



# The Baroness

david zane

"To rape a woman came from the same ghastly term as raping the land.  
Never forget that Samira. Never."

The Baroness

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Striding out of the elevator with purpose.

"Can I help you Ma'am?"

Tearing past the accommodating Maitre-de with the surprised look, "No I'm fine thanks", and then the stylish all-in-black Saturday night huddle looking full of adventure. When I enter the dark wood space of tuxedo clad Wait-Staff and starched white tablecloths... my eyes widen, they must. Over the soft din of classical I take in this sprawling room... or try to... my eyes move from side to side because this place is so bustling, so entitled. The very-attractive male and female Wait-Staff look like Royalty in their suits. The crystal and fine china keeps clanking with every one of my careful steps forward. The place ignites the senses... does it ever... the Michelin-rated gourmet is renowned and appreciated... while every glass gets filled to the largest grins. Where is he?

I keep scanning the weak lighting like a madwoman... nobody can see my urgency... I'm sure of it. Only shameless privilege is obvious here... and it's bouncing off *The Courthouse's* private bourgeoisie walls... colliding actually! Everybody just sees a tall brunette in expensive heels who acts like she belongs. Those are really fantastic smells that keep escaping the open and active shiny stainless kitchen in the distance; sixty-six floors up lend a rare form of exclusivity. Suddenly my heart starts to beat faster... *got him*... and faster. Something overtakes me... making me scurry past so many formally-dressed men... "Pardon me." Big-eyed Alphas who lean into their dinner mates as if on a Kama Sutra string...

"Excuse me." Bottle blonde dinner mates in chic couture and showy gemstones and plenty of cleavage... to all of them I provide a painted-on smile that lies with approval. Hardly subtle this world of mine is as I skirt these tables of raging infidelity... I look forward for a second, only a second it seems - my eyes lock as if they know. My heart starts to beat even faster; I'm getting closer. Working his handheld while seated next to a floor-to-ceiling glass wall aimed perfectly into the Monarchy's mesmerizing *Metropolis of Twinkling Lights*, he lifts his head for a second, just a second of nosiness I'm sure. He catches me approaching, his face changes immediately. Knowing he's sizing me up and down, I keep my calm and hippy swagger despite the day I'm having. His smile lights up as I get closer. He stands, "Well hello beautiful", and showers me with lots of kisses. "Hello David."

I'm a brunette by the way, all-natural, and would never think of going blonde.

"You look delicious Sami."

Returning his enthusiastic kisses with my trusted flaming-red high-gloss lipstick.

"You're very generous."

All men love red lips.

"You can make a man forget his name."

David's very hungry eyes acquaint me with a hot-blooded Predator whose hormones have suddenly fled their cage. Amazing what some well-placed face paint, form-fitted blouse and skirt... both low-cut and high-cut respectively... and a pair of \$2,000 ebony stilettos can do to transform how I'm really feeling... and the reception I get.

Oh... and I have dark eyes too.

We both take our seats at one of the finest tables in this testament to the moneyed class.

Some have called them, 'hypnotic black'.

"I don't know how you do it", shaking his head.

I know exactly why I'm here. "Excuse me?"

The Princess Towers are one of London's most perfect addresses, especially from up here.

"I don't know how you always look so damn delectable with all your responsibilities?"

As if a man is asked that same question as much as I am?

"Never ask a woman her secrets", sending back my own style. I've been down this road too many times in my career.

"Can I get you anything to drink Ma'am?", the Waiter suddenly appears.

"Bollinger Blanc 1999... a well-chilled bottle please", my Chaperone returns with a determined voice.

"Thank you Sir."

David Chandari is a beautiful Alpha with broad shoulders, athletic waist, and chiselled good-looks. A top ten cricket player a few decades ago, David is now the high-profile CEO of one of the largest Investment Houses in South Asia. What few realize, and for those who have never been for sure never realize, is that South Asia has embraced Capitalism with the zeal and competency that defines 'eagerness'. Their Investor Class criss-crosses the Planet seeking investments and gluttony just like the stuffy old Colonialists who've made their 'other' homes - Vienna, Paris, Berlin, London or New York.

And we former Castes look damn sexy doing it I might add.

"How's your Dadi-ji?"

"He's stable."

"Thank God. He needs to take some time off, he's earned it."

"Dadi's earned it and then some if you asked me, but he's a very stubborn man."

"And your Nani-ji... how's she doing?"

"Strong as a rock."

"Yes she is that."

With piercing dark eyes, wavy hair, and a disarming smile of glittering ivory; Bollywood would have been an easy conquest for David, Hollywood too. Every woman young or old notices David - and I'm no different... he really stirs up my insides.

The Waiter arrives back with an ice bucket.

When I'm in his gaze he sure as hell does.

Resting it on the ground, the Waiter then pulls out the bottle, and begins to remove the foil that's covering the cork. *POP!* Handling the foam with a smile, he carefully pours into our two crystal goblets; impressive show. "The specials tonight are..." "Bring us two orders of your chilled Alaskan oysters", David interrupts. "Absolutely Sir." He then leaves us alone like a seasoned Professional. "To better times", raising his glass to touch mine.

As I drink David won't take his eyes off me; typical man. "Thanks for seeing me so fast", seizing the moment away from this typical man. "Don't be silly, how can I help?"

