

"We should have got some piercings while we out." said Faith.

"No, I'm good for now. Not too much at once."

"Still want to watch movies tonight?" asked Faith.

"Hmmm, I don't know." said Elenore.



"Why don't we go out? Show off your new look." asked Faith  
"Sure. Why not... But not any of those guys you keep talking to. They give me the creeps." said Elenore. "Oh. We forgot about Halloween. We need to get costumes. It's a costume party after all."

"I'm going to wear my slutty police woman costume from last year. I'm new here so no one has seen me wear it before."

"That's true. I don't have anything though. I've not gone out for Halloween since I was young enough to trick or treat. We can stop at one of those shops on our way out."

Charlotte got to work a little late tonight. She's been slacking in her performance both here and elsewhere. I pulled her aside and she looked like she was high on something. Any other girl I would have fired but, given our relationship, I cut her some slack.

"You're late..." I said as I turned to her. "Again."

I was facing away from the computer when she clocked in. She thought she could do it unnoticed.

"Sorry. It's only ten minutes."

"You will fail at everything if you do not make yourself accountable. If you want to succeed you need to exercise some control."

"Sorry. I'll try to do better."

"We have a date tonight. You didn't show up last night, nor did you even apologize afterwards."

"Oh... Did we?" She paused again. "I thought that was tonight."

"We had one planned for last night and for tonight. Be sure to be on time."

"Okay. I promise."

Work went by slowly for both of us. I spent the night thinking about how dissatisfied I am with her and wondered what to do about it.

At closing time Charlotte tended to her chores. Violet invited her over but she declined the offer and headed to my place. She used her key to get in and poured herself a drink. She drank half of it before having a seat next to me on the couch.

"How was your night?" I asked.

"It was okay. Adam asked me over again." She took another gulp. "I told him no again."

"I think he's like that with everyone."

"I wish I could just tell him about us. He might leave me alone." She put her drink on the table and picked up the remote. Upon turning the TV on she started switching channels, whether it be to pass the time while she gets tipsy or to find something interesting to watch I'll never know.

"Die Hard is on." I pointed out.

She just clicked past it without saying a word. "I mean... I hate hiding our relationship."

"You aren't exactly keeping your dates either."

"I'm getting another drink. Want one?" said Charlotte as she sat up. She went to the kitchen, grabbed the bottle and brought it back with her.

After her second drink I asked her to come to the bedroom. She grabbed the bottle as she stood up.

"Just leave that here. You don't need it."

"After tonight I do." She reluctantly left it behind and headed to the play room.

"I said the bedroom."

"Oh, right... why?"

"Something different."

She had a seat on the bed and I approached the dresser, looking at a print on the wall; *American Gothic*.

"It's funny, the symbolism in this painting." I said. In the painting stands a couple from the torso up. The man is an older gentleman holding a pitchfork. To his right stands a woman and behind them, a white house.

"Why's that?" she asked.

"Well it's called American Gothic and you are a gothic American."

She laughed. "I guess."

"You know..." I paused and pointed at the painting. "Most people assume this is an older couple when actually it is of father and daughter, a spinster daughter I might add."

"I've heard the term before but never really knew what it meant. It's seems like an old-fashioned expression."

"It's a woman who has never gotten married and has past the age of getting married and having children. Either they're afraid to commit, unable to commit, can't find someone or they simply don't care to. They live their life alone."

"I want to commit. I just have a lot going on and I forget

sometimes."

"You live with your parents and have no bills, children or responsibilities. You don't know what 'a lot going on' means. You have it easy."

"I try to be myself and I try to please you." She raised her hands up and dropped them to her lap. "Sometimes they aren't the same thing."

I stepped away from the painting to look at her. "They should be the same thing."

"So what do you want to do?" She paused. "Do you wanna break up?" she said raising her voice. "I need a drink."

"No you don't. You've had enough to drink and... whatever."

"What do you mean whatever?" She looked at me as though I had crossed the line.

"I mean you've been coming to work high, staying out with your friends doing God knows what." I gripped the bedpost.

"And what do you mean by that?" She raised her hands. "I have friends and we like to have fun. They are girls. So I smoke a little weed once in a while. Big deal!"

Charlotte stood up quickly and left the room stomping her feet across the floor. She came back with the bottle already opened and she took a few gulps. She sat down on the side of the bed with her feet on the floor.

"You are losing control of yourself, of everything. That's not the answer." I said.

"It helps me deal with the questions." she said in a quieter tone, looking down to her feet.

"No... It makes you forget the questions." I turned back to the wall and leaned back on the headboard.

"Well maybe I don't always know what I want. I try to do as you ask but..."

I interrupted. "Sometimes."

"Well sometimes it isn't easy."

"Nothing worth having is ever easy."

"You have it easy. Look at this house." She waived her hands around. "You have money and can do whatever you want."

"You're right. I can do whatever I want... But I worked hard to get where I am. And, as far as doing what I want? I start new clubs, I further my education, I spend time with my friends... I follow things through to the end." I calmed myself down and spoke softly. "You? You live for yourself."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing... Nothing at all... When you are alone."

She stood up straight and yelled. "What do you want from me?"

I swung myself around the bedpost and shouted. "My soul!" I thrust myself forward bringing my mouth to her ear as she started to shy away. "Your soul. I want them to be one."

She looked startled. She had never seen me raise my voice, never mind become animated in the process.

"I want to be with you, to become a part of you... to become one." I leaned back and turned away. "You don't seem to want these things."

She moved in closer. "I do baby. I'm just scared. I've never been in a real relationship before."

I turned back toward her.

"I'm making mistakes but I will fix them." She took my hands. "I really want this to work. Sometimes I am overwhelmed with everything."

I looked her in the eyes. "Really?"

She spoke gently. "Really." She took a few steps towards the door pulling me by the hands. "Now you need to punish me for being bad."

She tried to lead us to the playroom but I intervened.

"To the dungeon."

"Of course Master."

"What do you want to do?" she asked closing the door behind us.

I grabbed both her wrists and put them into one of hands and dragged her to the cross. She started to speak until I stopped in my tracks and turned towards her, giving her that look that demanded silence.

"There will be no safe words today. There will be no interjection... Just silence."

She stood quietly.

"Understood?"

"Yes Master."

I continued pulling her to the cross and threw one hand in place and then the other, slamming them against the hard wood.

"Spread those feet!" I kicked at them.

She assumed to correct position as I fastened her arms and legs securely. Each arm and leg had two thick leather straps; one

at the wrist and one near the elbow, for the leg; one at the ankle and one near the calf. There was no room for squirming around.

I grabbed the whip off the wall and stood back. This was a six foot whip so I allowed myself some room.

*Whirl Snap!*

The first blow striped her back as the skin reddened quickly. She took it without a whimper.

*Whirl Snap!*

The second blow scored her again but with a minor raising of the skin. I just found the proper handling and force I needed to continue.

*Whirl Snap! Whirl Snap! Whirl Snap!*

She took each and every lash as I laid the punishment upon her, never uttering a word. With each blow her back became more and more engrossed with patterns of crisscrossed lines.

*Whirl Snap! Whirl Snap! Whirl Snap!*

Her back was soon completely red and a few areas, her skin raised. Her head, which once stood up was now bobbing forward with each lash, trying to keep herself from passing out.

I left her on the cross for another thirty minutes before unfastening her, letting her drop to her knees, and to the floor, as she could no longer hold herself up.

"Remember... Scars that heal." I whispered.

## Chapter 26

### *Ever After*

It was Halloween and there was a clear forecast for the day and night. Charlotte had been a good girl for the past two weeks and I rewarded her by giving her the night off. She requested off only a week ago, being beaten to the punch by several others. Halloween fell on a Friday this year so I could hardly give half the staff off. I held a lottery and drew two names. Inside the cup I affixed Charlotte's name to the side and pulled it out while drawing. The other lucky winner was Adam. Yeah, I cheated, but I'm the boss and I can get away with things like that. I had to fire Violet last week for calling in too many times.

Elenore woke first as usual and started her routine, ate a small lunch and got online. Tonight was the Halloween party and she was excited but Faith wasn't coming over until later in the day. Elenore had been talking to a new guy online. As it turned out, he attended the same high school so they arranged to meet afterwards one day. He wasn't like the other guys so far but then neither was Ashton. She made it a point not to get too attached and to keep things more into the 'friends zone' to play it safe. If he survived the drawn out process he just may be a winner.

She jumped in the shower around 3 to start getting ready. When she came out Charlotte was standing there in a night tee waiting her turn. She wrapped a towel around her. Charlotte was smoking so Elenore was relieved. She could smoke real quickly herself and not worry about the smell. Mom and Dad would blame Charlotte. Sometimes it paid to have a sister who always got in trouble.

"What are those?" Elenore asked. She pointed to the faint scars on her arm, those from burning herself. The lighting was much better in the bathroom or she may have noticed earlier.

"Burns, cigarette burns." said Charlotte.

"How did you get them?"

"I did it."

Elenore has an expression of confusion and disbelief. "Um... Why?"

"I like the feeling sometimes."

"Like it?"

"It arouses me ok..." Charlotte said with an attitude. "I like pain, you know? Like BDSM."

"No... Not really."

"Well look it up sometime. It's hard to explain."

Elenore started drying off and Charlotte entered the shower. Elenore went to her room, leaving the bathroom door open and smoked a cigarette real quick.

It was too early to get into costume so she just put on socks, underwear and pajamas until she was ready to get dressed up.

Faith came over around 4. It was a little earlier than expected but her brother was bothering her. Besides, If her brother's plans fell through she might have gotten stuck watching him.

"Hey girl." Faith walked in carrying a bag and purse.

"Hey."

They greeted the folks and went into Elenore's room to hang out and to put her things down. It was time to make dinner so Faith kept Elenore company.

"Where's Charlotte?" asked Mom as dinner was about to be served.

"Getting ready I guess."

"Well tell her to come eat with everyone. She's never home for dinner anymore."

"Okay." Elenore left her seat and went to Charlotte's room.

"Mom and Dad want you to eat dinner with us tonight."

"Okay. Give me a minute."

Charlotte threw some clothes on and joined in on the family meal.

"What are you dressing up as Faith?"

"A police woman." Faith omitted the words 'sexy' and 'slutty' from her description.

"And what about you Elenore?"

"A princess." Much to Faith's protest Elenore bought a princess costume. Faith protested hard, but to no avail.

"I'll bet you'll look beautiful. Which one?" said Mom.

"Elsa. I wanted to be Anna but my white hair was a better match for Elsa. Also it was easy to find it in an adult size since she's popular this year."

"I thought Elsa was a queen."

"She was a princess first."

"But she's a queen now. So you are going as a queen then." said Mom.

"I guess."

"You'll always be a princess." said Dad.

"Thanks Dad." Elenore smiled.

"And you?" asked Mom. She was looking at Charlotte.

"Poison Ivy."

"Like a... vine?"

Charlotte laughed. "No, like the character in Batman."

"Oh I see." said Mom.

"You know... Uma Thurman, Batman and Robin?" said Dad.

"Whatever you say dear." Mom never cared for his taste in movies. She only pretended to watch them.

After dinner Elenore and Charlotte washed the dishes and returned to their rooms then went onto the porch to smoke. Faith joined them.

"So are we all riding together?" asked Elenore.

"I hadn't thought about it but yeah, it would makes sense. It'll be a large party so it would be easier to park."

"Who's driving?"

"You should drive in case I drink too much."

"Okay."

Elenore and Faith went back inside. It was still only 6 o'clock so they just laid on the bed chatting and texting.



Elenore's new guy, Aaron, texted her.

From Aaron: "What's up beautiful?"

To Aaron: "Faith and I are sitting around waiting to go to a Halloween party. You?"

From Aaron: "Cool. What party? Maybe I'll come. Tell Faith hi."

"Aaron said hi." Faith met him at school with Elenore. Elenore was too chicken to meet him alone. Besides, Elenore was her ride home.

To Aaron: "One of my sister's friends. Faith says hi."

From Aaron: "Oh. Well it sounds fun."

To Aaron: "I hope so."

"I hope there are some cute guys there tonight." said Faith.

"I imagine there will be lots. Brittany is quite a partier and has lots of friends."

"Great. I love to party."

"They'll all likely be in their twenties."

"Even better." Faith smiled.

"I guess we can start getting ready." said Elenore. It was 7 o'clock and the party started at 9. Charlotte didn't want to get there until 10 though. She liked to make an entrance.

Faith stripped down to her panties and put on her black shorts and her short sleeved police shirt. She tied the two front tails together at her belly instead of buttoning it up. It was navy blue with a insignia patch on her shoulder. She pinned her badge to her front left pocket and started fixing her hair up in a bun. She went into the bathroom and applied her makeup in her typical goth style, all black, with a little design work at the trailing edges of her eyes.

"Don't wear a bra." said Faith as looked to Elenore. She was putting on her dress.

"Why not?"

"Let me help you. First take everything off and we'll start over."

Elenore stripped down to her panties.

"Do you have any stockings? Preferably black."

Elenore opened her drawer and pulled some out.

"No. Not like that. Something with lace or even a pattern... like mine." She held up her own, stretching them to reveal the floral pattern. "Go ask your sister. I didn't bring any extras."

Elenore came back with a pair. "She gave me some straps

too."

"Cool. Now change into some fancy black panties first."

Elenore changed panties and put on the stockings, using the straps to fasten them to her panties.

"Much better. Now you can put on your dress."

"I don't see the point in the stockings. You can't see them."

"You'll see later."

Faith did Elenore's makeup for her. Elenore had a tendency to be a little too modest. Faith made sure it was black and not just grey, applying it twice and using a liquid eyeliner.

Faith also did her hair, braiding it to look as close to Elsa's as she could.

"Wear some black heels and you're all set." said Faith.

Faith put on her stockings and attached them to her panties.

"I should have put these on before the shorts." said Faith, struggling to fasten her straps.

Faith completed her outfit putting on her sunglasses and police hat. Elenore put on her shoes.

They walked into Charlotte's room through the bathroom since she left the door open. Charlotte was wearing green stockings, green arm sleeves with a matching top and bottom in green sparkles. She also had a red wig, green heels and her gothic makeup was done in green and black. Her eyebrow pieces were painted on instead attached like in the movie.

"Didn't Poison Ivy have a one-piece?" asked Elenore.

"And not show off this belly?" Charlotte said pointing to her firm, tanned belly. "Are you guys ready?"

"I thought you wanted to get there at 10?"

"Yeah, but we need to stop by the liquor store first."

They all left in Elenore's Mustang and stopped off at the liquor store.

"What do you guys want?" asked Charlotte.

"I don't..." Elenore was cut off.

"Big bottle of Kinky Pink." said Faith. She already had the money in hand to give her.

Charlotte walked into the store while Elenore gave Faith a funny look.

"What?" Faith said. "You'll like it."

They got to Brittany's around 10 and entered the party. There must have been fifty people there by now. Charlotte and

Faith walked right in while Elenore tagged along. Everyone was in costumes of all sorts, mostly the sexy variety. Brittany was nowhere in sight so Charlotte just mingled through the crowd to find the cups and ice. Most of the people were standing; either dancing or socializing. Elenore found herself a seat on the sofa while Faith went to find cups also.

"Why are you sitting down?" said Faith approaching her.

"I'm not used to parties."

"Well get up before people think you're a prude or drunk." Faith grabbed her hand and lifted her up. "There are a lot of hot guys here."

"I guess."

Faith poured two drinks and handed one to Elenore.

"It's good. Trust me." Faith took a few sips. "It's not strong at all."

Elenore took a small sip. "It's not bad I guess."

"Hey Elenore." said Brittany staggering a little towards Elenore. She was already tipsy. She was wearing a red devil costume. "Where's Charlotte?"

"She's here somewhere." Elenore looked into the crowd and then motioned to her friend. "This is Faith."

"Don't arrest me officer. I didn't do anything bad." Brittany took another drink from the bottle she was holding. "Not yet anyway."

"Where's your pitchfork?" asked Faith.

"It was either the pitchfork or this." Brittany held her bottle up. "I think this won." waiving it back and forth.

Brittany walked into the crowd and Elenore took another sip.

"That's the hostess." said Elenore.

"Oh okay." Faith was looking at the people.

The music was loud but not loud enough that you couldn't hear the person next to you. She was playing mostly industrial metal and most of the crowd was getting into it. Faith started rocking her hips to the beat herself.

"Let's go find some guys." Faith said, taking Elenore's hand.

Charlotte was on the porch outside chatting with Jessica. She had on a pirates costume complete with a bottle of rum. Brittany's parents had a fair amount of land so there was no one to bother with the loud music, even with the sliding glass doors open.

"Ahoy, matey." A guy also dressed as a pirate joined them.  
"Let's get this party started." He pulled out a glass pipe.

"No thanks. I'm good said Jessica. as she walked away.

"Well yo ho ho..." said the pirate. "ho."

Charlotte just smiled and put her hand to the fake parrot on his shoulder. "Polly wants a cracker."

Brittany saw Charlotte outside and joined her.

"There you are. I've been looking all over for you."

"Well speak of the devil." said Charlotte with smoke trailing from her mouth. "It's a great party so far."

"I'm a little drunk." Brittany smiled. "I see you met Gary?"

"Well sort of." Charlotte turned to Gary. "I'm Charlotte."  
She handed the pipe back to him.

Faith was talking to Superman while Elenore stood behind her.

"Can I have some more?" asked Elenore.

Faith turned back to her. "You've finished that already?"  
She filled Elenore's cup. "Slow down a little." Faith smiled.

"May I have this dance?" said someone as he tapped Elenore on her shoulder.

Elenore turned to face him. He was a good looking guy in his twenties wearing a prince costume complete with epaulets and sash. Elenore hesitated at first but thought, *Hell. This is a party. I'm here to have fun.*

"I'd be much obliged." she said taking his hand as he led her to the dance area.

She put her cup down on the table and started moving to the beat. It was hardly music appropriate for a ball she improvised. He danced alongside her looking into her eyes and occasionally bumping into her. Elenore was just trying not to embarrass herself too much as she watched the other girls dance, mimicking their moves.

After the dance she picked up her drink and followed him to the snack table. The table was decorated with a string of white lights in the shape of skulls. There were crackers, chips, pretzels, cheese, dip and of course a cauldron of Halloween candy.

"I'm Roger." He said as he grabbed a few pretzels.

"Elenore." she said loudly. The speakers were close by.

"Nice to meet you. So... What brings you here tonight?"

"My sister, Charlotte, is friends of Brittany. You?"

"I know Brittany from way back. She's a fun girl."

"This is my first party." Elenore grabbed a few crackers, "It's different." putting one in her mouth.

"She has parties all the time. They're all the same to me." Roger grabbed a few more pretzels. "Just drink some more and you'll be fine. What are you drinking by the way."

"Kinky. That's all I know. My friend gave it to me." She looked down and it was half empty.

"Well it sounds good anyway."

Faith was on the couch. She was occasionally making out with superman and chatting away. He bottle was empty now so she was drinking a beer.

Elenore walked over to her.

"I guess there's no more Kinky?" said Elenore showing her cup was empty.

"All gone." she said holding up her beer. "You'll have to mooch now." She smiled.

"Oh okay. I've never been good at that." Elenore sat down next to her.

Faith looked at Elenore's costume. "We need to fix something. Where's Brittany?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her in a while."

"I'll be right back." Faith stood up and extended her beer. "Hold this."

Faith walked into the crowd.

"I'm Allen." said Superman.

"Elenore."

They both sat there feeling awkward while Faith was away. Elenore smelled the beer, made a funny face and pulled it away from her nose. Faith came back with some scissors and kneeled in front of Elenore.

"This will hurt you more than it does me." she said.

"What are you going to do?"

Without answering Faith cut the front of her dress from the bottom to her crotch in a V shape, discarding the removed cloth under the sofa.

"That's the first part." said Faith.

She then cut it from the neck down past her breasts and folded the cloth under itself revealing her cleavage.

"There... Now you look sexy."

"Um... thanks I guess."

"Just don't let anyone yank on it. It might split down the middle." She took her beer back and finished it off. "Well, on second thought. Let someone yank on it and have some fun." She laughed.

"Maybe we should yank on yours then." said Allen.

"I don't find that the least bit offensive."

The two continued to make out. Elenore felt like a third wheel so she got up to find her prince. She went to the dance floor but didn't see him so she glanced around. There he was, in the kitchen and making out with Wonder Woman. Elenore now felt alone so she stepped outside to smoke.

Charlotte was still outside partying it up with Gary and another guy. Elenore walked over to join them. Charlotte turned towards her and didn't try to hide the pipe she was holding. If she intended on being secretive with Elenore she would have never invited her here to begin with.

Hey princess. Where's your prince." asked Charlotte.

"Actually I was dancing with a prince earlier." He found someone else to talk to though."

"I'm sorry. Have a drink then and loosen up."

"I'm out."

"Well take mine then." She handed Elenore her tequila.

Elenore took a sip. It was a bit strong but she was already a bit tipsy so it didn't bother her too much.

"This is Gary and this is Death?" she pointed to his friend dressed as the Grim Reaper.

"Elenore." She took a few more gulps.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Allen" said Death, extending the pipe to her.

"No thanks."

"Elenore isn't like me." said Charlotte.

Elenore felt a little braver now with the effects of the alcohol sitting in. She moved a little closer to Death. He looked to be in his upper twenties, black hair and a nice build from what she could tell. After a few minutes of chatting, Death asked her to dance.

"What do you mean she's not like you?" asked Charlotte's pirate as they walked away.

"She doesn't party."

"Oooh... I dropped and X into your drink. You gave it to her."

"Oh shit! Shit!" said Charlotte in a mild panic. "Do you have another one?"

"Yeah why?"

"I want it." She calmed and smiled. "And... I want that pipe back."

Elenore finished her drink before getting to the dance floor to keep her hands free. If she set it down she might not find it again. They danced to three songs before she started feeling a bit different. She was obviously getting drunk but she also felt really hot.

"Can we sit down for a little bit."

"Sure." said Thomas glancing around for an empty seat.

"Something a little more quiet." she added.

"Let me find somewhere." He led Elenore to a seat. "Wait here."

He found his way around the house scoping out for something more private. He came back and took Elenore's hand and led to her to the back game room. There was a pool table, a few couches, a bar and a few other games in the room. The bar had been emptied prior to the party and there were only a few people in the room. He led her to a couch that was unoccupied.

"We can rest here until you are feeling a little better."

"That's nice of you. You don't have to stay."

"I want to. I'm not big on parties. I only came because Gary made me really."

Elenore leaned on him. "I'm not much for parties either. I don't like lots of people."

"I'm the same way."

Elenore put her hand on his leg. "I've never been with a guy before." Elenore was obviously drunk by this point. "She moved her hand up towards his crotch and touched it accidentally.

He started to get a hard on and she noticed.

"Did I excite you? I didn't mean to... I'm sorry." She kept her hand there.

"It's okay. So you're saving yourself for someone?"

"I was... I was going to give myself to this guy but he turned out to be a jerk. Then my prince was making out with another Wonder Woman." she cupped her hands in front of her breasts to indicate she had big ones. "Why are there no princesses... princesses... I mean like... more than one prince anymore?"

"Princes?"

"Yeah... Why are all guys the same?"

"I..." said Death.

She moved her hand further up.

"Don't know."

"I'm a good girl right?" she looked down on her dress and opened her eyes with curiosity. "My friend did this. She cut my dress."

"Well I don't know..."

She interrupted. "Well now I just want to have fun." She looked at his crotch. "Screw men... screw me." She looked at his face. "I'm pretty right?"

"You are very pretty."

"Then why won't you kiss me?"



## Chapter 27

### *Walk Amongst the Dead*

Death leaned into her and took her mouth to his own. Elenore put her arm around his neck and leaned back, pulling him onto her, oblivious as to where she was. He put his hand on her breast and caressed them, the opening that Faith but made it easy for him to slide his hand underneath and touch his curious fingers to her nipple.

