



Reluctant Press

Party Girls

Dana Girard



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“PARTY GIRLS”

By Dana Girard

CHAPTER 1.

“What do you want to do tonight, Honey?” Terrence asks his wife Nicole upon returning home from work on a Friday night.

“We're going to dinner with Lauren and Ron, Okay?”

“Aw, come on! Another night with the bitch and her pet wimp?”

“Hey, you can say what you want about Lauren but she's still my best friend,” responded Nicole, “and majority owner of the Salon. I really want, and need, to keep a good relationship with her. Besides, Ron is not that bad a guy, a little quiet but...”

As normally is the case, Terrence interrupted her in mid sentence. “Ron is a complete fucking wuss! I can't believe how he lets Lauren walk all over him. I have absolutely nothing in common with the guy, and I use the term 'guy' loosely. He doesn't even like sports for God's sake.”

“Oh I forgot, you have to be a sports fanatic to be a real man,” said Nicole sarcastically. “Ron has more refined interests like art and the theater, and just because he's thin, and a little frail looking, doesn't make him a fairy. For that matter, he's taller than you.”

Nicole immediately wished she took back that last statement, as she could see the anger begin to boil over in her husband. “I'm sorry, Honey. I didn't mean to make a crack about your height. It's just that I get so frustrated, at times that you don't like any of my friends. Can't you just try for one night, to be sociable with Lauren and Ron?”

“All right, I'll go to dinner with them, tonight. But as soon as she starts to insult, me we're leaving.”

* * *

Terrence and Nicole Johnson live in an up scale condo in suburban Atlanta. They're both twenty-four-years-old and have been married for a little over one year. Terrence grew up in a normal, middle class household in western Pennsylvania, with three older

brothers. All three of his brothers, as well as his father, are big, strapping “he-man” types. They're well over 6 feet tall, 200+ pounds, bearded and muscular.

Terrence however, could be best described as the runt of the litter. He's only 5 foot 6 inches tall, but through years of weight training, to offset his lack of height, he weighs a muscular 165 pounds. Throughout his life he constantly tried to compensate for his lack of size. He spent countless hours practicing and playing all types of sports, and subsequently developed into one of the best athletes in his high school.

Terrence's personality also can be traced to his feelings of inadequacy when compared to his father and older brothers. He over compensated, developing a very strong, confident, cocky, almost arrogant personality. He always tried to dominate anything he was associated with. He was without a doubt, a natural born leader... a real type “A” achiever.

He graduated in the top of his class from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Business and landed a job with a very prestigious management consulting firm in Atlanta, Ga. There, he met his bride-to-be, Nicole Sommers, the most beautiful and sexiest girl he had ever laid eyes on.

Nicole wasn't your stereotypical southern belle growing up in a middle class neighborhood in suburban Atlanta with her mother, father and two sisters. She was extremely bright, rambunctious, and strong-willed. She constantly kept her parents on their toes.

In high school she blossomed into a truly stunning girl, with a gorgeous face and a voluptuous body, quickly becoming a real hit with the boys. She loved the attention, dating constantly, and in the process, developing a reputation as a “party girl”.

In her sophomore year of high school, Nicole began to hang around with a similar crowd of girls. They were all good looking, dressed sexily, (mini skirts, spiked heels, etc.) wore a lot of makeup, smoked, and were perceived as “fun” on dates. This caused much consternation and conflict within her family, but there seemed to be nothing they could do to calm down, or “tame” their daughter.

Upon graduation from high school, rather than choosing college like her parents had planned, she followed her friends' lead by enrolling in Beauty School. When they completed their studies in cosmetology; makeup, hair care and nail design, they all took jobs at various salons in the area. Her best friend Lauren, who had married into a wealthy family, convinced Nicole to become partners in a Salon of their own. After much discussion, arguments, and finally pleading, Lauren's parents decided to give her the money they had been saving for her college education, so she could become the minority partner in HOTLOOKS, a full service salon.

Lauren and Nicole hired all of their friends, reuniting the old “gang” from high school, or “pack of whores” as Nicole's father referred to them. With their street smart business sense and aggressive, demanding personalities, Lauren and Nicole were able to build the Salon into a very successful business. Although her parents were proud of her accomplishments, they were still disappointed in her lifestyle, now that she was back with those “wild girls” from high school.

