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RICH BITCH

By Tiffany Mellis

I woke up, a little hangover thudding at my temples. Didn't open my eyes as I analyzed it the pain. Not too bad. Nothing worse than a mild headache. Probably a lot less than I deserved. Slowly opened my eyes. Long hair air was right in front of me. Honey blonde, I think it's called. Pamela? Was that her name? The hair was long and immaculate and down to her tanned shoulders. A little tousled with sleep perhaps. I grinned as I recollected the night before. I'd taken her up the ass doggy-style. She hadn't liked that a great deal as I recalled. Had actually argued with me, but after a while of my bored, honeyed blandishments? She'd let me put myself in her and undulated away like a good girl should as I fucked her. Wept a little, but accepted the facts of life. Lazily, I touched her shoulder.

She turned around slowly, ever so slowly, large breasts gradually coming into view. Her warm and lovely brown eyes, sleepy at first as she took me in. Her generous mouth smiling a little, then curving. "Hi there sweetie!" she breathed, her breath reminding me of cinnamon. Stretched forward a little and fastened her lovely warm lips on mine. Then she pulled back, a smile still in her eyes. "You were a naughty boy last night Mark. That was the first time anybody's ever come inside me at the back like that." She undulated her groin against mine. "Like to do it again? Maybe – if I got the hang of it, it might not be so bad?" Her eyes were full of promise and I felt myself grow hard.

"Great idea. But can I take a rain check?" I mumbled. "I'm feeling kinda lazy right now."

"Poor thing!" she breathed, her hands around my cock. "Do you want me to climb on?"

I shrugged. "Nah! As I said," I'm feeling kinda lazy."

"What about this my little sleepyhead? Let a master take care of you." she said softly, her leg working slowly over me.

I certainly wasn't about to complain as she slid over my supine body, rubbed against me and then finally climbed on top, fitting her moist warmth over me, then pushing herself almost upright. "Not putting you out

TOO much?" she smiled down kidding, on me as we settled into some early morning lovemaking.

Later I cleaned myself off as she wrapped a robe about herself. "Tell Frank I'll have breakfast out there. Don't need it in bed this morning." I said.

She gave me a mock bow, her bare tits showing. "Yes, O master! Anything else?"

I gave her a frown. This broad was getting to be too much. Let you fuck them once or twice and it was if they were running your life. About time I had Frank get me another. "Just do as I ask, okay?" I snapped. Had to admit. My personality after lovemaking wasn't the best.

She knew she had screwed up. Wisely didn't worsen the situation. "I'll tell him," she said meekly. Unfolded her lithe body from the bed.

"Okay!" I shrugged and started dressing. She left the room quietly.

I was in a little better mood when I rejoined her and Frank in the kitchen. Another lovely day. I looked out over the pool and spa to the ocean beyond. As always, the view filled me with a lot of pleasure. Frank and Pamela were busy setting up breakfast. She set my specially mixed orange juice on the table and gave me a tentative smile. Feeling kinda bad because of what I had in mind, I gave her one back. Sat down. Considered what I'd been thinking. Decided it was time for her to go.

"Frittata all right?" Frank asked as he busied himself at the stove.

"Sounds okay to me," I said lounging back on my chair.

"That's good, because it's what you're getting," he said, laughing.

I couldn't help it. Laughed back. Frank is small, like me but has a great sense of humor. I'd met him in college, just before I dropped out. As a matter of fact, I'd convinced him to hang out with me – and drop out at the same time. He didn't have my kind of money of course but really wasn't that interested in dough. Took what he needed and, over time, was the best, the absolute BEST at getting me broads. He did other things of value too of course. But when it came to picking women for me he was something special.

Then it dawned on me. I'd been considering my thing with Pamela too much. Thinking about broads? Where was Dianne, his date? There was no sign of her. "Hey Frank?" I asked after a good swallow of orange juice. "Where's Dianne?"

He gave me a lazy smile. "Had to leave early," he said. That meant, in our code, that he'd sent her away as unacceptable. I blinked then shrugged a little. I'd thought that she'd last at least a few more days. We both operated on the same principle.

Good looking girls were a commodity like any other I could afford. For both of us, he'd order a stack of pins from Tiffany's – expensive things and damn good pay for a few nights work – then give one to the girls who we had then decided to get rid of. It was expensive, sure, but the way we looked at it? The gals got the message – real quick. He generally handed out a cheaper pin than me of course – but I really didn't care. We were buddies. One time, before we thought of the pins, a gal got difficult about ME. We ended up calling in a lawyer and she went away. Actually the lawyer's fee was a bit more than a pin though it wasn't THAT bad, but I preferred the girls to go away quietly, so we just went on. Enjoying the life.

I'd had Pamela a few days now and she was sweet. Very submissive and docile, but I was getting fed up with her. That was another thing about Frank. Once I gave him the sign? He was an artist at getting rid of the women. In many cases I didn't even SEE them again. He even read my mind! A new one would magically appear almost as soon as I was in the mood. He varied them too – blondes, brunettes, redheads. I swore he could read what I wanted!

