

A Wife for Charlotte by Jennifer Reynolds



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1

The woman watched her quarry emerge from the door of the social security office, and as she studied him, she could see that he was carefully counting out the few pounds that he had been given to feed and clothe himself for a week.

He pulled the collar of his jacket up around his ears, then stuck his hands in his pockets and began to trudge along the street, and as he did so the woman started up her car and slowly followed him, keeping her distance, and then pulling to a stop at the curb as her prey turned into the neon-lit bar.

She looked at her watch, noting the time, then she settled herself and turned up the heater of the car, resigning herself to the fact that she would have to pass at least an hour or so before she could make her move.

The woman poured herself a coffee from the thermos flask she was carrying with her, then lit a cigarette, her routine the same as it had been so many times before, and she wondered if this time her patience would be rewarded or not.

She thought of how she had tracked her intended victim after spotting him a few days before, and how she had followed him to the semi-derelect hovel where he lived. She remembered how she had returned to the slum on a number of occasions, waiting until he emerged, then discreetly following him as he aimlessly wandered the streets day after day until it was time for him to once more collect his welfare payment and drown his hopelessness and sorrows for a few hours.

The woman was optimistic that he could be persuaded to her cause, for she had seen his kind many times before, and she had lost count of how many like him she had managed to entice into her web.

Of course, he was *exactly* what she wanted. Young, perhaps mid-twenties, and short and slim. He had an elfin shaped effeminate face, with little evidence of much of a beard, and as an added bonus he even had long mousy brown hair that was pulled back into a fashionable ponytail.

She lit herself another cigarette to pass the time, then checked her watch.

Glancing over at the entrance to the bar she shivered in mock horror, for such an establishment was quite unlike like the type she would normally frequent, then she shrugged her shoulders resignedly, for if nothing else it told her that her quarry must be desperate to hang out in such a place.

She pulled down the vanity mirror and studied her reflection in the last moments of light that the gloomy late afternoon afforded, happy to see that her make-up was still perfect and her hair tidy and in place.

Now she was getting impatient, and unconsciously she placed her hands on the dashboard of the car and tapped her expertly manicured nails repetitively, making a drumming sound that echoed quietly through the vehicle.

Once more she checked her watch, and at last it was time for her to find out whether she had wasted the last few days, or whether her sixth sense about her prospect had been correct.

She got out of the car and pulled her thick winter coat around her, then she walked over to the bar and pushed open the door.

As she entered the drinking saloon her heels made a clicking sound on the tiled floor, and one or two heads turned to watch her as she walked over to the barman and ordered herself a drink, but she ignored

any admiring glances and instead seated herself near to the young man who was lounging in the corner and staring drunkenly at the floor.

For a while the woman watched him carefully, taking note of the brand of bottle he was drinking from, then she got up and ordered an identical beer.

She picked up her own glass, then carried it and the bottle of beer to the table where the man was sitting, and as she slid into the booth she pushed the drink towards him.

For a moment or two he didn't seem to realise she was even sitting opposite him, then he looked up and saw her and the bottle in front of him.

'Waz this?' he slurred, nodding towards the beer.

The woman smiled. 'I hoped you might let me buy you a drink?' she answered.

He wasn't that drunk that he couldn't still be suspicious.

'Why?' he asked warily. 'Why-you-wan buy me a drink?' he mispronounced.

She smiled again. 'Because I like the look of you'. She replied. 'And because I want you to come home with me'. And she reached under the table and squeezed his knee.

For a second or two her touch didn't register with him, then he started with surprise.

'Whar-you-doing?' he mumbled. 'You're-bit-forward, aren't you?'

'Just making it clear what I want from you!' she told him bluntly. 'I don't believe in wasting time! You're a nice looking young man, and I want a fuck from you! It's a simple as that!'

He colored up, then giggled foolishly. 'Wazza lady like you want to do somefing like that for wiv me?' he questioned, his words becoming more and more slurred as the alcohol dimmed his senses.

She pushed the bottle towards him.

'Just drink', she told him. 'Don't worry about my reasons. Everything will become clear to you. But first you've got to drink. We want to get merry and have a good time!' And she made a pretense of taking a large gulp from her own glass.

He shrugged his shoulders, then put the bottle to his lips and downed it in one go.

