

ONE TRUE LOVE

By Karen Anne Baumgardner



ILLUSTRATED BY VERONICA VINYL

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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ONE TRUE LOVE

BY KAREN ANNE BAUMGARDNER

PART ONE

“It seems like only yesterday...” Tiffany Smythe began her commencement address after having first gone through her obligatory acknowledgment of the school faculty and administration.

“Ahh—ooo—gahh!” Carl Adams bellowed from the front row of graduates. His neighbors on either side of him, Jennifer Acklin and Mike Adderly, edged to the far corners of their gray steel chairs, sighing in disgust.

“There are so many memories, so many things: I’m going to miss about Torgeson High...”

“Yeah, like the football team, the basketball team, the boys' locker room,” Carl guffawed loudly.

“Idiot! You're ruining her speech,” Jennifer Acklin scolded him.

“Fuck her! The only reason she's valedictorian is 'cause her dad's rich. Everybody knows that,” Carl muttered at her.

“What about you, Dummy?” Mike Adderly hissed.

“My dad's the Mayor, big fuckin' deal. Hey Stiffany, show us your tits!” he yelled, not noticing that by now the rest of the auditorium had fallen completely silent. Someone in the row behind him leaned over and gave Carl a chop to the back of his head. Tiffany Smythe, in tears now, scurried backstage, unable to continue.

“Geez, I should have done that during the principal's speech, we would have been out of here by now,” Carl chuckled smugly under his breath. “What a geek. Why can't they just *mail* us our diplomas, instead of making us go through this shit?”

“I know who I'm *not* going to miss around here,” Mike mumbled as the principal reclaimed the podium to give a short apology to everyone. Everyone except Carl, anyway. Carl saw the athletic director and football coach staring daggers at him from the front row of the stage and decided it was time to shut up.

Tiffany came out the backstage door dabbing at her eyes with the sleeve of her royal blue graduation gown. Her brother, Richard, standing against the wall dangling a now-pointless camcorder in his hand, tried to comfort her, but she walked past him with her head down. Richard followed her dutifully up the aisle.

Carl turned to watch Richard Smythe scurrying solicitously behind his sister. He couldn't figure it out. Richard had been his hero, had taught him everything he knew. When Richard graduated from Torgeson High a year ago, adamant that he wasn't going on to college - not that his grades would *warrant* any college accepting him - he

and Carl had been thick as thieves, a sort of two-man gang. This was mainly because no one else would hang out with them. There wasn't much trouble they could get into in Maple Springs; mostly they amused themselves by cruising, drinking, and speeding down the rural back roads.

Neither one of them had even come close to experiencing the stereotypical small-town scandal of getting one of the local girls knocked-up and having parents hustling around trying to cover everything up. The fact that not one girl in the area found anything remotely attractive about the sons of the two most influential men in town didn't strike Carl or Richard as unusual or discouraging. They knew they were loud, obnoxious, and arrogant. They worked hard at it!

When, according to their plan, they ran off to L.A. at some unspecified time after Carl graduated, it would be their greatest asset, the way they figured. With their good looks and sense of command they'd be getting laid every morning and twice each night. So they thought, anyway.

The *old* Richard would be proud of what I did today, Carl thought as his aisle rose and ascended the stage stairs to receive diplomas. Carl shuffled along impatiently behind Jennie Acklin, snatched his diploma from the Mills County Superintendent of Schools, who deliberately did not offer him the traditional handshake, and filed back to his seat.

The "old Richard"... Richard Smythe had gone on vacation shortly after graduating last year, and it wasn't until August that Carl saw him again. "Yo! Dude!" Carl called out as he saw Richard, accompanied by his younger sister, walking down Main Street last August. He was about to dash across to him when Tiffany opened the passenger-side door of Richard's 'Vette and he got in. On the *passenger* side! Tiffany sashayed around to the driver's side, her nose in the air, and drove away. Well, not exactly "away". She made a U-turn and drove slowly along the curb past him. Tiffany's mouth seemed to be running a mile a minute as Carl stood staring at Richard, his head down as he sat compactly with his hands folded in his lap.