Her parent's prayers were soon answered when she started seeing Terrence. They met one day while Terrence was picking up his current girlfriend from HOTLOOKS. Nicole, a world class flirt, went right after this handsome guy in the expensive Italian designer suit, almost getting into a cat fight with his girlfriend. This flashy looking blonde hairdresser was not Terrence's "type", but he was struck by how beautiful and sexy she was. He figured at least, she would be a good lay. Oh was she ever, but eventually their relationship evolved beyond pure lust, and they began to get serious.

They fought a lot however, seeing that their personalities were so much alike, and it became obvious that something had to give between these two aggressive and assertive individuals. Much to her parent's delight, it was Nicole who eventually softened, allowing Terrence to assume the more dominant, traditionally male position in the relationship.

She was absolutely nuts about Terrence and would do anything to keep him. Mr. and Mrs. Sommers loved the influence that this fine, upstanding young man was having on their daughter. They were relieved that finally, someone appeared to have gained control of her wild spirit.

Terrence began molding Nicole into a more mature, demure woman, with a much more conservative appearance. People she had known for years, hardly recognized her.

Almost six months to the day, after they met, Terrence and Nicole were married. At the time, Nicole couldn't have been happier. Now, however, thirteen months into the marriage, she has begun to get bored and has grown tired of her husband's controlling and manipulative behavior, and endless demands. She reminisces fondly about her life before Terrence when she was known as Nikki.

* * *

"Are you nuts! I'm not going anywhere with you towering over me like that. I've told you a thousand times, no high heels. Now go upstairs and put on some flat shoes or we're staying home tonight."

Nicole had just descended the stairs after taking only ten minutes to get ready. She couldn't help but remember the days when anytime under an hour and a half would be considered quick for her. Now with Terrence demanding the plain, natural look, she was ready in no time.

"I'm sorry, I figured you wouldn't say anything about these shoes since the heels are barely two inches," Nicole responded in an exasperated tone. "Shit, I used to wear spiked heels three times higher than these."

"Hey, I've told you before, I won't stand for that kind of language from my wife," said Terrence angrily.

"Why are you still so hung up on your height?" Hoping to cool him down a bit, she continued, "you've got a great body, you're good looking, intelligent and successful. Who cares if you're 5'6" or 6'6"?"

Terrence just hated the fact that Nicole was an inch taller than him. He did not want that disparity increased with any type of heel.

"I'm not going to sit here and discuss this any further. Just run upstairs and put on some flat shoes."

Nicole was becoming incensed, but decided now was not the time or place. She really wanted to get out of the house and have some fun. So as usual, she gave in to Terrence and changed her shoes.

* * *

Again Nicole couldn't help but think back to her single days, when the whole gang would get all dressed up and go "club hopping". All male heads would turn as the sexy and provocatively dressed group of girls would enter the club.

"Look at those sluts," was the typical, female response.

However, the men descended upon them like locusts, buying them drink after drink. By the end of the night they were all drunk, and usually leaving on the arm of some good looking stud.

"Look at me now," Nicole thought to herself. "I'm here with a total bore who won't let me drink or smoke. He hates to dance, and basically just will not allow me to have a good time. For Christ sakes, look at how he makes me dress!"

She was wearing a long, loose fitting peasant dress. Her hair was pulled up on her head into a tight bun and she wore very little makeup, just a touch of mascara and some clear lip gloss. In addition, she wore almost no jewelry, only a small pair of pearl earrings, a pearl necklace, and her wedding ring. What a difference from her past, when she was literally weighted down with gold.

* * *

Terrence and Nicole sipped their Diet Cokes, at the bar, waiting for Lauren and Ron to arrive. Terrence was so engrossed in watching a basketball game on a large screen TV., that he completely ignored his wife. She was therefore, greatly relieved to see Lauren make her entrance into the club. And what an entrance it was! She was wearing a pair of black, spandex stirrup pants. They looked like they were painted on and was perched on a pair of black, patent leather pumps with extremely high heels. The low cut scoop necked top could barely contain her ample breasts as they were thrust up and out, due to a small but powerful push-up bra.

As usual, Lauren was heavily made-up and her long, black hair was curled and piled up high on her head with several shiny gold clips. She was dripping with gold jewelry and even had a small gold ring through a piercing in one of her long, brightly polished acrylic fingernails. Her rather plainly dressed husband, was for all practical purposes, invisible, as he followed her into the club. You could not help but stare at this strikingly attractive woman who stood well over 6 feet tall with high heels.