'You must be *very* thirsty!' the woman smiled. 'One more before we leave?' And she called over to the barman for another bottle.

The young man downed that as well, and his eyes glazed over as the additional alcohol befuddled his already intoxicated brain.

He slumped back in his seat and closed his eyes, and the woman sat for a few minutes and waited for the drink to totally confuse him.

She picked up her own still half-full glass and took it over to the bar.

'Put another shot in that', she told the barman. 'And make it a double!'

She sat down again, then pushed the glass towards the young man as at the same time she leaned forward and prodded him awake.

'Drink up!' she told him, putting the glass in his hand. 'We're leaving in a minute. One last little drinkie!' And she helped him lift the glass to his lips and watched as he gulped down the brandy.

She took the glass from his almost lifeless fingers and carefully placed it on the table, watching as he sagged back in his seat and his head slumped onto his chest. Then she got up and picked up her bag.

She walked over to the bar.

'My friend needs help getting to my car', she told the barman. 'He's had too much to drink! Help me get him up will you?'

The barman looked at her dubiously, for he had seen both her and the young man come in separately, and he doubted very much whether they were friends. But he decided that if the woman didn't get him out of his bar, then at some point he would have to evict the young man, so he shrugged his shoulders and decided it was none of his business, and he helped the woman get the man to his feet.

'My car's just outside', the woman said. And she and the barman half carried the young man to her vehicle, then shoved him onto the back seat.

'Thanks', the woman said, passing the barman a five-pound note, and he nodded his thanks as he stuck the tip in his pocket and walked back into the bar.

She got into the driving seat, then turned around and looked at the man as he lay unconscious across the back of car, and she fervently hoped that he wouldn't throw up all over the plush leather of her up-market saloon.

Putting the car into gear she gunned the vehicle for her home, calculating that she should be there within half-an-hour, and as she drove, she pressed the speed-dial button on her car's mobile-phone.

'Mrs. Barron?' she asked when her call was answered. 'It's me. I'll be about thirty minutes. And I've another young man as a guest! So be ready to help me when I get home. I'll be as quick as I can!'

And as she pressed the button to finish the call, she hit the road out of town and pressed the accelerator down hard.

2

When she pulled into the drive to her house, she sounded the car's horn, and as she pulled up to the entrance the front door opened, and her housekeeper stood waiting.

She jumped out of her car, calling to her housekeeper, 'Help me get him inside. He's as drunk as a lord! I doubt he'll know what's happening!'

The housekeeper, who was an extremely tall and well-built grey-haired woman in her mid-fifties, approached the car and manhandled the prostrate body from the back seat. And as she did so the young man came to life, his legs partly working as the two women helped him to stagger up the steps and into the house.

'Waz-going-on?' he slurred. 'War-you-doin?'

'Help me get him upstairs', the woman told her housekeeper, ignoring the young man's questions. 'And then we'll get him into one of the spare bedrooms. He can sleep it off tonight, and hopefully be fit in the morning!'

They semi-dragged, semi-lifted him up the stairs and into a bedroom, then flopped him across the bed.

'Get his clothes off Mrs. Barron', the woman said, and the housekeeper swiftly stripped the man naked, and then turned him so he was laid in bed properly with his head on the pillows.

'You know what to do Mrs. Barron', the woman said, and she stood at the base of the bed and watched as the older woman took the young man's penis into her hand and started to masturbate him.

Even though he was completely drunk, within half-a-minute the housekeeper had his cock rigid and upright, and she rubbed him harder and harder until he made a little groaning sound and tried to open his eyes and focus.

'Thaz-nice', he giggled stupidly. 'You're-ver-good-at-zat'. Then his eyes closed again and he just gave the occasional little moan.

The woman came from the end of the bed and stood next to the housekeeper, watching whilst the elder woman's fingers continued to wank him, then she bent down and took his chin in her fingers and shook him awake.

'What's your name?' she asked, leaning over the young man and looking down at him. He didn't answer, so she shook him again. 'What's your name?' she repeated.

His eyes slowly opened, and he stared drunkenly at her, his gaze completely unable to focus, and as if he was almost looking straight through her.

'Adwian', he mumbled.

'Adrian?' the woman asked. 'Did you say Adrian?' And the man nodded.