Carl couldn't figure it out. Richard loathed Tiffany—or "Stiffany", as he derisively referred to her. He loathed his Mom and Dad, and his older sister Melanie, too, and just about everybody else in the county, for that matter. Tiffany and her 4.0 grade average; Captain of the girls' basketball and swim teams; President of the student council; Homecoming Queen; Class valedictorian. Drop-dead gorgeous, too. Despite his loathing, Carl had fantasized often about getting her in bed. He suspected Richard had, as well. But, Richard would never let Tiffany so much as touch his car, and now she was *driving* it like she owned both it and him.

Carl tried to remember how long ago it had been since he had last seen him. He couldn't. He had called the house a few times last August, once he knew that Richard was back home, but Mrs. Smythe, or Tiffany, or Melanie always told him curtly that Richard was "busy." Then they would abruptly hang-up. It wasn't too long before he got the hint and quit calling. He cruised by the Smythe estate just outside the town limits several times a day for a while, trying to figure out what was going on, maybe catch a glimpse of his old "stoner bud." Then he gave up.

He hadn't given up on being rude, lazy, and obnoxious, though. It was his persona, and he was proud of it!

The ceremony concluded and the auditorium emptied from the rear first. When Carl walked out into the warm sun he was oblivious to the angry stares everybody was giving him. He waited by the family van alone, watching his Mom, Dad, and sister Heather commiserate with Mrs. Smythe, Tiffany, and Melanie. The old man must be out of town on business, he figured. He saw Richard sitting in the back seat of the Smythe's Lincoln, his dark brown hair even longer than it had been last summer, but pulled neatly into a ponytail. *Ready when you are, buddy*, he thought. *One way or the other we're gonna blow this town, then we'll have it made. And the sooner the better!* He pulled off his cap and flung it across the parking lot like a Frisbee, freeing his own long blonde hair, then practically ripped his gown off.

* * * * *

"So, Dad, what's it like having your only son be the village idiot?" Heather Adams asked smugly as her father pulled out of the municipal parking lot for the short ride home. Father clenched his jaws but drove on in silence. "He better not be at *my* graduation next year, or I'm not going."

"Hmmpf. You think I'm hanging around this shit-hole town another year? Don't worry, I won't be there. You don't have to invite me to the party, either."

"Let's not all protest at once," Heather snorted.

"Carl, I realize it's hard to get this through your thick skull, but the *rest* of us have to live in this town. In fact, hard as it may be for you to believe, we actually *like* it here. Now I'm going to have to square this with Gordon Smythe when he comes home," Robert Adams spoke up.

"How come he wasn't there today?" Heather asked.

"He's in China with the governor. They're trying to sell them good old Iowa corn."

"Cool."

"Yeah. Well, he's gonna be pretty warm when he gets back. Since you don't want to work for me, and you don't want to..."

"*Can't!*" Mrs. Adams interrupted, shaking her head disgustedly. "Since you can't get into college, I suggest you start figuring out what you're going to do with your life. You're 19 years old, don't you think it's about time you got a job?"

Heather began snickering, partly because Carl had graduated a year behind his class, mostly because they knew nobody would hire him.

"I already know what I want to do," Carl grumbled.

"Then start doing it tomorrow morning," his mother shot back at him.

* * * * *

"You've got a lot of nerve showing up here after what you did to my sister this afternoon. If you came to apologize you're out of luck. Tiffany drove our grandmother home, she won't be back for a couple of hours." Melanie Smythe stood in the doorway of her family's mansion dressed in a white tennis skirt and halter top looking disdainfully at

Carl. At 23 she was already 2 years out of Harvard, working her way up in the family empire while studying for her MA and, presumably, her Ph.D.

Carl stood staring at the beads of perspiration glistening on her long tanned legs, her lithe, wiry arms, and, most of all, on her ample breasts bulging from the skimpy halter.

“Quit drooling, you little *pig!*” she sneered at him.

