

**JOHN REBELL
&
ZEE RYAN**



**MIA'S
STORY**

AN EROTIC THRILLER

Mia's Journey

By John Rebell & Zee Ryan

An Erotic Thriller

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To Lennon. You are the best part of me. You make it all worthwhile.
To Blake: With love.

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Prologue

"It's going to cost you twenty-five thousand dollars, and that's cash, up front," said the lawyer.

The lawyer looked at the man across from him. He brought his teenage daughter in with him. *Probably hoping I wouldn't be a prick, in front of her, just for her sake*, he thought. *What an idiot.*

"I don't have twenty-five thousand dollars," said the man.

"Then you shouldn't have been diddling little girls. Because you know what they say..."

The man looked at him; no reply was necessary.

"Life sucks, then you go to jail," said the lawyer.

The man was working class. Maybe a welder or something. Something manual. The lawyer could smell the dried sweat from across the desk. The girl was sixteen or so, maybe seventeen. It was hard to tell. She was looking all around the room, wide-eyed, when she thought no one was looking. All the other times she kept her eyes down. She wore third-hand, hand me downs. Her dress was getting thin in places from being washed too many times, and fraying around the edges of the hem. She had small, but full breasts. He thought he could see her nipples poking through, but he wasn't sure. Her hair was dirty. She rubbed her hands across his leather chairs. They left sweat marks behind. Her palms were sweaty. She was nervous. *I'll have to wipe it down with disinfectant after she leaves*, thought the lawyer.

The man had been caught by police after they had received a tip that he was inviting young girls into his trailer in the middle of the afternoon. After questioning the girls it appeared he wanted to get "friendly." The man seemed to gravitate towards the ten to twelve-

year-old variety. Likes the budding titties, does he? Not that the lawyer blamed him, who doesn't? But shit, man, at least have the good sense not to get caught. The lawyer wondered if the man diddled his own daughter too. Probably. Didn't they all?

"Well, if you don't have the money, there isn't much I can do. Your arraignment is tomorrow and bail, in this situation, is going to be difficult. If you can avoid jail time, which I doubt, you'll be a registered sex offender for the rest of your life. By the way, I wouldn't expect an easy time in the joint either. Murderers have daughters, too."

"There must be somethin' you can do."

"How much money have you got?"

"I got five hundred on me."

"For five hundred, I'll be happy to show you a nice public defender who won't give a shit."

"Wait....I got somethin' worth a lot more than twenty-five thousand."

"I don't do barter."

"Hear me out."

"OK, whataya got?"

"Her," pointing at his daughter. "She's trained."

The lawyer looked at the man. Was he serious? This just got interesting.

"It's illegal in this state to marry a minor," he said, testing the water.

"She's eighteen."

"She doesn't look any older than sixteen."

"What can I say? Maybe she was a late bloomer. Wanna see her birth certificate?"

The lawyer thought he'd played the guy when the guy had been playing him all along. He hadn't brought her to the meeting so the lawyer would "act nice." He had been planning on selling her all along.

"There are people in this world, like law enforcement, who would consider that human trafficking."

"Is that what the feebs are calling marriage these days? Human trafficking? Well, they sure do have a way with big words, now don't they?"

“And just how would you see this working?”

“Easy. You get the ball rollin’ on your end. And we’ll start sending out invitations to the big happy occasion on ours. I’m sure you can postpone this, and delay that, until after the wedding day. Once it’s official, I’ll expect you to keep your end of the bargain. Or there could be some frontier justice in your future.”

“You wearing a wire?” asked the lawyer.

“Nope. Take a look.” The man stood up, lifted his shirt, and turned around. The lawyer could see a line of dirt and brown grime around his waistline.

The lawyer waved him back down into the chair.

The girl all this time kept her eyes down as the men talked about her. She didn’t even let on she was hearing them.

“What do you mean ‘she’s trained’? Is she a virgin?”

“Of course not. But who wants one of them? Crying and cater-wauling all the time. Trust me when I tell you, a cherry isn’t worth the aggravation.”

The lawyer figured he *could* trust the man for knowing that much.

The father reached over and slapped the girl upside the head, causing her dirty hair to fall over her face. She stood up without a word and dropped her dress. She wasn’t wearing a bra or panties. She covered her sex with her hands.

“Take a look at that ass, she’s as tight as a twelve-year-old. Mia, get over there and suck your future husband’s cock like a good little whore.” Mia obediently walked over to the lawyer and dropped to her knees.

Part One

Ten Years Later

“It is my feeling that Time ripens all things; with Time all things are revealed; Time is the father of truth.”

Francois Rabelais

“The struggle of my life created empathy - I could relate to pain, being abandoned, having people not love me.”

Oprah Winfrey

Chapter 1

Mia's husband picked her up by the hair, and slammed her into the bedroom wall.

“Well Mia, you've done it again. Thanks to your monumental fuckin' stupidity I have no more clean shirts. Once again, all you had to do was one simple thing...turn on the fucking washer. No matter what it is, it is always too much to ask.”

Mia bounced off the wall, and directly into the open hand slap of her husband, rocking her head backwards as she slipped onto the floor. Blood started trickling from a split lip.

“Oh no, little cunt. It's not going to go that easy for you. Not by a long shot.”

The lawyer booted her while she was on the floor carefully, placing the kick just right. Some bruising, yes, but broken bones, no. She wasn't going to get the satisfaction of going into the emergency room where some do-gooder liberal doctor might start noticing a pattern. She could take it. He'd seen his father deal out a lot worse to his mother over the years.

He picked Mia up by the hair again, this time coming away with a handful of brunette hair, including the roots. He threw her on the bed. Mia stayed on the bed, arms protecting her breasts, silently, eyes tightly shut. She knew better than to say anything.

Her husband took off his belt. He wanted her to see what was coming.

“Open your eyes.” He waited for Mia to open her lids. “Here is the decision before us. You know perfectly well you were supposed to start

the washer before we left this morning. You knew if you didn't, then you would be punished. With me so far, Low Life?"

Mia just looked at him and said nothing.

"Silence is to be taken for assent," said the lawyer, quoting legal scripture. "Ergo, you must want to be punished." He made a show of wrapping the belt around his hand. "You know, when I bought your worthless ass from your father ten years ago, he told me you liked being beaten. That you intentionally did things so you could get hurt, and that made your cunt water. I didn't believe him. However, he was right. You do. So I'm going to beat you to within an inch of your life, and we'll see how you like that. Stand up and take your clothes off."

Mia stood up with her eyes down. She could see her husband's hard-on tent his pants at the thought of tonight's fun. She had only known two men throughout her life, and they both got stiff cocks from beating their women. She was resigned. Her's a life spent in hell. She knew it. Maybe they were right. It's what she deserved, because it was certainly all she got.

The belt snapped and cracked against her upper thighs.

"You aren't moving quickly enough, dear. Your loving husband awaits."

Her dress was new, one of her best, and she didn't want it ruined so she hurried up, trying to slip it off her shoulders. Her husband grabbed it, and simply ripped it down her front, the zipper in back, shredding her skin.

"Arms up!"

Mia raised her arms, and a rope came down from the ceiling on a pulley with a pair of handcuffs attached to it. Her husband put the handcuffs on, making sure they were too tight and biting into the skin and bone at her wrist. Mia whimpered, and he raised the rope and strung her up in front of a mirror.

The lawyer walked out of the bedroom then, and she could hear him opening and slamming cabinet doors. He returned with a bottle of whiskey, which he opened with his teeth. He took a long swig of it, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and set it down. Whiskey always made him mean. He unzipped his pants, and adjusted his boxers so his cock came free, swinging in the breeze. He walked over, looked at himself in the mirror, staring at Mia trussed up in the background, and took another swig. He started stroking his cock.

"I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do now so that you can ap-

preciate tonight's fun. First, I'm going to whip you senseless. I so love seeing those red welts rise on your ass and tits. Because I'm a nice guy, and care about your feelings, I am going to put this vibrator into your cunt right now."

He turned and showed it to her.

"Now here's the thing...I'm going to insert it all the way up that poisonous snatch of yours, and I'm going to trust you to wrap your cunt muscles around it. We've got to keep our girl tight, after all. So you'll have to keep it in there on your own. If it falls out, I'm going to beat you harder. When you've been properly softened up, we're going to play my very favorite game of Ass Rape. That's right Mia, you have won the Grand Prize. Come on, everyone, let's give Mia a big hand!

"Oh, and Mia? One word of advice. I'd better see some blood on the end of my cock when I pull it out of your ass, or we're going to start all over again."

The husband smiled with drunken, sexual cruelty. His pupils like pinpoints as he stroked himself, and the belt bit into Mia's soft skin.

“In the middle of the journey of my life I came to myself
within a dark wood where the straight way was lost.”

Dante Alighieri

Chapter 2

The man sat alone in a well-furnished den, hitting one note, a G flat, on a Yamaha grand piano, over and over.