Elenore kissed fiercely and moaned in delight, her head was in a fantasy that she had been dying to play out, her body motions welcoming his hunt, willingly becoming his prey.

He lifted himself off of her and unfastened his cloak, opening it wide to drape over the two of them. Elenore brought her hands to his crotch and rubbed it to feel its bulge. She unbuttoned his pants one by one to release his manhood and to take his crotch into her virgin hands, to feel for the first time a rigid hot cock burning to get inside her.

She pushed him off of herself and onto his back and leaned forward, laying her head under his cloak. She pressed her lips to his boxers and traced his outline with her tongue until she could wait no longer. She pulled his pants down, tossed his shoes off

and took his pants over his ankles and onto the floor. She brought her face to his chest, pushing his shirt up and licked it gently, taking in the cologne he was wearing before sinking her head lower. Her hand slid up his legs and underneath his boxers. She could feel the heat coming of his cock as her fingers approached and she took it into one hand, grasping it like a knife, sliding from the base to the tip. She felt his pre-cum collecting on her skin and brought it to her mouth.

She opened his cloak to look him in the eyes as she licked her hand clean, her eyes closing in pleasure. She removed his boxers and dropped them to the floor bringing her head back to his waist. She intently looked down at his crotch knowing that she was about to feel, for the first time, what she had been craving for the past few months. But first she must taste it. She opened her mouth wide and slowly took his cock into her mouth until it reached the back of her throat. It didn't gag her like her toy had done while she practiced. Perhaps because it wasn't plastic or maybe because she wanted it so badly. She used her hand to pull her hair back off of her face so that he could watch and so that she could watch his expression and so that he could watch her soft lips massage his shaft.

She brought her lips to the base of his cock pushing its head partially down her throat. It must have been eight inches or more. She glided her head up and down its shaft slowly savoring the pre-cum that was still oozing out. Her first taste of a man and she wanted to remember it. She tightened her lips around it harder and used the other hand to stroke in motion with her lips, faster and faster, wanting him to cum now so he'd last on round two. His cum burst several times into her throat as she swallowed each time. She pulled her head back a little to capture the last burst in her mouth, while she licked his shaft clean, his hands clenching her breasts.

She lifted her head and looked into his eyes still hungry with passion and lust, kissing him hard, her tongue buried deep within his mouth. He put his hand to her crotch and his fingers slid inside her dripping cunt. Deeper they penetrated her as she lusted for more, moaning in pleasure.

"Deeper... Deeper." she begged.

He pushed them in until he couldn't go any further, thrusting them back and forth. His other hand clenching her tits as she hunched herself backwards, her head buried beside the

armrest. She spread her legs wide open and touched herself, rubbing her clit from side to side, each time applying more and more pressure.

"Harder!" she pleaded.

His pounded his hand inside here deeper, letting his hand smack into hers as she pleasured herself, his pinky brazing her anus. She lifted her ass upwards to take on the new sensation, She lowered her hands and slid them under his ass, grabbing at each cheek and pulling them apart, opening her door of discovery.

With each thrust his pinky touched, finally entering her ass as she pushed her own body downward upon it. She wanted to feel it all the way inside her.

He brought his head to her crotch and began to lick where her fingers left off, swirling his tongue and lapping up her juices. Back and forth his fingers prodded her, his pinky deep inside her ass, curling back to pull her skin back with each motion. She came twice and looked at him with lustful eyes.

"I want you inside of me." she said while dragging her fingers down his chest, letting her nails press harder into his skin and she approached his cock.

His cock began to grow again with the thought of this dirty little princess ripping at his skin, wanting him inside her. He put his hands to her face and kissed, sliding them down to her shoulders before slamming her backwards onto the couch. She looked him in the eyes as she spread her legs apart, shaking in desperation.

"Now!" She dug her nails into his skin. "Fuck me now!"

His cock was rock hard and ready to pleasure her. He took only a moment to align himself and, with all his might, pushed it all the way inside of her, one quick motion that send her pupils to the back of her head. He could see only the whites of her eyes as he forced his big cock inside, tearing her virginity in pieces.

"Harder damn it, harder! She wanted her first time to be something to be beaten, a line in the sand to be crossed again and again. He put his hands to her throat, his fingers to the back of her neck and squeezed.

She gasped but managed a few words as her breath ran thin. "Yes! Yes!", her nails ripping through his back as she slowly dragged them downward.

He worked her over hard, his wide cock stretching her far

beyond what her toy had done. She realized she wasn't the quiet type at all when she found herself screaming, taking her hands to his butt, clenching his flesh as she squeezed harder and harder, her nails penetrating his skin leaving the wounds to bleed mildly.

She felt his convulsions as he was about to cum and he started to pull himself out.

"Don't you fucking dare! I want my first time to be done right. Cum inside me!"

Elenore, so deep in the moment didn't care as the risk of pregnancy was well worth her newfound pleasure. She pulled his ass until his cock was buried inside her forcing her to cum yet again as his load was unleashed.

Her knees, standing straight into the air, shook vigorously and she gasped for breath and relaxed her hands. She could feel the warm and the wet of his blood upon her fingers as she brought them to her mouth, looking him in the eye and licking them clean.

When she finally took a moment to realize what had happened, she turned her head to see a small crowd of onlookers. She didn't care, not in the least. The shy and prudish princess was coming into her own.

Faith was sitting on the couch opposite of hers.

"Damn girl." said Faith.. "That's all I got to say... I want that." She handed Elenore her cigarette. She needed it.

Elenore reached over to her waist and unbuttoned her shorts, dropping them to her knees. She grabbed her panties and pulled them away, ripping them in half. "Maybe someday." she said as she leaned back to the couch.

Elenore wasn't in a hurry to get dressed. She sat up, took several drags and asked for a drink. Three people offered her one, extending their own glasses. She drank one that was half full before turning to Faith.

The crowd was applauding to the show.

"You ripped my panties." said Faith.

"Well you cut my dress."

"I guess we're even then." said Faith as she kissed Elenore.

"We're far from even."

"I wanna dance." said Elenore as she looked at Faith. "You and me. Let's dance."

They carried their drinks with them and danced to the rave music Brittany had playing. The crowd was thin but it soon filled

up as the onlookers dispersed the game room. Guys were approaching Elenore and Faith all night but they had their fun. It was dance time and drink time.

Josh and I worked at the club tonight. We wanted to make sure everyone had a fun, but safe, time. People can be a bit unpredictable on Halloween. We discouraged full on costumes but, nonetheless, people came out showing the ghoulish spirit for the holiday.

The dance floor was illuminated with a lot of black lighting for the evening, a nice clash to the neo, the lasers and the strobes. The music remained the same but with a few randomly mixed in tracks such as Thriller. That song inspired many of the women to get on the floor, trying to show off the moves they remembered.

Josh and I were leaning over the balcony when Michael Jackson's iconic song came on, the extended version of course.

"Do you remember that song?" I asked.

"I've heard it before."

"Before your time I guess, but not by many years." I looked out into the crowd, everyone trying to resemble the dead. "It's ironic though... I've always looked upon the people, considering them to be dead and here they are... Acting like zombies."

"What do you mean?"

"The dance is a zombie..."

"I know what the dance is. What do you mean you consider them to be dead?"

"Yeah. I know what you meant." I took a sip of the beer I was holding. "Just people... Everyone so close minded, keeping in their own little world. No one makes an effort to see beyond their limited scope."

"You know I am young too." he smiled.

"Yeah, but you've at least expanded your reason. You've accepted me and I should hope... you have learned that we all know very little. That's the problem with today."

"What do you mean?"

"Things were simple in the past. We didn't have all the technological things. We focused on learning about life and its simplicity. Today everyone is consumed with their phones, the internet... People today think they are smarter than in the past but in reality, they are less so."

"Well you've been around longer to be able to make such a comparison. Personally, I don't think I could function without my phone." He held it up into view.

"Everyone would do just fine... They always have." I reached for my phone and stared at it. "People exist in here today. They are all dead inside."

Charlotte was still making out with her pirate. Jessica walked up the them.

"Hey, have you seen Brittany?"

Charlotte pointed to the hammock. Brittany was passed out laying on it with her arm slumped over to the ground. "Since 10:30." It was now midnight.

"And I didn't think she'd beat last year's record of 11."

"She's getting predictable."

"Did she at least get laid? You know we will never hear the end of it if she didn't."

"I don't know. I didn't see it. Maybe we should tell her she did. She won't remember it anyway. Did you hear about the girl in the game room?"

"No. What happened?" Charlotte lit the pipe she was holding and took a drag, not letting on that she saw what happened there.

"I heard there was an orgy going on."

"And I missed it?" Charlotte laughed.

Elenore and Faith walked outside to cool off and get some fresh air. All the dancing sweated off their alcohol to a manageable level. They needed more.

"Hey." said Elenore.

"Having fun?" asked Charlotte

"Lots. Now I know what I've been missing."

"Just don't get carried away. Someone might take advantage of you." said Jessica.

Elenore just smiled.

"Care for a little poison?" Charlotte extended the pipe to Elenore.

"No thanks." Elenore was a little curious but she's tried enough things tonight. She almost took it from her.

"I do." said Faith.

Charlotte handed the pipe to her. It was a glass pipe with a clear mouthpiece and a red bowl. Faith brought her lighter to the end and kept the flame burning as she inhaled all the smoke. She

held it in a moment and then exhaled. She motioned to Jessica but she declined so she handed it back to Charlotte.

"Where's Brittany? I haven't seen her all night."

Jessica pointed.

"You may have been occupied all night." Charlotte smiled.

Charlotte handed the pipe to Faith. She took another long hit and then grabbed Elenore's face to kiss her. She locked her lips on hers and exhaled the smoke into her. Elenore resisted at first but then sucked it in and all of it out of her.

"Hold it in." said Faith.

Elenore held it in and exhaled. After a few minutes Elenore didn't really feel anything so she took the pipe from Charlotte and took her own drag. A good long one, held it in, coughed a little and exhaled into Faith, kissing her as she had done to her.

"Maybe second hand smoke just isn't strong enough." said Elenore.

"Maybe not." said Faith. She kissed her again just for the sake of kissing.

"Maybe we just need new weed." Charlotte loaded the pipe up again and Elenore took it.

Elenore put her lighter to it and took yet another longer and deeper drag on fresh weed. It was a little more than she expected. The other weed must have been burnt up as this one filled her lungs with dense white smoke which she held in for a while, still coughing. A minute later she was feeling really good and asked Faith to dance again.

"Um... let me get a good hit first."

Faith took a hit like Elenore's and went dancing.

Charlotte started making out with Gary again so Jessica left them.

"So where's that X you promised me?"

Gary took it from his pocket and handed it to her. Charlotte swallowed it.

"I don't need it." she grabbed his crotch. "But I do want it."

Charlotte rubbed his pants until his cock was good and hard. Then she unbuttoned his fly, opening the flaps to reveal his bulge to her eyes.

"I think someone's awake." she said, touching herself and pulling her bottom upwards until they pressed in between her

pussy lips.

She slipped her hands into his boxers and grabbed his cock, pulling on it up and down while she kissed him. There was a tree nearby so she led him there and pushed his body against it. She took his hands into her own and raised them above his head, up against the tree bark and grinded her crotch on his boxers. He put his hands to her breasts and massaged them.

"They won't break." she said.

He squeezed them a bit harder.

Charlotte grinded his hands into the tree "I mean really... They won't break."

Gary took her nipples and pinched them.

"Harder!"

Gary squeezed a little harder and Charlotte backed off.

"Go find me a bottle. We need to have a little talk."

"Where am I supposed to find a bottle?"

"Never mind. I'll get one."

Charlotte went inside the house. She knew where Brittany hid her liquor before parties started. She went to her bedroom closet and found herself a full bottle of tequila and started back. She stopped and turned around grabbing a bottle of vodka also. She walked across the dance floor and handed the vodka to Elenore.

"Here ya go."

"Thanks."

Charlotte went back to Gary and asked him to have a seat on the nearby chairs.

"Let me tell you how it is and what I want." She opened her bottle and drank a fourth of it in on shot. "I like things hard. You aren't quite doing that for me. Normally I'd just find someone else but I took that damn pill and I'm horny as fuck now."

"Okay. I gotya." Gary took her hand. "Wait here a minute."

After a few minutes Gary came back with a few extension cords and grabbed Charlotte by her arm.

"What are those for?"

"When you don't have rope you improvise."

"Take your clothes off."

"Outside in the..."

"Yes, take your clothes off."

Charlotte didn't hesitate. If Elenore could do it inside with a lot more people around why should she care. She shed her clothing exposing her slender form and voluptuous breasts, her



nipples standing erect in the cool night. Her breath could be seen fading into the night as she breathed hot and heavy, awaiting her lover.

Gary found a small cooler and stood it against a tree. "Stand on this."

Charlotte stepped onto it.

"No... face forward, your back against the tree."

Charlotte turned. Gary took her left hand and pulled it around the tree and then the right. It was a large oak tree with a tall and wide trunk with a diameter of two feet. He tied one end of the cord to her wrist and threw it over a low branch on the backside of the tree and brought it down to her other wrist tight so that it would support her weight.

He walked around to the front and kicked the cooler out of the way allowing her to drop six inches before her arms bore her weight. She dangled with her arms wrapped around the sides of the tree above her head. Her feet dangled in the air until Gary pulled them around the trunk, tying them apart from one another with the knot behind the tree.

Charlotte hung there in the shape of an X, her bare back against the aged bark of a hundred year old oak, raised just high enough to be fucked. Gary grabbed her tits and twisted them, mildly at first and then much harder. Charlotte rolled her eyes back as she focused on his finger tip pushing into her tight skin. He dragged them downward, pulling her skin along the way, until he found her crotch. He put his fingers inside, three of them, and lifted her body.

Charlotte moaned loudly. "Yes!... This is more like it. Take me baby!"

Gary pulled her up even higher. She could feel all her weight suspended on his fingers as they went inside of her further. He used his other hand to touch his bulge before pushing his weight against her. She had an orgasm before he removed his hands... and then he lowered his garments. He slapped her tits from side to side, bumping them into one another. Gary wasn't much of a talker but while his verbal skills fell short, his power controlling actions made up for it, along with the huge cock she was staring at with hunger.

He took his hands to her cunt lips and spread them apart. He bent his knees enough to lower the head of his cock to her opening and drove it inside her. Her bare skin dug hard into the

bark as he pushed inside of her, lifting her body with each stroke, his flesh pounding at her mound forcing her to come yet again and again. He raised his arms to hers and used them to pull himself upward even harder. He mounted his lips to her mouth and Charlotte kissed back with a fury, biting and holding onto his lip until her next orgasm forced her to scream. He reached around the tree and pulled himself into her, her back feeling the tree's pain. He dug himself in deeper and released his load inside of her, holding on to her for a moment as their hot and rapid breathing combined almost causing a fog around their faces. The sweat beaded and dripped down their bodies and steam could be seen coming off the trickling brine in the cool air.

He pulled himself off of her, allowing himself to rest, leaving her hanging against the tree and her head slumping forward.

He untied her ankles and then one wrist causing her to fall forward until the other arm pulled tight from the cord he held. He lowered her to the ground where she laid there for a moment, collecting herself and her thoughts before dressing herself and taking a seat next to her bottle.

It was now 3AM. She drank the last fourth and staggered in to see what her sister was up to. She found her and her friend sitting on the couch drinking the vodka. Charlotte wedged herself between them. Elenore and Faith looked like they were both drunk and about to pass out.

"Having fun?" asked Charlotte.

Elenore stuck her thumb up while Faith barely acknowledged her existence. Most of the people had left by now and Brittany had woken up.

"Okay guys, the party is over." she called out.

She looked to Charlotte and Elenore. "You guys can crash here if you want."

"Yeah, We'll take you up on that." said Charlotte.

Charlotte and Brittany helped Elenore and Faith to the spare bedroom, forcing them to take some Tylenol before falling asleep. Charlotte took to the couch and Brittany cleaned up a little before she too went to bed.

At noon Elenore woke up with Faith in her arms. At first she started to pull herself away but then she changed her mind. It felt nice to wake up against another, even if it was a girl and not the guy she had always dreamed about. *Why not cherish the*

*moment?* She was her best friend after all.

She laid wondering just what had happened last night and what may have been a dream. She had allowed herself to explore some things for sure. Alcohol was new, the rest was a blur.

Faith woke up in Elenore's arms and she pulled them tight against her. Elenore was no longer just a friend, she was her lover and her best friend.

"Good morning." said Elenore.

Faith turned towards her. "Good morning to you." she said with a smile.

Elenore saw the clock. "Shit! It's late. We better get up and head back. It's my Mom's birthday."

They got out of bed and found Charlotte in the kitchen drinking some coffee with Brittany.

"Good morning sleepy heads." said Charlotte. "Want some coffee?"

"Morning." said Elenore. "Yes... please."

It took about thirty minutes of coffee and limited chatter before everyone was awake enough to function and gather their things. They got into Elenore's car and headed back.

"Did you have fun last night?" asked Charlotte.

"I know the first half was fun. Drinking, dancing... I think I talked to a guy, dressed as the reaper or something. After that I don't remember much." said Elenore. "My panties are all wet." she said looking down to her lap.

"I think they're wet from the cum dripping out of you." Charlotte laughed.

"No, I think I got all of it." Faith smiled.

"What are you guys talking about?"

## Chapter 28

### *An Evening with Myself*

The past few weeks Charlotte and I put our sexual perversions on hold so we could focus more on the romance, our connection and our efforts to move forward. While the disciplines have been fun for both of us, it tended to become too prominent in our relationship. It caused us to forget what we were working for. It was working out very well as I felt she truly wanted to be there, by my side, living an actual relationship based on love and not sex.

Elenore stopped talking to Aaron. She thought he was nice and all but just didn't see any kind of future with him. Their interests were much too different and he had no drive in life, nor in school.

Yesterday Charlotte and Elenore spent the day in Pigeon Forge with their parents to celebrate Mom's birthday. I had given Charlotte the night off so she'd have time to celebrate and still have time to have a nice date with me afterwards. Every once in a while we manage to have a night together at reasonable hours; allowing us to have dinner, watch a movie or just to watch the sunset.

She got here around 8 and already dressed to go out. We first went to dinner and then, per her request, we went to a stripper club. She had never been to one before.

We stocked up on dollar bills and had a seat next to the stage. I handed most of the bills to Charlotte just so I could watch her have some fun. The girl on stage was introduced as Tabitha, having long red hair and a sexy red outfit. Charlotte stood at the stage stuffing dollars into her belt, occupying all of her attention. After the dance Tabitha came and sat with us. After we've all had a drink I bought a couch dance for Charlotte and watched her eyes light up while Tabitha was all over her.

The rest of the evening was spent in the same manner, and by the end of the night most of the dancers were gathering at our table. Charlotte told them all that we would be at iHop afterwards if anyone wanted to join us for breakfast. At 2:30am we were at iHop, and by 3:30am there were six dancers with us sharing a good meal and conversation. Charlotte was a little occupied with her phone but that didn't stop her from being flirty.

"Anyone want to come home with me tonight and have a little party?" said Charlotte.

"Sure. I'm game." said Tabitha.

"I have to get up early tomorrow, otherwise I'd love to come." said another.

"Same here. Sounds fun though." said Victoria.

"Where are we going?" asked Elektra..

"My place... Just a few miles away." I answered.

"Just follow us." said Charlotte.

The two of them followed us to my house. Charlotte led them to the living room and pointed out the bar.

"Choose your poison." Charlotte sat down in the middle of the couch asked me to fix her a drink.

"Just bring me the bottle... Tequila."

Elektra poured herself some vodka and Tabitha took the whiskey bottle. Elektra turned back and grabbed the whole vodka bottle, following suit. Charlotte waived me off to sit in the chair leaving the couch for the girls.

Elektra was an African-American in her early twenties, about five four and a nice slender body. "So how long have you guys been living here?"

"Oh, we don't live together." said Charlotte.

"I mean in Hadensburg."

"Oh. Well I've lived here for almost ten years."

"I've been here maybe six months." I answered.

"Why did you come here of all places?" asked Tabitha.

"There's nothing here."

"I opened up a new club here. The Dungeon."

"I love that place." said Tabitha. "I love the decor and those crosses... they make me want to climb on up." she smiled.

"I've not been there yet. My boyfriend doesn't dance." said Elektra.

"Well come by yourself. I'll dance with you." said Charlotte.

"I'll try but working nights makes it hard to go out. When I do have a night free I usually spend it with him." Elektra took a drink.

"I'll dance with you." said Tabitha as she put her hand on Charlotte's leg.

"Keep touching me like that and you'll get my than you bargained for." Charlotte put her hand on Tabitha's.

"Now I wanna dance." said Elektra.

Charlotte put her hand on Elektra's leg and took another drink.

We all sat there drinking for another hour before the girls started becoming much more friendly with one another.

"We have a cross downstairs." Charlotte said.

"I don't need a cross right now." said Tabitha. grabbing Charlotte's crotch.

"Well follow me to the bedroom then." said Charlotte as she stood up.

Tabitha stood up also.

"You too." she looked at Elektra.

Elektra stood as well.

"You're not invited." Charlotte said to me as the girls went towards the bedroom.

I woke in the morning and rolled over to see Charlotte wasn't there nor had her side been slept in. I went in to check on them before making some breakfast. Charlotte and the girls were sound asleep in the bedroom. I had slept in the guest room myself. I fixed some coffee and had a seat. An hour passed before the girls started coming out. Elektra gathered her things and left to see her boyfriend before going to work tonight. Tabitha

stayed for most the day.

The girls sat and talked and played with their phones. Leaving me out of most of the conversations. During lunch Charlotte was preoccupied with her phone leaving Tabitha to talk to me.

From Gary: "How's it going babe?"

To Gary: "It's good. I had fun last night."

From Gary: "Same here. I really want some one on one time with you though."

To Gary: "Me too. I just love those muscles. I just want to be squeezed in your arms."

From Gary: "You may need a good spanking."

To Gary: "Oh I do. I really do, but I still have a few marks on my back from last night. I can't do anything to cause marks anymore or Master will see them."

From Gary: "Yeah true."

To Gary: "Last night I had some girls over so I was safe."

She put her phone down.

"So what are the plans for the day?" asked Charlotte as she looked at me.

"You go to work at 6. That doesn't leave us much time." I said.

"Yeah, I go in at 7 myself." said Tabitha.

Charlotte looked at the clock. "It's already 4 so I guess I need to head home and get ready... unless I can have the night off?" She gave me an innocent look.

"You had last night off baby. What'll the others at work think if I gave you tonight off as well?"

Charlotte made a pouty face at me and got up to gather her things and use the bathroom before heading to the door.

"Text me." Charlotte said to Tabitha as she left.

"Oh I will." Tabitha smiled.

"So where's this cross?" asked Tabitha.

I gave her a tour of the house.

"I've always wanted to try some of these things. My husband is so boring in bed. He won't even spank me."

"You're married?" I asked. "You're only nineteen."

"Yeah. I got pregnant at seventeen so we decided to get married. We get along alright but our sex life isn't any fun anymore."

"It takes a lot of effort and great communication. That's the secret... no secrets. If you don't share your fantasies you can't expect to live them."

"That makes sense. But we've been together for so long. It's hard to just bring something up like that. He'll think I'm weird."

"It's better than letting your relationship fail." I took one of the whips off the wall. "And it's better than wasting more time on a relationship that will fail."

"Yeah, I suppose."

"By sharing your fantasies you'll either get to live them or you will realize it's over and not waste another two years of your life." I swung the whip in the air. "Or you don't tell him and allow yourself to be miserable until it ends."

"I see your point." Tabitha looked at me with the whip. "Do you actually use that thing? I mean... on girls?"

"On occasion. It depends if the girl wants to be whipped. I don't force things on people."