“I wanted to see Richard,” he mumbled, not daring to look her in the eye.

“He's getting dressed, it's going to be a while.” How long did it *take* to throw on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, Carl wondered. “You can wait out back by the pool if you want. We kind-of figured you'd be coming around.”

He waited for her to step aside so he could cut through the house to the back patio. Instead, she slowly let the door swing closed, leaving him alone on the marble steps. He was tempted to hop back in his car and leave, but he had already decided he had no place to go. His clothes were in the trunk, his parents had given him an ultimatum, the time was now. The two of them would get the hell out of here, **NOW**.

Carl skulked around to the back lawn and onto the patio, sprawled into a leather and chrome pool-side chair, and looked around for the portable bar, hoping maybe to swipe a bottle or two for the road. He turned to see if anybody was watching him from the house and saw Mrs. Smythe and Melanie, dressed identically, standing in the doorway. It was hard to tell them apart, especially since Carl wasn't looking at their faces.

Diana Smythe was one of the most respected physicians in the state, a graduate of Harvard Med School, where she met her husband, Gordon. She was a gifted surgeon, and held one position or other on nearly every medical board in the county and state. Like her two daughters, she was brilliant and beautiful. Like her husband, she had a keen nose for business and a no-nonsense - some might say ruthless - approach to everything.

“Congratulations, you **finally** got out of high school,” she commented snidely as she crossed the cobblestone patio to him. “Letting Richard outside today was our gift to you. You obviously didn't appreciate it, considering the spectacle you made of yourself. But it did bring back old memories, I suppose. You're here, right?”

“Can I talk to him?”

“Mellie, why don't you go back in and help him dress.”

What did *that* mean?

“Tiffany will be back later, I'm sure she has some things to say to you.”

“I don't plan on being here that long,” he mumbled, his eyes riveted on the point where Diana's legs emerged from under the hem of her skirt. With each step she took it flipped up, exposing her snow-white panties. Carl was sure he saw the dark outline of her pubic hair underneath.

“You might be here longer than you think,” she answered, standing just a few feet in front of him. “You're getting a little flabby, Carl,” she noted the “love handles” rolling

over his belt. Carl shrugged, his gaze still focused on her crotch. If he slouched down a little more, he figured, he could look right up her skirt. Slouching was one of the few things he did well. “I think you'll agree that Richard is in *much* better shape these days.”

Carl tried to remember. At the town auditorium he had only gotten a glimpse of Richard from behind, in a blue suit that looked several sizes too large for him. In the parking lot all he'd seen was the back of his head. “I hardly saw him.”

“Well, you'll be seeing a *lot* of each other from now on.”

That's the plan, Carl smiled to himself as a shadow flickered over his left arm. He felt a quick pinch as Diana jumped forward to hold him down, then looked up to see Melanie standing over him, emptying a syringe into his shoulder.

* * * * *

“Darla, it's shot time.” Carl could hear movement in whatever room he was in, but he couldn't feel anything. He tried to open his eyes, but the lids wouldn't budge. It didn't seem worth the physical effort. There was a sudden coolness as somebody lifted back his covering, then a slight prick in his buttocks and one in his arm.

“How's it look, Mom?”

“Sterile,” a woman chuckled as Carl started drifting away again. “Just a little red mark where the incision was made. Okay, Darla, your turn. Pull down your panties. Tiffany, you'd better get ready to go pick up Mellie at the airport.”

* * * * *

“Where the fuck am I?” Groggily, Carl tried to move, but gave up on the idea after minimal effort. Instead, he flopped back down, taking little comfort in the plush, downy pillows, the soft queen—size mattress, and the warm thick quilt covering him. He scanned the huge, windowless room, spotting another canopied bed directly across from the one he was lying on, a small night-stand and lamp next to it. Identical dressers, armoires, and dressing tables lined one wall to his right, as did a television and VCR on a stand in the near corner. On the left side of the room was a love seat book-ended by two small, well-stocked magazine racks, a chrome and glass oval coffee table in front. There were two doors in the corner to Carl's left. Sliding, mirrored doors between the opposite bed and the far corner of the room concealed what he presumed was a sizable walk—in closet.