He was slumped against the keyboard, his elbow resting against the end corner. In the reflective shine of the highly polished black wood, he could see his sideburns turning gray. His head was cocked as he listened to the same note again and again. *Something is wrong*; he thought to himself. *Is it me, or is that note off?* He hit the key a few more times. *That note is definitely off*, he thought.

A little boy, hearing the sound, came and stood at the doorway, silently watching his father. His two-front teeth had just fallen out, giving him a gap-tooth smile. He walked over and casually put his elbow on his father's shoulder.

“That note sounds funny, Daddy.”

“Think so, Big Bear?”

“I think so. Hit it a few more times.”

The man hit the note three more times; head cocked, looking at the little boy.

“What do you think?”

“It's off.”

“I think so too. What do you think we ought to do about it?”

“What can we do about it?”

“Nothing. Right now anyway.”

“Then I wouldn't worry about it.”

“You're a smart kid, you know that?”

“Yeah, I know,” he said, totally secure in the love of his father.

“Play me a song, Daddy?”

“What do you want to hear?”

“Some Rock and Roll.”

The father's right hand reached out and hit the high note on the right side of the keyboard with his little finger, held it, then switched over to his middle finger. In one fast, smooth motion drew his finger all the way up the keyboard to the left-hand bass notes, then all the way back down to the right high notes again. All ten fingers of his left and right hand moving rapidly on the keys in the high note section. It sounded like hard rain tinkling on a tin roof as he punched into the song's intro. The Yamaha boomed, like a wild animal released from its cage. He chose an early Rock and Roll song.

“Sing, Daddy.”

“Darkness is callin' now,
I'm havin' trouble seeing.
I've never been able to tell her,
how I'm feelin'.
From out of the darkness,
she walks like a dream.
She makes me feel crazy,
she makes me wanna scream.”

The little boy starts moving perfectly to the beat; eyes closed, snapping his fingers in time to the music as he slips out of his body, and his musical Muse takes over. He starts dancing to the music.

“Nothin' gonna help you,
from a love that's blind.
It'll cause you to stumble,
you'll doubt your own mind.”

“It's on the light side, baby, oh yeah.”

The father comes off the piano stool, and both father and son start dancing about the room, the piano silent, but the music filling their heads all the same.

“Listen close, right here... The sax is coming”

“I can hear it, Daddy.”

A high-pitched tenor sax fills both their heads at the same time in the silent room, going into a two minute long solo.

The man slips back onto the stool and picks up right at the moment the sax fades out, both hands slamming the keyboard so hard and loud, the windows rattle.

“I need some beat. Gimme some beat, Big Bear.”

The little boy steps up to the table, head cocked, looking at his father.

“OK, take her on down, Big Bear. Right...Now!”

The boy starts a tattoo drum beat with his fingers completely in time with his father’s piano. The Man kicks the song into high gear.

“Darkness is callin’ now,
I’m havin’ trouble seeing.
I’ve never been able to tell her,
how I’m feelin’
From out of the darkness,
she walks like a dream.
She makes me feel crazy,
she makes me wanna scream.”

“Nothin’ gonna help you,
from a love that’s blind.
It’ll cause you to stumble,
you’ll doubt your own mind.”

“It’s on the light side, baby, oh yeah.
You’ll find me on the light side, baby, oh yeah.”

The man hit the last note with his little finger, and the chord faded to silence. The boy and his father stood looking at each other, smiling goofily.

“I love it when that happens,” said the little boy.

“I do too,” said the man.

A woman stood watching from another room, not understanding their connection and slightly jealous of it. She shook her head, gathered up her purse, and left the house, not saying a word of goodbye. The door shut quietly.

The father and son, didn’t notice, they could still hear the music playing in their heads.

“The ultimate tragedy is not the oppression and cruelty by the bad people but the silence over that by the good people.”

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Chapter 3

“Hey Trailer Trash, are you about ready?” yelled Mia’s Husband, standing near the door.

Mia had been putting the final brushes of base around the side of her head where there was bruising, so it wouldn’t show at work.

Her husband, a rising star in a local law firm, glanced at his Rolex. *That little cunt was going to make him late*, he thought.

“I’ll give you until the count of three, Mia. Then you’ll have another bruise you can spend all day trying to cover up. One...two...”

“I’m here,” said Mia, coming into the room, standing on one foot, trying to put her black pumps on.

“I don’t get it. You *KNOW* it takes you a certain amount of time to do something, why can’t you get up early enough to take care of it? Lazy, cunt. Come on, let’s go. I’m already late because of you.” He stuffed Mia’s coat into her arms and shoved her out the door.

The lawyer locked the house, slapped a wide smile on his face for the world to see, and walked his wife to the Lexus, holding her elbow, like the loving husband he was. A neighbor was getting their mail out of the mailbox across the street.

“How you doing, Jack,” he waved, “how about them Cyclones, uh?”

“They’re unstoppable this year, for sure,” yelled the neighbor back.

“We getting together for a game and some beer this weekend?”

“Sure. Your house or mine?”

“Let’s do yours. We did mine last weekend.”

“No problem. See at one p.m. on Saturday.”

Mia kept her eyes down, and waited for her husband to open the door for her. He gave a jaunty wave goodbye, opened the car door, and pushed her into the front seat.

Their neighborhood was upper-middle class, as befitted a young attorney on the way up. Most of his neighbors either worked at the banks or insurance companies downtown as upper or mid-level executives. It was a well-polished street, a family neighborhood, of white picket fences, and well trimmed lawns. The lawyer backed down their driveway, gave a final toot on the horn at his neighbor, and they were on their way.

The lawyer dropped Mia off at the school entrance. "I'll be here to pick you up at three forty-five. Don't make me wait on you again, Mia."

"I won't," she said. He watched her getting out of the car, absently thinking he might rape her ass later tonight if the mood struck him. Something about the thought of hearing her cries of pain and wiping the blood off his cock after always got him in the mood. He watched as she walked toward the building. One of the male teachers was also on his way in, smiled, and opened the door for her. She smiled thank you, kept her eyes down, and kept walking.

Mia walked into the office and checked her mail cubby. She wasn't full time, so she didn't get benefits like the regular staff. While the staff was polite and professional, they treated her as an afterthought.

She saw a note from the principal to come to his office after her last period class. Fear immediately thumped, falling like a large rock into her stomach. What had she done wrong?

Mia walked into the classroom slowly. Dread creeping up her throat the whole way. The kids were loud and rambunctious. Since she was a substitute, they knew they didn't have to listen to her. She walked into class and on the secret wavelength that kids shared, they took one look at her, and knew today was going to be a vacation. She tried calling them to order and taking attendance. Most of the boys ignored her. The girls just looked at her with feminine disdain.

Mia finished her day at three o'clock and walked slowly to the principal's office. The dread had been building all day. She knew she was going to get fired. She also knew that would mean a beating from her husband. She noticed the blinds were drawn over the office windows, not a good sign. She knocked softly, and waited for a response.

"Come on in, Mia," came the reply. He sounded friendly, so

maybe it wouldn't be too bad after all.

Mia entered. There were books and papers piled on both the visitor's chairs, so she had nowhere to sit.

"Sorry, it's been a busy day," he said. He came from behind the desk, smiling, and leaned against the edge.

"You wanted to see me?" Eyes down.

"Yes, I did. I hear you've been having a hard time controlling some of the kids in your class."

"No. They're just kids being kids."

"Well sometimes kids need to be punished. Especially, the girls. Girls need a nice hard spank every now and then."

"Excuse me, Sir? You know I can't lay a hand on a child."

"You're absolutely right, Mia. However, I can."

He grabbed Mia's wrist and pinned it behind her back. Using the leverage of his weight, he angled the arm up her shoulder until Mia was forced downward. He then steered her toward the desk and bent her over it.

"No, don't...please."

He pulled her dress up and with his other hand started laying hard smacks against her backside, on her small, smooth ass. One slap after another fell, each one getting more vicious. Mia just lay there and took it. Eyes closed, trying not to sob so she wouldn't make him even angrier. She could feel her ass getting red, and the burning stings from his hand. When his hand started to hurt, he stopped, shook the pain out, and then he stuck his fingers into her panties, and probed into her vagina.

"Like I said, the little bitches like a nice hard spank occasionally." He released her and pulled her up, taking the opportunity to feel her tits, and roughly pinch her nipples.

"Be a good little bitch and get out of her before I make you suck my cock."

Mia hurried out of his office, wiping her eyes, hoping no one saw her.

Mia's husband was outside in the parking lot waiting for her, just like he said he would be when his cell phone rang.

"Yeah?"

"You're right. A good beating does make her pussy wet," said the principal. "I might like to sample that some more."

“She’s a submissive little slut, isn’t she?”

“What else does she do?”

“Whatever you want...I’ll let you beat the shit out of her for three hundred,” said the lawyer, watching Mia walk towards the car with her eyes down, snapping the cell phone shut.

“Loneliness is never more cruel than when it is felt in close propinquity with someone who has ceased to communicate.”

