



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

Striding out of the elevator with a posture that yells purpose.

“Can I help you Ma’am?”

Tearing past the Maitre-de with the suddenly surprised look, “No I’m fine thanks.” Then past the stylish all-black Saturday night crowd looking full of adventure... full of hedge-fund and stiletto *I can pay for anything* adventure.

When Sami enters the dark-wood space of tuxedo-clad wait staff and starched white tablecloths... her eyes widen, they must. Over the soft din of classical they keep moving from side to side... bustling and entitled is what stares back while taking in this sprawling room... there is no doubt about that! Add in a very attractive male and female wait staff looking like royalty in their fitted suits... and this place definitely has on its’ *Saturday Night Channel*. With every careful step forward the crystal and fine china continues to chatter... does this place ever ignite Sami’s senses, it always has! A Michelin-rated Restaurant that is handsomely renowned and endlessly appreciated... while every glass gets filled to the richest of grins.

Where is he?

Scanning like a Madwoman through this weak lighting... nobody can see my urgency... I am sure of it. Only shameless privilege is obvious here, and it’s bouncing-off of *The Courthouse’s* private bourgeoisie walls - colliding actually! To anybody who really cares, they just see a tall brunette in expensive heels acting like she belongs... acting plus an extra stare at those delicious smells escaping the open and active shiny stainless kitchen in the distance.

But it’s short-lived unfortunately, it needs to be... shifting to the view beyond the glass. Sixty-six floors up lends a rare form of exclusivity; Sami’s heart starts to beat faster... *got him*... and faster. It only took a second... a second in the right direction. Overtaking her fully and completely in that one second has her moving fast... scurrying past the many formally-dressed men. “Pardon me.” The many big-eyed Alphas leaning into their dinner Mates as if on a kama-sutra string. “Excuse me.” Bottle blondes in chic couture and showy gemstones leaning back with their lethal cleavages - Sami provides a painted-on smile that lies with approval to every one of them. Skirting tables of raging infidelity like a Pro... hardly subtle this world is... lifting her head up for a second... a second that needs to hone-in on her target. Someone’s heart starts to beat even faster - she’s getting closer. Seeing him work his handheld at a table next to a floor-to-ceiling glass wall... a perfect floor-to-ceiling glass wall that aims directly into a mesmerizing *Metropolis of Twinkling Lights*. For a moment he lifts his eyes... the object of Sami’s attention has caught her, his face changes immediately. Knowing he’s sizing her up and down, Sami keeps her calm and hippy swagger despite the day she’s having. A lit-up face reflecting back... most definitely reflecting back into that calm and hippy swagger... she can do this calm and hippy thing with her eyes closed.

“Well hello beautiful”, showering her with kisses.

“Hello David.”

Sami is a brunette by the way, all-natural, and would never think of going blonde.

“You look delicious.”

Returning his enthusiastic kisses with a trusted flaming red high-gloss lipstick, “You’re very generous.”

All men love red lips.

“You can make a man forget his name.” With hungry eyes that show a hot-blooded Predator whose hormones have suddenly fled their cage. “His name and where he lives.”

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.

It is a reception that could make any woman forget her responsibilities. These two easily slide into their 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.” 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”, her 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 on Private Jets seeking investments and gluttony just like the stuffy old Colonialists who’ve made their ‘other’ homes Vienna, Paris, Berlin, London or New York.

And these former Castes look damn sexy doing, it should also be noted.

“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 tonight’s dinner guest is no different... he really stirs up her insides.

The Waiter arrives back with an ice bucket.

When she's 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 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 like a seasoned Professional.

"To better times", raising his glass to touch.

As Sami drinks, she can see that David won't take his eyes off of her; typical man. "Thanks for seeing me so fast", seizing the moment away from this typical man.

"Don't be silly, how can I help?"

The minute Sami Ramjian landed in America she was shipped-off to Bishop's Cross Private Girls School in New Hampshire... a proven mold of strong capable women.