I've gone to Bishop's Cross Private Girls School in New Hampshire. Yale for an undergraduate's degree in Psychology... where I won every bikini contest I ever entered... and the odd wet-t. Loved those - it really brought me out of my shell. The shyness just evaporated with every new curve that got noticed; sorry Dadi but I really did grow to like the attention. Mom knew... I saw her peeking plenty.

I then eagerly headed to Cambridge Mass for Law, where I finished third in my Harvard class... and yet still never missed a Friday night all-nighter with my Sorority Sisters in mischievous skirts.

Not a day after finals, not one, I got my butt summoned back to the family business for a two year internship - where I behaved, reluctantly. My final stop was the Wharton Business School... the cherry on the cake, my very hotly-desired exotic cake, I was quick to find out. I have residences in Mumbai, Berlin, New York... and my most favourite, London. Which, whenever the shit really hits the fan, and it always does, is the City I rely on the most... the City I know the best, the one I can slither the darkest corners of my rolodex to get help fast - whatever that means; and since nothing in my world is reasonably-priced, I merely pay the vig... excuse me the commission... and then move on to fight another day.

That's it that's all.

My family business is Ramjian Enterprises... a 2.4 billion dollar conglomerate of cotton farms, mills, textile factories, and a stylish chain of retail stores that covers every strata of the market - from \$9.99 shirts to \$1,000 one-of-a-kinds. Serious day to day stuff. We operate in 28 countries, employ over 42,000 people - where close to 8,000 work in the offices, air-conditioned offices with proper bathroom breaks and sick days. I've got Graduates who look like me in as many Managerial positions as I can wedge them into. Thankfully my brother Peter doesn't get in the way of my hiring practises... he's become extremely distracted by the privilege he's been born into. Regardless I love him like crazy, and will gladly continue to pick up the slack whenever, wherever, whatever... which is a mouthful. Nobody but his Assistant and mine know about any of this... not even Dadi.

Next in line for the throne, Peter's two years younger... but a man, obviously... which is one traditional legacy that is most debilitating for my culture. Damn dinosaurs!

"That Lehman collapse has really spooked the credit markets."

"I know, since it happened I haven't been able to get my revolving loans renewed", David replies with a noticeable brow of worry. My gaze back is one of shared concern, but manipulative on the inside. "I need to get in touch with the Minister, but he's not returning my calls", I continue with my plan. "Which Minister you talking about?"

The Waiter arrives with our brimming orders of sexual accelerant, "Here you are."

David's face goes eager. "Now don't these look fabulous", he announces as our young thin Waiter with runway-good-looks prepares our table.

"Is there anything else you'd like to order?" He looks handsomely Italian.

"Not right now, thank you", David shoos him away. Beauty all around; my eyes are full.

"Well enjoy then."

"Thanks."

Squeezing fat wedges of lemon into the shell... we both dig in. "Minister Ghosh", I purposely blurt out before my first tilt... then enthusiastic slurp of these scrumptious creations of the sea. Grinning like an excited boy; I know what David's thinking. "That's because he's in New York for the week", he slurps eagerly too. I move to re-capture his attention by squirting lemon on a new shell slowly... verrry slowly.

After it goes down I lick my fingers... one at a time... as if I can't get enough.

"No offense, but I'm sure if Dadi-ji called he'd get a call back that same hour."

David doesn't need to remind me how a woman is viewed in my culture... or any other neighbouring culture for that matter; I know what I'm up against. Applying the same rigorous principles for continued efficiency that any penis can - maximizing profits while relentlessly trying to lower costs; with Dadi-ji nothing but a figurehead with a bad heart now I basically run the show... the entire show. And that's not bragging... it's merely pragmatic survival. Letting Peter know what he needs to do after I've decided... plus the where and when he needs to show up, shake hands, look interested - with me by his side of course; somebody has to remember what needs to get done. Peter's good with that, very good in fact. Especially since last year our family business generated a total of \$2,468,377,908.00 in revenue - not bad for a clan that started out as meager farmers a hundred years ago. Thanks to this 24/7 health-killing workload of mine, these gross numbers ended up dropping \$108,832,605.00 of net profit onto the already substantial scales of our family fortune - before taxes that is. But that's an entirely different discussion.

Peter gets all the accolades - I just sit with people like David, with a posture that is definitely trying to reel him in... and with a firm plan of course, a plan that has me gazing into his eyes. Meek I am not... but I play it well... David will be the center of my attention tonight; I do enjoy playing the Dominatrix with my David.

"I really need to get him on the phone", reflecting back a vulnerable face after another tilt into my welcoming mouth.

David responds right away, he's always been responsive to my needs. "Let's eat and enjoy our dinner first, would you please." *Slurp.* "I promise I'll get him on the phone after we finish", reaching for his champagne.

Interrupting with another loud slurp of my own; I take center stage again.

"This is no joke."

"I know Sami... I know", he stares forcefully at my mouth. I tilt again knowing I have his undivided attention... there goes another one of those slippery things down my throat, salty and rather tickly, like the pleasures of a good blowjob. I lick my lips with dramatic intent to guarantee I've wrestled back control, with David I know exactly what I need to do. Locking eyes as I squirt long and deep; he loves to watch me eat oysters. Tipping & swallowing as many times as it takes... we've a long history we do... I can spot the desire in his eyes from every lick. We have a special history; licking my long red nails like I'm finishing the best tasting vanilla ice cream in the world.