It was the room's decor that he found a bit unsettling. A canopied bed covered in pink ruffled spreads, pink satin sheets, pillowcases, and comforters; the pink and white ruffling on the lamp shades and dressing tables; the flowered wallpaper in pink and white; the dolls and stuffed animals on the wall shelves; and mirrors, mirrors everywhere. In fact, it wasn't a matching bed and furniture on the opposite side of the room. This he discovered as his brain started focusing a little. Everything he was looking at was a reflection of the side of the room he was on.

Shit, this room would even make Heather sick,” he muttered, trying to get the energy to rise. One of those doors had to be an exit, he figured. The dull, insistent pressure he was feeling in his kidneys also told him it was time to get out of bed. Carl

wasn't sure *why* he had to pee, considering his body felt like it hadn't had anything to drink in quite a while. That was his mission, then: Get up, find the bathroom, and get something to drink— even water would suffice—, then find the exit.

Better find some clothes, too, he thought, realizing as he tossed the sheets and quilt aside that he was naked. He sat up, wincing at the throbbing in his buttocks, and when he went to throw his legs over the side of the bed he encountered a slight feeling of resistance coming from between his legs.

“What the...” He looked down to find a coil of tubing running over his left thigh from a bag hooked to the side of the bed, right into... “Jesus Christ, what the fuck is this?” He stared at the unfamiliar catheter, unwilling to touch it for fear he would cause himself permanent damage. Aside from the glutted sensation that he guessed was caused by his waste being siphoned from his kidneys through the tube extending from his penis, he could also feel a stinging irritation in the neighborhood of his scrotum.

“Well well, the little man *finally* woke up.” One of the doors in the far corner had opened silently and he looked up to see Melanie Smythe standing in the threshold. Shadows behind her in the hallway indicated that she had company. Carl grabbed the pink satin sheets and threw them over his lap.

“Been there, seen that,” Melanie sneered. “What there *is* of it, anyway.” She stepped into the room followed by her mother and sister, and another girl Carl didn't recognize. The “mystery girl” sandwiched between Heather and Diana, grabbed his attention immediately. She was tall. Carl guessed about 5'10" or 5'11", since in the spiked heels she wore she stood an inch or two above the statuesque Smythe women.

He worked his eyes up her long legs to the garter tabs peeking out from beneath the frilly hem of a black satin maid's uniform, past the stocking cuffs and the milky-white expanse of her thighs, to the glimpse of panty showing beneath her stiff net petticoats.



She had a tiny waist made even smaller-looking by a decorative white apron and the breathtaking cleavage bursting out of the dress's low, lace-edged neckline. Long platinum-blond hair streamed in loose waves over her shoulders and halfway down her back, framing a meticulously made-up face. Carl grew even more uncomfortable with the catheter as his penis responded automatically. He hardly noticed. The young maid stood impassively across the room, her enchanting eyes unwilling to meet his, her bright red lips in a demure pout.

“Darla, go prepare a bath while we explain a few things to your new roommate,” Diana Smythe ordered. The maid whispered a “Yes Ma'am”, curtsied, and entered the door next to the open one.

Roommate? Carl thought. Shit, I was just hoping she'd bend over and give me a better view. His lustful musings were interrupted by Diana.

“Welcome to your new home. I'll take the catheter out in just a sec',” she told him pleasantly.

“Where am I?” His voice was raspy, his throat and mouth parched.

“You're in the finest storm shelter in all of Iowa. I'm afraid it's not as big as the ones across the river at SAC, but I think you'll agree that it's a bit more nicely appointed. What do you think, little man?”

Carl blushed deeply, understanding for one of the few times in his life that he'd better not give his hot temper free reign. Okay, so he was only 5'3", so what? He was tough, to his way of thinking, and as soon as he figured out where he was and why, he'd show these bitches just *how* tough he was. That Darla chick, too. She didn't look all that happy to be here; if she got a sample of what he had to offer, she'd help him get away and run off to L.A. *with* him. The hell with Richard! He can stay here and rot, fuck him! Then, an odd thought occurred to him.