Germaine Greer

Chapter 4

The man walked downstairs to his home office, with a cup of coffee in his hand and flipped on the computer. He opened his email and casually clicked through the business correspondence. He had a number of Internet businesses he made money from, so he could take care of his entire life by computer. There wasn't very much of interest and no pressing customer orders that needed his attention.

He checked his online planners, and he was still well ahead of the curve. There was nothing pressing he needed to do that he hadn't planned for.

He had written eight books on alternative energy subjects, some of which were quite well received. As such, he usually had a number of speaking engagements as well as consulting work waiting for him if he wanted it. He had just completed his first fiction novel as well and was going over the final edits with his editor.

He was also working on a sequel to the one he just finished. He sat down to write. He had a goal of writing one thousand words a day. It always pleased him when his Muse sat down with him and he could write more.

He picked up his plot outline, mentally adjusted to where he was, and started writing. He looked up again, and two hours had passed. He had no conception of where the time went. To him, it felt like no more than ten minutes. He noted the word count and saw he wrote three thousand words. It was ten-thirty in the morning, and he was done for the day with a clear conscience.

He sat back in his chair, and thought about what to do for the rest of the day. He had a MeetUp Group meeting at three p.m.

A few months before, he had started “Meetup group” in his town

for fiction writers. He didn't know why he did it. Maybe it was just the loneliness. Seven years of full time writing on your own will do it to you. Living completely inside his head, day in and day out. He needed to get out more.

The Meetup group was fun. No more than a couple of people showed up at any given time. But he knew it wasn't something he really wanted to continue after the three-month trial period.

There was an email reminder in his inbox saying he had to renew his dues, or they would cancel the group. Instead, he went to his account and canceled it himself. He would still attend today. After all, it was a bakery, and he liked the fresh bagels.

The sound on his computer went off alerting him to a new email. He looked at the "From" line, but didn't recognize the name. He felt something, but couldn't place it, so he dismissed it. He clicked on the email.

I would appreciate any advice or feedback you have to give. I have no writer friends, and I am very new to all of this. I wrote a romance novel and have just started a second. I have amassed a small pile of rejection letters, so I am thinking about self-publishing. I am unsure and nervous about it, however, since I don't know anyone who has done it before.

Thanks,
Mia

He thought about inviting her to the final MeetUp Group, but she had sent the email through them, so she must already know about it. It didn't appear like she was going to go. Nor did he feel like taking on another angst-ridden, insecure puppy who didn't know the difference between "your" and "you're." He stared at the writing again. He couldn't tell how old she was. Even so, she wasn't a puppy. There was a certain style and grace to her words. He thought he could hear music in them. And there was that nagging feeling again. A soft voice way in the back of his mind. What was the voice trying to say? He decided to answer.

Hello Mia,

Self-publishing is easy once you get the hang of it. About the best place is (Amazon) for paperbacks, and Kindle KDP (Amazon) for e-books. It is like anything else; it has its pros and cons. The biggest thing to consider with self-publishing is all the hats you'll have to wear yourself. That means, editor, proofreader, formatter, and most important, marketer, of your work. If you're willing to learn those things, then self-publishing is the way to go. If you're "technologically challenged," then it might not be.

I hope this helps,

He hit the send button and figured that would be the last he would ever hear from her.

“Online communities are an expression of loneliness.”

Joanne Harris

Chapter 5

“Mia, you really are a totally useless little cunt, you know that?”

Mia shied away from the blow. She knew it was coming, and it came. It was an open-handed slap this time at least. He hit her high in the head, so her hair would hide any bruising. It rocked her backwards, and she fell off her chair.

“I just asked you to do one...simple...little...thing.” Her husband drew the words out. “And you can’t even get that right without fucking the whole thing up.”

The lawyer knew full well Mia had been spanked and man-handled by her boss a few hours before. The thought made his cock thicken. He liked the idea that other men wanted to stick their cocks into what he owned. He could understand perfectly why a pimp would want to send his girls out to service other men. The lawyer hadn’t been sure he could trust the father ten years ago when he bought her, but she had proven a good sexual investment.

Is there anything better than owning your own bitch? he thought.

Of course, after fucking the same wench for ten years he was tired of her. Which made her perfect for the entertainment he craved now.

Mia knew better than to offer an explanation. So she kept her head down and didn’t say a word.

“Do me a favor Mia? Clean this shit up and then, do us both a favor and go commit suicide.”

She was sitting in the middle of the mess of her dinner all over the floor. She picked herself up off the floor, as her husband turned

and stomped out of the kitchen. He didn't even tell her what she had done wrong.

She heard the TV come on, and pop/phitz as he opened a beer, and turned on the game. He threw the pop top back into the kitchen for her to clean up. It twirled on the floor and came to rest at her feet.

Mia picked it up, throwing it in the trash and started cleaning her dinner off the floor. She could feel the side of her head as it started to swell. She hoped her makeup would hide it since she had to work in the morning. She was a substitute teacher, and kids picked up on stuff not said.

"Hey, Mia!"

"Yes?" she said, scared, walking back into the living room.

Her husband was holding a letter, addressed to her. He had already opened it.

"Your publisher got back to you. They rejected that cringe-worthy story of yours...again." He sneered and threw the opened envelope and letter at her. "Not that that is any surprise."

She picked up the letter, reading it.

"We regret to inform you that at this time..." and walked back to the bedroom, sat down at the computer and turned it on. *Who am I kidding? It probably is drivel*, she thought. *Even if I don't get accepted for publication, I can always self-publish*, she thought. *Why bother?*

Who's going to read it?

She opened her email and there was a message from the organizer of the Meetup group she had thought about joining, if her husband let her.

He was helpful and supportive, but not all together interested. She sent him another email back.

Yes, thank you. Amazon was what I had thought about checking out. It seems that most of the time technology has a beef with me, but hopefully I can be a fast learner.

Two questions --if I have overstayed my welcome on your email, please just ignore this message, and I will stop bothering you :)

Do I need to worry about copyrighting my work?

Does KDP have stock cover art for use?

Thanks for your time,

This time she got an almost immediate reply back. He must have been sitting at his computer.

Technically speaking, any time an author creates an original work and publishes it, it is considered "copyrighted." The question comes in to what degree of PROTECTION the copyright gives you. The highest degree of protection is if you make it official and copyright it with the government. You can look at this roughly the same as if two people live together, or they have a valid marriage license. Both are considered married under common law, but an official marriage license gives both parties more legal benefits.

They have a "Cover creator" you can use, which will turn out a half-way decent cover for you. I create my own in PhotoShop so I have never used it, but I've seen it when I've put my books up. (Covers are important...don't underestimate them)

I hope this helps,

He seemed like he was thawing out towards her at least. He didn't mind that she was asking questions. She didn't have anyone to talk to about her writing. No one she could get advice from, and she had all these questions. There was a ton of information online but nothing that seemed specific to her situation.

"Mia!"

Mia got up and walked back into the living room to see what her

husband wanted.

“Yes?”

He stood up, unzipped his pants, pulling out his cock. He held it in his hand. It was thickening as she watched. The beer put a cruel streak into his eyes.

“Get on your hands and knees and do the only thing you have the slightest bit of talent for, you little slut.”

“There is no loneliness like that of a failed marriage.”

Alexander Theroux

Chapter 6

The man walked into his house; it smelled like Asian cooking. His wife must be home. His son was sitting at the table eating ‘Hop Lit Low,’ a kind of Vietnamese duck egg with a fully formed duck embryo still in the shell, beak, feathers, and all. He hated the smell of them. His son loved them.

“Hi, Daddy.”

“Hi, Big Bear.”

“You want to know what happened at day care today?”

“Sure.”

“A fire truck came.”

“Really? Was there a fire?”

“Of course not. They let us play on the truck.”

“So you didn’t put out any fires? Or save any kittens?”

“Of course not, Daddy. They let me sit in the driver’s seat though and turn on the siren.”

His wife came to the table then and sat down. She was still pretty in the timeless way of Asian women. She picked up some chopsticks and stirred them around in the rice and vegetables.

“Where have you been?” she asked.

“Out.”

“You weren’t working late?”

“No, I wasn’t.”

“I think I’m going back to Vietnam. I need to see my family.”

“OK.”

“I’m going to bring the boy with me.”

He’s got a name, he thought silently. “He just needs to be back before school starts, that’s all. But we can talk about it later.”

They finished the meal with the man talking to his son about his day. His wife was silent. She didn't offer to make him anything to eat, and he didn't ask.

He walked upstairs and into his bedroom after putting his son down for the night and reading him a story. His wife was already there. She was sitting up in bed watching a Vietnamese soap opera on the home theater system. It was all singing and dancing with some comedy thrown in. She never watched anything else, and he didn't understand a word of it.

"I wasn't joking when I said I wanted to go to Vietnam." Not even bothering to ask if he wanted to come with them.

"I know."

"You don't care if I take the boy with me?"

"Of course I care. But he should see his grandparents, or more importantly, his grandparents need to see him. It's been awhile."

"I'm thinking maybe he should go to school there for a while."