He's taught me that every man loves to feel scared.

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“Oooh!”

“You like that?”

His eyes are glued to my every move. “Oooh!”, David grunts again... only louder this time. I respond by gripping my teeth around his nipple... and then grip a little harder than that. He moans... without warning I bite. “Ahhh!”, he screams. This is where I need to frighten my submissive... give him what his repressed Stepford could never fathom. “You want more do you?” His head shakes up and down in approval. “Of course you do.” Biting hard over David’s muffled screams from the gag I’ve fastened in his mouth. “You’re my Prisoner”, I declare as fact. Squirming from another clamp down - his pain is his pleasure. Being a desired Dominatrix is all in how much... *licking softly now...* and how long one can inflict the right kind of pain. Without any warning I just move away... and stand; we are now into the next chapter of my show. Reaching to pull out my leather whip from my holster and begin the visual. David’s eyes are locked on my right hand immediately... really locked... that did not take long at all. That’s exactly why I begin to move the long leather tassels up and down his skin... slowly... very slowly... every inch of this journey is being followed... like he must. The anticipation is electric. *Wack...* his arms and legs pull tight on their clasps. *Wack...* his arms and legs won’t stop their pulling. Spread Eagle on the bed with a ball-gag in his mouth... *wack...* David’s twisting like a fish and loving it, all five hundred million of him; his erection certainly agrees. His laser eyes take in every inch of my steel and leather bondage outfit that exposes all the right body parts. Men love to be titillated... and become very obedient Spectators!

I put my whip down to end that phase of the journey... and start to rub my nipples. Quickly I lean in, licking my breasts in front of my shackled sub; men also love to be dominated by a woman who understands the finer workings of their mind. Rubbing between my legs as well... no matter how deranged that mind may be... being a Dominatrix is not so much about pain... *moaning as I caress...* but about imagery... *louder because I really love to feel free while performing...* men are slaves to imagery. “Are you ready for me?” David’s head bobs up and down in approval, his eyes remain large as I begin to slowly remove my kinky black and silver outfit. Everything about being a lethal Dom is about pace... *the first leg...* my Sub’s eyes are fixed... *then the next...* so is his very-impressive member. I leave on the leather collar with steel studs and move closer to the bed. “You ready for me to fuck you?” His arms and legs yank and flail while letting out muffled sounds. Never do I forget my whips, cuffs, lube, ball-gag and bondage outfit for my David; if I terrify him in just the right way I know I can get anything. “You want a piece of this cake?”, modelling my well-groomed dessert. His words say nothing... it’s all in the eyes. The bed shakes. With London twinkling in the background, I’m now performing an unhurried strip tease... with the emphasis on t-e-a-s-e. The Ritz-Carlton is always our destination after dinner... where only the Penthouse will do; I move closer... and keep dancing. Don’t want to hurry things, even though David’s face is turning an interesting shade of “I can’t take this any longer.” Dancing over gradually to his raging excitement... I carefully climb aboard... swinging one leg over... placing my cake on his face... making sure to lower down slowlyyyyyyy.

Again pace.

When I do finally arrive, "Ahhh", David's tongue gives me a wonderful greeting. Nothing I can do about the moaning... he licks me so well... "Ahhh"... so well that I have no choice but to let this go-on for a few minutes longer. Although honestly I could, "Ahhh", let David's masterful tongue camp out here for quite a while... half a day is good. He is fabulously ambitious down there.

Pulling back swiftly... and shifting to one side... I rest casually beside him on the bed... and open my legs wide. "You want to be inside this moist cake?" Grunting because I've put the gag back in; torture is part of the Dominatrix's resume. Opening even wider for a better look; so is calculating. I put a finger inside, and tilt my head back with pleasure as I add another... and another. Pleasuring myself inches from David's face... "Ahhh"... just like his licking... everything has a time limit though.

The second I pull them out I put those same fingers in my mouth in a determined fashion... like I haven't eaten in days. David's arms and legs pull hard, "You like how I taste?"... really hard... "I'm going to fuck you so damn hard", moving to mount. His body is stiff with anticipation, his face goes into shock. His eyes won't stop their burning as I grab his girth and place it right under my cake. No blinking... perfect... he's in my control. I rip the foil pack... and dress him.

I know his size - MAGNUM.

Only a liar says that doesn't matter.

Sitting down... my body accepts him willingly; his size fills me up and then some.

I start to ride him with respect... with the gracious respect for a penis that's attached to a very powerful man. David's chest rises and falls with my force. Grabbing my breasts and playing with them... further visuals for my sub... my riding grows with force. Rubbing his long hard shaft in and out of my wet insides... giving it all the stimulation it can handle; his eyes remain fixed as he basks in the excitement. I know this because his body tells me.