“Oh, that's a shame!” I said in regard to what he'd said about Diane - with phony sincerity about what he'd said so that Pamela wouldn't get the wrong idea (It's long been my opinion that one shouldn't upset broads more than necessary. They sort of look out for each other and can get nasty if they get the slightest feeling that any one of them has been taken advantage of). Then I spoke to her. “I thought you liked Tomato juice?” I said, seeing her orange juice in front of her – the code sign to Frank. His eyes widened a trifle but I knew he'd got the message that I had just sent. Pamela was history as far as I was concerned.

We all finished the meal in a shower of desultory talk. I saw how sweet Pamela was and came very close to indicating to Frank that I'd changed my mind but didn't. I then went in to my library, ostensibly to check up on something. Thought I heard raised voices as I played some video games, but when I came out an hour or so later, Pamela and all of her belongings were gone.

“Think I'll try the spa now Frank,” I said.. “Or do you have the next broad ready to come and see me?” This was a joke in honor of his legendary skill at getting women for me.

He yawned. “No problem either way. But don't forget, you have that meeting with that woman called Crystal in about forty minutes.”

“Crystal?” I asked. “Another broad for me already? C'mon! You're GOOD – but not that good!”

He shook his head, laughing. “Honest. You're getting to be a pain in the ass. She's the senior partner in that new team of Financial Planners that bought out your old ones. You wanted to talk to her.”

"I did?" I laughed, somewhat relieved to tell the truth. Didn't feel like any more romantic posturing right then.. "What about?"

He shook his head. Laughed again. "YOU handle the finances! I handle the social life! You obviously forgot about her. If you want to change into some clothes that are more businesslike I can look out a suit for you."

I thought for a second, examining my lounging outfit. "Nah. No problem. Let her see me as I am."

Crystal was a good name for her. Sharp. Short blonde hair. Ice blue eyes. Pencil slim dark tailored skirt suit and pearls around a fine neck. Damn good legs. Expensive shoes and handbag. Did NOT gush with pretended enthusiasm when she met me, but shook hands in a very professional way. Looked around my expensive, but untidy, house with a air that bordered on the critical. Didn't wait for an invitation, but sat at a table and opened her attaché case. Pulled out a single sheet of paper but hardly referred to it as she spoke. I wasn't used to being spoken to in her manner. Clipped and forthright.

"I know you don't like dealing with finances, so I'll cut right to the chase. Don't know what to tell you sir. You are extremely wealthy. Your finances are in excellent shape. Your expenses at Tiffany's seem to be a lot more that I'd imagine practical?" Here she lifted an eyebrow. "But your very low rate of financial output otherwise indicates that you are in fantastic shape financially." She stared at me coldly. "I assume that you called me here to check me out because I'm new?"

I didn't know what to say, so stared at her blankly. She continued. " I have a financial Masters from Wharton. I have served a very good apprenticeship with some of the best financial managers in the country and own a large part of the company I currently work with now. I will NOT do anything immoral for you – and if you ask me to do that? I shall ask you to transfer your account somewhere else. I appreciate having the business of wealthy patrons like you but have enough to do without getting involved in stuff I don't want to do."

"Whoa! Wheesh!" I said, sitting back a little. "I'm not used to this kind of approach from financial people, but I don't have any problem with it."

A ghost of a smile crossed her lips. "I have nothing against a gay lifestyle sir. Honestly? As I've found out to my cost? It's just that some of the homosexual demands aren't too practical? I don't want to sound homophobic, but without mincing words, they can make rather bitchy demands. Things don't I care to do, if you catch my drift?" She gave me a cool smile.

The meaning of her words finally got through to me. "A gay - a what? What are you TALKING about?" I said quickly.

She looked at me archly. Again that hint of amusement showed on her face and in her eyes. Her voice actually took on a phony sweetness and an expression appeared momentarily as if she was making a decision. “Gay dahling!” And she flipped her hand at me in a very effeminate gesture! “Like I said? I don't care if you're gay or not, I'll give you the same level of support and care. Just don't be making ridiculous or bitchy demands. If that's what you want me to do? I can recommend you to LOTS of firms that will do anything – and I mean ANYTHING you want.” With that, she started gathering up her stuff, and I realized that she had just given up on me. Thought for sure I would fire her! I was so pissed off it never even crossed my mind.

“But – but- I'm not gay!” I started.

She looked at me, disbelief written all over her face. I felt that I must explain. For some reason I was meeting a woman whose opinion mattered to me. I felt as if I wanted her approval! Heard the weakness in my own voice as I spoke. “Okay, I dropped out of college in my second year because of my inheritance. Talked Frank into joining me on my trail of pleasure and indolence. We are NOT gay!”

She continued to stare at me and the disbelief in her eyes was evident. Certainly was NOT my type, in that I have a preference for the dewy eyed, soft, subservient, young things that tended to my every want., but I looked into those super-confident, austere eyes and wanted to convince her! “Lookit!” I continued. “I've not a thing against gays. Am NOT homophobic! I just don't want you to get the wrong idea.”