She then 'enjoyed' Yale for an undergraduate's degree in Psychology, where she won every bikini contest she ever entered, and the odd wet t-shirt. Sami loved those - it really brought her out of her shell. In fact, with every new curve that got noticed, any and all of that shyness just seemed to melt away. Sorry Dadi, but I really did grow to like the attention, Momi knew it, I saw her peeking plenty.

Not close to being finished, not by a long shot... Sami Ramjian packed her bags and headed straight for Cambridge Massachusetts with some real eagerness. She finished third in her Harvard Law Class, and yet still never missed a *Friday night all-nighter* with her Sorority Sisters in mischievous skirts. Not a day after finals, not one, Sami got her curvaceous butt summoned back to the family business for a two-year internship - where she behaved, reluctantly. The Wharton School of Business was her final stop, and was the cherry on her cake, on her very-hotly-desired exotic cake... she was quick to find out.

Miss Samira Ramjian, of the highest Caste Ramjians, currently has residences in Mumbai, Berlin, New York... and her most favourite, London. Which, whenever the you-know-what really hits the fan, and it always does sooner or later, is the City she relies on the most... the City she knows the best, the one she can slither the darkest corners of her rolodex to get help fast - whatever that means. It is extremely important to note that nothing in Sami's world is ever 'reasonably-priced', that's because she's become a target, a big target. And is why she merely pays the vig, excuse me the commission... and then moves on to fight another day.

That's it that's all.

Her 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. They operate in 28 countries, employ over 42,000 people - where close to 8,000 work in offices, air-conditioned offices with proper bathroom breaks and sick days. Sami's got graduates who

look like her in as many Managerial Positions as she can wedge them into. Thankfully her brother Peter doesn't get in the way of her hiring practises... he's become extremely distracted by the privilege he's been born into. Regardless, Sami loves him like crazy, and will gladly continue to pick up the slack whenever, wherever, whatever... which is a mouthful. Nobody but his Assistant and his Sister know anything about 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 from Sami's culture.
Damn dinosaurs!

"That Lehman collapse has really spooked the markets."

"I know, since it happened I haven't been able to get my revolving loans renewed", along with a noticeable brow of worry. Sami's gaze in return is full of concern on the outside, but manipulation on the inside. "I need to get in touch with the Minister, but he's not returning my calls", continuing with her plan. "Which Minister you talking about?"

The Waiter arrives with a brimming order of sexual accelerant, "Here you are." And sets them down. David's face goes eager, "Now don't these look fabulous."

As their young thin Waiter with runway-good-looks prepares the 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 the two of them; Sami's eyes are full. "Well enjoy then." "Thanks."

Squeezing fat wedges of lemon into the shell... "Minister Ghosh", blurting out purposely before her first tilt... and then extremely enthusiastic slurp of these scrumptious creations of the sea. Even though these two cannot wait to dig in... Sami has a plan. Grinning like an excited boy; I know exactly what David's thinking.

"That's because he's in New York for the week", slurping eagerly too.

Right at this second I know exactly what I need to do... I must re-capture David's attention... that's why I'm squirting lemon on a new shell slowly... verry slowly.

After it goes down, I lick every one... of 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, which is the biggest croc of you know what considering that I run the whole show. Ya I know... A WOMAN runs the whole show! Just don't tell that to South Asian men... they'd never listen. Denial is a warm blanket to them, plain and simple. And since I apply the same rigorous principles for continued efficiency that any penis can; with Dadi-ji nothing but a figurehead with a bad heart now, I basically run the show... the entire show – which means living and breathing how to maximize profits while lowering costs. Which I do pretty darn well... 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, and of course look interested - with his sister by his side; somebody has to remember what needs to get done. Peter's good with all that, very good in fact - especially since last year the 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. And 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 the family fortune - before taxes that is, but that's an entirely different discussion.

Peter gets all the accolades – his sister just sits with people like David, with a posture that's trying to reel him in... with a firm plan of course. A plan that has a feminine vulnerability going right into his eyes... as we share oysters and very expensive Champagne. Meek I am not... but I play it well... damn well in fact... this is not my first Powerful Alpha who owns a Signature that can change anyone's life. This fitted black suit will be the center of my universe 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. "Let's eat and enjoy our dinner first."