Leaning in and weaving my hands through his hair as he tries to lick my nipples... like he wants to drink any milk that may be in there. When I move back, David's eyes follow me like they have to. I place my fingers near his mouth, pushing out the gag. He instantly tries to lick them just as ferociously as my nipples. I pull away purposely... and start to ride... and ride... *arching my back*... and ride. The room is nothing but grunts and groans and the smell of raunchy sex thanks to those permanently-sealed windows. Only the raging force of primitive man is in the air... and it's splitting me open. David's member is rock-hard... and ready to explode. I put the gag back in with force... he loves to explode with the gag in his mouth. "Fuck me. Fuck me"... riding and screaming as he hits that spot. "Harder", I lose control, "Fuck me harder." I lose total control! "That's so good." We're both terminally hooked. "Just like that." Suddenly David's entire body goes rigid, only his head lifts, forcibly. He screams wide-eyed through the gag... and then starts to spasm. From head to toe he tightens... exploding a bucket-load of warm liquid inside me. In return I clench my walls around his iron... and keep squeezing. His grunts are both long and hard... as my kegel continues to the last drop. His eyes look right through me... burning as he empties. Both of us panting and sweating on damp sheets; this is a shared experience that will stay with us forever. We fall listlessly back in the bed. Although for me this is all an act.

I must get what my family needs.

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“What are our Bankers saying in New York?”, pacing my office after running through headquarters talking to staff, a growingly-concerned staff clutching their morning javas. “Not much... and I do mean not much! The only thing these cowards keep saying is that nothing can leave their damn vaults until the Treasury Department releases their plan. You there Sami?”

My stomach is in knots.

“Ya I’m here.”

I haven’t slept in days.

“Guess that’s the sound of the entire financial system hitting the fan”, Peter’s attempt at humour. I’m starting to feel pressure build at my temples, so I pop another Advil.

“Gotta run Sami... gotta catch a plane to Berlin to see how our new stores are doing.”

Silent while washing it down with water.

“Sami?”

“Ya sure, right... let me know how it’s going there?”

“I will, see ya Sis.”

Click.

Peter’s crackling voice understands what’s going on around us.

RING.

“Hello? Hello is this Miss Samira Ramjian?”

I reached quickly because the number showed blocked.

“Yes it is... who is this?”

“Miss Ramjian, this is Finance Minister Anil Ghosh.”

I swallow hard, which seems to ignite my mind... and then quickly race around my desk to take a seat.

Thankfully I do so without falling... rolling my chair in tight. I then reach for my well-used notepad that I’ve manically been scribbling on for most of the morning... most of this unbelievably-stressful morning.

Staring right at it.

*... need \$150 million for operating line for all farms.*

*... need \$270 million to keep mills and factories going.*

*... need \$110 million to keep offices paid.*

*... need \$140 million to finance inventory for stores and pay rent.*

“I am returning your message from Mr. David Chandari.”

“Thank you for getting back to me Minister.”

“Of course, how can I help you?”

I take an intentioned breath, and try to focus; I hate not being in control. “I’m sure you’re aware of the financial crisis gripping the world Minister”, concealing my fear. I just keep staring at the picture of me and Nani-ji on my desk. “I am very much aware of this growing calamity.” “That’s a very good word to describe it Minister, although for my family’s businesses calamity might be a fatal understatement.”

"How much do you need Miss Ramjian?", the Minister's voice changes. I take another deep swallow... and while fixed on that picture... "*Time is either leisure or money*"... can hear Nani-ji's forceful tone echo in my head. I power myself to leap off the cliff. "Since the Capital Markets have all seized Minister, we've been unable to renew our financial requirements for the coming year. This is becoming a great risk to the many jobs we have in India." "Please Miss Ramjian, it is nothing personal... but in the name of haste I must repeat, how much?"

Closing my eyes as if it might hurt less, "670 million dollars Minister."

The phone goes eerily silent. My eyes unfurl slowly, and, while waiting for a response... they can't help but stop at the bottle of Advil on my desk. Another one won't do me any good, my head pounds away.

"I guess this is a good time to ask you a few questions Miss Ramjian?"

"Please... Sami."

Continuing to stare at that damn bottle.

"How many factories do you have operating in India, Miss Ramjian?"

"Forty-two Minister... we have forty-two factories operating 24/7 in India."

"That's nice. And how many factories have you opened in India in the last ten years?"

My stomach drops. I'd like to hide in that damn bottle. "Four, Minister."

"And how many have you opened outside of India?"

"Sixteen."

"I'm sorry... what was that?"

"Sixteen."

There's a long pause.

I reach for another sip of water... and think hard about the Advil. The silence has me in its grasp.

"Well Miss Ramjian."

My ears stand straight to the sky.

"Let's see how we can improve that, shall we?"

"Of course Minister."

The soft-spoken Minister has me dead-to-rights, between a rock and a hard place - 2.4 billion and I'm as vulnerable as a newborn. Damn Politicians, smarmy bastards every one of them; although he's probably thinking the same of me and my ilk. My blood pressure won't stop boiling. Politics is about maximizing your bets when you're on top... and acquiescing when you're not. Unable to stop my heart from beating out of my chest, my head races for a solution. Pragmatism meets Opportunism... or the other way around; to survive one must accept this rule plain and simple. I'm trying like hell to calm myself down so I can think.

And that goes for anywhere in the world; all Power is unfortunately the same!

"I'm not kidding Miss Ramjian, I will make you put it down on paper. If my Government is going to help you then you must accept my terms. I will direct my Deputy Minister to make absolutely sure of it on all the paperwork... without compromise."

It is both arrogant and misogynist.

"I can fix that Minister", sheepishly offering my only reply.

"Good... that's very good. You have made a very wise choice."