“They'll be looking for me... my folks, I mean. You can't keep me here forever, people will be looking for me.”

“Like they looked for Richard?” Diana smirked. “Or should I say YOU looked for him? That lasted, oh... what, a week? 10 days?”

“But you knew where he was. My folks...”

“Know where you are, approximately. The L.A.P.D. towed your car from a no—parking zone about 3 days ago. Your father called and was told the trunk was filled with clothes and a couple of old airline bags. The tags had Richard's name and address on them. So now everybody knows where both of you went. Neither one of you made a big secret out of your plan to skip town at the first opportunity.”

“3 days ago? That's...”

“You've had a nice nap. Melanie drove the car out, then flew back. You've been down here a whole week, Little Man. Nobody misses you. Tiffany, honey, I believe you've been waiting patiently to discuss something with our guest.” She turned to her younger daughter and nodded. Tiffany strutted over to the bed, grabbed a handful of his hair, and started slapping him across the face. Carl, losing it, tried to fight back, but soon found he had little strength after a week without food. The young Amazon

manhandled him easily, shoved him back onto the bed and continued her fierce assault. There was nothing he could do but lie there and take it. With the catheter still in place he couldn't even run from her. When she finally exhausted her fury, Carl was left, sitting, scarlet-faced, trying to hold back tears.

“Hmmmph. Little tough guy, huh? You and that baboon brother of mine. Mom, he's like a grease trap. I'm not touching him again until he's cleaned up. Darla!”

As if on cue, the maid hurried back out and stood waiting before them. Dr. Smythe eased the catheter out and handed her the bag and coil. “Darla, empty this and flush out the tubing while he's in the bath, then wash and condition his hair.” Darla again curtsied her compliance, and Diana turned back to Carl. “You're to soak in the tub for a full half-hour. Darla will tell you when the time is up. After she's finished with your hair you can come back out.”

Carl sat staring mutely at the floor, which earned him two more slaps. “And from now on, when one of us tells you to do something, the proper response is 'Yes Ma'am.' Answer me.”

“Yes Ma'am. Mrs. Smythe, can I have a drink of water please?”

“Amazing how fast you can learn things when you put your mind to it. Go with Darla, she'll get you some.”

“Yes Ma'am.” He rose unsteadily under the stares of the women and followed Darla into a luxuriously-appointed bathroom, his eyes riveted on her backside as her body seemed to slink across the room in front of him. As he sat soaking up to his chin in the mound of scented bubbles in the huge round tub, he couldn't take his eyes off her. Darla worked efficiently at the marble sink, cleaning out the bag and coil daintily while he watched, craning his neck, trying to get a better view of her legs and panties. His hand unconsciously drifted between his own legs and began kneading his erect penis. Something in the back of his mind told him that the area he was probing was somehow different, but the rest of his brain was too busy working over Darla.

Finished with her work, Darla poured Carl a glass of water and minced across to the tub, leaning over to hand it to him nervously. She began blushing furiously as he scoped out the valley between her breasts. “Don't drink, just sip and swirl it around your cheeks, then spit it out, or you'll get sick,” she cautioned. Carl, intoxicated by the sound of her purring voice, ignored her warning and “chugged” it, as he was used to doing with the beer he loved so much, to his almost immediate regret.

“Oh shit, what was in that?” He started retching as violent stomach cramps nearly doubled him over. Darla stood over him patiently, making sure his head didn't stay under.

“I *told* you to sip it,” she said sympathetically as he slowly recovered. “You've had nothing but IV fluid going into you all week, your tummy was surprised, that's all.” She refilled the glass and handed it to him, once again leaning over the tub. This time he drank more gingerly, a sip at a time, swallowing slowly. “It happened to me, too. Don't be embarrassed.”