David has always been responsive to my needs.

"I promise I'll get him on the phone after we finish", reaching for his Champagne after another fulfilling slurp. "This is no joke", claiming center stage after another loud slurp of her own. "I know Sami, I know", staring like an attack is imminent.

Tilting again from knowing one must maintain his undivided attention for a successful plan... there goes another one of those slippery things down my throat, salty and rather tickly, like the pleasures of a good oral fixation.

With dramatic intent my lips must now be licked... and licked thoroughly... in order to guarantee a wrestling back of control; I'm six for six with *David favours*. Locking eyes while squirting long... and then even longer than that... he loves to watch me eat oysters.

Tipping... and then swallowing... as many times as it takes... we have a long history we do. From every lick the desire is easy to spot in his eyes... it is a special history.

My long red nails taste like the best vanilla ice cream in the world.

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

"Oooh!", David grunts.

"You like that?"

And again... "Oooh!", while glued to Sami's every move.

"Of course you like that."

And then again... "OOOH!", louder for sure this time.

In her sexy black-leather Sami responds by gripping her teeth around his nipple... and then gripping a little harder than that. Without any warning she bites. "Ahhh!" This is where her submissive needs to be frightened... giving him what his repressed Stepford could never fathom. "You want more do you?" His head shakes with approval. "Then more you will get Mr. David Chandari." Biting hard over muffled screams from the gag that's been put in his mouth. "You're my Prisoner!", declaring as one kinky 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 warning the sexy woman in black moves away... and stands; these two are now into the next chapter of *Sami's Scorching Theatre*.

Reaching to pull out a leather whip from her holster and begin that chapter... David's eyes remain locked-on her right hand... really locked-on. That did not take long at all. Which is why she begins to move that leather tassel up and down her Prisoner's skin... slowly... really slowly... the anticipation is electric.

Wack... his arms and legs pull tight on their clasps.

Wack... his arms and legs won't stop their pulling from another one of her leather's direct assaults.

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... and his erection most certainly agrees too. Taking in every inch of Sami's outfit that exposes all the right body parts; men do love to be titillated along with very obedient Spectators!

After putting her whip down to end that phase of the journey... Sami begins to rub her nipples like she is alone.

Without warning she just leans-in, and starts licking her breasts in front of her shackled Sub. Men also love to be dominated by a woman who understands the finer workings of their mind! Rubbing between her legs as well... no matter how deranged that mind may be. Being a Dominatrix is not so much about the pain... *moaning and caressing...* but about the imagery... *louder because she really loves to feel free while performing...* men are most definitely slaves to the imagery. "Are you ready for me?"

Bobbing up and down... his eyes remain large as she begins to remove her sexy shiny black leather... that feels like it was made by the Devil himself. This is going to take awhile... everything about being a lethal Dom is about pace.

Sami then puts on the leather collar with steel studs and moves closer to the bed. "You ready for me to fuck you?" Stilettos and a dog collar only. His arms and legs pull hard while letting out some muffled sounds. That's all that's needed. Never does Miss Sami forget her whips, chains, ball-gag and bondage outfit for her David; if she terrifies him in just the right way, she knows she can get anything. "You want a piece of this cake?", modelling her well-groomed dessert. His words say nothing... it's all in the eyes.

With London twinkling in the background, and the bed starting to really shake.

There is now an unhurried strip tease being performed... with the emphasis on t-e-a-s-e...

The Ritz-Carlton is always their destination after dinner... where only the Penthouse will do.

Moving closer... and dancing while she does... no need to hurry things, even though David's face is turning an interesting shade of "I can't take this much longer." Dancing over to his raging excitement... gradually. It is definitely go time... carefully climbing aboard... swinging one leg over... placing her cake directly over his face... and then making sure to lower down slowlyyyyyyy.

Again pace.

When slowly finally arrives at her destination, “Ahhh”, David’s tongue gives her a wonderful greeting. Nothing she can do about the moaning... “Ahhh“... he licks too damn well... “Ohh my”, so well that there is no choice but to let things go-on for a few minutes longer. Although honestly, “Ahhh”, David’s masterful tongue could camp out here for quite a while... half a day is good.