Staring out into the glass and steel possibilities of the Metropolis by the Thames... waiting nervously for what will come out of the monotone Minister's mouth next. "His name is Richard Ramsahai", he blurts out, "although the only problem I see is??... is that he is in New York for the next four days taking part in some very urgent meetings?? I'm sure I don't have to emphasize how vital these discussions are to our Planet's economic health going forward, Miss Ramjian." His voice acutely-paternal; I'm on the edge here. "With the greatest respect Minister... I don't have four days." I need answers now or else my family is finished. "I understand", his voice goes back to serious, "I'll tell him to make time for you right away. How does tomorrow evening sound?" "That'll be fine." "I'll get you the place and the time, the logistics I'll leave for you Miss Ramjian." "Thank You Minister... thank you very much." "Good luck to you Miss Ramjian."

Click.

"Gas up the plane!", screaming in the direction of my open door.

"Excuse me??", my assistant Nikki flies into the doorway. "Gas it up for tomorrow morning, I need to be in New York by late afternoon." "Ok sure?? Listen... ah Sami, I've been getting calls from our real estate division in Mumbai." "What do they want?" "Well apparently the utility bills haven't been paid", her voice sounds unsteady, "Lily told me it's because there aren't sufficient funds, according to the bank." "Oh shit." So that's why her voice sounded like that.

I immediately grab my notes... and add another twenty million to the hat in hand list that will surely be the central theme of my pleadings with a Deputy Bureaucrat that Finance Minister Ghosh has me jettisoning to New York to meet; I'm starting to get overwhelmed by all the zeroes. I start to organize them in some kind of importance... scribbling furiously... because I know I won't get everything. Who gets everything? Especially from Government? I bet that this Ramsahai guy will bring more Patronizing Paternalism into my world. A Patronizing Paternalism that'll be joined with narrow shoulders, receding yellow teeth, and a paunch of grey privilege that'll be indifferent to my needs; except for the one that forces me to open more factories so he can shrill on his podium about how he's standing up to the heartless Investor Class that leaves with our rightful jobs. Bastards all of them; and from my taxes! "Call Lily back and tell her to call all the utilities right away, tell them they'll be paid on Friday." "You sure?" This conversation is confusing to Nikki; nothing like this has ever happened to me either?? I only have the strength to stare back. Thankfully she understands.

Ramjian Industries Real Estate Division was my doing, taking out two hundred million from the family trust to buy apartment buildings in every major city of India - Thane, Mumbai, Bangalore, Delhi, Chennai, Calcutta, Jaipur, Pune - whatever the cost. Add in a top-secret directive to rent these units to Single Professional Women who routinely get rejected from a culture that sees them as immoral and untrustworthy, all because they've chosen to educate themselves and pursue their dreams... other than being barefoot and pregnant by eighteen plus god-damn illiterate! As empathetic as this dream all started; ironically enough my original motives have translated into a tidy 50% appreciation in those same property values. Funny how that's worked out.

"Get my Nani-ji on the phone", ordering Nikki without looking up.

"The BARONESS...", she swiftly and affectionately returns, "I absolutely love that woman."

"42 million for payroll." Mumbling. "77 million for shipping... 55 million for threads... 62 million for political donations... or is that 82? Ya she's the best."

"She's so inspirational."

"That she is... 105 million for media marketing."

"What she's been able to accomplish in such a misogynist cage."

"Amazing... 22 million for the worker's cultural fund."

"And where she came from, and the way they treated her."

"8 million for transportation costs."

"She's all class that woman. You know every one of my Chelsea Sorority Sisters worshipped her." I tilt my head up. "I'll get her on the phone right away", Nikki flees my office from the obvious grimace.

I've got less than forty-eight hours to save the family business.

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Standing in front of two giant hand-carved double oak doors makes it hard not to be overwhelmed... while I lean in to ring the doorbell my hand is trembling. This house is really big. I stand back and try to figure out what I'm going to say... and what I'm not going to say.

"Hello Sami."

"Hi Akiti."

A kiss on both cheeks is our customary greeting. "I'm glad you're here", she then turns hastily. Immediately she's leading me through the sprawling foyer. "She's been working herself into a real state these days... a real state. You need to talk to her Sami. You need to tell her that everything is going to be fine even if she gets a bit more rest."

Akiti Rukk has been Grandma's Personal Assistant for close to seventeen years - no small feat considering Sara Ramjian is a workaholic CEO of a group of charities that extracts over fifty million dollars annually from both Government and Industry. Her Philanthropic reach extends to the worst orphanages in the country... plus apprenticeship programs for those same disadvantaged slums. She's played host to fantastic dinner parties which have ranged, unbelievably, from Hilary Clinton to Indira Ghandi, from Benazir Bhutto to Betty Ford, from Margaret Thatcher to Mother Teresa... and even to the Money & Style Titans Helen Gurley Brown and Carly Fiorina.

Vienna. Paris. Rome. New York. Hong Kong. Bali.

Amazing what my world's been because of a strong female role model who overcame any and all obstacles put in her way; which includes being sold by her Father into a brothel at twelve, escaping at sixteen, then obsessively taking advantage of a State program that says it must educate her at every level she's able to enter from her marks alone. She met Dadi-ji working at one of his factories, one of his most profitable coincidentally. Four Christmas parties later Dadi-ji finally summoned up the courage to ask Nani-ji out... and the rest... well... the rest is history. She gave birth to Dad ten months later. Then twenty-eight years

after that, she summoned the strength to write an excruciatingly-honest autobiography that shocked the traditional world here... implicating South Asian culture in great detail for its savage misogyny. With it she altered the *Rules Of Honor* that women in this part of the world have had to wear like an anvil. "I cannot be seen as worse than my Oppressors... and my Oppressors are men. That is Final and that is Fact."