The woman looked at the housekeeper and indicated with a nod of her head for the woman to masturbate him harder. Then she shook his head again and tried to keep him awake, at the same time asking, 'And do you like fucking me Adrian? You're *very* good at it!'

He giggled foolishly. 'Yez. Like fuckin' you. S'nice!'

The woman let go of his head, then tapped the housekeeper on the arm and gestured for her to finish him off, so the older woman wanked harder and harder until suddenly he groaned, and a small amount of cum-milk dribbled from the end of his cock. Then, almost immediately after she had stopped masturbating him, the young man fell asleep and started to snore.

'Leave him now', the woman told the housekeeper. 'In the morning all he'll remember is having a nice feeling in his cock, and thinking that he's screwed me!' And she laughed as the older woman pulled the sheets over him.

At the door the two women turned and looked at him sound asleep in bed.

'He'd be good', the housekeeper said, and the woman nodded and replied, 'Yes. I thought so as soon as I saw him'.

They looked at him once more, then turned to go.

'Let him lay in until late morning', the woman told her housekeeper. 'Wake him up about mid-day. Then get him cleaned up and bring him down to me. You know what to tell him'.

And they closed the door and left him snoring.

Late the following morning Mrs. Barron pushed open his bedroom door and carried in a tray with a late breakfast and coffee for him.

She placed the tray at the side of his bed, then pulled open the curtains to flood the bedroom with light, and as he woke and blinked, and then tried to cover his eyes, she told him, 'Time to get yourself moving young man! You can't lie in bed all day!'

He opened his eyes and looked at her.

'Where am I?' he asked. 'And who *are you*?'

'To answer your last question', she replied, 'my name's Mrs. Barron. Doreen Barron. And I'm the housekeeper here' She paused for a moment. 'And to answer your first question. You're in the home of my employer, Mrs. Marshall & Geraldine Marshall. You came home with her yesterday evening.'

He vaguely recalled meeting a woman in the bar the day before, but for the moment that was all he really remembered.

'What did I come here with her for?' he automatically asked without thinking, his mind still a little befuddled.

The housekeeper made a pretense at being shocked by his question.

'Young man!' she spoke sternly. 'I am *not* in the habit of asking my employer why she brings someone home to her bedroom! Use your imagination! All I can tell you is that the two of you made a *hell* of a lot of noise, and that you ended up here in the spare bedroom in the early hours of this morning!'

Deep within the recesses of his memory he seemed to remember something about *something* to do with sex, and he seemed to recall that it had been pleasant, but it was all too distant for him to be sure. Nevertheless, he assumed from what the housekeeper was saying that he had spent part of the night in bed with the woman he had met in the bar.

Mrs. Barron's voice cut across his thoughts.

'Mrs. Marshall asks that after breakfast you get yourself cleaned up. Then meet her downstairs'. She indicated a pile of his clothing. 'I've washed and ironed your clothes', she told him. "They were quite grubby!' And she wrinkled her nose distastefully.

She left him then, and he tucked into the food and drink, looking around at the tastefully decorated room and furnishings that reeked of money.

He found the door to the en-suite bathroom and using a guest razor that had been left on a shelf he carefully scraped away the few light hairs on his chin. Then he turned on the shower and stood under the water for a long time, relishing the feel of the heat on his skin and the chance to thoroughly clean himself.

After dressing in his clean clothes, he then went out onto the landing of the house, noting the number of bedroom doors that he could see and realising that he was in a large and substantial property.

He padded down the stairs, then systematically opened the doors that led off the large entrance hall, finding each room quiet and empty, until at last he pushed open the door to the study and saw a casually dressed woman sitting reading some papers.

She looked up and smiled at him warmly, then put down the papers and came towards him as if the two of them had known each other for years.

'Adrian!' she gushed, her cut-glass accent telling him she came from an upper-class background, then she leaned forward and pecked him on the cheek. 'How did you sleep darling?'

He was confused, although he vaguely remembered her as the woman in the bar.

'Er, fine', he stumbled. "The bed was very comfortable', he added for something to say.

'I'm so *glad!*' the woman smiled. Then she looked at him coyly and added, 'After all your efforts in bed last night you must have been exhausted! You were *very good!*'

He felt himself flushing, and he stammered, 'If... if you say so! I really don't remember too much!'