“You really know how to please a lady!”

He is fabulously ambitious down there.

His groaning proves it.

Pulling back without warning... and shifting to one side... resting casually beside him on the bed... Sami opens-up her legs... wide. “You want to be inside this moist cake?”

Grunting because she put the gag back in; torture is part of the Dominatrix’s resume.

Opening even wider for a better look; so is calculating. She puts a finger inside, and tilts her head back with pleasure while adding another... and another. Inches from David’s face...

“Ahhh”... just like his licking... everything has a time limit though.

The second they’re pulled out, those same fingers go in her mouth in a determined fashion... like she has not eaten in days. David’s arms and legs pull hard... no doubt fuelled by what he is seeing... this is hot sweaty theatre.

“You like how I taste?”

Really hot and really sweaty.

“I’m going to fuck you so damn hard”, moving to mount.

His body stiff with anticipation... his face goes into shock. His eyes won’t stop their burning as Sami grabs his girth, and places it right under her cake. No blinking... perfect... he’s lost all control! Ripping the foil pack... and dressing him. She knows his size - MAGNUM.

Only a liar says that doesn’t matter.

Sitting down... her body accepts him willingly; his size fills her up and then some. She starts to ride him with respect... with the gracious respect for a penis that’s attached to a very powerful man. David’s hairy chest rises and falls with her force. Grabbing her breasts and playing with them... further visuals for her Sub... her riding grows with even more force.

Rubbing his long hard shaft in and out of her now very wet insides... giving it all the stimulation it can handle; his eyes remain fixed as he basks in the excitement. She knows this because his body tells her. Leaning in and weaving her hands through his hair as he tries to lick her nipples... like he wants to drink any milk that may be in there. When Sami moves back, David’s eyes follow her like they have to. Placing her fingers near his mouth, pushing out the gag... he instantly tries to lick them just as ferociously as her nipples.

Sami then pulls away without warning... purposely for sure... and starts to ride... and ride... *arching her 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 rage of a Primitive Man is in the air... and it’s splitting Sami open. David’s member is rock-hard... and ready to explode. Putting the gag back in... he loves to explode with the gag in his mouth. “Fuck me, keep fucking me”... riding and screaming as he hits that spot... “harder”, losing control, “fuck me harder.” Both Sami and David have now lost total control! “That’s so good.”

They’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 spasms.

From head to toe he tightens... exploding a bucket-load of warm liquid. In return Sami clenches her walls around his iron... and keeps-on squeezing. His grunts are both long and hard... as her Kegel-clasp continues to the last drop... his eyes look right through her... burning as he empties. Both are panting and sweating on damp dishevelled sheets; this is a shared experience that will stay with these two forever. They fall listlessly back onto a bed of completed sin. Although for Sami this is all an act - she must get what her family needs. Or else.

“What are our Bankers saying in New York?”, pacing her office after running through a crowded headquarters talking to all levels of her 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?”

Someone’s stomach is in knots. “Ya I’m here.” There hasn’t been sleep in days.

“Guess that’s the sound of the entire financial system hitting the fan”, Peter’s attempt at humour.

Starting to feel the pressure build at her temples, she pops 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.

RING.

“Hello? Hello is this Miss Samira Ramjian?”

“Yes it is... who is this?”, reaching quickly because the number showed ‘blocked’.

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

Swallowing hard, which seems to ignite her mind... Sami quickly races around her desk to take a seat. Thankfully she does so without falling... rolling her chair in tight. She then reaches for her well-used notepad that she’s been scribbling on for most of the morning... most of this incredibly-stressful morning.

And starts to immediately stare 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 Miss Ramjian?”

Sami takes an intentioned breath, and tries to focus; she hates not being in control.

“I’m sure you’re aware of the financial crisis gripping the world Minister”, concealing her fear. She just keeps staring at the picture of her and Nani-ji on her 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.

Taking another deep swallow... and while fixed on that picture... *“Time is either leisure or money”*... Sami can hear her Nani-ji’s forceful tone echo in her head. That’s why she powers herself 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 her eyes as if it might hurt less... “Six hundred and seventy million dollars Minister.” The phone goes eerily silent.