*That is Final and that is Fact* - became the marching song of every Indian street-walk for educating millions of women to their rights. A simple message that spread all over the world, and made Nani-ji a symbol of female courage and respect; that's how everyone out there saw it. I however saw it as the unleashing of our sexual force... the underlying tool of the Dominatrix.

"Hello my Angel."

"Hello Nani-ji"

Embracing her with a long nourishing hug, feeling her frail body as I squeeze... and squeeze... not too tight though.

"How is my Angel doing?"

At that second I decide not to burden her with the truth, "Good Nani-ji... very good."

"That's good my Angel, because getting old sucks."

Leave it to Nani-ji to inject some honest humour into our time together.

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The Jasmine Room is one of those impressive Manhattan Restaurants that charges such an obscene amount of money for its ambience... that the Hedge-Fund Class, the multitude of U.N. Diplomats and their very extreme expense accounts... and of course the new Hipster crowd of every kind... can't wait to get more.

"Hello Ma'am", the second I enter the clamoring foyer.

"Hello", leaning-in over the noise, "I'm here to see Mr. Richard Ramsahai."

"Yes that's right, you must be Samira Ramjian", he returns with a grin I'm used to at places like this. "I am." The place is full of black blazer cool. "My name is Ricardo... please follow me", closing his appointment book. Not to mention black dress sexy. I stay one step behind my very capable guide as he moves... and keep on looking around. Manhattan is such a highly cultured city, with a healthy ego to match... that every Manhattan-ite I've ever met believes this is the center of the universe. Navigating the stylish crowd taking it all in... by Manhattan standards The Jasmine Room is massive... suddenly my guide stops, and turns around; apparently he wants to make sure I'm keeping up.

Ricardo and his stiff-posture speed up after seeing me close in.

This place is divided into two rooms. This first area is a dining space that exudes Grade-A Red Meat affluence - no Vegetarians allowed. A long oak bar by the street-grade windows is full of equal parts grazing men standing, and chuckling women sitting on their studded leather stools. It is a full house of young and perfect brunette and blonde twigs that are held up high... very high... by their 'fuck-me heels'.

Must be Martini night.

The modern stainless fixtures light everything just right. Well done, my eyes see... this place is full of Hunters attempting to corner their Prey... Sugar Daddies who don't accept the word "No". We continue past this room... and into the other half... where dim-lighting and live jazz is in full groove. The Maitre-de suddenly stops. "Ma'am", leaning into my ear, "Mr.

Ramsahai is right at the back, a few feet to your left", along with an overdone smile. "Thank you." "Enjoy your evening." He heads back in the direction from which we came.

I turn and move inside the intimate room with my instructions... the music is grooving with a bottom-end of bass... and it's loud. Thanks to my heels I can easily scope the area where my own Sugar Daddy is sitting. The room is full of equal parts white and black... brown is sprinkled in there too. Every face looks happy... even the salt & pepper man with his eyes fixed at the stage. A large black woman is on it belting out catchy lyrics, while the band behind her plays their instruments with skill and coolness. I've always liked jazz, the improvisational skills of real musicians; since the first time I landed in this country I liked it. I never could explain it to my Parents... or most of my friends. What they preferred was those forgetful beats and mangled lyrics of half-naked adolescents that fill-up today's airwaves.

*Standing still and fixed.*

It is really nice to hear real instruments... being played by real musicians... that's being enjoyed by real music lovers.

*The audience begins their appreciation.*

It takes the anxiety out of my entire body for a few minutes.

*The audience erupts with love for these very skilled Artists.*

I wait and join in.

When the song completely ends, I head in the direction of my appointment. I am not going to lie... I am really nervous with every step because this meeting means so much.

*Skirting tables.*

It means everything to my family's standing. Trying to breathe properly without showing any flux... I lean in with my best fake grin, "Mr. Ramsahai?" Everything to my family's long-standing Caste.

"Miss Ramjian", my host quickly rises, and pulls out a chair.

"Thank you", moving to sit.

Chivalry is a good start.

"Did you have any problems finding the place?"

"Not with smartphones", holding it up. "Technology is not all bad." "Absolutely", turning it off, then putting it in my purse. I want no distractions to blame if this blows up in my face.

"Don't think I could find my own house without GPS."

He already has a look I'm noting... and like every Powerful Man I meet I try and quickly read any tell-tale signs that may assist me in the universal task of getting more and giving up less. Every one of us has a weakness... a character flaw, and that includes me; I got straight A's in Psychology back at Yale... watching him closely... and I haven't stopped being curious. "So you enjoy jazz?" I am classic Freudian. "I do very much." Seeing his face light up from just the word; Mr. Richard Ramsahai is not what I was expecting. A wiry thin man, tall, with a masculine face that fits handsomely into a casual dress of open-collared black shirt under

black sport coat and slacks... his eyes are dark saucers that can really stare, forcing me to look away at times. His salt & pepper stubble matches his hair color... and gives a rebellious look to what is supposed to be a traditional Politician?? In a more mature way he's just as striking as David.

"I love the egalitarianism of it", his face is still lit-up.

Before I can answer a Waiter arrives. "Can I get you anything to drink Ma'am?"