"I think it'd be a little rough for me, never mind my husband seeing the marks it would leave behind."

"It can be done lightly or harshly."

"Oh okay... I still don't know about that."

"Whatever you choose to do... You choose the pace and the extremities. You're doing it for your own pleasure, so make it pleasurable to you."

"True." She checked her phone. "I wish I had more time to stay but I have to be at work in forty-five minutes. Lucky I have everything I need with me."

"You can take a shower here if you'd like." I put the whip back on the wall.

"Really? That would be great. I hate going to work feeling dirty."

I showed her where the towels and such were. She took her shower and got dressed for work.

"Thanks for having me over. I'd like to come again if you'd like." said Tabitha.

"Anytime... Just text Charlotte."

"I will." she said, closing the door behind her.

Faith and Elenore decided to hang out tonight. They had no real plans but it was better than sitting around doing nothing.



Faith knocked on the door.

Mom answered. "Hi Faith. Elenore's in the bedroom." She shut the door behind her.

"Thanks." Faith walked in.

"Finally." She looked up at Faith. "I thought I'd never get to smoke." They stepped outside.

"So how did Mom's birthday go yesterday?"

"It was good. We did some shopping and had a late lunch, but by nighttime I was desperate to smoke. I wish you could have come over."

"Yeah me too. My brother wasn't feeling good so Mom made me watch him while they went out." Faith grabbed Elenore's hand. "I really had fun the other night."

"Yeah, it seems I did too. I don't remember too much of it. I was sitting on the couch with Death. I woke up in bed with you." She laughed.

"Me neither. I know you and I played. That's all I really care about." She rubbed Elenore's arm.

"Yeah, I don't remember that. It must have been fun, but I've never really fantasized about women. I've always liked men."

"You can have both."

"Maybe... But I want a relationship with a man."

Faith pulled her hand away. "You don't want me?"

"You're my best friend. If we play we play, but I'm not looking for a girlfriend per se."

"Do you want to play now?" Faith said touching Elenore again.

"No, not now. I'd probably have to be drunk to play with a girl again." Elenore said, putting her arms in her lap. "Besides, I heard that I was really loud the other night. My parents would come rushing in and... you know."

"Well we'll figure something out I guess... sometime."

"I'd still like to find the right guy though. You know? Have a real boyfriend."

"Boys are just that... Boys." Faith fondled with Elenore's hair. "They just want to play games. They don't want to commit. Unlike us girls."

"I suppose I live in a fairytale then. I keep looking for it."

"Just wait for it. Either that or go for a much older man. For now, just have fun." Faith kissed her.

Elenore kissed back but pulled back. "I guess I'll figure things out someday."

Faith laid Elenore back on the bed and sat on top of her.

"Are you ticklish?"

"Don't you dare."

Faith put her hands to Elenore's ribs. "You are aren't you?"

"Not really." said Elenore hoping Faith would give up.

Faith rubbed her fingers up and down Elenore's rib cage causing her to scream and jerk the bed around.

"Are you okay?" Mom asked through the door.

"Yeah Mom. Faith decided to tickle me."

"Oh okay... Well have fun then."

"See? Even your Mom wants us to have fun." said Faith as she put her hand to her crotch. "Let's see if you are turned on by a girl or not." She dug her hand in harder.

"Sorry. I'm just not feeling it." Elenore sat up. "It was probably the alcohol. I like men."

"It's okay. I'll remember that night and maybe, just maybe you'll change your mind someday."

"Maybe." Elenore put her hands together in her lap. "I just want my prince I guess."

Charlotte was at work having a good night for a Sunday. Sundays were typically slower but a few of her regulars showed up and she was a bit more outgoing and flirty than she'd been lately.

I invited Josh over but he had a date for the evening leaving me by my lonesome to watch a movie when the pizza delivery knocked on the door. I paid the man and carried the box to the coffee table. I put it down and got something to drink before taking a seat on the sofa.

*Armageddon* was the movie. I'd seen it before but since Charlotte doesn't care much for sci-fi I thought I may as well indulge myself. My phone buzzed.

From Unknown: "How's it going?"

To Unknown: "Great. Who's this?"

From Tabitha: "It's Tabitha." We exchanged numbers before she left. I had forgotten to add her to my contacts.

To Tabitha: "Sorry. You weren't in my phone yet. How are you?"

From Tabitha: "Bored. It's dead in here so I'm sitting in

the dressing room."

To Tabitha: "I'm sure it will pick up later."

From Tabitha: "Yeah. It usually does. Just the first few hours of work each night are like this. I really love your dungeon and I'd really love to use it :)"

To Tabitha: "Well maybe I'll arrange something for you and Charlotte."

From Tabitha: "That sounds fun."

To Tabitha: "What about your husband?"

From Tabitha: "He's used to me hanging out with the girls all the time. So... who cares."

To Tabitha: "Okay. I just didn't want to cross any lines."

From Tabitha: "I don't have lines. I have curves. And you can cross them anytime."

To Tabitha: "I'll keep that in mind :)"

From Tabitha: ":)"

To Tabitha: "I hope you have a great night."

While the movie was paused I got up to use the bathroom. I was washing my hand when I heard a buzzing. On the vanity was a hand towel, the buzzing coming from it. I picked it up and underneath was Charlotte's phone. Her screen was lit up with an incoming text. I couldn't help but see "Can't wait to see you tonight." I really didn't think anything about it until the next message came in. "I'm going to make you suck my cock in the alley."

As far as I know, none of her girlfriends have cocks, nor chickens for that matter. It was a genuine concern and I wasn't sure how to handle it. I could violate our trust and check her phone, I could confront her and ask her about the messages or I could go to the alley tonight; assuming it's the alley outside her work.

It was only 8pm. I had several hours to think about it. In hindsight I wished it was 1am. It was five hours of hell to wait. I tried to watch the movie but my mind wouldn't focus. If I hadn't already seen it I couldn't tell you what it was about. Charlotte had shown some promise but she had also given me reason to wonder as she had faltered many times. In the end I decided to witness for myself. If I chose the wrong time or place I could always pick one of the other options later.

The club closed at 2am. She could get out of there at any

time after that but I wanted to get there first. I arrived in the parking garage a few blocks away just before closing and walked to her meeting place, waiting in a connecting alley that went nowhere, ending at another building. No one would use this route this time of night since these businesses are closed after 6pm. From here I could see the edge of the exit door and a parked car. For forty-five minutes I stood in the shadows hoping not to be seen by some vagrant or worse, police. As luck would have it, no one passed me by.

At 2:45 a man arrived, pulling up in a black Camaro and parking within the alley not too far from the door. Charlotte must be confident her fellow employees wouldn't say a word. Another fifteen minutes passed before anyone exited the club. One, two, three of the girls left. A few minutes later several more employees walked out, Charlotte was still yet to be seen. After fifteen minutes and a few more girls left and I almost gave up. But then... there she was. She must have been waiting for everyone else to leave first to conceal her meeting.

The door on the Camaro opened and a man climbed out. He was taller and fairly big, but not excessively. Charlotte walked over to him and said a few words, putting her hands to his face. Then she dropped her hands to his crotch and opened his fly, dropping his pants and boxers a few inches before getting to her knees. She took him inside her mouth, rocking her head back and forth for nearly ten minutes before standing up.

She dropped her shorts and kicked them off her heels leaving her pantyless body exposed. He pushed her against the wall kissing her, his hand at her crotch. He then moved her to the concrete steps and lifted her to the first, bending her forward with her ass to him. He fucked her for maybe fifteen minutes, his hands around her waist pulling her onto him as she held onto the steel railings to support herself. The rails rocked back and forth, creaking and shaking to his movements.

When he was done he slapped her on the ass. She turned and kissed for a few minute before he left in his car. She dressed herself and walked to her car as though nothing had happened. I had to step into alley to watch as she sat in her car brushing her hair and fixing her makeup in the rearview mirror. I walked back to the garage and headed home, my fears confirmed.

Charlotte arrived another twenty minutes later. I don't know where she went in between work and here.

"Sorry. I got out of work late." she said as she closed the door behind her.

"No problem. I was just watching a movie earlier and relaxing now."

"Did I leave my phone here? I can't find it anywhere."

"I saw it in the bathroom."

Charlotte went and got her phone. I had laid it back down how I found it, but only partially covered by the towel.

"I happened to be using the sink when a message came in. I heard it vibrate so I lifted the towel and there it was."

"Okay cool." Charlotte checked her phone and saw the last message she got and her face turned a little pale. "One of my regulars. I gave him my number and now I regret it. He's always sending me sexual remarks when I'm working."

"Oh... so you didn't suck his cock tonight?"

"Of course not. I'm here aren't I?" she laughed.

"It's almost 4am and it's a Sunday."

"I sat with Robert while he closed the books. It was my turn."

"Stop... Just stop... I was there, in the alley. I saw you."

"I'm sorry, really." She looked at me in panic trying to force a tear. "I met him at the party the other night and gave him my number. I didn't think he'd text but he did. I.." She sat down across from me. "just get caught up at work with all the guys hitting on me. I forget what I've been working towards." She sunk her head. "I used to just fuck anyone, partied and had fun all the time. This is all so different for me. I just forget things, my life, our life..."

"You know... I have no problem with other men in the picture." I stood up and paced. "What I do have a problem with is lies, deceit and this alter life. I won't accept you living a life behind my back." I raised my hands. "I will not tolerate lies."

"I know. I should have known better." She looked up to me. "It's my fault." she started to cry.

"You need to reevaluate what it is you want."

"I want you. I want you!" She reached for something to dry her eyes but there was nothing in her purse. She sat up and walked to the kitchen for a paper towel. "I need you. I need to be disciplined."

"You must discipline yourself. If you can't control yourself

what makes you think I can?"

"I don't know." She walked closer to me. "I'd like to try again."

"If I give you another chance there will be restrictions."

"That's fine." She gave me a hug and held on.

"You don't even know what they are."

She stepped back. "It doesn't matter what they are. I love you."

"You may not like them." I looked into her eyes.

"I don't deserve a punishment unworthy of my actions."

"Well I'd like you to go home and write me an essay, a poem, a reflection of thoughts."

"About what?"

"Yourself, us, our relationship; where we are, were, where we are going... Be open and show me who you are."

"I will. I promise."

"I want it by tomorrow."

"You'll have it."

Charlotte gathered her things and walked to the door. She looked back to me but I was looking downward as I heard the door close behind her.

"In nearly two hundred years you have yet to understand women." said the dark figure standing behind me. "No worries... I've been around since the beginning and still haven't done so myself. Not completely. It was God's joke on all of us."

"What do you want?" I turned, no longer fearing his presence.

"Nothing. I'm just taking a backseat as the story unfolds itself. It will be getting interesting soon so I don't want to miss out on the details."

"You'll get nothing from me."

"Just wait and see. I'll get more than you think." He stepped backwards as he vanished into the air.

Charlotte went back to the house and got ready for bed. She laid there with her laptop for an hour with hardly a word written. Anything she wrote just came out wrong, just words without depth and she would strike them away. She started to write short thoughts, ideas and words and in the end she arranged them to make some sense at least.

She woke the next day at 2pm having fallen asleep writing.

She stepped outside for a moment and then looked at what she wrote. "This is a mess." she told herself. Elenore would be home soon so she waited.

Charlotte walked into Elenore's room with her laptop. "Can you help me?" She handed her computer to her. "I can't write."

"What is it?"

"I'm trying to write Edison about our relationship, about me, what I want and stuff."

"Why?"

"Because he told me to. I messed up last night."

"What did you do?"

"Just being me."

"That bad huh?" Elenore laughed.

"It's not funny."

Elenore took a few minutes to read what she wrote. "Well there's a lot here. Most of it is partial sentences, almost like a poem or song." Elenore handed it back to her. "That's what you should do. Write it like that intentionally."

"Could you help me. I'm not very good at that."

"That would mean you'll be opening up to me and not just Edison."

"I don't care about that. I want it done right and I want it to mean something."

"Okay. I'll help you choose the right words and form. The thoughts are yours though."

"Deal."

Charlotte sat down on Elenore's bed and the two of them spent the next few hours writing, working from what was already there and whatever Charlotte could add.

Charlotte got to work fifteen minutes late.

"You're late. Edison wants to see you in his office." said Melissa.

Charlotte met me in my office.

"I have to give you a written warning for being late."

"Sorry. I was working on what you asked. I didn't realize what time it was." Charlotte handed me what she wrote.

*Between the words I speak  
all my thoughts are clearly seen  
You find that sanity  
while I'm lost, inside of me*

These dreams that beckon me  
a morbid thirst, not meant to be  
Buried beneath all hope  
graves of mine, I won't escape

My truths have fallen deep inside me  
lies take over my soul  
I've found I always hide myself  
in tales and worlds unknown  
You see, I can't reveal myself to you nor me  
Deny me all confidence  
say to me the wrongs I do  
Your words just torture me  
forcing me away from you

My fears have pushed me far from you  
your words get under my skin  
But this, my stubborn self denial  
has played and beaten me  
I must stop my presumptions and remain  
forever more  
Consumed by night's black pain  
the only light is my hatred  
This fight has taken hold  
I won't let go, I'm left for dead

A storm has formed from long angers  
with winds to set me free  
This pool that I form beneath my feet  
with tears of memories  
I'll drown if I dive deeper, yet your hand  
I must let go

I feel the waters calling me  
the cold silence unknown  
I'll drown if I dive deeper, yet your hand  
I must let go  
Please, you see I can't pretend, and your hand  
I must let go

I can breathe, I must breathe now  
All this rain has cleansed all doubt  
All alone, I must find him



*I must look  
but am afraid that if I open my eyes  
I will see that I swam away  
But I do, and I find  
That his caring hand never let go of mine*

"You wrote this?"

"My sister helped me arrange it."

"This is very good." I gave her a hug. "Now get to work." I smiled.

"What about the warning?"

I tossed it in the trash. "Try to be on time from now on."

"Okay Master. I love you." she whispered.

"I love you." I whispered back.

## Chapter 29

### *Where I Want to Be*

The last several weeks Charlotte has abided by the rules I set forth and has made much progress with her submissive duties and goals, however our relationship has grown stagnant. It has not been without love or care or effort... It just seemed to lack passion and an eagerness to grow or journey further.

We've had this discussion just last week and came to a mutual decision that she should seek employment elsewhere. My being her boss forces upon her a certain amount of strictness which can be interpreted wrongly, out of context and felt during moments of intimacy. She took a job with her new dancer friends and has been happy with that decision.

She worked four nights a week giving us more time together. She occasionally hung out with her friends after work so neither of us have had any complaints so far.

Elenore got home from school at 2:30 with Faith at her side as usual. It was a Wednesday but she got permission to go out this evening. She had been talking to Deviant, on MeetMe, for the past several weeks and she wanted to actually meet him. Faith tagged along since it wasn't an actual date. Elenore also wanted

a second opinion of him, not trusting her own judgment completely. Her past choices have proven to be disasters of the heart.

"He's going to be like all of them are." said Faith.

"You don't know that."

"The odds are like a million to one."

"I think they're better than that."

"Not by much." Faith smiled.

Elenore stepped to her computer and logged onto MeetMe and pulled up his profile.

"You've showed me before."

"I know... I just like reading what he wrote. Most people don't even fill them out. He put effort into his."

"Yeah yeah."

Elenore recited. "Never seek to tell thy love. Love that never told can be; For the gentle wind doth move..."

Faith interrupted. "Silently invisibly. I know, I know. You've only said it a hundred times."

"Well it's beautiful."

"What time are we meeting anyway?" Faith walked toward the porch. "Let's go outside."

Elenore followed her and lit up a cigarette and extended her light to Faith. "7."

"Well it'll be nice to get out anyway."

At 4 they stepped inside to start dinner. Faith watched as usual and sat down to eat with them.

"I guess this is the new and improved Charlotte?" Dad asked.

"Leave her alone dear." Mom said. "You are always welcome here."

"Thanks." said Faith. "I don't know that I'm improved."

"You're here. That's an improvement." laughed Dad.

"Oh stop." said Mom. "At least Charlotte's working. That's what we asked for." Mom turned to Elenore. "So where you two going tonight?"

"Just hanging out at the mall." said Elenore.

"Don't they close at like 8?"

"It's Christmas time. They're open late."

"I want a Red Ryder carbine action two-hundred shot range model air rifle," said Dad. "and Mom wants slipper socks... medium."

Elenore gave Dad a puzzled look.

"Enough dear." said Mom.

"Are you done?" Elenore asked Faith.

"Yeah."

They cleaned up after dinner and headed out towards the lake.

"I hate lying to Mom." said Elenore.

"About what?"

"Going to the mall."

"That's why you wanted me to come? So she'd let you out." said Faith. "Where are we going then?"

"The lake."

"I wish you would have told me. I would have dressed warmer."

"Sorry." Charlotte lit a cigarette.

"Since when do we smoke in your car?"

"I'm nervous. Besides, it was bound to happen sooner or later."

"I'm not complaining." Faith lowered her window and played with her phone. After a minute or so. "William Blake!"

"What?"

"Never seek to tell thy love. Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind doth move. Silently invisibly. William Blake wrote that poem."

"What do you mean."

"I just Googled it. It was written by William Blake." Faith smiled. "I guess your prince is a plagiarist."

"Well it's too late now. We're here." Charlotte shut off the car. "He did make an effort though."

"Don't all players make an effort." She shut the door behind her.

"Be quiet." said Elenore quietly. "He's here already."

"Where?"

"There." Elenore motioned "At the picnic table."

"Well he is much cuter in person." said Faith. "And more muscular. Yummy."

Elenore and Faith approached the table. Deviant stood up. He was in his low thirties, long black hair, muscular build, darker complexion, wearing jeans, sneakers and a flannel shirt. Elenore and Faith both thought he was gorgeous.

"It's nice to finally meet you." said Deviant with a minor accent.

"You too." Elenore extended her hand. "This is Faith."

"Handshakes are for acquaintances." Deviant hugged Elenore and then Faith. She wasn't expecting that. "I'm Deviant (də'vahy-uh nt). Have a seat." he added.

"Oh, your name is pronounced differently than I expected. I thought it would be said like the word."

"Yeah, I have to pronounce it for everyone."

"Sorry I wanted to meet here but I don't like meeting strange guys alone in the dark. I hope you don't mind." said Elenore.

"No. Not at all." said Deviant taking a seat beside Elenore. Elenore lit another cigarette as Faith sat down across from them.

"So what's your name?... William?" asked Faith.

Charlotte kicked her under the table. Faith smiled. She knew she deserved that.

"Deviant."

"Oh that's right."

"You have a beautiful accent. Where are you from?"

"Here. My Mom is from Ukraine. I was home schooled until I was twelve so her accent rubbed off on me. It was strong up until I started public school and then it faded away. I didn't think it was that noticeable."

"It isn't really. I just like to look into people. You seemed different. That's why I liked talking to you."

"Lucky for me then. Care for a beer?" Deviant reached over to the half gone six-pack.

"No thanks. I'm driving." said Elenore.

"I'll have one." said Faith.

"My Mom will smell it on you." Elenore whispered.

"Nah, never mind. I'm good." said Faith, changing her decision.

"It's windy out tonight." said Deviant as he put his arm around Elenore.

"Yeah, and cold." Elenore snuggled closer.

"So where do you work?"

"I don't work right now. I've got just a year left of school."

"Bachelors?"

"Yeah." said Elenore.

Faith kicked her under the table gave her a funny look and

took out her phone.

Elenore's phone buzzed but she ignored it.

"What do you do?" asked Elenore.

"A little of this and that. Distribution mainly."

Elenore pretended to know what he meant. "Sounds fun."

"It can be." He looked to Faith and back to Elenore. "You girls could help. Make a little extra money if you want."

"I'm game." Faith jumped right on it. Her allowance just didn't cut it.

"Yeah. That would be cool." said Elenore. Spending time with a cute guy sounded good to her.

"Wanna go for a walk?" he asked.

"Sure." said Elenore.

They all stood up. Elenore stretched her legs and they walked towards the lake. Deviant pulled out a joint and fired it up. He handed it towards Elenore.

"Oh no thanks."

Faith grabbed it and took a hit. "Come on Elenore. You've done worse." Faith exhaled and handed it back.

"What do you mean?"

"Halloween?"

"I still don't know what you mean."

"You really did forget half the night huh?"

"Obviously." Elenore smiled.

Deviant took another hit. "Sounds like Halloween was a blast."

"Ok fine." said Elenore taking it from him.

"It's like a cigarette." said Faith. "Just don't exhale right away. Hold it in as long as you can."

Elenore took a hit and coughed after one second.

"You'll get used to it." said Faith. as she took it from her. She took a good hit and held her breath, handing it back to Elenore.

Elenore watched as she started to turn blue holding her smoke in. Then she exhaled.

"Simple." said Faith.

Elenore tried again and managed to hold it 5 seconds before coughing.

"I don't see the big deal." said Elenore.

"Give it a minute or two." said Deviant. "You will."

Elenore had taken another hit before the effects started in

on her. She was feeling really good, her body flowing with the wind as she walked.

"Oh. It makes most people horny by the way." said Faith.

"Well that would be fun." said Elenore. Her response five minutes ago would have been quite the opposite, but now she didn't care.

Elenore took another hit and fell on her ass. "Wanna sit down?"

Faith and Deviant laughed and sat beside her finishing off the joint themselves. Elenore laid backed and looked at the stars.

"The sky is so clear during the winter." said Elenore.

"Yeah." Faith looked up and then back down to Deviant. "I think she's wasted."

"I mean look at all the stars. They're so pretty." said Elenore.

"I think your right." said Deviant. "There's Pegasus." He pointed it out for Elenore.

"An educated man. I like that." Elenore smiled.

"Where I grew up things were different. We didn't have technology. We were more outdoorsy."

"I'm cold... Where's my blanket?" asked Elenore.

"Um... we didn't bring one?" said Faith.

"Oh... Okay."

"We'll keep you warm." said Deviant as he motioned to Faith. They each laid down next to her nice and close. Faith put her hand on her belly and gently rubbed it.

"You guys are so nice, my best friends ever."

"What are friends for?" asked Faith.

Faith guided her hand lower towards Elenore's crotch with no resistance from her, under her pants and panties she felt the warmth.

"What are you doing?" asked Elenore in a tender voice.

"I'm keeping my hand warm."

"Well it feels nice." She laid there for a moment. "Can I keep mine warm too?"

"That would only be fair." said Deviant.

Elenore put her hands in their laps and closed her eyes, soon falling asleep.

Faith continued to venture further with her fingers but realized she was getting no reaction.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

There was no response.

"She fell asleep." said Deviant. He shrugged her shoulder.  
"Wake up... Wake up."

There was no response.

"Well now what?" asked Faith as she put her fingers to her mouth.

"I don't know." His phone buzzed so he checked his incoming text. "I need to leave in a few minutes though. Will she be okay with you?"

"Yeah, I'll let her sleep for a little while and then wake her up."

"Tell her goodbye for me and to call me when she gets home." He said while standing up.

"I will."

Deviant walked off and Faith set the alarm on her phone to go off in an hour. She wanted to lay next to Elenore but took precautions in case she dozed off also. She pulled herself in close laying on her side. One arm around her and the other gently playing with her hair.

Her alarm went off so she sat up.

"Wake up Elenore." said Faith as she rubbed her Elenore's shoulders.

After a minute Elenore opened her eyes.

"Did I fall asleep?"

"Yeah. We better be heading back. It's getting late."

"Where's Deviant?"

"He had to leave. We tried waking you but you were out."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Almost an hour and a half. It's almost 10." Faith pulled her up.

"Oh crap. We need to get back."

"I know... so... stand up."

"Yeah right."

They walked back to the car and headed home. When they arrived Elenore shut off the car and reached for the door handle.

"Wait a second. Look at me." said Faith.

Elenore turned to her

"And turn on the light."