She sighed. Inclined her head as if to hide a smile, then looked up at me and started ticking off her fingers. Shook her head as if I needed convincing. Like I just said? I've no real opinion, but your file shows that you have an arrogance that I don't like – so maybe I have a bad opinion to begin with. But let me explain. “If you don't mind? One? You live with a guy. All by yourselves, NO women around that I can see! Two, you spend quite a lot of money on lady's jewelry. Three. Your place is quite neat and on my way past the kitchen I see some pretty aprons hanging.” She smiled openly. “Is it you or your friend that wears that wears those pretty little fripperies as you flit around doing the housework?” She gave me another, patently false, smile. “I'm sorry sir. I really don't care for falsehood at all. Frankly, I feel that IF you can lie to me about your life style – you can lie about finances. And that I will not tolerate!”

I stared at her, open mouthed. No one had ever spoken to me in this fashion since I'd got my inheritance. Now this girl figured what I was – wrongly - and was openly taunting me! Calling me gay! Yet, strangely enough, I felt as if I were on the defensive. Wanted - nay needed to convince this woman that I was hetero.

“Honest Crystal? I'm not that way. I'm hetero!” I said, but found myself mumbling guiltily. Then, to my consternation, she was at my side –

consoling me! "It's ALL right dear! I told you what I thing, but I'll change my mind, just this once, because I sense there may be some goodness in you after all! If you want me to continue working for you? You can wear all the pretties you like. I'm just here to handle your finances!" She patted me gently. "But as long as you're the good little GIRL I need and expect? You and I will get along famously!" She laughed as if she was kidding. "But if you're not? I may have to put you over my knees and spank you!" At that point she looked at me challengingly.

I looked up at her, totally flummoxed. All of my girls had been so soft. So docile. So subservient! She was none of those things and I flushed, which I KNEW wasn't the proper response – but still wanted to impress her. She was gazing at me with a sarcastic humor. I took a deep breath. "Crystal? May I DO something?"

"Sure!" she said.

"FRANK!" I yelled out. "Can you c'mere a minute?"

When he arrived, I asked. "What's the housecleaning deal around here? Who does it and how often?"

"What do you want to know for?" He shrugged as he asked.

"Crystal here thinks we're gay because the place is reasonably clean and tidy," I said, laughing.

A strange look came on his face. "We have a weekly cleaning service," he said to her, stumbling a little bit.

I blinked. I don't take much notice of such things, but I'd seen messes at night cleaned up by next morning. I said so.

He paused for a second. "Oh, the LITTLE stuff?" His face cleared and he explained to Crystal. "You see? We often have girls in for a few nights? They don't mind cleaning up after us. We both tend to like the kind of girl who loves to clean up."

"What about the Tiffany pins!" I asked, gaining confidence.

"You want me to tell her?" He asked.

"Yes, of course!"

"We use them as sort of – sort of – going away presents to girls who have been with us." He explained lamely.

Crystal's face still had that disbelieving look, but she haltingly apologized to both Frank and myself. It wasn't long after that that we chatted for a while and then she left.

I turned on Frank. "She really bugged me! Insinuating that we're queer!" Then I saw a corner of a piece of paper that she'd left with her cell phone

no. on it. Impulsively, I picked up the phone and dialed her. She came on right away.

“Crystal here.”

“It’s me. Jerry. Have a question for you.”

A hint of levity came into her voice here. “Hope I can answer it. If you want to prove that you’re hetero and want to ask me out? The answer is NO.”

I blushed at her words. “No. Wasn’t that. Just wondering. Hate to think that this place is being run by amateurs. Lots of room and I can afford it. Can you recommend a housekeeper and maids? Someone to hire and fire people to keep the place? That way you might not be guessing wrongly about us”

“You don’t want houseboys?” But there was a teasing sound to her voice now.

“No! Knock it off!” I said, but found myself blushing even more.

There was a pause. Her words were still cold, but her tone was reasonable. “No offense Jerry. But I don’t run an employment agency here. I don’t . . .” Then there was another pause. “Wait a minute. A Pro footballer client of mine just got transferred to another team and had to let his housekeeper go. How big IS your place?”

A footballer’s housekeeper? Sounded GREAT to me. On top of that, I had the feeling that Crystal knew that I was trying to correct her vision of me. Didn’t mind that at all.

“Oh, it’s big!” I assured her. “At least twelve or thirteen bedrooms, maybe more, most of which have their own bathrooms. Pool and spa naturally. All sorts of dining and family rooms. I don’t really know.”

“Didn’t see that your place was that big,” she said. “But I’ll let the woman know. She’ll be in contact with you. Okay?” And she hung up!

I wasn’t used to employees of mine hanging up on me – but it was a nice change - I told myself. Again I was distracted by a peculiar expression on Frank’s face that was showing as I made the call. Again, I did nothing.

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Helen contacted us the following day. Dani – my new girlfriend answered the phone and dreamily passed it to me. “It’s for you Jerry – some gal called Helen?”

“Never heard of her. Hang it up,” I said.

“Something about a housekeeper?” she said.