Richard looks at me with purpose. "Would you like to share some champagne with me, Miss Ramjian?" My surprise is repressed. I send back an innocent smile only... with my chin turned away for effect. "Sure." Let him think I'm shy and overwhelmed.

"Bollinger Blanc please... and make sure it's chilled."

His determined voice goes through me.

"Thank you Sir."

I like a Man that knows how things must be - they tend to fuck well.

Within seconds of our Waiter's departure the band returns to the stage.

They slowly take their seats... and get comfortable... as I'm starting to do. The full-sized Singer ambles up leisurely. ... bit by bit... the anticipation floods the room.

She takes her place on the stool in front of the microphone when she's good and ready... nobody in the crowd says a word. Our silence is our respect.

"OK boys let's give 'em a show... one two three..."

This place feels great.

*"Keep moving down the highway."*

Considering the gravity of my circumstances.

*"Don't stop anywhere on the road, anywhere it may go."*

This is exactly what I need right now... I'm even bouncing my feet.

*"Bee-bop-doo-bop-dee-little."*

The entire room is smitten with the sound escaping the stage.

*"Bee-bop-doo-wop."*

Along with a gleeful-looking Mr. Richard Ramsahai... my mysterious adversary with the blank check - I can't stop bouncing my feet. What feels like minutes... and so good for the nerves. Suddenly an impressive drum roll starts... a long one.

Then a final smack.

The room sends back a rousing applause... a real educated appreciation for talent.

"That was fabulous", I can't stop clapping, "just fabulous." I forgot how much I loved this.

"Yes it was", Richard's clapping fiercely too, "whenever I'm in New York I never miss a night." Impressive man.

Our smiling Waiter interrupts our staring with a bottle in tow.

After fidgeting with the cork... POP. He then wipes away the escaping foam... and begins to pour. As he does, I sneak a peek at Richard.

"Anything else?"

"No, that'll be fine for now", he answers in a clear tone. His deep voice really ignites me down there. "Enjoy", the Waiter smiles, and promptly leaves.

"To the open-minded nature of jazz."

*Clank.*

Catching his eyes just before tilting; there's something about this man I just can't put my finger on??

"So Miss Ramjian, the Minister tells me your family businesses are in a precarious state thanks to all the explosions going off in the world economy." "That's a simple way of putting it." "Terrible thing what's going on, this is not going to end well for the poorest countries of the world I'm afraid." "Has the Minister explained my immediate requirements?"

"He mentioned a 670 million dollar bridge loan."

"Yes... that was yesterday's figure Mr. Ramsahai."

"Please... Richard."

"Yes well... Richard."

Our eyes lock.

"Today's number is unfortunately even larger."

I'm suddenly surprised by what's happening??

"How much do you need as of this moment that will make you whole... for lack of a better expression?" His stare intensifies. "720 million."

My adversary doesn't flinch. Instead he calmly reaches for his glass... and takes another sip as if he's the only one in the room. While he does, his body language doesn't reveal a thing... nothing... not a sliver of surprise or concern that any Freudian could leverage.

"You understand that Minister Ghosh has given me full authority to do whatever I think", his voice starts to change. "I do now", trying not to reveal my unsteadiness by taking another quick gulp. "Oh yes... the Minister made it very clear that your file was all up to me." His eyes stare in a way that shows something's become different. "Absolutely up to me", tilting back for another... for an even more pleasing sip.

It can't be??

He leans in after he's enjoyed it thoroughly... after he's placed his glass on the table his face suddenly and unmistakably transforms. His eyes now burn through me without a hint of subtlety... undressing me... and God knows what else?? A man who wants to leverage his position for his own beastly gain; now this is a world I'm familiar with! I return my own confident gaze while crossing my legs high to show a better angle of the finest pair of legs he'll ever see. I then finish off his private show by tilting just a touch to my right... so he can enjoy a hint of cleavage as well. From my enticing posture I can see he's filling in the blanks; good thing I always carry my handcuffs. This Champagne definitely has me buzzed.

Another empty bottle has us both in some free-flowing conversation... time is now meaningless as my Mystery Man becomes rapidly unmasked. I haven't laughed this much in a long time. I am definitely glued to his animated face as he offers me one amusing tale after another. Quietly I yearn to feel his stubble against my breasts... to feel his tickling between my thighs... I can't help it... I'm drinking him in with my eyes... I could stare at his luscious lips forever. I did not see this Richard Ramsahai Bureaucrat unfolding in such a way; I can't believe my thoughts. His non-stop wit has me engaged.

That is a lot of Champagne we just finished.

It is a well-travelled wit that is easy and open, that is unbound by our traditional norms and superstitions; why wouldn't there be a male version of me in the culture??

From his relentless charms the excitement only grows; the room quickly fills with heat. And I thought I was meeting another tedious Bureaucrat! “Shall we?”, his words join a predatory gaze. The Dominatrix does not do prey, but they certainly do enthrall when they’re trying to get what they want. “Of course”, I return with a big smile... an unmistakable grin that says – You’re In Charge Mr. Big-Shot.

After a cab ride that saw his hand moving up and down my leg... up my skirt even, caressing my cake... I’m aroused and he knows it. Men with Power get me so horny.

“Keep the change.”

We both flee the car like kids.