The woman laughed. 'You're *too* modest Adrian darling! You're actually *quite* a stud! I *really* enjoyed what you did to me!'

He didn't know what to say, so he just tried to smile, then stood there looking at the woman that apparently, he had made love to the night before.

He saw that she was in her mid-forties, about five foot six or five foot seven inches tall, with a slim but shapely figure, and a generous bosom that her clinging blouse did little to conceal. She was wearing tight black trousers that hugged her thighs and hips, and when she turned around for a moment, he could see that her buttocks were full and rounded. Her hair was brunette, and although it was casually piled up and held in place with a clip, he judged that were she to let it down it would probably fall to just about shoulder length. To add to the overall effect, she was impeccably made up, her cosmetics having been expertly applied, with her dark brown eyes emphasized by her long lashes, and her generous

mouth highlighted by the dark pink lipstick that matched the colour of her long and shaped nails.

All in all she was quite stunning, and Adrian found it difficult to believe that evidently he had spent time with her in bed.

She picked up an internal 'phone and pressed a button, and when it was answered she spoke into the mouthpiece. 'Coffee for two please Mrs. Barron'. Then she put down the telephone and looked at Adrian, waving him to a seat as she re-took hers.

'So, I know that your Christian name's Adrian', she said to him. 'Adrian who?'

'Adrian Townsend', he answered.

She smiled. 'Pleased to meet you Adrian Townsend', she answered formally. 'And I'm Geraldine Marshall'. And she laughed as she leaned forward and held out her hand for him to shake.

For a moment or two she was silent, and she just sat there looking at him.

All of a sudden he felt uncomfortable under her scrutiny and, unable to meet her eyes any longer, he looked away from her and around the room.

She snapped his attention back to her as she spoke.

'Do you remember us meeting in that bar you were in?' she asked, and when he nodded, she added, 'And do you remember coming home with me and what we did?'

He shook his head, then answered, 'No, to be honest it all seems a bit of a blur. I have a dim memory of *something* happening, but I can't really remember anything much at all'.

"That's a shame!' she laughed. 'You *obviously* were enjoying yourself! It's a pity you can't remember our night of passion!'

There was a knock on the door, and the housekeeper brought in a tray loaded with cups and a jug of coffee and placed it on a table at Geraldine's side.

After Mrs. Barron had gone, Geraldine poured the coffee and passed a cup to Adrian.

'So tell me about yourself, she asked, 'what do you do for a living? And where do you live?' And she waited for the answers that she already knew.

'I haven't got a job', he mumbled. 'Works difficult to find at the moment'. And when Geraldine nodded solicitously as if she sympathized with his position, he added, 'So I can't afford much of a place to live. I've got a room in a house in town. It's a bit of a dump really!'

'Oh you poor thing!' she appeared to console. 'How *awful* for you!'

He shrugged his shoulders as if there was nothing he could do about it, and nothing more to be said on the subject. So he was surprised when Geraldine didn't let the matter drop.

'It's not *fair* that a nice young man like you should be in such a position', she told him. 'Your life is being *wasted!* Perhaps I could help somehow?' And she sipped on her coffee and waited for him to take the bait.

'Help?' he questioned suspiciously, wondering why a woman in her position should care about someone like him. 'How could *you* help *me?* And anyway, why should you concern yourself with me? I'm nothing to you!'

Geraldine made a quick reappraisal of Adrian, surmising that perhaps he wasn't quite as naive as she had hoped he might be, so she quickly changed tack, deciding that the offer of money might be the carrot that was needed.

'Well, if I was to help you, perhaps you could be of help to me', she told him, suddenly becoming much more like the businesswoman

that in reality she in fact was. 'Maybe I could offer you a commercial arrangement that would be of benefit to us both. An agreement that would see you eventually earning considerable sums of money, and with me taking a commission. Are you interested in listening?'

He looked at her for a moment, unsure whether to trust her.

I'm not doing anything illegal! 'he warned her. 'My life's shitty enough as it is!'

She smiled, then sat back, her whole attitude one of supreme confidence.

'Oh, what I'm about to offer you *is far* from illegal!' she replied. 'And as for your 'shitty life', I'm offering you a way to climb out of the gutter and reach out for the good life! Now, I'll ask you again, are you interested in hearing me out or not?'