“I'm not,” he lied, remembering a few times when he and Richard had knocked down a case of beer and a few fat doobies. It was bad enough crawling on your hands

and knees, puking your ass off, but to have somebody standing over you laughing while you did it... But she hadn't laughed at him. She hadn't even smiled. She felt sorry about the whole thing. Not that he *wanted* anybody to, of course, but Carl wondered when was the last time anybody had ever felt sorry for him.

"You've been in long enough. Here." She handed him a coarse sponge and he scrubbed himself gingerly, all the while watching her. She went to a large cabinet and set out two towels, a bottle of shampoo, and a small packet of conditioning treatment. She came back, released the drain plug, and Carl could hear the water gurgling as it slowly, imperceptibly ran out of the tub.

"Lean your head back and relax while I wash your hair." She stepped around behind him and Carl felt himself growing rock-hard again as her long-nailed fingers began massaging the lather into his scalp. Prisoner or not, he felt like a sultan in a harem being catered to by a slave girl who existed only to pleasure him. Maybe the Smythes' money and luxury had gone so far to their heads that they imagined that locking him up down here with this absolute fox was some sort of punishment.

His mouth opened slightly as he imagined her creamy white hand dangling a bunch of grapes over his head, waiting to pluck them and feed them to him one by one. Behind his closed eyes he saw her pouting, cherry-red lips swooping down on him, meeting his, moving wetly over his cheeks and neck, returning to his lips and locking in a deep soul kiss.

"Are you all right?" His eyes popped open and he saw her leaning over him, just as he had imagined, her red lips pursed just inches from his, a look of concern in her blue eyes as she batted her heavil-mascaraed lashes at him. "You were moaning. Are you okay?" she asked again. It was Carl's turn to blush and avert his eyes, hoping she wasn't paying attention to his now straining erection.

"I'm all right. Sorry." When was the last time he'd said that to anybody without inflecting 10 shades of sarcasm into his voice?

"Good. Close your eyes and bend forward so I can rinse you off." He obeyed, and a minute later she was patting his hair dry with a fluffy pink towel. She wrapped it around his head like a turban, his long blond locks piled within, and draped another towel over his shoulder. "Okay, you can open your eyes. Get up and dry yourself off, I'll find you something to wear."

He stood and plucked the towel from his shoulder and reached down to start drying off his legs. "Son of a whore! You fucking bitch!" He whirled around only to find Darla gone. "Shit." He looked down again. "Motherfuck... Shit!" He kicked the side of the tub, only to find it painfully unyielding. Exhausted from just this short tirade, he sat on the side of the tub and surveyed his lower body. Everything. Every inch of hair on his body was gone, even the sparse growth on his chest. His hands and arms, too. He lifted his arms and checked underneath. Smooth and hairless, just like his legs. Just like the area around his... "Oh man, even my *balls* are hairless."

"I'm sorry, Dr. Smythe told me to..." Darla offered an apology, her heels clicking loudly on the tiled floor as she came back in, a pink satin robe draped over one arm. "Here, you can put this on." Carl sat motionless, looking away from her. "Dr. Smythe wants you to bathe like this at least 3 times a week. You get used to it after a while,

you'll even think it's nice. Doesn't this feel wonderful?" She ran her fingers gently over his thigh and he threw the towel over his crotch as he felt himself becoming aroused again. Yes, it felt wonderful, but he wasn't about to be *happy* with the situation. Darla offered him the short robe again but he pushed her hand away, standing up and fastening the towel around his waist.

"Sit down over there, I still have to put conditioner on you. Then I'll get out the blow dryer." He sat on a gilt-metal ironwork chair upholstered in plush wine-red velour and she discarded the towel around his head, emptying the contents of the packet of conditioner into his hair. His nose was just inches from her inviting breasts as she combed out the tangles.

"So do you work for Mr. Smythe or something?" Carl asked over the noise of the dryer.

"Not really. He's hardly ever home. He doesn't even know I'm here."

"How long have you been here?"

"A year now. A year and 8 days. This is just for show, this uniform."

"You wanna get out? I plan on blowin' this town. You can come with when we get away. We could have a good time, you and me."

