

Dark Widow

EXCERPT

Prologue

An Invitation To A Funeral

*“Men... pay every pleasure with a pain.”
~ William Henley ~*

He could feel the rising tension and excitement mount in his belly and throat as he entered the traffic on the busy West Side. His meeting had gone as planned. He now had the ten-per-cent of Graf Fashions that he needed to get onto the board.

Of course, much work had to be done. There were details of company structure and organization that would have to be smoothly run past the new board as well as the usual opposition to change that would need placating or crushing.

No problem.

To George Lamont these were the bread and butter of his life, that and his current destination.

His excitement was only slightly due to his recent conquest of Graf Fashions. There was another, more urgent tension. He could feel a sexual awakening stretching his nerves and waking his excitement.

As he made his way through endless traffic lights and crowded junctions, his mind was only half on the traffic.

The other part of his mind was on his Mistress.

Oh, there were plenty of men who had some doll secreted in an apartment on the East Side; his partner Jake Darrel had another woman, as did many of his other business associates.

George Lamont was different.

No, he did not want to bed a young willing blonde. His tastes were rather special. He felt that his money allowed him to indulge his exceptional sexual fantasies on the one hand as well as satisfy his wife, Denise.

The traffic was moving more easily now that he was on the western highway as he headed towards the well-heeled suburbs scattered on the mainland of New York. As usual, he planned his adventure in his mind, enjoying the fantasy build up to the fantasy reality that would soon consume him.

Reaching over to the seat beside him, he turned off his mobile phone. This was a meeting that should not be disturbed.

Leafy trees passed to left and right. Only a year ago he had bought his Mistress this house. Since then he had spent time and money redesigning it to her requirements.

The money was nothing.

A million for the house and almost half as much again for the interior was money well spent on his hobby. His problem had not been the amount but rather the concealing of the spending.

He could feel the rising excitement as he homed in on the detached villa where, once again he would no longer be the millionaire boss of a huge clothing manufacturer but the lowly chattel of a severe mistress.

At first he had had to tell her what it was that he wanted.

What a paradox.

The slave was telling the mistress how to punish him!

But that was over four years ago. Now he only had to arrive. George the man would become George the chattel. He could only hope that she would fulfil his fantasy as rarely did she do as he hoped - she was so dangerously inventive and usually had something else in mind.

That did not upset him, it was what he wanted after all, her fertile mind keeping him off balance and subjugated, soft and weak to do her bidding.

As usual he pulled his sedan off the road five minutes' walk from his destination and parked at the grassy rear of another large house, staring at the other dwellings as he made for his destination and trying to guess what secrets they held.

That house on the other side of the road there, so respectable with its gabled end and smooth lawns, might reveal even stranger enigmas than his. George reckoned that every person had at least one skeleton their cupboard. After all he had used knowledge of the kind to grease the wheels of his own business deals. It was...

Ah, but there was *the* house. Graded lawns, rose trees surrounded it on all sides. The very picture of respectability. Who could guess what its secrets were?

He opened the gate and strolled up the gravelled path to stand before a solid oaken door; as always pausing for a moment with a deep breath and a feeling of trepidation before his hand pulled the brass chain to ring a bell deep in the interior.

A middle-aged woman opened the door.

Severe looking with greying blonde hair pulled up into a bun; she smiled briefly and allowed him to step into the plush carpeted hallway as his heart began to pound.

It was not very often that Miss Clearmont herself answered the door personally.

Dressed in a long narrow skirt and matching jacket she looked more like a strict schoolmistress or governess than George's idea of a sexual fantasy; there were a few age lines around her sharp eyes but fifty years had not spoiled her full figure.

In fact 'full' was a rather poor word for it. At almost six feet tall with her pointed heels on, her breasts, though hidden by the outfit, would have seemed outsized on a smaller woman and her long silk clad legs were elegantly shaped.

Yes, reflected George, Miss Clearmont was indeed still an immensely attractive woman and her expensive tastes in clothes and perfume sat on her generous frame well.

Closing the door behind him with a gentle push she turned to her willing slave.

"I have a very special experience for you today," she said in her slightly husky voice.....