*Bing.*

When we exit the elevator all formality is gone. We immediately bang against the hallway walls with our lips locked... as if glued together but fighting for more closeness. He skillfully reaches down and turns - we burst through the door instantly.

I like a man who needs the Penthouse.

Once the door closes behind us... we start to remove each other’s clothes like it’s a race... like it’s a race of human need. All of a sudden he pulls back... and gives me a very serious look. I stop?? He then starts to take... or more like yank at his own clothes. His eyes never leave me.

*Panting.*

I start to remove mine too.

*Panting.*

Now in all his striking glory; I’m just about there. Richard saunters over to the window with incredible confidence for a middle-aged man... and draws open the blinds like a determined King. Like a King who wants to admire ‘A City That Never Sleeps’... a cool City that has great jazz. That does seem like it’s the perfect amount of light he’s just let in.

Turning towards each other after a detailed look into that twinkling glow... both of us are standing there completely naked... and proud. I feel our primal thoughts in our expressions... in our stares that only complete nakedness can provide. Both of us begin to move... meeting at the giant canopy bed suited for Royalty. Immediately I grab his member with a firm grip. He’s got two fingers going inside me.... “ahhh”... and apparently he knows how to use them. For the Strangers we definitely are... “ahhh”... except for some joking and sexual innuendo over some very expensive spirits... “ahhh”... we’re still just two people... “ahhh”... just two people who are addicted to the carnal surge attached to having sex... “ahhh”... to having sex as Strangers.

Which is always so damn exciting!

“Only be yourself”, Nani-ji repeats to this day, “it’s your only chance for happiness Sami.” I’ve never wanted to live like a robot... and I make no apologies for that!

I jump back from our clench without any warning... and see his surprise as I move off the bed. I turn away... both slow and hippy towards the window... so my silhouette in heels can be fully appreciated.

I know what I’m doing.

Richard's Park Plaza-castle-in-the-sky is the height of \$2,000-a-night Manhattan luxury.

Turning around... "You want a piece of me don't you?"

If this entire scene needs any type of explanation, if it needs any type of context... if one needs any type of rationalization to this hot and steamy view... to this incredible panorama of this incredible city; then one just doesn't understand the power of the men I meet. "I do very much", my Adversary's reply is full of very wide eyes, the veins in his neck are bulging... like he needs to get a piece of me right now! I'm in charge... this man has ceased to be an Adversary... that and the fact that I need 720 million dollars for my ride home tomorrow morning or else.

I reach into my purse... and pull out my trusted handcuffs. "You're going to have a big piece of me Mr. Richard Ramsahai." Moving closer. "I'm going to let you fuck me for as long as you like."

His eyes grow from spotting the shine of my steel cuffs; this part is always a gamble... but my hunch is that he's titillated by the possibilities. "Spread your arms and legs", I order in my Dom voice. I purposely leave the ball-gag in my purse for now.

*Click... Click... Click... Click.*

I then move away from my locked prisoner.

Now as a reward, like how Pavlov preached... I begin to provide an exotic striptease to loosen any type of fear. When I start licking my breasts, he looks to be approving... impressively. His eyes are locked as he remains still. Not every Man's used to being this vulnerable... rubbing my body in front of a twinkling Manhattan night... but this Man clearly is... his member is now iron pointing to the sky! "I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you hard", Richard roars in a manner that's not to be misunderstood.

His member is as large as his attitude!

"You will", I assure while dancing.

I can handle him from here.

"You're going to fuck me all night", I close in, "but first I want you to taste me", positioning myself over his very enthusiastic face... then lowering down.

My head tilts back as if weightless from those first few licks. My body surges. Master Richard is definitely determined, powerful men know the female anatomy far... "ahhh"... far better than those younger... "ahhh"... than those younger more distracted ones. Suddenly my body goes erect with force. I'm overwhelmed by the oncoming tsunami... I can't help it... or stop it... this man really knows how to use his tongue. My body moves in ways I've never felt... "AHHHH!!!", it is a cathartic scream from a valve that's been locked under extreme pressure. I can't stop twitching from the release... from this type of complete liberation... twitching and twitching... from this kind of Masterful Orgasm.

Every one of them.

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*Back in London fourteen hours later.*

“Thanks”, closing the taxi door with nervousness.

I then stand and look around... choosing the right moment to move and cross a street that is full of all kinds of danger.

*Horns honking.*

After a few stairs... and a large revolving glass door... I walk nervously into my bank ready to deposit... ready to insert a financial lifeline into the Ramjian general account so we can survive another year.

“Hello Miss Ramjian.”

“Hello Petra... I’m here for my wire transfer.”

“Yes, right... just a minute please.”

My heart has been beating fast since the Cab ride... now it just feels like it’s going to explode; I’m still not convinced this is really going to happen.

“Here you are Miss Ramjian.”

“Thank you.”

When I look down... when I focus on the copy of the wire transfer for the first time, I smile.

What else does one do when they’re staring at a check for 820 million dollars?

“Is everything ok Miss Ramjian?”

Raping the land my ass... “Yes... everything’s fine.” My smile only wants to grow.

“Is there anything else I can do for you today Miss Ramjian?”

“No... nothing”, getting up with a noticeable spring. “Have a nice day Petra”, I turn to flee like an alarm just went off.

My stride is full of excitement.

My smile is unable to leave as I walk out knowing that last night was a 100 million dollar payday for me and my secret.

That is Final and that is Fact.