"I'm thinking maybe you're wrong," said the man.

"Why?"

"For one, the schools suck in Vietnam. Two, he lives here. This is where his home and friends are, and three, I don't want him too."

"You say that like you have a say in the matter."

"You say that like I don't."

"How long has it been since we've made love?" she asked changing the subject before it could go too far.

"Over three years."

"There isn't much left to us."

"No, there isn't."

"What's left?"

"Emptiness, and loneliness," said the man.

"It wasn't always that way."

"No, it wasn't."

"What happened to us?"

He looked at her. He remembered a time when he helped her escape a Communist country. He spent three long years in Bangkok planning it.

He remembered another time when they almost got shot by Malaysian police at a border crossing at Hat Yai.

He remembered when the Vietnamese government revoked her passport and citizenship when they figured it out two years later and left her stateless, without a passport and nowhere to go. He remembered getting her to the American Embassy and declaring political asylum for her.

He remembered being so much in love with her, his own life would have been a pleasurable price to pay. When they met, she couldn't even speak English.

He remembered bringing her to America, and her wide-eyed wonder at this huge, beautiful country.

He remembered bringing her to the Grand Canyon for the first time. He blindfolded her, and led her carefully right up to the edge of the South Rim and took off the blindfold. She almost collapsed at the beauty of one of this country's greatest natural masterpieces, her breath, literally taken away.

He remembered when she returned to Vietnam after the Vietnamese government granted her amnesty, and she could return. He remembered her joy, the tears running down her face, at seeing her family after almost ten years in exile.

He remembered starting a business for her in Vietnam, then having the government steal it from them, after it was successful. He remembered how they had started over from nothing.

He remembered sitting in a shabby Vietnamese hospital, luxurious by Vietnamese standards, when his son was born in Saigon, and his life began again through the eyes of his son.

Eighteen, long years of turbulent, one-of-a-kind memories. Almost his entire adult life.

Now they no longer made love, and she didn't even want to look at him. Now he looked at her and wondered what he did wrong.

"I think we have just done everything we were meant to do. That's all."

"I'll always love you, you know. You're the only man I've ever known."

"I know. I'll always love you too. Go to Vietnam and have a good time with your family. But Big Bear has to be back before school starts. If you want to stay, that's fine."

Crushed by the sadness that the love of his entire life, went wrong. And he didn't know why.

“Find a place inside where there's joy,
and the joy will burn out the pain.”

Joseph Campbell

Chapter 7

Mia found a pen pal in an unlikely place outside the hell of her daily existence. When she wrote, he replied.

She couldn't go to work and could barely sit down. Blood was still seeping from her ass from last night's ordeal. She sat down at her computer and saw his latest reply and wrote back.

Thanks for the info and advice. As you can probably tell, I have recently just 'fallen' into writing. I never had it on my radar as something for me, but I jumped in and now I really enjoy it a lot. Again, I'm not sure if I'm doing it correctly but enjoying what you do is half the battle - right? Well, making money would be nice too. I am a person who fears making a mistake so this seems like a big scary venture.

Thanks,

Mia

Again, the reply was almost instant. He seemed to take an interest in her. He also seemed to know her feelings, how she felt about her writing. She just wasn't writing in an empty space anymore, her words were reaching someone. Someone understood the loneliness and frustration of writing.

OK, I need to get a better handle on you, so I know how to tailor advice because I don't know at what stage of development you're at.

So please permit me to ask some questions. What is your age? Education? Past work experience? How many years have you been writing? What genres are you interested in cracking into?

As far as fear goes, we all deal with it all the time. It's a constant companion. Fear of rejection, fear of failure, fear of criticism, fear of publishing, you name it. Been there, done that.

It isn't about making money in the beginning. It is about getting people to read, and like your work and want more of it. To build a fan base, to get people talking about your books. Money comes later, maybe even, much later. If you're starting out, don't even consider it. Especially if you're writing fiction.

This is a marathon. If you enjoy writing, then it isn't work. It's a release. It's something you HAVE to do in order to keep your own sanity.

Try to get it to flow, but if it doesn't, write anyway. Write every single day. Write a journal, if nothing else. The goal should be 500-1000 words, every day. Don't worry about anything else. Don't worry about punctuation, misspellings, or trying to make it perfect. Just write.

I hope this helps,

The man finished writing his message back to Mia and hit the send button. What was it about this girl? Something about her made him curious. It was undeniable. He wasn't sexually interested in the slight-

est, having given up on American women decades ago.

He hadn't bothered to screw an American woman in over 20 years, and he had no intention of starting now.

He reached up inside his head and decided to explore it. He'd just take a peek. Just to see if she was worth bothering with or another spoiled American brat. He sent his intention out with the email and was immediately slammed backwards as it hit a big, black wall.

What the fuck...

Mia looked at his email and started to get suspicious, why did he care? Of course she knew he probably just wanted to fuck her, or maybe he was an Internet predator. She'd heard about those as well. What if her husband found out she was talking to someone online? Plus he was getting too close. It felt like he was getting into her mind. Her defenses shot up immediately.

At the same time, she didn't feel any threat from him. Just interest. Was that possible? That someone was interested in just me? She decided to reply, but not too much. Then, she felt something like a small caress, almost as if someone whispered, "It's OK," and she opened up.

It is great to hear someone say the things that are rattling around inside my head! I think I told you, I don't know any other writers.

I am in my late twenties. I have a Bachelor's Degree in education and am currently a substitute teacher. I write on days I'm not subbing. I have been writing for only about a year. I really am into Romance novels, ones that lean towards more 'adult' themes. As I mentioned before, I wrote a 70,000+ story and am about 1/3 of the way done with a second. I read a lot, which is what got me interested in writing.

I think my stories sound good, but I don't know if that is just because they came from my head! I average about 800- 1000 words on days I can write. Some days the words seem to

write themselves and other days I have to stop and think often. Sometimes it feels like the story is eating my brain, and I can't wait to get it out! Does that sound crazy? :)

As for fear, I am the person that always over thinks things. I never put myself too far out there because it is safer not to try. Does that make sense? Writing is the only thing that has made me not want not to pull back. That is part of the reason why I don't want to stop.

Geez, I sound like I am in therapy.

Thanks,
Mia

The man sat back and read her email. Feeling it, tasting it. He suddenly realized what the feeling was. He liked her. The thought took him totally by surprise.

Why? He asked himself. It wasn't sexual. Then another feeling hit him just as hard. She's me, years and years ago. So long, it might as well have been another lifetime.

The man recognized himself in the reflective beauty of her words.

“Love is something far more than desire for sexual intercourse; it is the principal means of escape from the loneliness which afflicts most men and women throughout the greater part of their lives.”

Bertrand Russell

Chapter 8

The prostitute knocked on the hotel room door, and the man opened it.

She was pretty, probably a co-ed, bleached-blond hair, but it didn't look bad. She was no more than twenty-three. She wasn't dressed like a whore at least. She wore very little make-up, she didn't need to, and a gym outfit.

She looked like a young soccer mom. Maybe she was.

“Hi. Can I come in?”

“Sorry. Sure.”

She walked past the man, and he checked out her ass. Not bad. She continued walking into the room, checking things out as she did. She was looking around for some clue as to who this John was. The man didn't bring any personal items with him, so good luck with that one.

“Did they tell you on the phone how much I charge?”

“I seem to remember they didn't forget that part.”

“Well...?”

The man gave her the money. The transaction finished, she unzipped her top and took it off. The man looked at her. She had nice tits. He had gotten the “mom” part of the soccer mom right anyway. She took off her sweatpants as well and stood in her underwear, waiting for a cue from the man.

“So what are you into?”

“I wish I knew,” said the man.

“Huh?”

“Nothing. What's your name?”

"Candy, what's yours?"

Yeah, right.

"You can call me 'That Guy.'"

She giggled. "Is that your first, or last name?"

"Both. My parents were simple people. You see, their last name was Guy and they only referred to me as 'That.'"

"You're putting me on, right?"

"Probably."

"OK, That Guy, it's your money and you paid for an hour, but the clock is ticking."

He looked at her eyes and could see the hardness just starting to creep into them. He decided to move his mind up a plane and see what he could see in them. He slipped the mental gear into place. He noticed his lower mind was carrying on the conversation and putting her at ease. Good.

He stared at her eyes. They were bright blue. *Fake contacts*, he thought, then slipped behind them. There was blackness and rot gnawing at the edges of her soul. She wasn't lost, but she soon would be if she carried on her current mode of thinking. He slipped out of her and went back to his lower mind.

"...of course, you can't expect him to understand that."

"No, they never do," he heard himself say. "Most men are assholes."

"Yes, they are. You know, you're different. I kind of like you. I'll let you fuck my ass for fifty dollars more. I know you like it."

"I have a better idea."

"Oh? What's that?" Hint of suspicion in her voice.

"How about if you just take the money I just gave you, and here, - here's fifty more, - we call it a night, and you spend it on your child?"

"How did you know I have a child?" Suspicion real now. She started putting her clothes back on in a hurry.