Elenore did as she asked. "Why?"

"I wanna look at your eyes..." Faith examined them closely.



"yeah... better not let Mom see you. They're a little red." Faith stepped out of the car. "I can walk home from here."

"Oh sorry I forgot to..."

"No problem. See you tomorrow." said Faith.

"Goodnight."

"Night." Elenore looked at herself in her rear view mirror but couldn't really see anything.

Elenore walked into the house.

"How did shopping go dear?"

"It was fun. I'm tired though so..."

"Didn't buy anything?" She noticed Elenore had no bags.

"Um... they're in the car. I'll get them out tomorrow.

Goodnight."

"Goodnight dear."

Elenore went to her bedroom and then to the bathroom to check her eyes. They were a little red but she didn't see the big deal, but then she wasn't of the state of mind to really notice. She undressed, climbed into bed and fell right to sleep.

Charlotte was loving her new job although she tended to get lazy and sit with customers all night. The money was good overall. There were good nights and bad nights, just like being a server. She was able to smoke and drink on the job which was a big selling point for her. She was always flirty and flaunty so everything came natural to her. Tonight she had a good night so she was in a good mood when she got here.

"Lucy, I'm home." she announced upon entering.

I looked at her funny. I was sitting on the couch watching an old western.

"Sorry. My Dad says that all the time when he gets home."

"Oh ok."

"You're watching a western?"

"I grew up on them... I mean, my Dad watched them all the time when I was a kid."

Elenore poured herself a drink and sat beside me. "My legs hurt, my feet hurt."

"Want me to massage them for you?"

Charlotte took a drink and put her glass down.

"Would you?" She took her shoes off and threw her legs over my lap.

I massaged her feet first and worked my way up her legs.

"Oh don't stop there." said Charlotte.

"I didn't plan to." I smiled.

She had put on shorts for the drive home. I helped her to take them off and I threw them to the side.

"What are you in the mood for?" I asked.

"Something where I am laying down." She smiled, her eyes closed.

I pressed my fingers to her crotch and used my other hand to unbutton her top. Her shirt fell open. I brought my hand around to her back and unsnapped her bra, pulling its strap and her shirt over her arm and then the other, revealing her perking tits and erect nipples to my eyes as I dropped them to the floor.

I massaged her clit and moved the other hand to her belly, dragging my nails softly up and down her firm belly, pressing harder with each pass.

"Mmmmm, That feels good." she said, her eyes still shut.

I rubbed my hand faster, now inside her again, still scratching at her skin, then scouring her breasts as she moaned harder and louder.

I stopped for a moment to grab my beer in front of me and finished it off. I took the empty bottle and slid it inside her pushing it in and out along its neck.

"Further. Go further." she moaned.

I continued the pulsing motions and pushed it further each time. There was some resistance but I managed to get part of the wide section inside her begging cunt as she grew wetter and wetter.

"Further!" she screamed.

I slowly pushed it in, lowering my other hand to spread her cunt lips apart. I pushed it in and out with more effort. The bottle label now reaching her lips with each stroke. She leaned her head back and arched her tummy upwards, stiffening herself as my cock stiffened in my pants.

"All the way damn it!"

With each stroke I drove it further as her knuckles turned white makings fists, planting them into the couch and using her hands to lift her body to invite her new friend inside. Her face began to tense up as she had her first orgasm.

"Turn it around. Put the base in first."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes I'm sure... I want to feel myself being stretched

again, like when I lost my virginity."

I pulled the bottle out as she panted, her head forward watching with anticipation. I checked to see if I needed to lubricate. She was good. I used one hand to hold her lips apart and then put the bottle against her, tilting it to get the edge inside and then using my hand to pull the other lip away. I tilted the bottle, slowly straightening it and pressing it gently against her, still using the other hand to stretch her further.

The base finally went in and she shed a sigh of relief.

"Now fuck me with it!"

I gradually pushed it deeper, her stretched cunt taking every inch as she dug her nails hard into the couch, her knuckles tense and her head flew back once again. I eventually got the whole base inside her, she was beginning to cum.

"Oh god! Oh god! Fuck me with it."

I pulled it outward and then back in as she started to buckle.

"Now! Before I waste a good orgasm."

I pushed it back and forth with force and speed, over and over as she arched her belly into the air.

"Yes! Yes!. I cumming... I'm fucking cumming!"

With each stroke the bottle went even further until she almost swallowed it up, the neck barely visible as she shook her body fiercely. Squirting her orgasm all over the couch. Her legs trembled as she dropped her back to the sofa. Her head leaned forward as it pressed against the arm rest and her body fell limp.

It took five minutes for her to recover and utter a word.

"Amazing... Just fucking amazing." She opened her eyes.

"Maybe my ass next time." She finished off her drink. "Bring me some more slave."

I gave her the "Yeah right." look and fixed her a drink.

Elenore awoke at 3am and lied there in bed. She felt the desire to smoke but that meant getting out of bed and that took effort. Not having a cigarette in the past five hours won the battle so she stepped outside and lit one up. She looked out and saw a shooting star so she closed her eyes and made a wish

"I want my prince." she uttered quietly and took a drag.

She stood there in thought. *I know what I want. I've always known, yet the reality seems so distant. I want to be in his arms*

*and to be loved, to have my breath taken away and then given back to me, to share that life as one. I want to be worshiped and adorned as I will return. I want to live these years together and reflect upon the past, the mistakes I've made to get me there without regret. I want him to see me as I see him, my reason for life and experience, knowing that when we leave this place, it will be as one. Somewhere... out there, he's searching as am I. I wish only to be led in the right direction, as our hearts will join as one once we've come together.*

Elenore took out her phone.

To Deviant: "I can't sleep."

Elenore lit another cigarette and stepped inside. She didn't care about the smell. It would be gone by morning and Charlotte would get the blame anyway.

She Googled "Weed" to see how bad it was. She didn't want to become like her sister, an addict of the past and a user in today.

From Deviant: "Sorry to hear that."

To Deviant: "Did I wake you?"

From Deviant: "No. I'm usually up this late."

To Deviant: "I woke up so I went outside to smoke. Now I'm just sitting at the computer."

From Deviant: "Looking at porn?"

To Deviant: "Lol... No. What about you?"

From Deviant: "Just chillin with some friends. You should come over."

To Deviant: "I got school in the morning. Ughh. I have to get up in three hours."

From Deviant: "Sorry. Well you should get back to sleep then. Smoke some more weed. That'll do it :)"

To Deviant: "I bet it would. Sorry I fell asleep on you."

From Deviant: "No problem. Sorry I left without saying goodbye. You wouldn't wake up."

To Deviant: "That's what Faith said."

Elenore did a little reading online. *Well, seeing how they are making it legal pretty much, it can't be that bad for you.* she thought.

From Deviant: "We need to get together soon."

To Deviant: "I'd like that a lot."

From Deviant: "I need to go out of town for maybe two weeks. That takes us to Christmas. How about we get together on

the day after."

To Deviant: "Sounds good to me."

From Deviant: "Maybe I'll have some work for you two. Bring Faith."

Elenore really wanted to have an actual date but bringing Faith wouldn't be too bad.

To Deviant: "Okay. I'll check with her and let you know."

Elenore went back to her YouTube videos. She had mastered French inhales and got pretty good at snaps... now for smoke rings. She found them to look really sexy. She lit another cigarette.

## Chapter 30

### *Bastard*

Yesterday was Christmas and while Charlotte and I texted it just wasn't the same without her. She worked Christmas Eve so she spent time with her family on Christmas day and I respected that, but I still wished I could have seen her. She and Elenore visited some family in Kentucky and didn't return until today, spending much of the day driving home.

The past few weeks have been uneventful for the most part, just the normal daily routines for everyone. Elenore and Faith have been hanging out all the time. They have not had any sexual relations with one another, nor anyone else for that matter. Elenore has kept in touch with Deviant while he was out of town. Charlotte liked her job dancing. She loved the three days off a week and her fellow dancers with whom she spent a lot of time with. Her and I have been doing really well with her training but the relationship has seemed to lag. We have yet to find something she hasn't liked, other than orgasm denial, but we have much still to explore.

Josh came over to spend the day, a mixture of business and pleasure, but leaning more towards pleasure.

"Have a beer." said Josh as he stepped over to the couch. He had just placed the beer in the fridge.

I extended my hand as he handed it off. I didn't say anything.

"Why so glum?" he asked.

"Just frustrated. I don't know." I opened the bottle. "I just don't where everything is going." I bent over and plugged in the Christmas tree and sat down, taking a sip.

"Everything? Like what do you mean?" He took a seat across from me. "Maybe the Christmas spirit will help." he said looking to the tree.

I put my feet up on the table and sighed. "Charlotte... Us."

"You do love her right?"

"I thought I did. Maybe I do... I just thought there'd be more."

"Like?"

"Passion, spending time together. I thought I'd feel something I've never really felt... not in a long time anyway."

Josh took a few gulps so I followed his lead, placing the bottle on the table afterwards.

"Want some chips?" I asked.

"Nah, that's alright."

"Well I do." I went to the kitchen and brought back a bag. "Charlotte was supposed to be my salvation. I'm just not feeling it yet." I opened the bag and ate a few.

"Yeah. You did say that before." He took another sip. "You never did say how that works exactly."

"The prophecy says that a woman of heritage will return to me my flower, becoming my eternal soulmate."

"I assume that getting it back is the complicated part?"

"Yeah. It has proven to be." I laughed.

"So how does this work then?" Josh grabbed some chips.

"It all comes down to bloodline."

"Donatien? "

"Well, Hades would be first, but yeah... Donatien is the top for all practical purposes. He was cursed directly from Hades and from there... me."

"So how does Charlotte fit into all of this?"

"She is a descendent of Donatien on her father's side. Only a person of our heritage can find and present the flower to me. While she is not cursed directly, it does lie dormant within her."

It gets passed to the firstborn of each generation."

"So why did you wait for Charlotte? Why didn't you do this a hundred years ago?" Josh got up and grabbed another beer. "Want another?"

"Yeah thanks." He handed it to me and I finished off the first before opening it. "It wasn't until I ran into Gabriella, ten years back, did I realize I could have an eternal mate. Gabriella had a strong friendship with Donatien, even without the sexual excursions. I think Donatien had fallen in love with her but she wasn't looking that kind of relationship. They remained friends until his end. It was she who told me of the prophecy. When another gives back to me my flower, it would create that bond; one that would not be broken if I were to infect her. "

"And where is this flower?"

"It turns out it's been under my nose the whole time. A flower grows for me, and the other clan leaders, in proximately to where I live. I just never knew to look for it."

"So, would Charlotte become a vampire also?"

"Unfortunately yes, but at least we can love. We can have our lives together as one. We can work on becoming mortal later."

"So you can become mortal then?"

"Yes... It has worked for Adelaide and Donatien. Donatien met her some years after we parted. They had fallen in love and gotten married. I met her at their wedding and she and Gabriella had become good friends. Whenever I go to my Austria home, we all get together. Adelaide isn't sure how it happened, Donatien becoming mortal that is. We need to trace her steps. We will venture there later. First things first."

"So Charlotte creates a bond with you through the flower in the same manner that Persephone did with Hades?"

"Exactly... And as all clan leaders did with Hades, including myself. She's of the family line so she can fulfill the prophecy."

"If it doesn't work you can always try again later though right? There are others that can fulfill your fate?"

I put my feet up again. "Oddly, not very many. The bloodline isn't as big as one would guess after two hundred years. Only the first born inherits the dormant curse and many men were first born. Charlotte's father carried the bloodline so I had to wait until Charlotte came of age. There are a few other families I can wait for but they either have sons, daughters that are too young



or they are wives of another. In any case, I need to wait before I can try again."

"So why are you frustrated then?"

I pointed to the vase. "Charlotte gave my flower back to me, sealing the contract. It's been months yet I don't see what I expected. She doesn't seem to love as I had expected she would. She's been more into the sexual aspects of the relationship."

"What do you expect to feel?"

"I don't know really... different somehow."

"Well maybe it takes a while." Josh grabbed a few more chips.

"Maybe the blood is thinner this far down the line... It would have to be what? Six or seven generations by now?"

"That is true. I don't know that it means anything but who knows? Maybe it's like any other relationship. Let it grow and be patient."

"Just give it some time. She's led a life much different. Allow her to adjust."

I got up and grabbed us another beer. "Thanks for the pep talk."

"If you want to call it that."

"You pointed out something that gives me hope. I've been patient this long, I can wait a while longer."

"Consider it your Christmas present."

"Oh crap. I forgot to give you yours."

"I wasn't expecting anything."

I stood up and reached under the tree. I grabbed an envelope and handed it to him. "Merry Christmas."

"I didn't get you anything though."

"You've given me hope. That's the best present I've gotten this year."

"I've always loved real Christmas trees; the look, the smell." said Josh looking over to the tree.

"Charlotte and I decorated it. It'll be a shame to let it go in a few days."

Faith went to Elenore's straight from school, just gathering a few things to spend the night and to go out. It was Friday, school's been out and family time has passed. They were happy to get back to the swing of things before school started again.

"Too bad you and Deviant aren't official. He'd owe you a

Christmas present." said Faith.

"Yeah I suppose."

"He probably planned it that way." Faith smiled.

"Don't start trying to ruin things again."

"Just saying." Faith sat on the bed. "So where are we going?"

"He wanted us to meet at his house. I kind of want to meet somewhere public."

"He seems nice enough. You are being paranoid."

"I still remember those guys we met, the ones you arranged."

"Ah... Fun times." Faith laid back.

Elenore went to her computer. "Have you been talking to anyone? We haven't chatted much in past few days."

"Not really. New guys on MeetMe but you know how that goes."

"Yeah...All too well."

"So whatcha doin sitting over there?"

"Something to do I guess. When I'm bored I tend to get on my computer only to remain bored." Elenore logged into MeetMe.

"Blah." She logged out. "Let's go outside."

"So what did you get for Christmas?" asked Elenore, sliding the door shut.

"A bunch of clothes mostly, some money, gift cards etc. You?"

"About the same. Nothing too exciting but I didn't expect too much. They gave me a car a few months ago."

"Yeah. Lucky you. I wish my parents would do that for me." said Faith. "What time are we meeting anyway?"

"7 o'clock."

"And where?"

"I suppose we can go to his place. I'll text him."

They went inside to make dinner and ate with the family. After the dishes were cleaned they went to Elenore's room to get ready.

"Don't put that bra on." said Faith as Elenore took one from her drawer. "Be prepared. Boy Scout motto."

"You're not a Boy Scout."

"No, but hopefully they are. I love a man in uniform."

"They?" Elenore reached for a shirt.

"He's gotta have friends right?" Faith stopped her. "No. That one." she said pointing to another shirt.

"Maybe. He said he had a roommate but I never asked about

him."

"Well hopefully he's there and hopefully he's cute."

"I guess we'll find out." Elenore put her shoes on and her phone buzzed. "Okay. We have an address."

"Ask him if his roommate is home."

"No... we'll find out in a little while."

Elenore and Faith finished getting ready and drove out to Deviant's place. It wasn't too shabby from the outside, well lit and pretty clean. They knocked on the door, entering when Deviant opened it.

"Come on in."

"Hey." said Faith.

"Want something to drink?" He stepped into the kitchen.

"Sure." said Faith.

"I don't know."

"Come on. There's no school... Loosen up." said Faith.

"Sounds like a plan." said Deviant..

"I guess."

"What do you have?" asked Faith

Elenore and Faith took a seat in the living room. The furniture was fairly nice as was the apartment. It was clean too aside from a little clutter.

"Beer, whiskey."

"Ah, guy stuff. Do you have anything to mix it with?"

"Coke... Umm... Coke."

"Coke it is then. half and half."

Deviant mixed two drinks and brought the bottle over for himself. He has a seat next to Elenore.

"So you have a roommate?" asked Faith.

Elenore gave her a look.

"Yeah. He's out but could be back anytime now. Who knows."

"Cool." said Faith.

"So have you girls thought about maybe making some money?"

"I'm game." said Faith.

"Doing what exactly?" asked Elenore.

"Just delivery and pickup kind of things."

"How much money?" asked Faith.

"What kind of things?" asked Elenore.

"Depends on the job, but nothing less than \$50." Deviant pulled out a joint. "Just stuff. Probably better you didn't know. Nothing dangerous though."

"Count me in." said Faith. She drank half her drink.

"I don't know about that. It sounds illegal and scary."

Elenore turned to Faith "You don't even have a car."

"But you do."

"To give you an idea. Tomorrow I have something set up. Just a matter of driving to Cookeville, dropping something off and collecting money. You can come with me and see. That job would pay \$150 for what? Three hours tops?"

"I don't know about that." said Elenore taking another gulp.

"Oh come on... It'll be fun. We have nothing else to do."

"I'll think about it." Elenore finished off her drink.

Deviant had poured her a half glass. "Did you want Coke with that?"

"Nah. I think I'll manage."

Faith finished her drink. "Me too."

Deviant topped off her glass.

"Well you'll need to fill Elenore's all the way too." said Faith.

"So what are we going to do tonight?" asked Elenore.

Deviant fired his joint and handed it to Faith. He knew that if she took it, so would Elenore.

"I don't know. I'm just waiting on some calls. We can hang here all night. I have Xbox."

Faith took a hit and handed it to Elenore who took it right away.

"What? We aren't driving anywhere." Elenore smiled and took a hit. "And I looked it up. It's better for you than cigarettes."

"There's hope for you yet." said Faith as she took the joint from her.

"Don't do too much." said Deviant. "Remember last time?"

"Not really."

"Exactly. You don't want to fall asleep and waste the whole night."

"True... Maybe if I keep occupied. What games do you have?" Elenore didn't know the first thing about games really. She never had one nor did Faith, though her brother did. She found it boring to watch him play.

Deviant pointed to the collection. There must have been thirty of them. Elenore browsed quickly and pulled out *Major League Baseball 2k14*. She knew how to play baseball having played softball herself in school. She handed it to Deviant.

Deviant turned on the 50 inch LCD TV and the Xbox, inserted the game and handed the controller to Elenore.

"Just choose the first profile unless you want to make your own."

"Nah, that's ok"

"Did you want to play?" he asked Faith.

"I'll just watch and smoke more of that with you."

"Well let me have some more first." said Elenore.

Elenore took another hit and started to play the game. She didn't really know what to do so Deviant sat closer to her and put his hands over hers to press the right buttons, which was the right button in itself. Elenore turned to kiss him and within moments she was on her back with Deviant on top of her. Her hands slipped up his shirt and felt his masculine form as Faith watched in envy.

The two laid there for several minutes before Faith fired up the joint once more and finished her drink.

"I'm getting jealous." said Faith.

They didn't acknowledge her as they continued to roll around, his hands up her shirt and her hands in his pants feeling his firm ass. He lifted her shirt above her breasts and put his lips to one of her nipples. His hands held her hair as he used his knee to firmly press into her crotch, causing her to squirm.

The door opened and Deviant's roommate entered. Deviant sat up.

"Did you get it?" asked Deviant.

Elenore pulled her shirt down and sat up also.

"Yep."

Deviant stood up. "Cool." and he went to the kitchen, followed by his roommate.

"Oh this is Elenore," said Deviant. as he pointed "and Faith." Deviant turned to his roommate. "This is William."

"Hey." said William. He stood about five ten, with long black hair in a ponytail. He was on the skinny side and dressed in black, goth clothing.

"Hey." said both Elenore and Faith.

Faith faced Elenore and mouthed to her. "He's cute." and smiled.

Elenore mouthed back. "He looks forty."

Faith just smiled.

Deviant and William returned and had a seat, Deviant next to Elenore and William in an empty seat.

Elenore was relaxed and leaned her head back looking as though she was going to go to sleep.

Deviant cut up some powder on a piece of glass he brought back from the kitchen while Faith watched with hungry eyes. He divided it into lines and snorted one of them passing it to William. He then passed it to Faith. Faith snorted one up and handed it back to Deviant. Deviant brought it up to Elenore.

"Here, do a line. It'll keep you awake."

"No thanks. I'm good." she waived it away. "I'm hungry though. Do you have anything to eat?"

"I'm sure we could find something. Follow me."

Elenore followed Deviant to the kitchen and they looked through the cabinets.

"Chips will do." said Elenore.

Faith and William were still in the living room playing Xbox.

"Do you want any chips?" Deviant called out.

They didn't answer so he just brought a bowl back with him and had a seat on the couch, Elenore followed and had her snack.

Elenore and Deviant started making out on the couch for a while Faith played her game. She turned back to them.

"Get a room already." she exclaimed.

Deviant stood up taking her hand. "Wanna join me?"

Elenore didn't answer but stood up and followed him.

They laid down on his bed, his hand glided up her shirt as they kissed. Elenore so desired to be taken but she had some reservations. She wanted it to be special and something she remembered, unlike the first and only time before. She also wanted to feel loved again. They messed around for a while but she made it clear she wasn't ready for sex. Not just yet.

Deviant understood and told her he was in no hurry. They laid there for another hour just getting to know one another, the first step towards the relationship and trust.

When they returned to the living room Faith was getting herself dressed, her hair messed up.

"I guess you guys had some fun." said Elenore.

Faith turned to her. "Yep." as she zipped up her pants. She was wired.

Elenore sat down and picked up her phone. "12 o'clock?"

Geez." and slumped her head back for a moment. "We should be going."

"Okay... Just a minute." Faith grabbed a brush from her purse.

Deviant sat down next to Elenore and got a handful of chips. "I really had fun tonight. I enjoyed getting to know you better. Next time we should just have a nice long talk. No pressures."

"I'd like that. Really." Elenore sat up. "Are you ready to go?"

"Okay." Faith got up, got her things and followed her. She turned back to Deviant. "What time tomorrow?"

"7 o'clock."

"Cool."

Charlotte got here around 3:30 which is typical for a Friday. She put her things down and ran to me, giving me a hug.

"So what do we have planned tonight? I'm ready to go further this time."

"I think we can manage that. How about a little verbal direction? Do you think you're ready for that?"

"What do you mean exactly?"

"I tell you what to do and you obey, or get disciplined."

"Sounds fun."

"Oh it will be... for me anyway."

"Let me finish my drink first."

The dungeon was perfect for this scenario, the stone floor an added touch of torment.

I gathered a few tools; a flogger, a crop, a whip, a cane and a bucket of cold water. I placed near the center of the room.

"What's the bucket for?" she asked.

I answered sternly, picking up the crop and smacking the side of her leg.

"This is an obedience session. There will be no questions and no speaking unless spoken to and... it calls for a response."

"Yes Master."

I smacked her in the leg again.

"That did not call for a response." I picked up the flogger and put the crop handle in my back pocket for easy reach.

"Undress yourself completely."

She removed her clothing and I kicked them to the side.

"Get on all fours."

She knelt to the ground and dropped her hands in front of her.

"The flogger can be used to caress or to whip, although it is by no means painful, not by your measures anyway. It can inflict force, a pushing sensation. You are to resist that force."

I gently brushed her delicate skin, up and down the soft tailed suede dragged against her back, her sides, her ass. I swung a few times, not too hard, just enough to invoke a pleasurable feeling... brazing her ass and her back.

I stepped back a little and swung harder, downwards unto the small of her back, an area well supported by her knees. She showed no movement. I swung again, harder. You could hear the thud echo across the room, an immense infliction of force, yet no movement. Once more I swung. This time it was a horizontal swing, almost full force that hit her in the ass.

*Thud!*

It pushed her forward.

"No movement!"

I removed the crop from my pocket and smacked her in the ass with it. The crop, if used correctly, is painless... a tool to merely startle.

She seemed to be enjoying everything. It was time to step up the punishment. She now understood the laws of action and reaction. It is time to enforce them sternly. I dropped the crop and replaced it with the cane. It was a thinner cane made of bamboo, about two and a half feet long and about a half inch in diameter. I placed it into my left hand for ease or reach.