"You're all done. We'd better go back out, Dr. Smythe is waiting. Do you feel better?"

"I'm hungry. Shit, I musta lost 10 pounds," he noted, looking down at his stomach. "I *do* get to eat, don't I?"

"They'll tell you in a minute. You should put your robe on."

"This ain't my robe. If they want me to get dressed they can give me my clothes back."

"They'll give you clothes," she nodded. "I think it would be better if you put on the robe, Dr. Smythe told me to give it to you."

"I'm getting real tired of Dr. Smythe. Does Richard know you're down here? We're gettin' outta here, we're going to L.A. Hey, you're not... You and Richard, I mean... You're..."

"Would you put it on if I ask you nice?" she purred. "Like this?" Carl flinched as she bent down and darted her tongue in and out of his ear, then swiveled onto his lap and kissed him on the lips seductively. "I bet you'd look really pretty in it. I'm getting horny just *thinking* about it." She kissed him again, running her fingers through his now-silky hair as she pressed their lips together firmly and thrust her tongue into his mouth.

It was a totally new experience for Carl, whose usual interactions with girls and women—from his sister to the teachers at school and everyone in between—consisted of trading insults and loathsome sneers. Carl had a mental list of girls in the area whose bones he would love to jump which consisted of just about everyone under the age of 25 and quite a few women over. But he wasn't about to spend his meager allowance wining and dining some chick in exchange for a roll in the hay. Not that any of

the girls he knew would be caught dead with him. It didn't matter. He had nightly dreams about the girls he saw on television, roller-skating at Venice Beach, selling themselves on Hollywood Boulevard. Oh man, it was just like the candy jars at Beaumont's dime-store when he was little. Once he got to L.A. all he'd have to do is pick and point.

"Pretty please? For me?" Darla moaned in his ear, breaking down his resistance.

* * * * *

Diana Smythe stood between her 2 daughters eyeing Carl up and down as he stood across from them, Darla at his side.

"Very nice," she nodded. "Pink's a good color for you. Darla, you can change now."

"Yes Ma'am." The tall blonde sashayed over to the mirrored panels in the wall, opened one, and stepped into the closet. Carl licked his lips as he watched her disappear, tasting, almost seeing, the heavy smudges her lipstick had made on him.

"Well, it looks like you and Darla are going to be happy down here together," she smirked. "You obviously haven't figured out who she is yet. You haven't noticed something else yet, either."

"Look, I apologize. I'm sorry about what I did yester... last week. It was just a joke, okay? I'm sorry! Now can I leave, or have something to eat or something?"

"Not until you lose the rest of that flab. In a few days, probably. Then, we'll put you on a strict diet and exercise program."

"*This* is what I'm here for? 'Cause I'm *fat*?"

"You certainly wouldn't fit in out there in California looking like *that*, now would you? They'd laugh you right off the beach!"

"So, you're letting me go then, right? Good riddance and don't come back, right? How come Darla's here then, what did *she* do?"

"She'll tell you herself in a minute. She'll be leaving with you when the time comes. You'll make an interesting couple."

"What about Richard?"

"Richard's gone, more or less." The closet door opened and Darla stepped out. Carl gasped audibly as she came back to him wearing a red PVC micro-mini, matching bra, black fishnet stockings, and red thigh-high boots. He licked his lips again, imagining her in bed with him, tasting her alabaster skin, her long, endless legs spread wide as he nestled between them, the nipples of her voluptuous breasts pointing upward as she lay on her back waiting for him. He'd stay here with her as long as they wanted him to, engaged in a protracted orgy, an endless series of sexual encounters. She took her place beside him and it was all he could do to keep from wrapping his arms around her tiny waist and getting started.

"Mm hmmm. A *very* interesting couple." Diana's musing brought him back to earth. She towered over him as they stood side by side. He guessed that even without the high heels she was about half a foot taller than he was. So what? She wanted him, she had said so. She had **shown** him. "Darla, why don't you tell us why you're here?"