"I don't. Lucky guess. I figured it was 50-50, I'd be right."

"OK," slightly mollified.

"Do you have kids?"

"Yes, I do."

"Boy or girl?"

"A boy."

"Trust me, you don't want a daughter."

"I don't?"

"No. For one, they are only interested in their daddies. And their daddies are usually assholes."

"OK, thanks. I'll keep it in mind. But seriously, I think I want to be alone."

"Yeah, you said that already. So why'd you call then?"

"I don't know. Desperate, I guess. Or maybe just stupid."

"But after seeing me naked, you're not as desperate or as stupid, huh?" She zipped her top up, and started putting on her track shoes.

"No, really, it isn't like that. You're gorgeous. It's me."

"It's your money. You won't catch a disease, you know. I'm clean." She said as she slipped out the door, closing it behind her.

"I know. I might catch something worse," said the man to the empty room.

“To fulfil a fantasy is the quickest way to destroy it.”

Duane Michals

Chapter 9

Mia had fantasies...

She would sometimes imagine herself in various situations. Of course, it wasn't real, and she would never do something like that in real life. She had been brought up in a proper, religious family, but the fantasies remained. They were always a part of her present reality. Most of the time her daydreams remained on the outskirts of her mind. Never quite daring to venture into the main street of her consciousness. Just beyond the edge of town. Sometimes they lay buried, other times they rose like a ghost in the fog of daylight daydreams. But they were there. Most days she could deny them, even ignore them. Other days she couldn't.

At first, her fantasies were benign in nature. She secretly wanted someone to take control of what she felt were major life events slipping past her. She felt she had fallen into deep, dark, water and didn't know how to swim and kick to the surface. She had the nagging feeling, always gnawing at the back of her mind that she was overlooking some key detail, which would come back to haunt her. At first, the fantasies were just stress induced. She knew that. Like the night before her first day at work, she dreamed she arrived at the school in her underwear. Silly stuff like that.

But then the daydreams turned sexual. The fantasies involved submission and domination. Her submission usually to a strong man. At first, the men were faceless. Mia liked it that way. Anonymous. Because

faceless she could still deny them. She liked that the faceless man was in control, and she didn't have to make decisions. He told her what to do and she did it. So that she didn't have the cares and responsibilities of everyday life. She could surrender, completely, totally, to the desires of one man, and in return, he took away the other burdens of her life. She didn't have the pressures, the decisions, and the weight of every pressing problem of her everyday life. Just like that...Poof! They were gone. In their place was just longing for something that wasn't.

In their place was wetness...

Soon the longing became a craving. Then the craving became an obsession. She thought about strange hands on her long, smooth, legs. How warm they were when they opened her thighs. How insistent his desire was. Even though she was in a committed relationship, his hands wouldn't take no for an answer. She knew she couldn't, but the fantasies were still there. Soon in her fantasies her legs were opening.

Other fantasies came unbidden. That he was tying her up. Her arms over her head, lifting her breasts up the way she knew he liked. She knew he liked the feel of them. He would stare at her tits, mesmerized. He would walk behind her, his warm hands cupping one, then the other. Then slowly, his fingers sliding down her flat stomach. She could feel how her body turned him on. She could feel his seven inches of hardness growing as he pushed against her ass, and ran his hands all over her body. She was helpless as his hands explored every inch of her. No private area was left untouched and unfingered. She liked that too. He understood her body, and understood her needs.

Mia had fantasies....

Everyday the fantasies grew stronger, and more detailed. Soon she could see herself in her mind's eye. She saw every detail as he ravished her. She saw how much her submissiveness turned him on. She could see the faraway look in his eyes as he imagined her helpless and under his control. He wanted her. He wanted to control her. He wanted every part of her, to serve his needs and desires.

And his desires were vast. His sexual imagination was without equal, or limit. He was experienced in domination, and he wanted a

submissive. He knew how to take her to the edge, but not over it. While he was dominant, she knew, deep down, she was also in total control. She could stop him if she wanted, but she never wanted to. He knew just how to make her wet.

Whenever she thought about it now, the warmth would start immediately inside her belly and trickle down to her pussy like warm oil. She got wet even in her dreams. When she woke up, her pussy was already slick as she mounted her husband's hard, morning cock. She would fuck up and down on his cock while her mind was far away. He went away happy. She went away hungry and unfulfilled.

Mia had fantasies...

Chapter 10

“Mia, I got a call from your boss, yesterday,” her husband started off first thing in the morning.

“It appears your winning personality is pissing everyone off, as usual. So here is what I want you to do. I want you to be especially nice to him. He’s a school superintendent, and they are thinking of throwing the school’s legal work in my direction. That would mean good things for both of us. So you’re going to do your part. Do you understand what I’m telling you?”

“Yes. I’m to do whatever he says,” said Mia, resigned to her fate.

“Good. How do you feel today?”

“Good,” Mia winced from the pain in her butt and had to shift to take the weight off her ass.

“That’s great because the welts I left all over your body last night look absolutely beautiful.”

He left the house, but not before twisting her nipple viciously.

Mia had the day off since there was no call for a substitute teacher that day. She decided to write. She found herself thinking about her pen pal, wondering if he was going to reply. *I probably scared him away, unloading on him like that*, she thought. *Why did I do that?*

She didn’t know why she did. It just felt good to say something to someone about what was pent up inside her. She felt like he wanted to

know how she truly felt about her writing. He still hadn't written back. Maybe he wasn't going to. He probably ran screaming away from his computer when he read it. *He doesn't care about me. It's just in your mind. Grow up! Get a grip*, she told herself.

Then the email chime sounded, and she saw he replied.

OK, I'm up to speed.

The romance genre is a tough one to crack, so don't be in a hurry. Keep doing what you're doing...reading and writing.

A word of advice...non writers never understand writers. Keep it to yourself. With spouses, the best plan is to wait until you get to the point in your writing (Like published and making money) where they ASK YOU, if they can read it. Until then, most spouses don't get it. If they aren't creative themselves it's even harder.

In terms of your writing "eating your brain," it sounds exactly like a writer. But don't expect anyone else to understand the craving though. :+)

Your question: I think my stories sound good, but I don't know if that is just because they came from my head!

That's a tough one which you'll never really figure out to your own satisfaction. (At least I haven't) That's also where a good editor will come in.

Your question: I never put myself too far out there because it is safer not to try. Does that make sense? Writing is the only thing that has made me want not to pull back. That is part of the reason why I don't want to stop.

Then don't stop. But don't over think it either. Do it for fun. Do it for therapy. Do

it because the story HAS TO come out. You can hire an editor to over think the details for you. (In fact, you should)

I hope this helps,

Even in pain, it brought a smile to Mia's face. Someone understood. Someone felt the same way. She wasn't alone. She started to wonder who this guy was, picturing his face, and his background. She didn't want to ask, but he had asked her background details so maybe it was okay to lob a question or two.

She was thinking these things and smiling as she walked out to the mailbox. It was a perfect late-summer day. This summer had been nice, not too hot, not too cool. She opened the box and saw a letter from another publisher. Her mood deflated. Another rejection letter probably. The thought bummed her out so much she didn't even open it. She sat back down at her computer again, looking at the email. Her smile came back. She tore the envelope open.

"It is our pleasure to inform you..."

Her novel was accepted for publication! She stared at the letter in disbelief. She thought at first it must be a mistake. The letter was for someone else. She looked at the opening, and it had her name on it. She was going to be published!

She knew instinctively her husband would not be pleased. Should she even tell him? Could she not tell him? Then she remembered her online pen pal. She started to fire off a quick email to him. She knew he would be pleased about it.

You're not going to believe this, but...

Her cell phone rang. She looked at it and it was the school. She flipped it open.

"Hello?"

"Mia? This is John Gilheart, your principal at Waterloo Elementary? I'd like you to come by my house later..."

“The power of the harasser, the abuser, the rapist depends above all on the silence of women.”

Ursula K. Le Guin

Chapter 11

Mia had to hurry to Gilheart's house if she was going to get home by the time her husband got home.

She still had things to do around the house, and if she didn't do them, he'd be angry. She was nervous and apprehensive. Of course, she knew Gilheart was going to use her sexually. It was probably even going to hurt. She steeled herself. If anything, this life had taught her to accept pain in silence.

He gave her the address and directions. She got lost on the way over because she wasn't familiar with this side of town. The neighborhood was shabbier than her own. There were some teenagers hanging out on a corner in front of a store, drinking beer.

She found the number and pulled up in his driveway. His house was shabby like the neighborhood. She stepped around some dog poop on the walkway leading up to his door. She looked around the stoop. It had peeling baby-shit yellow paint and a faint, unpleasant odor. She rang the bell.

He opened the door almost immediately, like he had been standing behind it, waiting.

“Mia, it's a pleasure to see you, please come in.”

The house was decayed and shabby as well. It smelled like old cabbage. There were dirty clothes lying on the chairs and half eaten supermarket deli food containers on the coffee table. He was obviously unmarried. He closed the door behind her.