He thought about it for a few moments, deciding he had nothing to lose in listening to her. So, he sat back in his chair and nodded for her to continue.

3

Geraldine placed the tips of her well-manicured fingers together as if she was about to pray, looking at him speculatively as if she was trying to make up her mind where to start. Then she lit a cigarette and puffed the smoke into the air above her.

'All this', and she waved her hand at her surroundings. 'All this is paid for from the earnings I make from a *very* exclusive business', she told him. 'A business that caters to wealthy women who want a little more from life than is normally available, and who are prepared to pay handsomely to get what they want! You follow me?'

He nodded.

These women have placed their trust in me because they know that I'm the soul of discretion', she continued. 'And they frequent my, how shall I put it? 'agency?' to purchase, on a temporary, or sometimes even on a permanent basis, the 'partner' they are looking for'.

He wasn't sure that he quite understood her, but he kept his mouth shut and continued to listen.

Geraldine had been through this routine many times before, and she guessed that already he was probably confused, so she decided to be more direct.

'To put it bluntly', she told him, 'my clients are always looking for something 'new' in the way of sexual gratification! Most of them have tried men, many of them have been with women, and some have tried it with both men and women at the same time! But for one reason or another sex has become boring with the 'normal' classification of partner. So they have moved laterally and now seek something a little different!'

Adrian couldn't think of any other combination of partner, except one, and without thinking what he was saying he blurted out, 'Christ! They're not into animals or something are they?'

Geraldine flung back her head and roared with laughter.

'No, no, no! You silly boy!' she chuckled, the thought of one of her clients taking home a pedigree dog as a partner obviously highly amusing to her. 'I'm sure that *some* of them like a *little* bit of the animal in their partners, but not *literally*]' And she roared again at her own joke.

Poor Adrian colored red with embarrassment, and he sat there nervously fidgeting until Geraldine had decided that she had had enough laughter at his expense.

She dabbed at the corners of her eyes with a handkerchief, saying, 'I must tell Mrs. Barron that one! Highly amusing dear boy!' And she leaned forward and patted him on the knee.

Composing herself, she returned to what she had been saying.

'Actually, what they are looking for is fresh young things like you! And with a nice big cock like yours! Does that shock you?' she asked, as she saw him squirm with discomfort at her directness.

When he didn't answer, she told him, 'Why be shy about yourself? You're well built in the right place! Be proud of it! It might make you your fortune!'

Then she added, 'After all, when you showed me last night what you could do with your cock, and after you thoroughly satisfied me, I thought it was only fair to suggest to you that you use your prowess to gratify others!'

He thought that eventually he could see what she was getting at, so he asked, 'Are you suggesting I work for you as some sort of escort? Somebody that you rent out to rich ladies for a few hours pleasure?'

Geraldine nodded. 'Something like that', she replied. 'Does the idea appeal to you?'

He thought about it for a few moments, then asked, 'These women. What are they like?'

She decided to be honest with him about one thing.

'They cover the complete spectrum in age', she told him. 'Some are almost as young as you, some are middle-aged, some are even in their sixties I believe! But one thing links all of them, and that is that they are women of breeding and quality, who are either wealthy in their own right, or who have rich husbands who indulge them and their spending!'

'And what sort of money could I earn?' he asked a little too eagerly, his appetite whetted at the thought of screwing loads of women for money.

She saw his enthusiasm, and she smiled to herself as she saw him slowly being drawn into her trap.

'Well, at first, not very much', she answered truthfully. 'I'd have to invest a *great* deal of time and money in you! And that would have to be repaid! But you can live here for free whilst you're being trained, and there would be everything found for you, and perhaps a little bit of pocket money. But later, when you can command top fees, your earnings would be *substantial* to say the least!'

He nodded, his imagination seeing thousands of pounds eventually dropping into his hands, and then he realized what Geraldine had just told him.

'What do you mean be 'trained'?' he asked. 'What 'training' are you talking about? All I've got to do is shag them, haven't I?'

Geraldine sighed to herself. He was no different to all the other's she had had through her hands. He thought that he knew *everything* about satisfying women!

Patently she explained things to him. 'Of course, you're *excellent* in bed!' she lied. 'But there are so *many* ways to satisfy a woman properly! And you need to learn them all! Mrs. Barron and I will be your teachers!'