Sami’s eyes unfurl slowly, and, while waiting for a response... they can’t help but stop at the bottle of Advil on her desk. Another one won’t do me any good, admitting despite having a head that continues to pound.

“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?”

Her stomach drops; she’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 is a long pause.

She reaches for another sip of water... and thinks hard about the Advil; the silence has her in a vulnerable state.

“Well Miss Ramjian.”

Her ears suddenly stand straight to the sky.

“Let’s see how we can improve that, shall we?”

“Of course, Minister.”

The soft-spoken Minister has Sami Ramjian in his total and complete control, between a rock and a hard place for an easy visual - 2.4 billion and she’s as vulnerable as a newborn. Damn

Politicians, smarmy Bastards every one of them; although he's probably thinking the same of Sami and her ilk.

Sami's blood pressure won't stop boiling, she's well aware that Politics is all about maximizing your bets when you're on top... and acquiescing when you're not. Unable to stop her heart from beating out of her chest, her mind keeps racing for a believable response. Pragmatism meets Opportunism... or the other way around; to survive one must accept this rule, plain and simple. Focused on trying to calm down so she can think.

And that goes for anywhere in the world... all power is unfortunately all the damn 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.

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

Staring 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, 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."

A voice that is acutely-paternal; Sami is on the edge here. "With the greatest respect Minister, I don't have four days." She needs answers now or else her 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 the open door.

"Excuse me??", Nikki the Assistant flies through it.

"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", sounding 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. Immediately Sami grabs her notes... and adds another twenty million to the hat in hand list that will surely be the central theme of her pleadings with a Deputy Bureaucrat that Finance Minister Ghosh has her jettisoning to New York to meet. Getting overwhelmed by all the zeroes... she needs to just calm down and start to organize them in some kind of importance. Scribbling ferociously... she knows she won't get everything... who gets everything?... especially from Government! Yet what Sami does know is that this Ramsahai guy will bring more patronizing Paternalism into her world, a patronizing Paternalism that's joined with narrow shoulders, receding yellow teeth, and a paunch of grey privilege that'll be indifferent to her needs - except for

the one that forces her 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 their rightful jobs. Bastards all of them; and from Sami's family tax bill!

"Call Lily back and tell her to call all the utilities right away, tell them they'll be paid on Friday." "You sure?" Confusing to Nikki; nothing like this has ever happened to Sami either?? She only has the strength to stare back; thankfully Nikki understands.

Ramjian Industries Real Estate Division was Sami's 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 Sami's 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...", swiftly and affectionately she 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."

Sami tilts her head up.

"I'll get her on the phone right away." Nikki flees the office from the obvious grimace.

Sami Ramjian has got less than forty-eight hours to save the family business.

Standing in front of two giant hand-carved double oak doors makes it hard not to be overwhelmed... leaning in to ring the doorbell, she can see her hand is trembling. This is a really big house, Sami thinks for a split second while quickly hiding her hand. Standing back a few steps from the door... and trying to figure out what she's going to say... and what she's not going to say.

"Hello Sami."

After one of those giant doors swings open.

“Hi Akiti.”

Kisses to both cheeks is their customary greeting.

“I’m glad you’re here”, Akiti then turns hastily. Her new guest is nothing but startled at such a quick turn... startled at how indifferent it came about. Without delay Akiti is moving fast... leading Sami through the sprawling foyer with a determined stride. “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 the workaholic CEO from a Group of Charities that extracts over fifty million dollars annually from both Government and Industry. Her Philanthropic zeal zeroing-in on supporting the worst Orphanages in the country, plus an adjoining Apprenticeship Program for those same disadvantaged slums... the numbers measure in the ‘way too many’ unfortunately – this is India remember.

In the evenings Dame Sara has played host to many magnanimous dinner parties, rare magnanimous dinner parties that don’t exist in the real world... guests at Sara Ramjian’s have ranged from Hilary Clinton to Indira Ghandi, from Benazir Bhutto to Betty Ford, from Margaret Thatcher to Mother Teresa... and even Style Icon Helen Gurley Brown more than a few times.