"The flogger can be pleasurable to a good girl. To a bad girl... not so much."

"I'm a bad girl." Charlotte smiled.

I dropped my tools and leaned into her swiftly. I grabbed her by the hair and yanked it backwards, holding her back in this position firmly.

"I thought we had an understanding here. You are failing the simplest tasks."

"Sorry Master."

I yanked her head back even further and looked into her eyes as she looked fearfully into mine.

"Do not look at me!" I put my finger to the floor. "There!.. This is where you look. Understand... your place is at my mercy."



You are to look down as a submissive should."

I dropped her hair from my hand, grabbed my tools and stood up, moving back behind her. I didn't start over, working my way up from a tap. I continued just where I left off. I wailed another stroke into her. She resisted well, her body showing little reaction.

I teased her with a few swings, some light, some medium and a few... reasonably hard. I was trying to catch her off balance, unprepared for the harsh swing that came next.

*Thud!*

Still no movement. She was learning well. The next swing caught her completely off guard as I hit her at the elbow, knocking her arm out from under her and her body dropped at the shoulder.

*Smack!*

She felt the cane swiftly on the ass.

"Ow." She failed to control her voice.

*Smack!*

Even harder this time... Silence. Her welt began to rise.

I dropped the flogger. I was time to tease her with the cane. Rapidly I tapped at her ass and her back, moving the point of impact higher and lower, randomly inflicting harsher blows.

*Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, Whack! tap, tap, Whack!*

With each whack she remained still so I increased the speed and force. There can be no reaction if there is no action. I am teaching reaction so she must falter... She will falter.

*Tap, tap, tap, Whack!! tap, tap, Whack!!*

Nothing. She took each and every hit. This time I did the same only when it came time for the whack, it was at the back of the leg.

*Tap, tap, tap, tap, Whack!!*

She curled her knee inward.

*Whack!!!* to her ass. She moved forward.

*Whack!!!* to her ass. She didn't move.

*Tap, tap, tap, tap, Whack!!* to her arm.

Her arm swung forward.

*Whack!!!* to her ass. She didn't move. A tear formed and dropped to the floor, forcing her to stare at her sufferings where I left to her to wait, anticipating.

"Sit up! Knees down."

She got into a kneeling position. I stood in front of her,

my crotch to her face.

She began to undo my button. I stood back and raised the tip on my cane to her throat, pushing inward.

"I asked you to do nothing, nothing but kneel. Just what do you think you're doing?"

She stood silent, looking down.

"That was a question!!" I smacked the cane to the stone beneath her.

*SMACK!!!*

She looked up to me. "I..."

I stuck the cane back to her throat and pushed.

"Head down!!"

She lowered her head. "I just wanted to please you."

"What?!" I smacked the cane to the ground again.

*SMACK!!!*

"I just wanted to please you Master."

"You'll please me doing only what I tell you to do and nothing more."

I walked behind her and smacked into her ass once more.

*Smack!!!*

"Now put your clothes on."

I left the room as she dressed and stayed behind. I never asked her to leave. She was finally learning.

## Chapter 31

Elenore woke up around 11am today, much later than she normally would. Partying does make one a night owl. She checked her phone and had a few messages.

From Faith: "Hey. Are you up yet?"

From Deviant: "Are we still on for tonight?"

To Faith: "Yeah. I'm up now. lol"

To Deviant: "Sorry. I overslept."

From Faith: "Well can I come over?"

To Faith: "Sure. You'll have to wait for me to get ready though."

From Faith: "That's better than sitting around here. Be right there."

From Deviant: "No problem. you girls are still coming right?"

To Deviant: "Yeah. I guess we are. :)"

From Deviant: "Cool. See you around 7?"

To Deviant: "Yeah."

Faith arrived just two minutes later. She was ready to go.

"I need to shower first." said Elenore.

"No problem. I'll just wait here. Maybe I'll get on MeetMe.  
"Okay."

Elenore jumped in the shower. Faith took the liberty of picking out her clothes for her, something in the gothic attire. Elenore got out, wrapped a towel around herself and dried her hair before stepping into her bedroom.

"Your clothes are all set."

"Cool. Thanks, but we aren't in any hurry are we?"

"No. I was just bored."

Elenore got dressed and they went into the kitchen to make a quick lunch and chat for a little while. At 1 they decided to hang out at the mall before meeting up with Deviant. They knocked on his door and Deviant let them in.

"Sorry we're early. We were bored."

"No problem." Deviant leaned in and kissed her. "Have a seat."

Elenore sat on the couch and waived Faith to sit in the chair so that Deviant could sit next to her. He had gone into the kitchen.

"You girl's want a drink?"

"No. I'm good. I had too much last night." answered Elenore.

"Yeah, same here." said Faith.

Deviant returned with his bong. "How about a little smoke then?"

"I'm game with that." said Faith.

"Just one hit. I wanna stay awake today." Elenore laughed.

Deviant sat down beside them, smoked a bit and passed it around.

"If you girls are ready there's no reason to wait. We can leave now."

"Yeah. That works." said Elenore.

It was about an hour and a half drive but there was no hurry. His friend lived on a small farm in the country. It was dark out but there were several light posts illuminating the area. There was a small white farmhouse that looked to be fifty years old but it was well maintained, there was an old intact barn and a fenced area with horses. They got out of the car and his friend was outside tending to the horses. Deviant introduced them to his friend.

"This is Elenore and this is Faith." He pointed to each.

"Hey." said Elenore.

"Hi." said Faith..

"How are ya'll? I'm Roger." He stood about six one with short brown hair, a country guy with a thick accent and a slender build.

"Good." answered Elenore.

"These girls are thinking about helping me out with some runs." said Deviant.

"Sounds good to me. They're much prettier than you but..." Roger put his hand on the rail. "Do you trust them?" he turned to face the girls. "No offense to you."

"No problem." answered Faith.

"Yeah... I do. I'm sure they'll be just fine."

"Hey... Let me show you something." Roger motioned Deviant to the barn. "You girls can pet the horses if ya like."

Deviant and Roger walked inside the barn. It was as old as the house as was the case with much of the tools. The John Deere tractor was only about twenty years old. The barn had a dirt floor and hay was scattered throughout. Roger stopped and turned to Deviant.

"Are you sure about these gals? I mean... we've not been working together very long. I don't need any screw ups."

"Elenore doesn't even do this shit even though she's tried it. She says it just isn't her."

"And the other one?"

"Well she's a party girl but it's Elenore's car. She'll keep her straight."

"I don't know." Roger put his hands in his pockets. "Just seems to work better with just us runnin things."

"We can only do so much. Much more money to be had having a runner. It leaves us to expand."

"Yeah I know... I just like to keep things tight."

"I'll make sure it will."

"I got your word?" Roger started heading back to the girls.

"Yeah."

"So what's up?" asked Elenore as she pet one of the two horses that came to the fence, a 3 year old Quarter horse mare.

Faith stood there petting the other, a 4 year old, brown Gelding. It was nighttime so the horses didn't wander as much. During the day they would have been in the sunlight to keep warm.

"Just some guy talk n shit." Deviant put his hand to Elenore's shoulder. "Wanna see what you're in for?"

"Yeah sure."

"Roger has a delivery ready. It's going back to Hadensburg so we'll just take it back with us when we leave. Many times there will be two, three, maybe more deliveries in one day. You'd just come here to get them. He'll have them all ready to go and tell you where. You deliver them and collect and bring the money to me. That way you don't have to drive all the way back here again afterwards."

"That sounds easy enough." said Faith.

"I don't know about that. I don't really care to get involved with drugs or whatever." said Elenore.

"All the deliveries are to customers I've been dealing with for years. There's nothing to worry about. I trust them all."

"Come on Elenore. I'll do all the work and you just drive. It'll be easy money."

"Well I do need to put some money back in the bank. I spent a lot before Christmas; new clothes, makeup, hair... It all added up."

"Well come with me on this one delivery and you'll see."

The three of them headed to Hadensburg for their delivery. It wasn't a rundown area like Elenore expected it would be. It was actually rather nice. Deviant led them to the door, introduced them as his new girls and did the exchange. They were done.

"See? Wasn't that easy?" Deviant asked.

"Yeah... so far."

"Well that's all there is. All you'd have to do next is bring money to me."

They drove back to Deviant's and went inside.

"Want a drink?" asked Deviant.

"Of course." said Faith.

"Sure." said Elenore.

Deviant brought back two half glasses of vodka and handed it to the girls before having a seat next to Elenore.

Elenore looked at her glass.

"It's vodka. I remembered to get you some."

"Oh thanks."

Elenore leaned back and drank a few sips before putting it on the table.

"Xbox?" asked Deviant.

"Nah. I'm just not good at those things. I'd rather cuddle."

"I'm good with that."

"What about me?" asked Faith.

"You'll have to ask Elenore." said Deviant as he put his arm around Elenore.

Elenore turned to face him. "No. You're mine and no one else's."

"Xbox?" he asked Faith.

Faith took a few sips from her drink before setting it down, hoping William would be home soon. She wasn't looking for a prince, or even a boyfriend for that matter. She was more like Charlotte. If it feels good it is good. She took her fun when she found it.

It wasn't long before Elenore was laying on her back, her clothes half removed. Deviant caressed her body with his fingers, his lips to hers. She put her hand inside his shirt, rubbing his chest and lowered it to his waist.

"Let's go back to your room." Elenore stood up taking his hand.

They sat on the bed and Deviant continued where he left off.

Elenore pushed him back a little. "I just want to look at you first. You have such pretty eyes."

"Thanks."

Elenore took his hands. "I want something special. I'm not looking for a fling; something without meaning you know?" She looked at his hands, longing for them to touch her soft body. "I'm not like Faith... I'm not just about the fun you know?" She dropped his hands. "I know I'm being silly."

Deviant took her hands back. "No. No, you're not. You are fine. There's nothing wrong with wanting something more than you have." Deviant ran his fingers through her hair. "I'm fine just holding your hand and being close to you. I can see us having a long term relationship."

"Awe, that's sweet." She ran her fingers through his hair, dragging them down to his chin. She leaned in and gave him a kiss. "I am very much attracted to you though."

"Thank you. I think you are beautiful myself."

She smiled and kissed him again, pressing her chest upon his. Her hands went for his, grasping them at his lap as she kissed harder. "All my life I've been dreaming about weird things." she said in a whisper.

"Like what kind of dreams?"

She leaned back. "No. It's silly. You'll think I'm crazy."  
"No I won't. I promise." He put his hand to her shoulder.  
"You can tell me. It'll be our secret."

"Promise not to think I'm weird?"

"I promise."

"I've always dreamed of being... I don't know about this."  
She looked down.

"Tell me." he insisted, lifting her chin to gaze into her eyes."

"It's demented. It's wrong. It's... a lot of other things too."

He continued to look in to her eyes, touching his hand to her cheek. She placed her hands to the sides of his face and pulled him forward, kissing him.

"I've dreamed about being choked, having my hair pulled... I've dreamed about being spanked, slapped... I mean..." She looked down, not wanting him to see her eyes. "I mean in a sexual sense. I don't want to be abused or anything." Elenore leaned forward and put her head on his shoulder, wrapping her arms around him.

He didn't say a word, waiting for her to continue. He placed his arms around her as she sighed, squeezing tight to signal all was fine.

"I know I'm crazy. I don't actually want to be raped, I don't think anyway. Yet it is all the same. I want to be taken and controlled and fucked hard. It's crazy. It goes against everything I've been taught, everything I've wanted... Yet I crave it... more than anything I've ever craved." She squeezed him harder and then pulled back, looking into his eyes. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

"Not at all. It is a common thing, it always has been. Today people are just being more open about it. 'Coming out of the closet' so to speak.

"I just don't know what to do. I mean... I want love. I want my prince but I... I want him to be my... my predator."

"One doesn't have to be a monster to satisfy your desires. He need only be your lover who takes command at your discretion."

"Can such a thing exist?"

"If two people care for one another, how else could it be?"

She dropped her hands in his lap, grabbing for his hands, but feeling his arousal. "Is this turning you on?" She pulled her



hands back in shyness.

"How can one not be aroused? I mean, a beautiful girl sharing her deepest secrets, sexual secrets with me, sitting on a bed in front of me, kissing me, holding my hands." He put his hands on her shoulders. "I'd love to be the one who gives those things to you."

"In time maybe."

"Of course baby. We can wait as long as you want. I'm not going anywhere."

Deviant leaned into her and kissed. It was a long gentle kiss provoking Elenore's hands to travel his chest, slowly moving downward to his lap. She was feeling hot and bothered, lusting for sex. Her thoughts, her words, excited not only Deviant, but herself.

She unbuttoned his fly and put her hand to his boxers, gently stroking his cock with her fingertips. *God I want it inside me.* She thought to herself as she gradually leaned herself backwards, his body against her own, following hers to the bed.

He put one of his hands up her shirt, caressing her sides as he moved them upwards. He ran his other hand through her hair and to the back of her head, pulling it tighter against his own, turning a gentle his into passion.

He reached for her breast, her resistance unfelt. She indeed welcomed his touch as she found herself moving her own hand beneath his boxers. She took his cock into her own and stroked it slowly, intentionally prolonging the excitement.

She felt his precum and wondered. She pushed him forward; bring her hand to her mouth, her eyes looking into his as she licked it off, a taste of what's to come.

"I want you to make love to me."

"Are you sure? I want it to be special also so I want you to be sure. I can wait."

"I'm sure."

He looked her in her eyes and lowered his hands to unbutton her shirt. She put her hands to the bed slightly behind her back to support her wait as she leaned backwards. Starting from the bottom he worked his way up, one by one.

She bit her lower lip in anticipation as he opened her shirt, gently touching her shoulders as he reached around her neck. Leaning into her he kissed her delicate lips working his way towards her neck. She breathed heavily as she closed her

eyes, waiting for his next move while reliving those precious seconds in her mind.

He reached behind her back, unsnapping her bra. It fell loose from her breasts, dropping ever so slightly. He lowered his mouth between her breasts, gripping the bra with his teeth and pulling it away. He dropped it to the bed and looked upon her face, her eyes still shut, her body trembling, waiting to be touched once more.

He put both his hands to her shoulders, grabbed her shirt and slowly pulled it down her arms. Her breasts and tummy were in complete view as he watched her heart beat, her skin pulsing ever so slightly. She lifted her arms as he removed a sleeve and then the other, laying onto her back.

He lifted the shirt off his back allowing her to look, to touch and rub her hands over his masculine build.

"I love your tattoo." she said, running her fingers over the tribal pattern on his chest.

"Thanks. Do you have any?"

"Me? No... I don't like needles. Besides... I could never make up my mind what I'd want."

"They don't hurt that bad really. Maybe in time, you'll think of something that you like."

"Maybe." She leaned back towards him. Her mind was elsewhere.

He pressed his body onto hers kissing her again and again. His hands reaching for her waist, he guided his head downward, kissing her skin softly. He stopped at her breast and took her nipple into his mouth. She breathed heavier now as his lips gently sucked, his tongue caressing her erection.

He pulled his head down even further, kissing at her stomach, his head bobbing up and down with each breath she took. She placed her hands on his head to massage his head and to lead it down further where she was burning with desire. His hands unbuttoned her jeans as she kicked her shoes off and raised her knees for removal. He slid them up and over, taking them off one leg at a time, tossing them to the floor.

She pushed his head further down as she parted her legs, his face in her crotch as he ran his tongue along her panties before taking them into his hands. He lifted them away from her waist, over her legs and then to the floor.

He sat upwards and looked into her eyes. They were begging

with hunger, her mouth open to allow herself more air as her breathing became deeper. He dragged his hands from her breast down to her crotch. She opened her legs as he unbuttoned his pants, dropping them and his boxers to his knees. She watched him intently, his eyes never leaving her own as she heard his shoes drop. He lifted each leg from their encumbering attire, freeing himself at last.

Her hands grasped at his arms, feeling his muscles before moving down along his body, gently feeling his manhood. She part her legs wider, an invitation to be taken by her lover.

He lowered his hand to her crotch, rubbing her mound and pressed a fingered inside with ease. She was wet and waiting.

He lowered his body back onto hers, his cock pushing into her crotch. He lowered himself until it's head fell between her legs, raising his head to look at her. He head leaned back, waiting. He shifted his body upwards, feeling his head enter between her lips, slowly pushing it further. She reached her hands behind his ass and pulled him inside her, feeling for the first time, a union of bodies.

"This feels so good... It's wonderful." said Elenore.

He felt the heat of her cunt warming his member as he slowly withdrew himself, pushing it back into her before its exit. He gently pushed himself in and out, raising his body so he could keep his eyes on hers. She leaned her head back as he put his hands to her breasts, massaging them with love and affection. She closed her eyes, focusing on these new sensations, as he gradually moved himself in and out of her. Her hands directed his motions, moving him faster and harder with each stroke.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she began to moan, louder and louder.

"Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" she exclaimed.

He took control of the pace, leaving her hands to dropped as she began to climax. He increased the speed and the depth of each stroke driving his raging cock inside her as his pelvic bone pounded against her clit with each motion.

"Yes! Yes!... Don't stop. Please don't stop!"

Her back arched as she felt her third and fourth orgasm, her screams muffled the creaking bed as he himself burst inside her, spewing his cum for ten seconds before dropping his body onto hers. He kissed her as she raised his hands to his face, touching his cheeks and feeling his sweet fall onto her.

It was lucky for Faith that William showed up. Not soon after they were at it in the living room having a good fuck, while listening to Elenore a few rooms down. She was loud.

Elenore and Faith decided to take the job and did three to four runs a week averaging ten deliveries. While Elenore wasn't keen on the idea she did make three to five hundred a week doing nothing but driving. Faith occasionally tried to get Elenore to hang around at some of the deliveries. Many of the customers welcomed their company. Elenore was strict and kept business as business, even at Faith's constant protests.

Elenore also was falling for Deviant and enjoyed going back to him each night after their runs to get her drinking on and to get fucked, both had become needs. She made it clear she wasn't into drugs. While weed made her horny it always put her to sleep.

By the time school started back up, she realized that she was allowing desires to interfere with her goals, goals that would prove themselves to reward her with a good life, her ultimate desire. She kept the job but only spent the evenings after runs with Deviant when they fell on the weekend, otherwise she went home afterwards to concentrate on her studies.

Charlotte came over at 5am and let herself in. I was asleep in bed at the time. I've been letting her wake me when she came over instead of staying up all night waiting for her. She poured herself a drink before coming in to join me in the bedroom.

I must have been out like a light. I only remember waking up with an erection, Charlotte under the covers sucking on my cock.

"Good morning." I said.

She didn't stop to reply, her mouth riding my shaft up and down until I let it go. She swallowed and slid her way up the covers to kiss me.

"Good morning." she said smelling drunk. "Is it my turn?"

"Give me a few minutes to wake and I'll see what I can do."

She laid there on the bed as I stepped to the bathroom and then gathered some things to play with. I returned with various toys and laid them on the floor beside the bed.

"I thought we might try some sensory play this morning."

"I'm not sure what that is but I am always up for new things." She eyed me with that "Take me now." look, putting her pillow up against the headboard and using her hands to slide herself into a half way sitting position.

She grabbed a cigarette and lit, taking a deep inhale, then exhaling slowly towards the ceiling.

"That's a good place to start." I moved toward her with a blindfold. "But let's get naked first."

She looked confused but did as I asked, dropping her panties and bra to the floor.

I brought a blindfold to her eyes and tied it tight.

"What about this?" She held out her cigarette after taking a drag.

"I'll tend to that." I took it from her hand and put the hot tip near her skin, almost, but not quite, touching her tummy.

She moaned as it moved it around to different parts of her body, sometimes holding it still until she felt the heat growing stronger and stronger.

I tapped the ash off and put it to her lips. She sucked in hard to get the cherry good and hot and then once again I ran it over her skin. On the side of the bed I had a bucket of salted ice with a metal rod placed inside. I moved her burning cigarette close to her once more, running along the lines of her body and letting her take more drags to get it hotter. I brought it near her cunt and hovered slowly, closer and closer I brought it near her clit as she quivered in excitement and fear.

I grabbed the steel rod from the bucket and wiped away any water before bringing it close to her cunt, alongside the cigarette. I moved the cigarette away and poked her cunt where the lips came together. She backed herself away and threw her hands to where she thought she was burned. I grabbed them and held them in place as I poked her several more times with the ice cold rod. In her mind she was being burned, exciting her further once the fear set aside.

I let her take another drag before I put the cigarette out.

I grabbed a large steel hunting knife from the floor along with a dull plastic scraper and a basting bottle filled with very warm water, placing the latter two on the bed.

I brought the knife to her face and lifted the blindfold just a little bit so she could see just how big and how sharp it was.

"Go ahead... Touch it." I commanded.

She brought her finger to its edge and gently slid it down its blade for an inch, almost cutting her skin before pulling it away.

"And what are you going to do with that?" she said as I dropped my finger from the blindfold, blinding her once again.

"All sorts of fun things. I advise you to keep still."

She raised her hands above her head as I placed the cold blade to her throat. She flinched before remembering to keep still. I gently dragged it along her skin.

"Sometimes there needs to be a little show of force!" I pushed the dull side of the blade against her throat, pressing it firmly. "It generally requires sliding the blade to cut into your skin but sometimes, if you press too hard, the blade might break through. In either case a faint red line is usually left behind, a gentle scratch one might say."

She stayed still, not even trying to say a word as she tensed up.

"Also, tensing your skin could, in itself, cause you to get cut. You might refrain from that as well."

She tried to relax but it proved to be difficult with a blade pressing to her throat.

I relieved the pressure and slide the blade along her skin much like I did with her cigarette, only this time I was touching, allowing the weight of the blade itself to apply the pressure.

I placed the knife on the bed and reached for some rope.

I wrapped it around one wrist as I began to tie it. "Perhaps it would be better if you couldn't resist. I'd hate to have my work interrupted."

I finished tying one hand to the bedpost and moved on to the other, then both ankles. She laid in the shape of an X across the bed.

I picked the knife up and put it in the ice water for a moment before drying it off, making it feel more intimidating to the touch.. The steel had warmed up a bit.

I brought the dull side of the blade against her tummy and cautiously dragged it upwards and downwards. I moved to her arms and then to her legs, sending shivers down her body as the cold steel made its presence.

"It doesn't take long for your body to heat the blade." I said as I turned the blade to its side."

She felt the cold for a moment until her feverish skin raised its temperature. I dragged the blade along its side back towards her tummy.

I placed the blade on the bed lightly, replacing it with the plastic scraper.

I touched its corner to her skin and pressed slightly. "I've always been aroused by the sight of blood. Maybe a little?" I asked.

"I don't know about that. I've cut my wrists before in depression. Nothing deep, just something to show my pain, but that was a long time ago and I was in control."

"This time we won't be depressed. It will serve to arouse me. That should be enough motivation."

I pressed the dull scraper to her skin and pulled it downward from her breast to her cunt, all the while she tensed and clenched her fingers together.

"That's too much! I don't want to be cut."

"That left only a scratch... Don't wimp out on me now. Your body is my canvas is it not?" I said as I brought to corner back to her other breast for another slice.

"Yes Master but..."

"There are no 'buts'." I dragged the plastic blade once more. "Now we have symmetry. That's a start."

I grabbed the basting bulb and placed its end to the scraper. I pressed a little harder this time and dragged down her center while squeezing the bulb slightly. Warm water flowed down her skin as I pulled the plastic blade, pushing deep into her skin.

"Stop! Stop!. I can't believe you're cutting me like this!"

Her mind told her to sit still or she'd make the blood flow even worse. Her emotions caused her to panic, thrusting her wrists on the ropes, kicking her legs and bouncing in position. In her mind I had cut her deep forcing her to bleed. She felt the warm blood flowing across her skin, dripping onto the bed, pools of life and death.

"Hold still... I'll untie you."