“Let me put you at ease, because I know this is an uncomfort-

able situation for you,” he said, still smiling. “I’m going to fuck you, and use you sexually, and it’s probably going to hurt. Because Mia, you remind me of my ex-wife and there is nothing I would rather do than beat the shit out of her. So let’s get comfortable shall we? Take off your clothes and do it now!”

Mia left herself and disappeared up into her mind to a place no one could hurt her. She mechanically took off her clothes.

“My, my, you look like you have certainly been a bad girl. Look at all those marks. Did your husband do that to you last night? Because they look fresh.” Her boss trailed his fingers over her flesh. “You know, you keep yourself in very good shape, Mia. You’re to be commended. A lot of women your age have already let themselves go. Do you jog?”

Mia was in her own private space and didn’t realize she had been asked a question. The slap came out of nowhere, open handed, right across her face.

“You probably didn’t hear me the first time and mistook my winning personality for someone who gives a shit about you. I said DO YOU JOG?”

“Yes.”

“Well, exercise and healthy eating are the cornerstone of a wholesome society. Bend over and pull your cheeks apart.”

Mia bent over and did as requested.

“Good now, put your face between your legs, so I can see it.”

She complied.

Gilheart picked up a digital camera, rapidly zoomed on her, making sure she was completely recognizable. He quickly snapped a picture of her.

“In case, you ever think about discussing our little friendship with anyone at school, that photo will find its way to the school website, and will be posted before the rumor even stops. This entire town will know what a wanton slut you are. Those hackers are so devious. All the world will get to see it before we discover it and take it down. I’ll probably have to issue a heartfelt apology to all the parents, but in a technological age, it’s hard to stop these things from happening.”

“I’m not going to say anything.”

“That’s so reassuring to hear. Stay right there and hold that pose.”

Giheart left the room and returned with a whip.

“Spread those cheeks nice and wide now. That’s a good girl.”

Gilheart stood back, took aim, then wasted no time laying the whip into Mia's ass crack. The whip cracked. The tip entered her butt cheeks at almost the speed of subsonic sound. Mia cried out involuntarily.

"Felt good, didn't it? How do you like this whip?" Gilheart said, showing it to her between her legs. "I made it myself. Shop class is so handy. The city was even good enough to buy the leather. I got the plans off the Internet. If you're good, I'll put the metal tips on it and you can watch as I peel the skin right off your ass."

He flipped the whip around so that now he had the handle and started rubbing her pussy with it. He stuck it into her opening, pushing the handle in.

"Does that feel good, Mia? Because I certainly don't want it too."

He took the handle out and brought it up to his nose, then licked it.

"I don't think you washed thoroughly after urinating, Mia. Bad girl. But as we all know, bitches are like that. And because you're a bitch, I'm going to treat you like one. Stay there, don't move."

Gilheart went and sat in an armchair and pulled his cock out. It was long and thick. He was uncircumcised. It looked like an anteater.

"Mia, get down on all fours, like a dog. That's a good girl. Okay, come on over here girl. That's it. Come on over here and let me pat your head like a good dog."

Mia came over and he handed her a leather dog collar.

"Put it on. That's a good bitch. Would you like a bone, Mia? Here I have one you can gnaw on. Come and get it."

Mia had no choice but to give him a blow job. His uncircumcised cock stank, it tasted dirty, and made her want to retch. He held her by the hair, forcing her mouth downward on his cock. Each thrust, moving his cock further down her throat until triggering a gag reflex.

"You puke in my lap little dog and I guaran-fuckin-tee you'll lap it up."

He wasted no time and shot off a load of cum down her throat. It tasted rancid.

"Thank you, that was very good, and because you're such a sweet little dog, I'm going to reward you."

He snapped a leash onto the collar and started dragging her towards the kitchen.

"A nice big bowl of dog food, just for you..."

“Our life always expresses the result of our dominant thoughts.”

Soren Kierkegaard

Chapter 12

Mia got home and her husband was already there.

For once, he didn't seem too concerned about the undone chores. He was sitting in his chair, drinking a beer, watching a game. He barely glanced up at her when she came in.

“How are you feeling today, Mia?” he asked, in a tone which was the picture of concern.

“Good. I'm fine.”

“That's so good to hear. And did you have a nice afternoon?”

“Yes. I did what you said.”

“That's also good to hear.” He went back to his game.

It was painful to move. After having her ass brutalized by her husband the night before, then whipped by her boss, she was sore. She knew her ass was leaking blood. She could feel it seep into the back of her panties. She walked into the bathroom and started running a bath. She could smell Gilheart's house in her hair and still taste his rancid cum in the back of her throat.

She took her time brushing her teeth while the bath was running. The resulting steam and fog from the hot water enveloped her, wrapped her in its cocoon and made her feel safe. She gargled with Listerine to get the taste of his cock out of her mouth, but it still remained. She took off her clothes. She felt like burning them. Her panties, she threw away.

Mia eased into the hot water, wincing, then settled into the heat. She looked down at her legs and torso. There were red welts and scratch

marks all over her. She wouldn't be wearing any dresses for a while. Long sleeve blouses were in her future. Her breasts were bruised and she knew wearing a bra would be painful. She lay in the bath, soaking a long while. Then scrubbed her hair, getting the smell out.

She finished her bath and dried herself off with a long towel. The towel was clean, fresh and felt good. She used one for her hair, wrapping it up turban style and another she draped around her thin body, tucking it in next to her breasts.

When she came out of the bathroom, her husband was gone. No word or note to tell her when he was coming back. She decided she didn't care and made herself something to eat. There was a new feeling in her today. It was a small ember of rage. Rage at her husband and rage at his abuse. She watched TV and heard other women talking and knew this wasn't the way most men acted. *Why did they act that way towards me?* She screamed silently to her mind.

She sat down at her computer and turned it on. Drying her hair with the towel as she waited for it to warm up. She opened her email and saw a message from her pen pal. She smiled to herself. She still hadn't told him she was going to be published, and she knew he would be pleased. So she started an email to him.

You're not going to believe this, but my novel got accepted! I wanted to tell you first. I'm so excited.

Thank you so much for everything.

Mia

And she hit the send button. His reply, once again, was immediate. Mia felt the connection then. He was truly happy for her. Just for her. Her excitement was his excitement. In the time it took to read his reply, she bonded with him through the ether of cyberspace. They touched. They connected in a way she had never felt before. He didn't want anything from her. He just wanted her to be happy.

Mia,

I am so happy to hear that. I didn't really do anything. You did it, not me. I've never

read your writing, but I'm sure you deserve it. It looks like someone else besides myself thinks so too. Go out and celebrate. Tell me where, and I'll send flowers. I'm very happy for you.

I hope this helps,

Once again, she felt the connection. She couldn't describe it, but it was there. She also felt like she knew him on a more personal level. They had never met. She didn't know what he looked like, or where he lived, but she felt like she knew him. Like somehow they were old friends. She also wanted to keep the conversation going. She didn't want him to leave. She knew he must be sitting at his computer, so she fired off another email.

If I'm bothering you just let me know because I don't want to. But what do I do now? Are they going to contact me? Will they just publish the manuscript? I don't know what to expect. Can you help me?

I don't want to bother you, so if I am, just disregard this email.

Mia

Again the reply was immediate.

Mia,

You aren't bothering me at all. Just the opposite. I'm starting to look forward to hearing from you. If I was in your situation, I'd want to talk to someone too.

You'll probably get a contract by email. You'll need to look it over very carefully. There are a lot of details you need to be care-

ful about. I can't possibly go into them in an email. Not because I don't want to, but without the contract in front of me, I'd forget most of them and steer you wrong and I don't want to do that. You should probably have someone look it over for you, a lawyer maybe? Or perhaps your husband. They would be a better judge of it than me.

I'm sorry I can't help more. Don't hesitate to contact me if you have questions. I'm happy to help you.

I hope this helps,

There it was. He felt the connection too, she could tell. He even invited her to talk to him. She didn't understand what got into her at that moment. She had never done anything like it before. However, before she could stop herself, she wrote back...

I don't have anyone I can show it too. Could we meet...

“Power is domination, control, and therefore a very selective form of truth which is a lie.”

Wole Soyinka

Chapter 13

The lawyer slammed the door behind him and flung his briefcase onto the nearest chair. What a cunt.

Why the hell had his law firm hired that bitch anyway? She was short and fat. What was the point of having an ugly woman around? Especially one that he had to pay some sort of professional respect to.

He hated it when he was called down to the office on a weekend. If that stupid newbie bitch ‘lawyer’ (he used the term loosely) just out of law school hadn’t screwed up, he wouldn’t have had to waste most of his Saturday. He missed the Saturday football game with his friends.

His only consolation was that he spent the night with his new favorite whore. He wasn’t going to fuck his wife anymore, not after whoring her out to all his friends. Now her only use was to take care of his other, more abusive needs.

“Mia! I’ve been home for more than a minute and there’s no beer in my hand. What the fuck are you doing?”