Paris. Rome. Vienna.

Money Titan Meg Whitman had one year where she was a regular.

New York. Hong Kong. Bali.

Amazing what Sami’s world has become because of a strong female role model who overcame any and all obstacles put in her way; which included being sold into a brothel at twelve by her father, then escaping at sixteen, and then most importantly taking advantage of a State program that says it must educate her at every level she’s able to enter from her marks alone. For this Sara was obsessive.

She met Dadi-ji working at one of his factories, one of his most profitable coincidentally. A glance... and then a smile, it was innocent enough. But 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 Sami’s 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. Sami however saw it as the unleashing of the female sexual force... the underlying tool of the Dominatrix.

“Hello my Angel.”

“Hello Nani-ji”

Reaching in to embrace her with a long nourishing hug... feeling her frail body as she squeezes, and squeezes, not too tight though.

“How is my Angel doing?”

At that second Sami decides 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 their time together.

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, plus swarms of U.N. Diplomats and their bulletproof expense accounts... and of course the hipster crowd with varying beard length and plaid... can’t wait to get more.

“Hello Ma’am.”

Nobody waits for too long at a place like this without being addressed. “I’m here to see Mr. Richard Ramsahai”, leaning-in over the noise of the foyer.

“Yes that’s right, you must be Samira Ramjian.”

With a grin Sami is very much used to at a place like this. “I am.” The place tonight is full of black blazer cool. “My name is Ricardo... please follow me”, closing his appointment book.

Not to mention black dress sexy too.

Ricardo darts forward and Sami is ready.

She stays one step behind her very capable guide... but cannot help but start to look around... in every corner... over at the bar... by the cozy booths... the crowded and chattering booths. With a healthy ego to match Manhattan is such a cultured city... in fact every Manhattan-ite Sami has ever come across has strongly mentioned that this island is the center of the universe. Navigating through the stylish crowd like he’s done this many times before... by Manhattan standards The Jasmine Room is massive - suddenly Sami’s guide halts, and turns around; apparently he wants to make sure she’s keeping up.

The Jasmine Room is also divided into two rooms.

Only after seeing her close-in, does Ricardo’s stiff posture start-up again.

The first room they walk through is a dining space that exudes grade-a-red-meat affluence, no vegetarians allowed. There is a long oak bar by the street grade windows that is equal parts grazing bulls and chuckling does... chuckling does who sit attentively on their studded leather stools. It is a full house... a full house of perfect young brunettes and blondes who not only sit... but also stand, stand tall in fact, very tall... thanks to their ‘fuck-me heels’. It must be Martini night. Well done Sami’s eyes report... the modern stainless fixtures light everything just right... illuminating hunters attempting to corner their prey, Sugar Daddies who will not accept the word “no” under any circumstances.

Continuing past into the other room, where dim-lighting and live jazz is in full groove. The Maître-de suddenly stops. “Ma’am”, leaning into her ear, “Mr. Ramsahai is right at the back, a few feet to your left”, showing-off an overdone smile.

“Thank you.”

“Enjoy your evening.” A final nod with a smile that is no more... only courtesy... before heading back in the direction from which they came.

Sami turns, and aims... and then moves inside the intimate room with her instructions. The music is grooving with a bottom-end of bass... and it's loud. Thanks to her heels... she can easily scope the area where her own Sugar Daddy is sitting. Full of equal parts white and black... plus a little off-white too... every face looks energized by the sound coming-off that stage. A large black woman is on it belting out catchy lyrics, while the band behind her plays their instruments with skill and coolness. Sami has always liked jazz, the improvisational skills of real musicians; since the first time she landed in this country she's liked it. She just could never explain it to her Parents or most of her friends back home, thanks to their preferences for the forgetful beats and mangled lyrics sung by half-naked adolescents with shockingly little talent.

Sami remains still and fixed... enjoying real instruments... being played by real musicians... that's being enjoyed by real music lovers.

The audience begins their appreciation.

Hearing such talent takes the anxiety out of her entire body.