I removed the ropes and she ripped her blindfold up to look at herself.

"Maybe I went too far, but your reaction was priceless."

She looked at herself more closely.

"Just a few red lines from this plastic thing." I held up the scraper. "They'll be gone in a few hours."

I reached over and picked up the steel rod. "And those

burns... Just cold metal touching your skin. Your mind can play tricks on you, especially when I'm holding all the cards."



## Chapter 32

### *Storm Before the Calm*

I woke up feeling another year older. It was my birthday today and I had big plans for tonight when Charlotte arrived. It will be a special evening and a new beginning.

I dressed in casual wear for the day's errands wearing jeans and a button up shirt, headed to the mall. I wanted to make the night special. Even though it was my birthday, my happiness comes from giving. I browsed the shades at Sunglass Hut until I found a pair for myself and a nice pair for Charlotte. She could never afford the name brands like she always wanted. I chose a pair of Pradas that I thought would look nice on her.

I was planning a trip for the two of us, something warm as it became winter here. The cold had set in and the snow yet to fall, but it was coming, coming soon.

I chose Sydney, Australia. I've been there twice before, enjoying the warm sandy beaches in the hot sun, something I know Charlotte would appreciate. Everyone goes on a cruise, the Bahamas, Jamaica... I wanted something different, even if she's never been to any of those places. It would be two weeks for her and I wanted her to remember it forever. Besides... I've never

been to the Sydney Opera House and Charlotte would surely welcome a shopping spree in The Rocks.

I spent half my day shopping for some of the necessities and conveniences we would need for the trip but skipping many of the things she would need to choose such as clothing, towels, sunscreen. I've learned that women like to make their own choices about such things even if my intentions were admirable. No. If I bought her attire I'd find those things to be awkwardly forgotten at home and in need of replacement, time taken from our vacation together. It would be better to give her my card and let her do the shopping. That would be part of the fun anyway.

Allowing her that privilege did not deny me of my delight for the evening. There were many other things in store for her tonight outside of the vacation announcement.

After the mall I ventured to the liquor store in search of a good wine. I didn't have much luck locating a fine wine, nothing worthy of my love that was until I ran into a dear friend and business acquaintance, Jonathan Sheppard. He was shopping at Turkey Creek Wine & Spirits as I browsed the selection. He offered to me, from his personal stock, a bottle of Bryant Cabernet; a worthy wine indeed.

Then I was off to get some flowers. You could never go wrong with a dozen long stemmed roses so it didn't take long to choose, however I did browse the selection just in case something stood out. Not thinking ahead, I bought the flowers too soon. I brought them back to my place to keep fresh and then went back to the mall.

I had dinnerware at the house but I wanted something classy, not just dinner plates and glasses, but serving trays and flatware. I wanted to impress as if we were at a fancy restaurant, but the privacy of home. Williams-Sonoma was the choice. I got 6 Apilco gold place settings, a Shun Kaji knife set, 6 Westbury Flatware Place Settings, and several miscellaneous things such as a decanter for the wine, candle holders, napkin rings and cloth napkins. Everything I needed to serve an elegant dinner. If I had more time I'd have bout a grill and cooked dinner myself.

I returned to the house and ordered filets for the two of us to be delivered at 7:45, utilizing one of the restaurant catering services in the area. Along with the steaks I ordered salads,

baked potatoes and a few appetizers, vegetables and even chocolate cake for desert.

Today Elenore came home from school without Faith, having stayed at home sick. Charlotte happened to be home as well which was unusual for her. Elenore lit a cigarette and started looking for something to do. She saw that painting she had started, the one inspired by Pulp Fiction, and pulled it out. She got out her paints and sat down.

Charlotte walked into her room asking to borrow her hair brush. Charlotte had left hers at a friend's house last night after work.

"Sure. It's in the bathroom."

Charlotte leaned forward to see what Elenore was working on. "What's that?"

"Oh, just a painting I started a while back. I had forgotten all about it."

"I mean... What is it? I can't really tell."

"It's not done yet. It's an abstract." she pointed to some of the shapes and colors. "Kind of a sexual, drug fascination thing."

"Sounds like my kind of painting."

"Yeah. I'll bet." Elenore dipped her brush onto her palette. It was running a bit dry. "So you have a date tonight?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's Edison's birthday isn't it? Or did I remember wrong?"

"Oh shit. I totally forgot." Charlotte checked her phone.

"He hasn't texted today. I better beat him to it." She texted me.

To Edison: "Happy Birthday my love :)"

From Edison: "Thank You. I can't wait til tonight."

To Edison: "What are we doing?"

From Edison: "You'll see :)"

"Thanks for reminding me." said Charlotte.

"I can't believe you forgot your boyfriend's birthday."

"Shut up."

Elenore stood up to get her bottle of red paint. "You seem to just want to hang with your new friends all the time and not do anything else."

"I am working you know. Unlike you." Charlotte raised her voice with agitation.

"I'm still in school. You know that." Elenore turned towards

her. "You just want to party. You need to grow up."

"Well look at you." her voice escalated. "You're doing a painting about sex and drugs!"

"It's a fascination. I don't do drugs and school comes before sex." Elenore raised her voice in return.

"I've seen you do drugs! Don't tell me you're a good girl." Charlotte threw her hands up.

"Yeah... when your friend dropped a pill into the drink you gave me." Elenore raised her hand above her head. "Brittany told me all about it a few days later. A good laugh huh?" Elenore swung her hand back down forgetting she was holding red paint. It splattered all over Charlotte, her painting and her room."

"Look what you fucking did!" Charlotte ran to the bathroom to check herself and cleanup. "I could kill you!" she yelled through the door.

Elenore got one of her cleaning rags out and cleaned up her mess, then she got a wet sponge to finish up.

Elenore went outside to smoke and to cool off. Charlotte was soon to follow.

"I see a storm coming." said Elenore looking to the sky.

"What do you mean? I don't see anything."

"It's all falling apart. It will be a big storm at that, but then there will be peace."

"I'm not following you? What storm?"

"You're messing your life up again and you don't even see it. It will be over soon enough."

"What will be over?"

"You and your boyfriend."

"You don't know anything. We have a date tonight. It'll be great."

"Yeah. One that I just reminded you of."

Elenore's phone buzzed.

From Faith: "Hey what's up?"

To Faith: "Oh nothing. Just a fight with my sister. Are you feeling better?"

From Faith: "Oh I wasn't sick. William wanted to fuck today so I faked it. What did you fight about?"

To Faith: "She's screwing up her life. She's got a good thing going with her boyfriend. She's going to blow it."

From Faith: "Oh okay."

To Faith: "She's doing nothing but party with her

friends. She comes home drunk at 7am or later... If she even comes home at all."

From Faith: "Sounds like it's getting bad. Sounds like she's falling apart."

To Faith: "She doesn't even know it. She's always too drunk to actually think about what she wants. Oh well. It's her life not mine."

From Faith: "Nothing you can do except wait for it to happen. She won't know what's going on until it's too late."

To Faith: "But I'll have to deal with the repercussions. Did you and William have fun today?"

From Faith: "Oh yeah... We didn't have to listen to your screaming ass. lol :)"

To Faith: "Hey. I can't help that I'm loud."

From Faith: "I guess not."

To Faith: "Wanna come over? I'm bored."

From Faith: "That might be hard. I was sick remember?"

To Faith: "Yeah true."

From Faith: "Well I'll see you tomorrow when we do our deliveries."

To Faith: "I'm not sure I want to do them anymore."

From Faith: "Why not?"

To Faith: "I just don't feel right about it. A guilty conscience I guess. It's just not me."

From Faith: "Well we'll talk about it more tomorrow. I'm going to go kick my brother off the TV so I can watch some Netflix. lol."

Charlotte and I had plans to meet at 8. I've spent the day preparing for her visit. Cleaning up the house, setting up a candlelight dinner, getting flowers... That kind of thing. I had a special surprise for her.

At 5:30 she received a text message.

From Violet: "Hey girl."

To Violet: "Hey :)"

From Violet: "It's been a while. I miss you."

To Violet: "I know. It's been too long."

From Violet: "Why don't you come by here tonight if you're not working."

To Violet: " I'm off tonight, but I have plans at 8."

From Violet: "Oh okay. Well swing by here first. I wanna

see you."

To Violet: "Maybe. I'll see how much time I have."

From Violet: "Sounds good."

Charlotte decided to rush getting herself ready to make time for Violet. It's been several weeks since she saw her last but they've kept in touch via texting.

She got there around 6:30, giving herself plenty of time to socialize and get high before coming over here. She was always confident in her abilities to hide such things from me.

"Hey girl." said Charlotte as she entered. "I'm here." She gave Violet a hug.

"Well come in. So much has been going on. I've missed you."

"Me too." Charlotte had a seat.

On the table were the usual party supplies. Violet was indeed a party girl. Violet picked up the glass pipe, placing a few shards of ice in it.

"It's not been the same without you. I'm still out looking for a job. I guess I'm just not the hireable type." she laughed, bringing the torch to the pipe.

She kept the flame against the glass and twirled it.

"You should come work with me. The club is always hiring and all the girls party. You'd fit right in."

Violet continued heating the glass until it began to vaporize. She placed the end to her lips and slowly inhaled, still heating the substance inside.

"Yeah, I suppose I can get naked for a few bucks." She exhaled a huge cloud. "I've done worse." She handed the pipe off to Charlotte.

Charlotte repeated Violet, also exhaling a huge cloud. "I've had lots of fun and the money works out much like being a server; Good nights, bad nights. But being able to drink and smoke on the job is a huge plus."

"Yeah, that would be nice."

"Customers sometimes slip you some of their stash too."

"I'm all for that."

Violet took another weak hit, refilled the pipe and then took a good hit. Charlotte did the same as Violet got some tequila from the fridge.

"Straight right?" asked Violet.

"Of course." Charlotte smiled.

She brought two empty glasses with her and handed one to

Charlotte as she sat down next to her. Violet poured herself a half glass while Charlotte filled her own.

"How are you and Edison doing?" she asked, taking a few gulps, holding the glass close to her lips. "I can't believe I didn't notice you two were a thing while I was working there."

"We're doing okay I guess. You know me. I never know what I want." Charlotte drank a bit and set her glass down on the table.

"Live for the moment right? That's the fun way to live."

"True that."

"Well if you guys ever feel a need for something different come my way."

"Who? Me or Edison?"

"Either, both. I don't care." She drank a little more and set her glass down also. "I have no strings to anyone. Besides... He's got money. That buys a lot of shit." She reached over for the pipe and reloaded it.

"He's not a party guy. He won't buy any... shit." Charlotte waived towards the table garnished in party paraphernalia.

"Oh, right... Well still."

"I didn't know you liked girls." Charlotte put her hand on Violet's leg.

Violet was heating her ice, twirling the pipe as she inhaled. She turned to Charlotte and planted her lips onto hers, exhaling the vapor into her lungs. Charlotte sucked it out and exhaled.

"My turn." said Charlotte.

Charlotte took a nice long drag, filling her lungs and returned the favor only their lips never parted. They kissed, exchanging the vapor back and forth until the need for oxygen forced them to breathe through their noses.

Violet put her hand to Charlotte's chest and began to rub her breasts gently. Charlotte pulled herself back and ripped her own top and bottom off as Violet did the same.

Violet pushed Charlotte back onto the couch bring her mouth to Charlotte's neck, gently biting and kissing, gliding her own body down Charlotte's as her lips travelled to her breasts and then her crotch.

Charlotte spread her legs open, giving Violet access to her burning desires, first her fingers, then her tongue. Charlotte grasped her by the back of her head, pushing into her own flesh.

"Yes baby... Make me moan."

Violet inserted a few fingers inside her.

"Push them in deeper and further. Stretch my cunt out, fuck me with your tongue."

Violet had three fingers in as far as they could go, a fourth would allow further entry. She added her pinky. It slid in with ease, pushing all four further in. Back and forth they slid, lubricated by Charlotte's lust for more. Violet curled her thumb inward just to give herself a little more stroke. She pushed even harder. Charlotte was beginning to squeal and shake. Just a little bit more and, in a quick motion, her hand was swallowed up inside of her, only her wrist exposed. Charlotte's head leaned back as her back arched, her legs trembling, her knees pointing upwards.

"God yes... God yes..." Charlotte panted. "Fuck me with your hand. Fuck me hard."

Violet pushed her hand in deeper before pulling it back halfway and then again, deeper. She continued pushing it in and out while she brought her tongue back to lick her clit.

"Fuck me. Yes... Fuck me with your hand. Further... Use your arm."

Violet pushed deeper with each stroke, eventually getting it half way to her elbow before Charlotte shook violently in orgasm, relaxing her body as Violet withdrew herself.

She laid there shaking for several minutes without uttering a word.

"My God... That was fucking awesome... Best orgasm I've ever fucking had."

"It sure looked like it from this end." Violet stepped to the kitchen to wash her arm off, returning with the towel for Charlotte.

"We've got to do this again. And you... I wanna do that for you."

"You know me. I'm game for anything." Violet heated her pipe once more and passed it to Charlotte.

Charlotte exhaled a cloud and grabbed her drink. "Damn I'm thirsty" she finished off her glass and poured another.

"You should drink some water then."

"I can do that later. I am feeling way too good to waste it on water."

Violet laughed. "I don't think I could take it as far as you but it sure looks fun to try."



"You don't know what you're missing. I didn't know what I was missing."

Violet finished off her drink and was about to pour the rest of the bottle into her glass until Charlotte intervened.

"I have plans for that." she said pointing to the bottle.

"Your glass is full"

"Not for me... for you."

Charlotte grabbed the bottle and placed it between her own legs. "I want you to sit on this, drive it into your cunt."

Violet was always willing to try new things. *Why stop now?* she thought. She stood on one leg and placed her other knee onto the couch, straddling Charlotte in to process with her cunt above the bottle, lowering herself onto it.

"This may get a little bit messy." said Charlotte.

"It's old furniture. The smell of alcohol will only give it character." she laughed.

Charlotte pushed the bottle up inside her while leaning her backwards onto the couch. She raised her ass into the air and propped it up with a pillow.

"So what exactly are you going to do?"

"I'm going to fuck you with this bottle. The alcohol will get absorbed into your bloodstream as it trickles out, getting you drunk much, much faster. Let's see what makes you pass out first; the orgasm or the alcohol."

"Either is fine with me." She laughed.

Violet placed her hands beside herself as she gripped into the couch, pulling her body upwards to watch what was happening.

Charlotte pushed the bottle downward. The alcohol had already been running inside her cunt, sloshing itself around. She pulled up slowly, trying not to spill any and then pushed it back inside. With each motion the suction pulled more vodka into her body. With each motion the bottle was pushed harder and deeper.

Soon the bottle was empty. The vodka filled her vagina, her raised ass keeping it inside her. Charlotte began to fuck her slowly forcing the length of the neck inside her. Back and forth it travelled as Charlotte just kept pressing harder, more rapidly. Some of the vodka spilled out with each motion but not enough to stop the fun. Most of it was getting absorbed into her bloodstream.

Violet began to orgasm, each thrust bringing her pleasure, each thrust spilling some more. Her body began to shake as

Charlotte removed the bottle and placed her mouth to her cunt, pulling the pillow away and lowering her ass, drinking every drop that spilled into it.

Violet didn't say a word. She just laid back feeling relieved and quite drunk. "God I'm feeling good. Have you ever tried that before?"

"No... How is it?"

"I just may give up drinking and just do enemas or vaginal shots." she laughed.

"Sounds like fun... Messy, but fun."

Charlotte dressed herself while Violet got another towel for any light cleaning. She spot dried the wet spots and then got dressed herself.

"It's not too bad really." she said, throwing the towels in the laundry. "So when did you want to do some more piercings?"

"Oh, I almost forgot about that." said Charlotte. "Soon, but what I really want is to get a tattoo. I just can't make up my mind about what I want."

"Joseph has a lot of examples in his portfolio if you wanna look. I can go get it."

"I have ideas, I just don't know which to go with. But yeah, go get it. Maybe I'll feel inspired." Charlotte lit a cigarette.

Joseph wasn't home but Violet got his book from his room. He never cared as long as she put things back. She had a seat next to Charlotte and they browsed the book together. At 9:30 her phone buzzed.

From Edison: "Where are you?"

"Oh shit, it's late. I need to get to Edison's."

"Honey, you are in no condition to go anywhere right now."

Charlotte was drunk and wired, barely able to walk, even to the bathroom.

"Let me make some coffee." Violet sat up. "You'll be here a while still."

Charlotte didn't bother to text back. She just drank her coffee and tried to sober up.

It was 11:30 by the time she got here. Her eyes were glazed over while she pretended to be excited... a little over excited.

"You're drunk." I said, looking her over more closely. "And more than that it seems."

"You're just paranoid. Sorry I'm late. I was looking over

tattoo ideas and got carried away." Charlotte looked at me and reached for my hand. "Happy birthday."

I'm not one to expect a present but I do expect an effort from my girlfriend outside of holding hands and saying a few words. She had the whole day off to do anything she wanted. What she wanted to do was tend to herself, not ready herself for a fancy romantic dinner like I had asked. She barely even put any makeup on and looked like she rushed herself out of the house, hardly an effort spent to be with me.

"You need to go sleep this..." I motioned towards her and shrugged. "Off."

"No... I don't. I wanna have some fun. I wanna spend your birthday with you."

"My birthday is over in twenty minutes. Our dinner plans have been shot... Just go." I looked to the floor.

Charlotte stood there for a moment hoping for another response, one more favorable. Then I heard the door shut behind her, never bothering to text when she got home.

## Chapter 33

### *True To Love*

If my birthday plans consisted of my date being very late, drunk and high; then it went exactly as planned. Charlotte was all of those things. Unfortunately I my plans weren't remotely close to that and it's been three days. I had yet to hear from her.

Elenore and Faith made their only delivery for the day and headed back to Deviant's place. Faith turned on the radio in her car as they drove the interstate towards town. *ACDC's Highway to Hell* was playing on the radio.

Elenore lit a cigarette and took a long drag. "It's just not me. I can't do this anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"I've spent my life educating myself to have a good life. This was never part of my dream. I've gotten carried away in all this... the money, the sex, the fun."

"We're still young. We have plenty of time."

"I'm afraid that if I continue to waste my time I'll lose focus on moving forward."

"Nah. I mean... you can have fun too."

"But what's fun anymore really?" She flicked her ash out the window. "Fun is generally doing something new. Once you've done it a lot it just becomes routine... It gets boring."

"Yeah so? Just explore further."

"Or explore something else, something less destructive."

"So what are you going to do?" Faith through her butt out her window after taking her last drag. "Are you going to quit?" she said as her smoke trailed off. "What about Deviant?"

"I don't know yet. I just don't know. I like Deviant and all. He's everything thing I want in a personality but I don't see a future with him. I can't live his life."

"Well I'll take him if you don't want him."

"Ha. I bet you would." she laughed.

"Can you stop by the store? I need to get some cigarettes and something to drink."

"When we get into town. I don't want to get off the highway just for that."

They got to Deviant's house and knocked.

"Come on in. Door's open." he said.

"Where's William?" asked Faith as she closed the door. She didn't see his car outside.

"I don't know. He's been gone the past few days."

"Oh okay. Is that normal?"

"Not really, but it has happened before."

"Faith sat next to Elenore on the couch. It wasn't her usual seat."

"Can I get you girls something to drink?"

"Coke would be nice?" said Elenore.

"Um, nothing for me. I got something already."

Deviant returned and sat down beside Elenore with his bong. He handed Elenore her drink and fired up.

"So just one delivery today." he added as he passed the weed to Elenore.

"I'm good thanks." She handed it off to Faith.

Faith took a hit and set it on the table, then she leaned back on the couch.

"Why is everyone so glum? It's early... Let's have some fun." said Deviant.

"I was hoping William would be here." said Faith.

"What about you?" he looked to Elenore.

"I don't know. I've just been doing a lot of thinking

lately."

"Well let's go to the bedroom and relieve some stress." He stood up taking her hand.

She stayed seated. "Sorry. I'm not in the mood."

"Is there anything you want to talk about?"

She stood up. "Maybe we should go to the bedroom."

She sat down on his bed as he sat next to her, putting his arm around his shoulders.

"So what's going on?" he asked looking to her face.

She kept her hands in her lap, looking down to her twiddling fingers. "I just don't think this is the life for me."

"What do you mean? I thought we had a good thing going."

"It's not you... You're a great guy. It's just not what I need in my life. I'm a career girl. I plan to go to college."

"So... What does that have to do with us? There's nothing stopping you."

"Your life, your work... our work. It's shady at best. It's something that will interfere with my goals. It's already affecting my schoolwork and my time with the family. I feel disconnected to my own life."

"I see... Well what do you want to do?" He put his own hands to his lap.

"I can't do these deliveries anymore. I'm sorry. I just can't. I've crossed my own ethics and morals. They take up all my time." She lit a cigarette. "Maybe Faith can find someone else to drive."

"We'll manage something. Don't worry about the deliveries." He looked down to the bed, scratching his nail at the bedspread. "I'm more concerned about us."

Elenore turned and looked into his eyes. She kept her hands in her lap knowing she'd let herself get swept away if she were to touch him now. "Awe... Really?"

"Yeah really. I can quit doing this once I line something else up."

She looked back to her lap to remain focused. She had rehearsed this scenario in her head several times trying to find the right words. There weren't any but she'd have to make do.

"I like you. I like you a lot. But we are much too different, our lives... much too different. Neither of us can change enough to make it work out. I'm not willing to give up my dreams... If you do change your life, let me know. For now I need

to focus on school."

"It's okay. I'll miss what we had and what I've hoped we'd become but maybe it's for the best, for now anyway. You'll see though. I'll make those changes and I'll come find you when I do."

"I hope you do. What did you hope we'd become?"

"It doesn't matter. Like you said. We are too different right now. I can't ask you to change your lifelong dreams for me, nor would I want you to. I just never thought as far ahead as you have."

"Thanks for understanding." she said quietly.

"It's the least I could do. We can still be friends, lovers... right?"

"I'm sorry. I'm not strong enough to shut down my emotions like that. I don't think I could contain them."

"Then don't contain them."

Elenore stood up. "I have too. I'm sorry. Find me this summer... If you make those changes." Elenore shed a few tears but managed to hide them. She needed to stand strong to her convictions and remain true to herself.

She walked into the living room and announced to Faith she was leaving.

Deviant stepped in and watched her walk away.

"What about me?" asked Faith.

"You can stay if you want. I need to go home."

"I can drive you home later if you'd like." said Deviant.

"Great. I don't want to go back to the house right now."

Elenore closed the door behind her, another chapter ended.

She had already eaten dinner with the folks but she wasn't ready to go to the house right away. She wanted some alone time and her parents may be talkative. She decided to go to *It's All So Yummy Cafe*. She looked at the menu options but nothing looked appetizing. She just wasn't hungry, not for food anyway. She ordered some *Death by Godiva* in a cone, and had a seat by herself, slowly licking away.

Elenore got home around 9 and went to her room. She felt lost and alone, wondering if she had done the right thing. She sat down on her bed and looked around her room. All the memories and feelings that encapsulated her life were all around her.

She looked over to her princess figurines. She had spent all her life gathering them. The first ones were gifts starting at an

early age, but as she was growing up her dreams never faded. She would buy them on her own anytime she found one that spoke out to her.

Even the colors of her room made a statement. Pink; A girl's color of her inner child. One could just sit here and know exactly what she wanted. *How did I become so lost?* She wondered. *How did I wander so far from who I was?* She laid there on the bed staring into nothingness.

She must have dozed off as her phone woke her at 10.

From Faith: "Are you ok?"

To Faith: "Yeah I guess. Sorry for leaving you behind."

From Faith: "That's ok. I wasn't ready to leave yet."

To Faith: "Okay."

From Faith: "So you really broke it off with Deviant?"