Mia quickly turned off her computer and ran into the kitchen. She had heard her husband come in, but she was in the middle of a conversation with her new pen pal. She just couldn’t tear herself away. He was so kind and understanding, something she needed desperately in her pain filled life.

After grabbing a can from the fridge, Mia lowered her head as she entered the living room. She held out the beer and was thanked with a quick smack to the back of her head.

“What the fuck were you doing?”

“Sorry. I was finishing the laundry.”

The lawyer opened his beer and took a long pull from it. Mia didn't dare to move away. She knew that he was far from done with her. When he was in a mood like this, it was going to be a long night for her.

The lawyer didn't speak. He just looked upon his wife through gulps. She fucking annoyed the shit out of him but at least she knew her place. Plus, she was well trained. He never understood why other men put up with mouthy bitchy women. He finished off the beer and threw the can at Mia's feet.

"Get me another beer and when you come back, be naked."

Mia turned towards the kitchen and heard her husband undoing his belt. Maybe the beers would make him tired, she could only hope. As she stripped and grabbed another can, her mind wandered back to her computer conversation.

What would he be like as a husband? Mia immediately shut down that thought. Imagining a better life would only hurt her further, would only make her pain worse.

She reentered the living room to find her husband shirtless and holding his belt. He held out his hand for the beer and gave her a wicked smile. She could see the sick pleasure flickering in his eyes. She wasn't lucky enough. He wasn't tired at all.

After opening the second can, he took half of it in one long gulp and then set it aside. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he turned his attention back on his lazy wife.

"Hands on the wall. Bend over."

Mia did as instructed. She knew exactly the position he wanted her in. She placed her hands on the wall, low enough so she could stand back and stick her ass out. The lawyer would want a good target.

He leaned over her nude back and snarled into her ear,

"If you move your hands one fucking inch, I will make this ten times worse for you. Understand?"

Mia nodded. She felt her eyes water and started to blink. If he saw tears, it would only fuel him on higher.

"And just for a little something special, no fucking noise. I don't want to hear one whimper, cry, snuffle....nothing! Now be a good girl and take what your husband has to give."

The lawyer stood back and looked at her. She did have a great body for a piece of white trash. He insisted that she run at least two miles a day. He also monitored her meals. He would not be seen with a fat

wife. He loved the way her sides curved in and turned into that sweet little ass. Fuck, he was getting hard.

His belt came down onto the soft skin on her ass. Her body jerked forward, but her hands didn't move. He hit her again and saw her whole body tense. He knew just how hard it would be for her not to make a sound. It was making him even harder to think of her restraining her cries.

Another hard swat, this one was much harsher than the first two. Mia's whole body reared forward but still, her hands stayed put. The lawyer smiled to himself. What a fucking good bitch. He was going to keep this up until he broke her, though. He was going to keep beating her ass until he heard a scream or whimper.

Another smack and he got a little something for his effort. No noises but he saw her tears falling. Several tears dripped down her face and fell to the floor. Finally, he got what he wanted. A sob escaped her lips.

"Now Mia, I want to do something very special for you. I spent the night with a fantastic little whore. She was everything you are not. So I want you to come over here and suck my cock and savor what a real woman's pussy tastes like."

Fuck! How can other men live without this? the lawyer thought, as Mia got on her knees to taste another woman on her husband's cock.

“Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived
to be understood.”

Helen Keller

Chapter 14

They agreed to meet for coffee at a local bakery and he would look over the contract.

No big deal. It was a chance for some fun conversation, a chance to forget the other matters of her life.

Mia was very nervous as she drove to the bakery. She had never done anything like this before. She knew there was nothing wrong with her meeting a man for coffee, and it was perfectly innocent, but still. There was a certain illicitness to it as well. At least, Mia felt there was. She realized without even meeting him, she was already starting to have feelings for the man.

Mia wondered about the man. *Was he married? Of course he was married!* She chided herself. *What did he look like? How old was he?*

He had told her where he would be sitting as well as what he was wearing. She arrived at the coffee shop, and pulled into an empty space. She did a final check in the mirror, made sure no bruises were showing and got out of her car. She walked slowly towards the front door of the bakery. She almost spun around and left, fear grabbing a hold of her. Instead, she steeled herself, opened the door and stepped in.

The smell inside the bakery was delicious and she immediately got hungry. She looked around and saw a man sitting where he said he would be. He had his head down in a book and wasn't paying any attention. It gave Mia a chance to size him up.

He was late forties or early fifties. He had brown hair. He wasn't good looking, but not bad looking either. He looked like he enjoyed

eating. The man felt her eyes then and looked up at her. He had bright green/gray eyes, and they looked right into her. When he put down the book, Mia could see he wasn't wearing a wedding ring. Mia walked over to him.

"Hello, Mia, it's a pleasure to meet you," said the man, standing up.

"Hi. I'm sorry if I'm late."

"You're not late," he checked his watch. "You're right on time."

His voice was soft, calm, confident, like he had all the time in the world and was in no hurry.

"Please sit down."

"Is it okay if I get something to drink first?"

"Of course. Would you like me to get it for you?"

"No, that's OK. Thank you."

He watched her walk away and noticed her slender figure and small ass. She was a beautiful woman. *This is a woman who keeps herself in very good shape*, he thought absently. Some small feeling was pushing against his consciousness. He hadn't really meant to look into her, but it was an ingrained habit from many long years of use. While she was getting coffee, he went up inside his head and explored her.

There were walls surrounding her mind, lots of them. They were tall and black. He couldn't see over them, or through them. This is what he saw the first time during the email conversation when he sent his intention out to her. This was usually a sign of someone with something to hide, but that didn't feel quite right in this case. He probed deeper, testing and tasting the feeling. He pushed against one of the walls, and it pushed back. *She has strength, a lot of it*, he thought.

Then the certainty washed over him. Yes, she was hiding something. She was hiding her fear. She had a lot of it, mountains of it. Huge black walls of fear enclosing and encircling inside her mind. He got out of her immediately.

Mia returned with her coffee and sat down. She didn't know what to say or how to begin. The man seemed to be waiting for her to start. She looked up and he was staring straight at her.

"Mia?" he said softly.

"Yes?"

"Everything is going to be OK. You don't have to be afraid with me. Everything is going to be all right."

Mia broke down and started weeping, right there in the middle

of the bakery, in front of a man she didn't know, and for reasons she couldn't explain.

As soon as she started crying, the walls broke and came crashing down. The man saw/felt with instant clarity the lifetime of abuse and it shocked him. He feared for her. His heart immediately went out to her. He wrapped her up in mental warmth, and in the confines of his mind, pulled her into his lap, and stroked her head. He saw she desperately wanted a father, a protector, someone who would always be there for her.

But she was also a grown woman, and a grown woman with needs, and desires. She wanted, no needed, a father, but also more. Someone who would help her feel good about herself. She wanted someone to take the pain away. To control her, but in a way that benefited her, and not them. She had never been taught to manage a complicated modern life. She wanted so much for someone to take the pressure away. She wanted to give her life to someone, and in return, she wanted them to give her life back to her.

That was why it came as a total surprise to her when he said,

"I want you to go to the bathroom right now and take off your bra. Don't question me, just do it. No one will notice."

"Why?"

"Because your breasts are beautiful and I want to see them. I want you to tease me with them. No more questions. Go. Now."

So she did. She went into the bathroom and slipped the bra off her shoulders and stuffed it in her purse. She felt self-conscious as she walked out of the bathroom, so she held the purse to her chest as she returned to the table. She sat back down in her chair, her back to the room. He was right; no one noticed or even paid the slightest bit of attention to them.

"Good girl. Now lift your arms over your head like you're going to tie your hair in a ponytail," he said.

She did as commanded. Lifting her arms stretched her breasts upward, her T-shirt tight across her breasts and she fiddled with her hair.

"Like that?"

"Yes, and lean towards me so that the fabric stretches tight. I want to see your tits."

His coarse language excited her, and immediately her nipples became erect as she angled her body forward. He looked at her without

expression, his eyes traveling over every inch of her breasts. She had small breasts and his hungry eyes made her feel insecure and self-conscious.

"They're small..."

"No they aren't. They're perfect. I like small."

Her nipples got even harder.

"That's good. I know how to make you happy..."

She knew where this was going but she couldn't help throwing caution to the winds. She knew she shouldn't but it felt right.

"What should I call you? I don't know your name."

He looked at her without responding, waited a beat, then said,

"What would you like to call me?"

"I'd like to call you Daddy. I never had a real one."

"Very good. Your journey is going to be based on nurturing and kindness, not indifference. So yes, call me Daddy."

"OK, Daddy," Mia said, happy, relaxed, and feeling secure for the first time in months, as the warmth and wetness trickled into her panties.

"When do I begin my journey?"

“Open your eyes, look within. Are you satisfied
with the life you’re living?”

Bob Marley

Chapter 15

Mia left the bakery in a hurricane of conflicting feeling.