"Mrs. Barron" he asked incredulously. 'Your *housekeeper*? She's old enough to be my *mother*!' he added without thinking what he was saying.

'And so am I!' Geraldine snapped, her face a mask of ice. 'What's *that* got to do with it? Both Mrs. Barron and I have probably *forgotten* more about the art of making love *than you've* learned! So, don't be so sure of yourself young man! You're not *that* big a gift to women *yet*!'

'I'm sorry', he mumbled apologetically. 'I didn't mean any offence'.

'Apology accepted', Geraldine told him, then she smiled. 'You're no different than most young people', she added. 'You think that sex was invented for those under forty! One day you'll find out how wrong you are!'

He was eager to placate her, not wishing to lose the opportunity to improve his miserable lot in life, so he told her, 'Of course, I'll do anything you say! You obviously must know best!'

She wasn't about to be modest, so she answered him frankly.

'Yes I do! I know what my clients want... I know how to train you... And I know how to turn you into somebody that will command top earnings! All you have to do is comply with everything I say! Is that understood?' And she waited for his answer.

'Yes, yes! Sure!' he quickly replied. 'I understand!'

Geraldine smiled.

'Good!' she told him. 'I'm sure you'll be a great success!'

She judged it was time for her to see if she could close the trap and having been in the same position many times before she knew that her chances of succeeding were no better than fifty-fifty. She wondered if this time her efforts would result in failure or victory.

'So, to summarize what I'm offering you', she told him. 'You will live here rent-free. You will be well fed and well clothed. *Everything* you could possibly need will be supplied to you. You will receive extensive training to enable you to circulate in the society of my clients, and you will receive comprehensive instruction as to how to satisfy them in the bedroom. Eventually, when you have proved yourself a success, your monetary rewards will *be far* in excess of anything you could possibly earn out there in the big wide world. The work isn't hard, and as a bonus you will often find that *you* are the one being given a great deal more sexual pleasure than that which you are expected to provide'.

She saw the enthusiasm on his face, and she knew it was the moment of truth for both of them. The jaws of the trap were open, all that remained was to see if Adrian would step through.

'So, all you have to do to change *everything* about your current shitty existence, is to reach out and grasp what I'm offering you with

both hands!' She said, adding as if it was almost an afterthought, 'And also agree that you'll let me turn you into the kind of 'young woman' that my clients pay so well for!'

4

For a moment he thought he'd misheard her.

'I'm sorry', he answered, 'I think I misunderstood what you just said'.

She was as serene as could be, coolly replying, 'Which bit didn't you understand?'

Adrian laughed to try and cover his embarrassment, sure that he had got things wrong again, and realising that he would appear foolish and give her yet another chance to mock him when he questioned her words, but nevertheless he had to ask.

'Did you just say that you want to turn me into a *woman*?' he said almost apologetically, waiting for her roars of laughter once more.

But this time her face remained impassive, and there was no hint of mirth at all.

'That's right', was all she replied, and she waited for his reaction.

He went to laugh again, then he saw the look on her face and he realized she was serious, and he wasn't sure whether he was in the presence of a lunatic or not.

'You... have... *got*... to... be... *joking!*' was all he could say, spelling out the words slowly as the shock of what she had just told him hit home.

Geraldine lit another cigarette, then nonchalantly blew a ring of smoke as she calmly answered, 'I *never* joke about a business proposition!'

You heard me right first time I want to rum you into a woman! Because that's what my special kind of client wants A girl with a cock!'

'But... but...' he spluttered. 'I thought you were talking about me screwing women as a *man*! Like I am *now*. Isn't that good enough?'

Geraldine laughed.

'Oh, you boys!' she shook her head as if she disbelieved even herself. 'You're all the same!'

She looked at him seriously, the smile gone from her face once more.

'Understand *this!*' she told him. 'Pretty faced young men like you are two a penny! The papers, magazines, escort agencies. They're all chock-a-block with guys who think they're studs who'll give some rich old lady a good time! And most of them don't work from one week to the next! If you think you can earn a living that way, you're welcome to try it! You'll soon see how tough it is!'

He was silent, the dream he had had of getting out of his rut evaporating before his eyes.

Geraldine saw his look of dejection, and she knew the thoughts that were going through his mind, for she had been through the same thing many times before with many other young men.