To Faith: "Yeah. It's for the best."

From Faith: "So he's game now? I mean, you wouldn't mind?"

To Faith: "I suppose so." She was actually bothered that her friend would ask such a thing, especially only after a few hours have passed.

From Faith: "Cool. Just thought I'd ask."

Elenore didn't write back right away. Instead she went outside to smoke, not caring that the parents were awake and that Charlotte wasn't home to blame.

She lit a cigarette and tried to collect her thoughts. It's time to start all over again, to surround herself with friends that were like her, not what her darker dreams represent. Her dreams could wait, wait for that person that takes the time to understand them.

Now for the hard part... She needed to distance herself from Faith, a friend that's been with her for the last six months, one that knows most everything about her. Faith had been a bad friend and helped with many things, but she was also a bad influence on her. She, like her sister Charlotte, had no direction. She could only serve to help Elenore lose herself once more. Elenore wasn't strong enough for that. Not right now.

To Faith: "I've been doing a lot of thinking. I think it'll be better for me not to hang out with you right now. It has nothing to do with Deviant." She lied. She had already decided earlier today to distance herself from her but Deviant just added to her fuel.



From Faith: "Really? Why?"

To Faith: "I need to focus on what I want and not settle for anything else. When I'm with you I find myself doing everything that is against who I am. I am not a party girl like you. I am not into just playing with guys. I'm not judging you. I'm just saying it's not for me."

From Faith: "So we aren't friends at all anymore?"

To Faith: "I think it's best. At least for now. I need to focus on my schooling and my life. I'm sorry."

Now the hard part was over. No more taking her to and from school. No more Netflix weekends, sleepovers... All gone.

At 10:30 Charlotte was still at Violet's partying it up as usual. Violet did indeed become a dancer at the club with her. It has become routine that they hang out together after work. Sometimes other of their dancer friends went, sometimes some of their customers joined them as well.

Tonight it was Violet, Charlotte, David, Jennifer, Taz and Mickey. They were all having drinks, cutting up and cutting lines.

Violet was drunk and loud tonight. With five other people in the room, how couldn't she be loud. She was the type of person that had to be heard and she made sure she was. She sat on the loveseat with David while Jennifer, Charlotte and Taz shared the couch. Mickey sat in a chair he pulled from the kitchen.

"Darren couldn't come tonight. He had to work. That lamer." said Charlotte. Darren had become one of Charlotte's close regulars.

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" asked Jennifer.

"Yeah, but I'm not lame." Charlotte laughed.

"I'm off tonight and I want to have some fun." said Violet quite loudly.

"Isn't that what I'm here for?" said David.

Violet put her arm around him. "Of course baby."

David reached into her shirt. "You have no bra on."

"Hell no... I'm not wearing bras at home. I'm lucky if I wear them anywhere."

"Well that makes my job easier then." He pinched her nipple.

"Oh baby. You're gonna have to do a lot more than that. Otherwise I'll just get Charlotte here to please me."

Charlotte laughed. "Yeah I bet you would."

Mickey and Jennifer went at it as Charlotte shrugged herself away from them. They were boyfriend and girlfriend. They both worked at the club with them as bartender and dancer respectively.

"Well let's see if Charlotte wants to join us then." said David.

Taz was a regular of Violet's. He was quiet and reserved but loved to party. He comes into his own once he's gotten intoxicated, which hasn't happened yet.

"Nah, I'm good." said Charlotte.

Charlotte picked up her phone and texted.

To Darren: "How's work?"

Darren was one of Charlotte's favorite regulars. A real party guy.

From Darren: "It's work. Not much more than that? How about you?"

To Darren: "I called in. I'm at Violet's. We're having a party. You should come after work."

From Darren: "I'd love to cept I work til 5am. Still going to be partying then?"

To Darren: "Likely be passed out by then. lol"

Charlotte didn't get a reply back. She fidgeted with her phone for a while trying to ignore the couple beside her. Violet had just taken a hit off the bong when Charlotte grabbed it from her, taking a good sized hit herself.

To Edison: "I wanna come see you."

From Edison: "Really? I've not heard from you in days."

To Edison: "You were mad. I disappointed you. I didn't feel welcome."

From Edison: "I was mad, rightfully."

To Edison: "I know. I want to make it up to you. I'm sorry."

From Edison: "I'd rather talk about this in person."

To Edison: "Can I come over then?"

I waited a few minutes before replying.

From Edison: "Yeah, give me thirty minutes."

To Edison: "Okay. See you then."

I wanted some time to go over my thoughts. I had already had this conversation in my head several times over. Once more wouldn't hurt.

Charlotte got carried away in her thirty minutes taking well

over an hour before she arrived. Partying always did get the best of her time.

"Hi Master." she said as she entered.

I had debated standing when she entered but decided I'd rather not appear as though I was waiting for her. I was seated on the couch pretending to watch a movie. My thoughts were elsewhere.

"Hi Charlotte."

She walked to the kitchen to pour herself a drink. "Why so formal?"

"What do you mean?"

"Hi Charlotte?"

"I don't know. What should I have said?" I got up to get another beer myself.

"I guess I had that coming. I do love you." she said taking a seat on the couch.

"Do you know what those words mean?"

"Yeah. It means I can't live without you."

"You seem to be doing just fine though." I sat down next to her.

"Love isn't true love til you give of yourself completely. Love isn't to be true to you. You've got to be true to love."

"I give myself to you. I have faith in you." She placed her hand in my lap.

"Faith is trust. You have to endure the journey, the giving up of things. If you keep looking for more you will find your true love, left behind. Be content with what you have. It is then that you can be true to love."

"I'm willing to give up anything for you."

"Yet you don't follow through." I take a sip of the beer I've only been holding onto.

"What do you mean?"

"You don't even see it. You can't go even a few days without falling back into your own self."

"I like who I am. I would hope that you do too." She finished her drink and went to the kitchen.

"Who you really are is a loner. I cannot be with a loner. You cannot be with another and be that person also." I took another sip. "You have to choose. You have to commit."

"It's just new to me." she said returning with the bottle.

"You've said that before. Nothing has changed. When won't it

be new anymore?"

"I don't know. I've made progress."

"Yes... you have. But you have also taken many steps backwards. Combined, I don't know that you've moved forward at all."

"I have. I'm here aren't I? That's a big step for me. To come to you knowing that you were upset with me. I could have just stayed at Violet's."

"Or gone to work."

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing. Just another commitment broken."

"Hey... I'm working. I wasn't working when we met remember?"

"Yeah. I know." I fumbled my hands in my lap.

"Well I'm going home to think about things. I don't see this getting worked out here and now." She stood up and walked towards the door, seemingly waiting for me to intervene.

"Do drive safe. Text me and let me know you got home okay?" I stayed in my seat.

The door closed behind her.

Charlotte didn't go home. Her life existed there no longer. It has become a place to sleep several times a week and nothing more. She decided to go for a drive and reevaluate things. What she wanted and what she really wanted and what she couldn't live without.

*If I were single I'd live that feeling when I'm alone, awake at night. The one I left behind would forever call to me. It only took a moment for me to embrace love, but trying to forget... an eternity. Joy would be a distant memory... pain, just yesterday. It's hard for me to separate, it's all the same to me.*

She lit herself a cigarette, still unknowing where she was driving. But it was quiet.

*So easy to trust when you're in love, the pain just goes away, pushed aside again by memories just born and dreams to come. Am I destined to relive my past and all of my mistakes? Love is blind I know and I have never seen. And what if he were with another girl, hand in hand as one? Walking in my shadow, too much pain to bear. Things I thought I wanted were there; The attraction, the love, the fun... If only I can listen to my mind for once instead of this lust, I'd be holding hands now with the one I love. Without I'd be left a stranger I will soon forget.*

It was 1am before she realized how far she had driven. It was time to turn back. *But where to go?*

## Chapter 34

### *Find My Boogie*

It's been two weeks with little effort on Charlotte's part to get together again. She ended up returning to Violet's place after she left here to continue her party, to continue her life. She was being pulled by several forces forcing her to make decisions in her life. She always had the same answer; party and forget. Charlotte wins, Charlotte loses. Charlotte and I have barely spoken since. Tomorrow, Valentine's Day, doesn't look any better.

Elenore hadn't spoken much to Faith since that day other than running into each other at school. Faith had been keeping Deviant company while he did the driving. It didn't help out with the business but it kept him company.

Elenore got home from school and went straight to her studies. It was a Friday night. It could wait, but that wouldn't be her routine. She prided herself on getting things done correctly and to get them out of the way. She wasn't one to put things off.

School had been going really well for her. Her grades were back up to where they used to be. It was lucky for her that half

her relationship was spent during Christmas break and not interfering much with school.

Charlotte came home around 3 to get a few things before heading back out. Elenore was outside smoking when she arrived. Elenore went into Charlotte's bedroom, still holding her cigarette in hand.

"Hey. I haven't seen much of you lately." Elenore's been spending all of her time at home now, when she wasn't at school. She was now in a position to notice her sister's absence.

"Yeah, I've been working."

"But I don't see you here. I mean, when you would sleep."

"I've been crashing at a friend's place a lot." Charlotte gathered some of her clothing and then makeup from the bathroom.

"And what about Edison?" Elenore saw Charlotte's face clearly in the bathroom lighting. "And... Why do you look like that?"

"Look like what?" She looked into the mirror up closely, examining her face. "I've not seen him much lately."

"Are you not dating him anymore?" asked Elenore, shying away from the probing of Charlotte's appearance. It became obvious that she was strung out on something, something unlike she's seen her sister do before.

"We had a date. His birthday, remember?"

"Ummm...That was two and a half weeks ago."

"So?"

"You used to see him all the time." Elenore put her cigarette out in Charlotte's room. Charlotte followed her in carrying what seemed to be, most of her belongings from there.

"Are you moving out?"

"No. Why?" she said putting her things into a handbag on the bed.

"You just seem to be taking a lot of things with you."

"Like you said. I'm not here much." She grabbed another bag and placed it on the bed. "So I should have the things I need with me."

Elenore lit another cigarette, looking at her sister more closely. "You look like you've lost a lot of weight."

"Well dancing does that to you."

"I suppose so. Are you seeing him tonight?"

"Seeing who?" she grabbed some clothing and put them in her empty bag.

"Edison."

"Oh... no. I'm going... to work."

"Are you coming back here afterwards?" asked Elenore

"I don't know. I end up where I end up. Same as always you know."

"I guess. Do you not love him anymore?"

"Yeah I do."

"Tomorrow is Valentine's day. Do you guys have plans?"

"Not yet. We'll see tomorrow."

"You sound like you don't care." Elenore sat down on her bed.

"I care. I just don't know yet."

"If I had a boyfriend I'd know the day before Valentine's Day if I had a date or not."

"Well I'm not you."

"Maybe you should text him, or better yet, call him."

"I will... Tomorrow."

"I think you're making a mistake but then, I don't know what your relationship is like to judge."

"Right."

Elenore went back into her room to resume her studies before she realized the time. It was time to make dinner.

Charlotte was out of the house before her parents ever got home having packed half her clothes and almost all of her bathroom needs. She headed to Violet's, her new favorite place to be.

"Hey girl." she said as she entered, not even bothering to knock.

"Hey... What took you so long?" Violet was just taking a hit off the glass pipe. A little ice to get the party started.

"I ran into my sister. She wouldn't stop talking."

"Gotcha." as she exhaled.

Charlotte put her things down and sat beside her. "I need some of that myself."

"So is Darren coming by?"

"Yeah, he'll be here later."

"So are you guys dating or what? What about Edison?"

"We're just friends. He knows what I need and always has it on him."

"That's convenient for you." she laughed. "Still only working three days a week?"



"Yeah. That's what I asked for. It gives me time to be me."

"A party girl?"

"You know it." Charlotte took another hit of ice and went into the kitchen for her tequila.

"Take it easy girl." said Violet as she watched Charlotte drink from the bottle on her way back to the couch.

"I bought half of this."

"Yeah I know. I just don't want you to get sick on me like the other day remember? You did all that crack and drank too much. I should have made you clean your mess the next day but it wasn't smelling too good."

"Yeah. Sorry about that."

"It's okay. I just don't want to see you get out of control. I'm thirty remember. I've had many more years of partying than you."

"You're starting to sound like my sister."

"Well I'm just saying. You need to slow down some."

"Okay. I will." Charlotte took another hit.

At 7 Darren showed up bringing two friends, Jerry and Donald.

"Well come in." Charlotte answered the door.

"Well who do we have here?" asked Violet taking a more sexy pose than she had just moments before.

"Donald and Jerry. They're cool." answered Darren.

Donald wore jeans and a black tee, having brown eyes, short brown hair, a muscular build and numerous tattoos. He was about six feet tall and very cute. Jerry also wore jeans and a black shirt, a muscle shirt and sported many tats himself. He had darker hair than Donald but worn in a similar style and length. He was may an inch shorter. Darren stood six one with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing jeans and a white tee. Like the other two, he had numerous tattoos and was much cuter then the others.

Donald was carrying a twelve pack of Bud. "Where can I put this?" he asked.

"The fridge is over there." Charlotte got up and led him there so she could get a cold one herself.

"I hope you don't mind me bringing a few friends." said Darren.

"Not at all." Violet quickly answered. She sat in the middle of the couch leaving either side open. "Please have a seat."

Charlotte returned to find her seat taken so she sat on the

loveseat with Darren. Darren pulled some stash from his pocket and placed it on the table. He retrieved the crack pipe first, loaded it and handed it to Charlotte.

Charlotte didn't hesitate, taking her first drag and handing it off to Darren. He declined and passed it to Violet who didn't refuse.

Violet took the glass tube to her lips and flicked her lighter, it's flame to then end tainted with a brown stain. She inhaled slowly and exhaled a cloud of smoke. "Oh, I needed that."

"What else do you need?" asked Jerry as he placed his hand on her leg.

"I need to see your tats. Take your shirt off." she said putting her hand down to lift it herself.

"You seem to have figured it out. Go ahead and finish."

Violet grabbed the bottom and pulled it upward as he raised his hands into the air for removal. One by one she looked them over, using her hands as if they were in braille. She caressed his body all over before putting her lips to his chest.

"I'm sorry I don't know what came over me." she said, not pausing long enough for a response. He sat there feverishly, anticipating the moments to come, not saying a word nor making a sound.

She pulled herself back, looking at him with her eyes glazed over, her lids falling heavy upon them. She reached for his pants. "Do you have any under here?" she asked while giving them a tug, hoping the button would just pop open.

"Why don't you have a look?" he spoke as if words were actually needed. His lack of resistance and demeanor were enough of an answer as she had already began to find out.

She pulled his pants open with force and unzipped his fly, pulling them over his legs as he kicked his own shoes off. She dropped his pants to the floor as she kneeled in front of him.

She raised her hand to his chest and pushed him backwards, dragging her hands down his abs, diving her head to his crotch and taking his hardened cock into her mouth. She wrapped her hands around his waist pulling herself onto him and then back, grazing his flesh with her teeth with each pass.

He was about to cum when Violet stopped him.

"Don't you dare. I've not had my fun yet."

Violet had been preoccupied with partying for the past few weeks and was hardly awake long enough to get laid. She didn't

care then but she cared now. She was going to have her fun. Tonight she was awake and she was horny.

Violet pulled off her pants exposing her pantyless body to him as she laid back, prompting a mounting by her lover.

"This is our first time together. You better make me enjoy it." She grabbed onto his hair.

Jerry guided the head of his cock to her cunt.

"Like this?" He shoved it all the way in, one quick thrust.

"Oh God yeah. Keep it up. I like it hard like that."

Jerry grabbed the back of her head, running his fingers up through it along the way and tensed his fingers together. He pulled her hair back as he pounded into her.

"Do you like your hair pulled like that?"

"Oh fuck yeah. Show me some more baby."

He held her hair back and kept fucking her before releasing it. He brought his hands to her throat, his fingers around the back side of her neck, his palms to her front. He squeezed, cutting off her circulation and she was falling into a sleepy submissive state. Her senses faded away, all but one feeling, the cock pounding into her body. She had an orgasm before he released the tension, allowing the life bringing blood back to her brain, bringing her an intense, but short lived high. He repeated this several times, each of them bringing to her a massive orgasm.

"Are you my slut?"

"Yes... I am your slut. What would you have me do?"

Jerry leaned back and swung his hand, slapping her in the face. Violet, first shocked, relished the moment. He wasn't being abusive, he was being dominant and Violet liked being dominated most the time.

"Did you like that?" he asked as he continued to fuck.

"Oh yes baby. Punish your little slut. Punish her good."

He took a hand to the other cheek as Violet just stared into his eyes.

"Turn over. Get on all fours." he commanded.

Jerry dismounted allowing Violet to assume the position. He pushed her knees apart and lifted her ass to meet his own height, driving his cock back into her.

"Oh God that feels good. Pound it in baby. Pound it in hard."

He thrust himself back and forth into her, his hands at her breasts, pulling them back with each stroke.

"Oh God yes. Yes... ughhhh, ughhhh, mmmmmmm, Fuck yes."

Charlotte hardly noticed what was going on in front of her. She was more preoccupied with what else Darren brought with him. She rummaged through the pile... weed, crack, coke... "What are these?" she asked.

"Roxys." Darren answered.

"I want some." she smiled.

"Take them. They're yours. Just don't do them now. The night is still young."

She found another bag of whitish powder. It wasn't as fine as coke, like she was familiar with. "And this?"

"Heroin."

"Oh it's been so long." She remembered her days when she was eighteen. She had only used it maybe five or six times, five or six wonderful times. "Oh I gotta have that."

"All of it?" He took it from her hand. "There's a whole two grams here."

"I'm not gonna use all of it now silly. I want some for later, for tomorrow, for the next day." She put her hands to his, still holding the bag.

"And exactly what do I get out of it?"

"Anything you want." She smiled as she put one hand to his crotch.

"Oh I can think of a lot of things."

"Yours."

"Well we'll see. You'll have to please me first. If I decide it was worth it... then I 'll give it to you."

She took the crack pipe off the table and took a few drags.

"That won't be a problem." she said looking at his lips, touching them with her finger. "What do you want me to do?"

"Donald is a little bit lonely over there." said Darren.

"Why don't you cheer him up."

Donald was indeed left out of things but he was enjoying the show Violet and Jerry were putting on beside him.

"You mentioned nothing about pleasing someone else."

"It pleases me. That should be enough."

"Fine. Then I want the crack too. I want everything cept the weed."

"Please me and it's yours."

Charlotte got on her knees and made her way over to Donald. He grabbed his fly and popped it open, pulling the flaps apart

from one another. She stroked his manhood, already hard from the show, through his boxers. She took the front of his shirt and raised it up over his head, his arms falling through before dropping it to the floor. On her way down she kissed him, biting his lip, pulling it downward and letting it go before her own lips touched his chin and then his chest.

She pulled back, examining his tattoos; a dragon on his chest and tribal sleeves that covered his arms.

She reengaged his chest with her tongue, licking ever so slowly while her hands rested on his shoulders. She worked her way down to his waist as her hands followed, rubbing against his chest and then his muscular abs. When she saw his cock it had gotten even bigger. A woman's touch was much more exhilarating than a peep show.

She grabbed his pants and pulled them off his legs, tossing them to the side as she leaned her head in, her open mouth to engulf his shaft.

Slowly she worked it over taking as deep as it could go; nine inches and she wasn't gagging. She has done this before, many times. She tasted his precum on her tongue savoring the taste. She thought about all the drugs she was getting out of this. *What a deal... I get to have sex and I get the drugs.* She thought. If her mouth wasn't preoccupied she would have smiled.

Remembering the days of yesteryear, the times she and her friends were anxious to try everything; smoking, swallowing, sorting and even injecting a few times. The feelings of happiness, a world without pain, a girl without a world... not a care in the world. Only when she sobered did any problems exist. But that was then. Today she need not be sober. She had enough to last her a while and a means to get more than she could dream about.

Her world of old is sending her an invitation to relive the pleasures lost so long ago. A world where sex overpowered her, the lust is divine and she exchanged pleasure for pleasure, never to awaken in despair and pain. *Who needs a boyfriend? Who needs love?* This would be much more intoxicating and much less work.

She pulled her lips of his crotch and guided him to the floor, laying him onto his back. She glided her body up his own, straddling his cock between her legs before lifting herself above. She needed no coercing to get it in. She was wet thinking about the drugs alone and how she would feel in mere hours.

She rode herself hard on his shaft, her hands to his chest, her nails like claws digging into his skin. The sexual stimulation took hold of her, losing herself in ecstasy as his member pounded her insides, landing her clit on his pelvic area over and over.

She had already cum once before she felt Darren behind her, already naked, already hard.

Without lubrication he pressed his ten inch into her ass. She leaned forward in pain and pleasure, holding her body stern so he can finish what he started. All the way in it went, pressing up against the shared wall to her cunt, filled with another man's cock.

The pressure was immense, the feeling immeasurable, the orgasms overflowing. Darren and Donald sat still as she drove her own body back upon theirs, riding their cocks in rhythm to her heart beat as it got faster and faster. Jerry was the first to spew his load. She continued to ride until he finished, slowing her pace to a crawl and felled her body onto his. Darren reacted with taking control and driving his cock into Charlotte's ass with a fierce fury and speed, pulling himself out before he came.

Charlotte didn't need to be told what to do. She turned her body around with her mouth opening on route. She took his cock into her mouth, tasting herself and sucked with all her might. Ten inches was as easy as nine and she took it all to her throat. Rhythmically her breaths were taken to match his thrusting cock. She placed her hands behind his ass, pulling him towards her with each stroke until he squirt inside her. She pulled her head back to capture his cum in her mouth instead of wasting it down her throat. Any good slut would do that and she wanted desperately to be his.

She sat up waiting for affirmation and her rewards, confident in her performance as his slut, his drug whore. Words not spoken he pushed the stash across the table towards her.

She went to the kitchen and got a spoon. "Do you have a syringe?" she asked on her return.

Darren was pulling up his pants as he reached into his pocket to accommodate her needs, handing her the two he had with him. Charlotte was still naked. Putting her clothes back on would only cost her valuable seconds from the intoxicated delirium that awaited her. It has been so long... too long since her body entered that tranquil state from which she never wants to return.

She put a modest amount of the power on her spoon knowing there will be more to come later, when reality begins to invade her mind.

She brought the flame of her lighter to the underside slowly turning the powder into a heated liquid. Then she took her syringe and sucked in every drop of pleasure, readied her vein and infused herself with the warming sensation that flooded her arm and then... her body.

Only moments passed before the wave washed over her body, removing with, all her sorrows and pain, her responsibilities and cares. Her body was in orgasm and would remain so for the next eight hours slowly climbing for the next two before leveling itself off.

Charlotte was in bliss not caring what anyone did or said throughout the night. After a few hours the guys were ready again and Charlotte, ready to be used. She welcomed her new lovers and the pleasures they inflicted upon her, satisfying her sexual desires and kinky demands. To her it wasn't a means to an end. It was wonderful.

It was Friday the 13th and Charlotte found her boogie.

## Chapter 35

### *Underlying Madness*

It was Valentine's Day, a day when two hearts become one and mine was severed in two, not to be mended anytime soon. I awoke to the sun glistening into the window, bouncing off the whitened landscape; the first snowfall of the year. Charlotte's downfall began at winter's mark and it too drifted in slowly bringing the bitter cold in its wake. It's fitting that a new season should start today as I must also begin anew.

Elenore woke, immediately knowing what was awaiting her. She could sense the glimmer outdoors, cascading diamonds across the landscape. Snow was a wondrous thing, bringing her memories of her youth, her innocence. She and Charlotte would play all through the days when the winter turned white. Today they shall both play in the snow once more, only Charlotte's wasn't cold.

Elenore took no time getting out of bed. She ran to the window, gazing through the frost glimmered panes wrapped only in her blanket. She a child at heart, and for the moment, trapped in a time when a snowfall brought amazement to a child's eyes.