But the overriding, and most confusing feeling she had was one of safety. She felt safe for the first time in her entire life. It was like Daddy understood, without being told, what she wanted and needed. She couldn’t believe that. How could he possibly know?

Daddy? she thought to herself, *what a ridiculous name. Why did I want to call him that?* Even so, it felt accurate. It felt so perfectly right that she couldn’t think of any other name that fit.

He was her Daddy. She wondered what his real name was. Then decided she didn’t care.

He was her Daddy.

There was something else. It felt like he was somehow inside her. Not invasive, or invading her privacy, but softly, like he was caressing her. It was like, once she dropped her defenses, he reached inside her and took her fear away, and replaced it with strength. She could practically feel him wrapping warm arms around her, while she cried on his shoulder. She could almost hear him gently shushing her, and stroking her hair. And she melted into his safe, soft, warmth.

Oh, you are so full of shit! Her fear screamed at her in her mind. *He is a man, and just like every man you have ever known, he basically told you “take off your clothes” and do what I say. He wants to fuck you, and use you.*

And when he is finished with you, he will throw you away the same as every other man has. You are such a pathetic piece of shit, the voice

said. Then she recognized the voice. It was the voice of her husband.

FUCK YOU! She screamed silently at the voice in her head. *I don't have to listen to you! And the voice fell silent.*

Mia was shocked at the power, the venom and her rage at the voice in her mind. She was also shocked that she had controlled it. That the fear voice had listened and did what SHE said.

I do not like you. I do not want you in my mind and in my life anymore. I'm tired of your fear. He is my Daddy, because I say so. Not you. Now get out of my mind!

And the Fear Voice left. In its place was calm, peace, and the soft, gentle voice of her Daddy, telling her it was going to be ok, everything was going to be all right.

Mia walked into the house. Her husband was already home and in a foul mood.

"Mia!

"Yes."

"I never asked last night. How did you like the taste of my whore's cunt on my cock?"

"She tasted exactly like the scum bag you are." Mia was shocked the words came out of her mouth, quicker than she could take them back.

Her husband was up out of his chair in a flash, and his hand came across her face just as quick. He looked at her in disbelief. His hand closed into a fist.

"I'm going to enjoy this, Mia. I hope you don't have any plans for the holiday."

"Jeffrey Lionel Prescott, the third?" His fist stopped in mid-air at the mention of his full name. She said it the same way his mother said it, like it was the mark of nobility and privilege. "I'm only going to tell you this once. But if you ever touch me again, I'm going to cut your dick off when you sleep, and feed it to you when you wake up."

He looked at her eyes and saw she meant every word of it. He backed away, keeping his eyes on his wife like he just found a tiger in their living room. Which, in a sense, he had.

Mia turned her back on him and walked into the kitchen and picked up a knife.

"I mean it," she looked at her husband.

"You're dead, Mia. I will kill you myself."

"You already did, a long time ago. You can't kill a ghost."

Jeffery Prescott retreated to the living room in confusion. *What the fuck just happened?* he said to himself. He knew he couldn't let her insolence and defiance stand. At the same time, she carried that knife in her hand like she was willing to use it. Maybe the best thing to do is let her cool off. I can always come back later. She isn't going anywhere. She has no place to go. She can't go to her family. Her father would just beat her and send her back to me. He smiled, then picked up his jacket, and walked out the door.

As soon as the door closed, Mia deflated. What did she just do? What came over her? Why did she say that? She knew he would come back and the beating would be worse, maybe much worse. I should go catch him, tell him I'm sorry. Beg his forgiveness. Maybe then the beating won't be so bad. Then, she recognized the Fear Voice. It had crept back in when her defenses were down.

"GET OUT OF MY MIND," she screamed at it, this time aloud, to the empty house. And again, the Fear Voice retreated. *I'm going nuts*, she said to herself, *screaming at voices in my head*.

She logged on to her computer. It hummed and whirled as it warmed up. She opened her email and saw Daddy's last email sitting in her inbox. It made her smile. *My Daddy*, she said to herself, she felt his warmth spread through her. She clicked on the reply button and wrote:

"Daddy? Are you there?" And pushed send.

The replay was immediate.

"Yes, I am."

"I want to see you again, Daddy."

"I'm glad. Because I want to see you again too. When do you want to meet?"

"How about right now?"

“Sometimes the heart sees what is invisible to the eye.”

H. Jackson Brown, Jr.

Chapter 16

Daddy walked into his empty house. His footsteps echoed on the hardwood floors.

His wife left for Vietnam a week earlier, taking his son with her. He felt empty beyond words that he didn't have the usual things to do with Big Bear. If his son was here, today they would be going to the big-box home-improvement store, looking for something to build. They would create a meal plan together, then go to the supermarket and buy all the ingredients and come home and cook it together. For the past three nights, he had gone up to his son's room and just sat on his son's bed alone, looking at the little kid mess, the toys strewn haphazard around the floor. There was his packing mess as well, when he chose what clothes, what toys, what books, he wanted to bring to Vietnam.

He thought about cleaning up the room, but couldn't bring himself to. It brought him too much comfort seeing it the way his son left it.

Then his thoughts turned to Mia. Sitting there in his son's room, his actions seemed so alien. He had no idea why he asked her to take her bra off and show him her body. It was like his actions weren't his own. Then her last question, “When do I begin my journey?” It seemed so completely natural at the time. What had he done? Why had he opened that door? Because something in him wouldn't let him say no to her. Something in him wanted to give her what she wanted.

What is this journey? he said into his mind.

A journey you were meant to take, came back the reply.

Those days are long past, he said to himself.

Are they? said the Small Voice.

Daddy walked downstairs and went to the kitchen. He thought about making something to eat but wasn't really hungry. Besides, it was no fun cooking alone. To Daddy, cooking was love. Cooking was about making sure the very best of everything went into his son. No store bought processed crap. No fillers, artificial sweeteners or chemicals. He made everything from scratch, so he knew exactly what went into and what was fueling his little boy.

He wasn't fanatical about it. He didn't insist on "Free Range" chickens or only organic vegetables, but he only bought the best for his son even so. Then prepared it carefully. It was a small thing that no one noticed, or even cared about. However, to Daddy, it was everything. It was his internal symbol, his wedding band, of his total devotion and love for his son.

His mind drifted back to Mia. Did he do it because he was just horny, and she was young, and beautiful, and he so missed the touch, the taste, the smell of a beautiful woman? Be honest with yourself. It was sexual once you saw her, sure. But it wasn't all sexual. Then what is it? Why is the pull so strong?

It's your journey, repeated the Small Voice.

But I don't have to take it.

No, you don't. You have free will.

I have my art. I have my son. I don't need any more than that.

Are you sure?

He walked downstairs to his office to check his email. As soon as he sat down, his computer chimed, and there was a message from Mia.

"Daddy? Are you there?"

The email exchange was rapid. Both sitting at their computers, firing off one email after another. He ended his by giving her his address.

Why did he do that? Why was he acting without forethought? Daddy was a careful person, never acting in haste, always with a clear plan, a direction, as well as an expected outcome. It was like he abandoned all of his principles. And there was his long-standing rule about American women. *You know this is going to be trouble*, he chided himself.

He felt her presence arrive, and he walked upstairs.

Mia parked and walked up the small path to the door. His house was in a family neighborhood in the good section of town. This was

one of the newer developments, built for the expanding, upwardly mobile families that were coming into the area. It was a neighborhood of small children with an elementary school close by. His house was two-story, white, with red trim and shutters. His small, blue, Ford pickup was parked in the driveway.

Just before Mia knocked, panic started to rise up. She actually had trouble taking her next breath. Perhaps she wasn't ready for this. Maybe she couldn't do this. Mia turned and took a few steps away from the door when she heard it open behind her. She froze in her tracks.

"You aren't leaving are you?" his voice seemed to wrap itself around her. Even it made her feel warm and safe.

Mia slowly turned back to face him. "No, sorry. I'm just very nervous, Daddy."

He stepped forward and put his arm around her shoulder. "I know. Don't worry though, please. You are safe with me, always. Everything is going to be all right, Baby Doll."

Daddy led her into the house and to the living room. He turned and spoke softly. "First, know that you are not a prisoner here. You are free to leave or stay, no matter what. I will never hurt you."

He searched her face. It felt like he was trying to read her, gauge her.

"I will never force you to do anything you don't want to do. While you are here, this house is yours. You are free to use anything here. You can also stay as long as you want. There's a guest bedroom upstairs if you want it. I hope that you are comfortable and tell me if there is anything you need."

"Thank you, Daddy."

"I don't know your situation, Mia. But my gut tells me it's bad, and that you're in trouble."

"No, it isn't like that, it's..."

"Mia? There is only one rule here. Don't lie to me. It's not necessary. If I can help you, I will. If I can't, I will tell you so. All I ask is you don't lie to me."

"Oh Daddy, I'm so scared!" she cried, and rushed into his arms.

Daddy wrapped her into his arms, enveloped her in his warmth, and drove the fear from her body. He then poured his strength into her.

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