She sat there staring outside, knowing that her first task would be to get herself dressed, only to delay the fun before



her.

She grabbed her phone instinctively, wanting to text Faith, wanting a friend to play with. It was play after all. Today the adult inside her stepped aside. She frowned for a second, knowing that she would be asleep, knowing that she probably didn't care, and most of all... knowing she was no longer her friend. That wouldn't stop her though. She'd go outside on her own.

She got herself dressed, wearing some warm clothing. She walked barefoot into the kitchen, carrying her boots with her.

"Good morning." said Mom as she sat at her notebook, drinking some coffee.

"Good morning to you."

Elenore poured herself some hot coffee and started making breakfast for herself. It was out of her routine to eat so early but she knew that once she stepped outside, she would be there a while.

"You're up early." said Mom.

"How can I not be." she smiled. "It's winter."

"Of course dear. Don't remind me."

Mom had tried to give up winter a long time ago but almost every year that passed brought with it an invasive habit of snow. Mom was well suited for Florida. If it weren't for Dad's job here she'd have reasoned her way to the beach.

"Where's Dad?"

"In bed, sleeping in a warm bed with a warm blanket... exactly where I should be."

"Then why are you up?"

"It's Valentine's Day." She reached for her coffee. "I wanted to make breakfast in bed for him."

Elenore looked around, seeing nothing but the coffee.

"I've not gotten to it yet." said Mom, alerted to her daughter's gazing.

"Any plans today?"

"We're supposed to go out to eat tonight. I guess it will depend on this weather."

"You should have let Dad get that truck he asked for."

"It would have been nice, even just for today."

"Well you can always cook here and have a nice evening by the fireplace."

"We might just do that. We'll see later. What about you?"

"Can't you guess?" she answered waving at her attire. "I'm

going outside." Elenore continued to look through the fridge and cupboards for something satisfying.

She settled on sausage, eggs and toast, cracking two eggs open into a small frying pan and placing four links of sausage into another. She'd cook them together but she preferred her sausage well browned requiring too high a heat for her eggs. She placed her bread in the toaster and would until the sausage was near finished. Then she'd lower the bread. the smell of breakfast was in the air and Mom knew she had better get started. Dad might awaken to the aroma and get out of bed too soon.

"Do you mind adding four or five eggs and another eight sausages?"

"No. That's fine." She did just that and added two more slices of bread. She'd give Mom and Dad the first four while she made her own afterwards.

"Thanks sweetie." Mom barely lifted an eye from her screen.

"No problem."

Elenore finished her cooking and sat herself at the table. Mom had gotten up a few minutes earlier to prepare the tray for Dad and brought it into the bedroom.

Elenore casually ate her meal before returning to her room to retrieve her coat and of course, her cigarettes. She put on her boots, zipped up her coat and stepped outside.

She stood on the porch for a moment envisioning her Mom, if she were to go outside today. She'd dress herself twice over, wearing a hat, scarf and a heavy pair of gloves, Her hands tucked into her opposite sides and stare outward, as if she were waiting for the snow to magically vanish.

But not Elenore. It didn't matter what the temperature was outside. Her heart was warmed with glee, her mind oblivious to her body's senses.

She ran out into the yard, the snow kicking up into the air with each step, leaving footprints into the virgin snow. It wasn't too wet nor too dry, just right to build a snowman. She took the gloves out of her pocket and put them on, reaching into the snow to make her first snowball.

From here she could see her parents window and a devious thought entered her mind. She threw the snowball, hitting the glass. The snowball splattered on impact and half of it dropped to the ground, but not before making a loud thud.

Mom came to the window to see what the commotion was.

Sliding the drapes back she saw its aftermath and a laughing daughter in the background. Mom waived hello before closing them.

Elenore bent over to start her first of three large snow balls, rolling them gently across the yard and placing them on top on one another. Sticks were a little scarce, buried in the snow and lost from sight. She was determined and, through some effort, managed to find some, finishing her creation with a few pebbles she procured nearer the road.

She had been up for hours now, just realizing she hadn't smoked as of yet. It was as good a time as any so she walked to the backyard and onto the path into the woods. When she was out of sight she helped herself to one, taking in a long hard drag before blowing the white smoke out against a white backdrop.

Here, in the woods, the snow wasn't so deep and was actually spotty in some places, the dead weeds and dirt showing their faces here and there.. It was the first snowfall and the trees provided some interference catching much of it onto their branches.

She embraced the serenity and the peace as she smoked her cigarette, occasionally catching a glimpse of life wandering around. To her, winter wasn't a time of death, it was a reminder that all things live on. It was a season to reflect upon the past and prepare for the new.

She cast her butt away, disappearing into the blanket of flurries below, and walked back into the yard. The snow was still falling, but at a gentle pace. She caught a few of them into her mouth before removing her gloves, extending her hand outwards.

She watched as each flake landed, a colorless crystalline of ice, each having their own beauty. They melted away, a reminder of the seconds past and the days she cannot relive. But today she would relive... a joyful day as a child, in a winter wonderland.

I awoke myself seeing the snow fall outside my window. I hardly had the sentiment of my youth, but still... It brought to me a moment of peace and tranquility. I had grown up in the Austria mountains. This is child's play in comparison. We are in a time of technological advances yet the city comes to a halt with the first sign of inclement weather. I miss the good ol' days. There were no cars, no electricity... There was nothing to fail when winter fell upon us. Life hardly even slowed down. Today it is different, but not in a good way.

I stepped out onto the balcony, not even having dressed for the cold. I myself was numb, not from the weather, but the night spent almost sleepless pondering my fate. Charlotte had fallen into another world that has haunted and called to her, not the one I had provoked. Today would be the day of realizations, if I had only known what was to come.

I had spent the night with thoughts of Charlotte, the good and the bad. I rehearsed my words over and over, the things I'd say to her, but I never said the same words twice. I walked back into the house wondering what to do.

I must go further back, further into myself, if I am to be of coherent thought. It will be then that I can make the decisions needed to push myself forward.

I looked over to the dining room, the flower still in its vase. Perhaps I intentionally left it there, trying to induce some sort of pain into my numbing soul. Perhaps I just couldn't let go, not after so long. In either case it served as a reminder of what I want and what I need, something I've now lost... or never had.

I picked up my phone and texted her.

To Charlotte: "I need to see you today."

After waiting a few minutes without a response I found myself sorting through my diaries. I had never put them on shelves, but left them hidden from view in their boxes.

Thirty minutes later Charlotte responded.

From Charlotte: "Ok. I'll see what I can do."

Charlotte wasn't even aware or what today was as she collected her thoughts, just awakening from a long night of bliss. She eyed her collection of mind altering substances, pondering the thought of dismissing everything once again, administering the euphoria til it was time for more.

Surprisingly she chose to follow through with my request, dressing herself and taking in a little weed beforehand.

She arrived around 3:00, letting herself in for the last time. She went straight for the booze as expected. I had placed the tequila out on the counter just for this occasion. I remained seated on the couch awaiting her return.

"We need to have a talk."

"About what?" she asked. She knew what it was about. She had already made her choice. The distance between us had grown quite strong.

"About us of course." I grabbed myself a beer. "This man I have become. I'm just half a soul and soon there will be none. I've been this person for a long time but it is not who I've always been."

She drank some of her vodka straight from the bottle. She had on no makeup, only what was left over from yesterday, some of it smeared or faded. "And what about us?"

"It's just lust that beckons you to me. The pain I bring you twice I feel. It scars me too. Your needs torment me and make me doubt my sanity at times." I took a deep breath. She tried to respond but I interrupted. "I've so much to give. Your eyes are closed to life and to me."

"I don't close my eyes. I see everything around me."

"You see what you want to see and avoid what you want to avoid."

"Maybe some, but why not? Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"There's nothing wrong with being happy. I just don't think you can tell the difference between real happiness and an intoxicating one."

"Maybe I don't want to."

"Well I am resolved to beat this Hyde that's trapped inside of me and to be freed at last. It's time to take another path and put this one behind me. It's forsaken."

"What do you mean?"

"I want love. I can do without lust. I want someone to share my life with."

"Yeah. I don't think that's what I need right now. I have feelings for you but... I don't know. I feel caught between two worlds." She drank a bit more and held her bottle close to her lips, knowing she would want some more soon enough.

"I must leave you behind me forever, for you can't return my love. Your hate forever inside, however, I'll try to take your hand and say to you just one word, I promise." I stood up and reached for her hand. "Leave." my final command.

She was surprised by my words but the look on her face was not that of sorrow. Maybe tomorrow, or another day when sobriety takes her once again, she may realize what had happened. She stood herself up without saying a word and turned towards the door. She walked away without a care as she put her hand into her pocket, removing my key and dropping it to the floor. I heard the door close behind her for the last time.

The next few hours crawled by. I had much wanted to leave the house, to get some dinner and stare without an appetite, to be alone in the crowd, but today is Valentine's Day; a night where couples celebrate their love, a mere reminder to this end.

From Joshua: "Are you enjoying a romantic evening?"

I had refrained from discussing my failure with Josh and all others. Maybe I had hoped things would work out in the end or perhaps I just didn't want the pity.

To Joshua: "Charlotte and I are no more. It's been falling apart long enough. I had to end it."

From Joshua: "I'm sorry to hear that. Why don't you come out to the club and I'll help you forget."

To Joshua: "I live on a hill, remember? I'm snowed in."

From Joshua: "You should have thought of that sooner. You could have had it plowed away."

To Joshua: "Yeah, I suppose so. I'll just remain a prisoner of my own world. Solitude has always kept its hold on me."

From Joshua: "That's nonsense but there's nothing we can do about it now. I could come get you if you want to walk down your driveway."

To Joshua: "Thanks, but no thanks. I doubt anything could be fun out there... not tonight anyway."

From Joshua: "That's probably true."

To Joshua: "So how are you and Brittany doing?"

From Joshua: "We don't see each other anymore. I kind of hooked up with Jessica and pissed her off. I told you I wanted the blonde's number. lol."

To Joshua: "Well good luck to you. I'll see you on Monday then."

From Joshua: "Thanks. She's much more grounded of the two anyway. But ok, I'll see you then."

I managed to make dinner that night, something simple. I sat myself in the kitchen, avoiding the dining room, its elegance and that vase; a memory to be discarded like many others. My mind would not find new thoughts; something that could take hold and monopolize my attention. My mind was on her and painfully approaching clarity. *These tears I've cried inside of me, without you, it all makes sense; just to feel and to breathe deep knowing I do care. Although I am alone, I am here and I can finally see. Awakened my dreams are clear, somewhere out there, my destiny. I*

*have always known, but I have always faltered; True love above all else.*

"True love?" that darkened shape-of-a-man spoke, appearing from the shadows of days past. "Is there such a thing?"

"If it isn't my old friend, Venus." I said, turning towards him without fear, but in curiosity.

His form lingered there, never touching the floor, a shadow without mass but solid all the same.

"Ah, a name from yesteryear. I've been called worse."

"I try to find the good in all, even this day."

"What good will become of today?" He extended his hand. "The darkness shines upon you once more, yet you continue to look onward."

"Today is my winter. Tomorrow spring shall come again."

"Another tomorrow has come to pass, gone it will be again, and forever stay the same." He dissipated into the black whence he came."

## Chapter 36

### *Leaves Me Falling*

"What did you want to do for dinner?" Mom shouted out through the back door.

Elenore had become preoccupied with winter's blessing having gone into the house only a few times to get warm. She walked back towards the door, not wanting to raise her voice to be heard.

"I hadn't thought about it really. Is it that late?" she said as she approached the steps.

Mom had closed the door enough to try to keep herself warm while awaiting Elenore's approach, the light snowfall posed an imminent threat to her existence. "It's 5 o'clock Sweetie. You must be cold." Mom opened the door and stood back. "Come get warmed up. I made some hot cocoa."

Elenore stomped her feet on the mat and stepped inside. Mom quickly shut the door behind her.

"Thanks." She began to remove her coat and other winter attire. "Have you guys decided what you're going to do tonight? I mean for Valentine's Day and all?"

Mom glanced outside once again hoping the bad weather had all been a dream. "We're going to stay in tonight. Dad's going to



make a fire and cook dinner for me."

"I can go get some firewood outside. I'm already dressed." She stopped her attempt at removing her boots and grabbed her coat off the hanger.

"Would you? It'll save Dad the trouble."

"Of course." Elenore finished putting on her coat opened the door.

"I see you've made a snowman."

"Of course. Don't I always?"

"Yes you do. I remember when you and Charlotte used to... It's cold. Go get the wood and we can finish this inside."

"Okay." Elenore shut the door behind her and walked across the yard to find the firewood.

There wasn't a huge stack and it was covered in snow. Mom liked the romantic factor of a fire but both Mom and Dad preferred the convenience of central heat and air, rarely using the fireplace at all.

She found herself some good logs and some smaller ones for kindling. She made a few trips back to the steps, stacking the wood near the door after brushing off the snow the best she could. She stepped inside carrying a few.

"The rest is on the steps."

"Thanks Sweetie."

After removing her coat and boots, Elenore walked into the kitchen and took a seat at the table. Mom had already placed the cocoa on the table along with the milk and marshmallows. The cocoa was very hot as always. Elenore liked to add cold milk to level out the temperature and to add a little more flavor before stirring in her confections.

"I can make my own dinner tonight. That way you guys can have your time together."

"Thanks, but part of being romantic is the appreciation of becoming parents. We want to include you in the holiday. We can have our time alone later, if I can manage to get your father to watch a chick flick anyway." She laughed.

"Die Hard." Dad yelled from the living room. "They even got snow just like we do."

"It's also Christmas." Mom recalled after being forced to watch the entire series several years back as she stepped into the living room.

"Christmas, Valentine's Day... What's the difference? Bruce

can be your cupid."

"I'm going to find a good romantic movie." said Mom before turning back towards the kitchen. "I'll be back." exclaimed Mom, attempting to sound like a guy.

"That's Arnold."

"See? Aren't you glad you have no man in your life?"

"Yeah, I suppose." Elenore did miss having love but she was content in knowing it will be something to come and on her terms. "I can help with dinner then."

"That would be nice. Dad needs all the help he can get."

Dad eventually got out of his chair and found his way to the kitchen to cook. Elenore did most of the work but Dad made it a point to claim his victory. Mom allowed him his Moment and appreciated the effort he made. He did manage to set the dining room table for a nice candlelit dinner for three.

After dinner, Elenore went to her room to read, and more importantly, the give her parents some alone time. They didn't spend much time in privacy, and when they did, it was never of romantic endeavors.

I made myself dinner for one; no elegance, no candles and no fancy stoneware and no one to share it with. It was a simple frozen pizza at the kitchen table, alone in thought.

I gathered my collection of family records, perhaps to find the next woman in Donatien's family. I quickly set it aside. There would be time for that later, a time when my heart was a little more into the hunt, the hope of tomorrow.

After finishing my meal I put the dishes in the sink, breaking my routine of cleaning them promptly. I slumped myself on the couch trying to find something worth watching.

If love had worked out for me I knew I'd find nothing romantic on TV for Charlotte and I to curl up to. But love wasn't here and the cable guide yielded nothing but reminders of the day's holiday.

I stood up to grab a beer, passing by the flower still on display. I removed it from its vase, bringing it closer to my senses. It hadn't even started to wilt, a wonder in itself, a representation of longevity, endurance and an eternal love; all the things that were now absent. Not thinking, I raised it to my nose. A breath of Charlotte from yesterday overcame me; memories, the good and the bad. It was time to vanquish this delight as I

did Charlotte.

I changed into something a bit warmer as I had no intention to go outside earlier. I had planned on staying in where it was warm and closed off from the world. I put on some boots and a warm, black coat before turning on the outside lights and the lights to the garden below.

I stepped outside, flower in hand, taking in the cold winter air; a refreshing feeling and the aroma of new fallen snow. The snowfall had ceased and the skies were clear, all except for the stars twinkling in the against the black sky.

I took the steps carefully so not to slip, downward to backyard. The snow sank with every step I took leaving an imprint of my journey in one direction; forward. There is no other choice as going back is not an option. I must leave my fate to destiny or forever cling to failure, something that was never an option in my life.

I walked towards the ledge above the garden. The ground presented no obstacles until the end where there stood a few trees and a sparse thickening bordering the ledge. I could see the light down below as I approached, reflecting off the winter's mirror.

I stood on the border, a twenty foot drop to the ground below. Gazing outward, I clung to a tree beside me. I hadn't a thought of what may become of me, just a relinquishing of myself to another; to stop trying to control my own fate.

This is the first time I've actually stood above the garden at night, the first time I have ever turned on its lights. It was fitting that the snow had fallen upon it, the dead of winter to bring anew. Soon this garden will no longer be graced as I venture myself onward in life. A new home, a new garden await me.

I looked upon the flower in its entirety for the last time as I plucked its first pedal, releasing it into the air.

Elenore had stepped onto the porch to smoke. Her parents were occupied with love leaving her to feel a little more secure about going outside without the risk of getting caught. She had noticed the light shining from the woods and quickly threw her butt into the yard. She had never seen it lit before, nor did she even know it had lights. She wanted to see it firsthand.

She dressed herself for the weather once more. Her attire was a little damp from her last venture but she didn't mind. She grabbed the flashlight and went outside, following the paths that

she knew like the back of her hand.

Once she was out of sight she lit herself another cigarette. The last one was cast away before she had the chance to smoke it.

She followed the path and crossed the stream to where the path fades away, making her journey a little tougher. She had never been here before, in the night, in the snow... If it weren't for the lights up ahead calling her curiosity she would have just sat here for hours in delight.

She approached and navigated herself through the wall of thicket once more, into the cleared area with its pond and beautiful flowers once flourished. The pond was iced over and covered in snow. She had to be careful to avoid it, not knowing how thin the ice may have been. She could make out its edges by the flatness and the height of the snow, and steered herself clear as she walked around it.

Most of the lighting was white but there were a few colored ones that added more life to the surroundings, sparkling in wondrous hues off the iced over landscape. The trees were bare in leaves but covered in snow, creating a nice contrast of black and white, fading into the distance where the light fell short.

She stood there taking in the new scenery, amazed how simplicity could be so wondrous. She had forgotten her gloves, remembering now that she had taken them out of her pocket to dry. It didn't matter though. Elenore didn't allow herself to become occupied with such things as the cold. She would always feel warm when she stepped outside in nature's marvels.

I stood there and watched the petal as a gust of wind carried it away. It was oddly a breezy night. Usually the air would become still immediately after a snowfall.

"Hope has vanquished you once again, even you must see this now." he said, appearing from the darkness that laid dormant amongst the aging trees. "Come with me. Let us continue your true fate."

"My fate is my own. It does not include the likes of you." I said, not turning to face him. "There is always hope, otherwise I'd have no reason to exist."

"You'll always exist, in one form or in another. I can help you with your desire. I have that power within me. Just take my hand and follow."

"True love does not exist by coercion. It exists when two people freely give themselves to one another. You cannot create

such a thing. Nobody can."

"It will be better than this."

"This is a reminder of what I want. It will serve to inspire me to become better than I am."

I continued to follow the petal, seeing my own life in its journey. I feel I've become a leaf of sorts as it travelled, outward not hearing another word from him. He may have left me. He may have stayed. I didn't look to see. My focus, on the sole "she loves me" as it drifted away in the cold winter air, my heart leaves me falling.

The wind carried me as I sailed alone, veiled in ice, lifted in his hands I waited to be seen and to be heard. The long journey awaited since I became and amongst the rest, I'd hide no longer. *Please carry me far away so to be free. It is time to let go this world as I drift away, and into his.*

The wind blew in a fury, casting their snow into the nights air, fading into nothingness. The ground fell from my feet casting me along with, hurling me downward into the darkness as reality played its trickery, replaced by the plains of Hell. The snow that once fell has turned to cinder and ash blanketing the ground below in soot

Now cast down from the old tree I see the River of Styx crying, beckoning and taunting me. They are showing their true form, edges worn and old. They stared back, waiting to entangle and imprison me.

"Can we do without the theatrics?" I asked.

The darkened man stood beside me once again. "You've had fair warning. This will be your fate if you should find mortality."

"I will find it. But I will never return to this... place."

I lean my head upward to find light in the blackened skies believing this place to be of his creation, lacking true substance and form.

"And now I do regret, since I became. Let me be seen, I hide no longer. Please carry me far away so to be judged as all the beauty I've had is gone, replaced by age, my youth, my past." I called aloud.

I raise my hands gesturing for acceptance, ignoring Hades once again.

"The life I've lived means nothing now. It takes just one motion to the wind and he'll take me in, altering my direction to

his own. Take me beyond and I'll follow. Our place together was always known, just forgotten."

I looked down, once again spotting the first petal torn from its beauty as it faded away into the dark.

"And I alone, petals, the sole remaining. I be missed by those I've left, still hanging on. It's time, taken by he, overseas at last."

I dropped myself to my knees landing them in the cold snow as the darkness began to shift back into reality.

"I'll look to the skies up above." I spoke out once more.

"With he, my everlasting love." We spoke in unison. She was by my side, extending her open hand, within it, that petal I cast away. She was there to witness its journey as it fluttered towards her, Elenore. For I spoke the words she has sung to herself time and time again, when she felt alone in this world, seeking her other.

*I sing my songs inside my mind  
Listen and maybe you will find  
The beats that I dance to that my heart only knows  
Feel them, or locked away they'll stay  
Forever  
Til he comes along  
And sings me my song  
I'll look to the skies up above  
With he, my everlasting love*

I found myself without words, only a smile to return. She knelt down beside me offering her hand.

"I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for...Elenore, right?"

"I'm sorry for wandering into your garden, for picking your flowers and most of all... for what my sister has become."

"She is lost. I only hope she finds her way." I stood up, brushing the snow from my knees. "As for the garden... It's for all to share, those that can see it. How did you find it?"

She had stood herself up as well, not minding her frost covered knees as I did.

"It was there," She pointed outward. "at the end of the path where we used to walk. I found a break in the vines and there it was. All those beautiful flowers. I couldn't help myself."

"And the narcissus?"

"Yes... I'm so sorry." She lowered her head, putting her hands together at her waist, enforcing her apology.

"There is nothing to be sorry about. It was there for you to find." I raised her chin with my hand and smiled. "It was yours, and only yours to pick. I am happy that you found it."

"Really?"

"Yes... Really." I turned towards the house. "Why don't we go inside and get away from this cold. I think I have some hot cocoa in the house."

"I'd like that a lot."

I took her hand as she followed me. "I hope you don't mind that I'm holding your hand. This cold weather got the best of me." I exaggerated a bit.

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While many experiences have gone into the writing of this book, it is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are a product of the author's imagination or based loosely on experience. Any resemblance to actual people living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

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# *The Author*

Master Hyde was born in the north, raised until the age of twelve. He moved to the south, graduating high school before living in Florida for 4 years and then back to Tennessee where he remains at the writing of this book.

He is a jack-of-all-trades type with interests and talents in art, photography; writing in various forms that include books, music and songs.

Master Hyde has been in the lifestyle for almost twenty years as a Dom and Master, focusing more on the mental aspects and the journey one takes, for every fantasy; pleasure and desire all exist in one's mind. It has been a growing and learning process with still much to experience.

When you are beyond rough sex and a spanking you want someone to take you on your own journey of self-discovery. You want to explore all the things you've thought about, not only physically, but the mentality. You need someone to share your desires with and to take it in steps to find out what you truly like or dislike. From there you want to push yourself further, discover your limits and to attempt to cross them. You need someone who understands all of this and one who could help you get there. It's not about a destination, it's the journey itself.

## *A Special Thanks*

To my parents who always said I could do anything.

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To all the women I've had the pleasure or misfortunes of being with, the good and the bad.

Life is a journey and I would not be where I am today without everyone being exposed to all.