The audience erupts with love for these skilled Artists.

Sami joins in.

The clapping is loud.

When the song completely ends, Sami heads in the direction of her appointment. She feels nervous with each step... each step closer to the salt & pepper man fixed at the stage.

Skirting tables.

This meeting means so much.

Crowded tables with big grins.

Everything to her family's one-hundred-year-old Standing.

Sami leans in with her best fake grin... “Mr. Ramsahai?”

Everything to her family's Caste.

“Miss Ramjian”, quickly rising, offering her his hand.

“Yes.”

Swiftly pulling out a chair... the only other chair at the table.

“Thank you very much.”

Chivalry is a good start.

“Did you have any problems finding the place?”

“Not with smartphones”, holding it up for proof.

“Technology is not all bad.”

“Absolutely”, turning it off, then putting it in her purse. “I don’t think I could find my own home without GPS.” Sami wants no distractions.

Mr. Ramsahai keeps staring strangely as his new Guest tries to make herself comfortable.

Noting that intense stare... which does take some time getting used to... and is just like every other powerful man she meets. Sami begins her ritual for noting any tell-tale sign that will assist her in the universal task of getting more and giving up less. Everyone has a weakness, a character flaw, and that includes Sami; denial does no one any good in the Freudian Science. Straight A’s in Psychology back at Yale... watching him closely... she has not stopped being curious. “So you enjoy jazz?” She is classic Freudian. “I do very much.” Seeing his face light up from just the word; Mr. Richard Ramsahai is not what Sami was expecting. A thin and yet surprisingly tall man, with a masculine face that fits handsomely into a casual dress of open-collared black shirt under a black sport coat and slacks. His eyes are dark saucers that can really stare, forcing Sami to look away at times. His salt & pepper stubble matches his plentiful hair... 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”, still energized. Before Sami can answer a Waiter arrives. “Can I get you anything to drink Ma’am?” Looking at her with purpose, “Would you like to share some Champagne with me, Miss Ramjian?”

Sami’s surprise is repressed; she sends back an innocent smile only... plus a turned away chin 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 his guest. “And make sure to chill the glasses as well.” Ending between her legs.

“Thank you.”

Sami likes a man that knows how things should be - they tend to fuck well.

Within seconds of their Waiter’s departure, the band returns to the stage. Slowly taking their seats... and getting comfortable... as Miss Ramjian and her very tenuous plan is starting to do. The full-sized singer ambles up leisurely... bit by bit leisurely... flooding the room with anticipation.

When she’s good and ready... she takes her place on the stool in front of the microphone.

Nobody in the crowd says a word, their silence is their respect.

“Ok boys let’s give ‘em a show... one two three.”

The room is electric.

“Keep moving down the highway.”

Despite the gravity of her circumstances.

“Don’t stop anywhere on the road, anywhere it may go.”

This is exactly what Sami needs right now.

“Bee-bop-doo-bop-dee-little.”

She’s even bouncing her feet.

“Bee-bop-doo-wop.”

Along with a gleeful-looking Mr. Richard Ramsahai... her mysterious adversary with the blank check - Sami can't stop bouncing her feet.

"Anywhere it might go."

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

"Anywherrrrrrr."

What feels like mere minutes... and so good for the nerves - suddenly an impressive drum roll starts... and it's a long one.

Then a final smack!

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

"That was fabulous", Sami can't stop clapping, "just fabulous", remembering how much she used to really love this. "Yes it was", clapping fiercely too, "whenever I'm in New York I never miss a night." Impressive man, Sami thinks.

Their smiling Waiter interrupts 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, Sami sneaks a peek at Richard.

"Anything else?"

"No, that'll be fine for now", in a clear tone. His deep voice really ignites Sami 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 Sami just can't put her 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 six hundred and seventy-million-dollar bridge loan."

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

"Please... Richard."

"Yes well... Richard."

Their eyes lock.

"Today's number is unfortunately even larger."

One is instantly surprised by such a lock.

"How much do you need as of this moment that will make you whole, for lack of a better expression?" While the other intensifies his stare. "Seven hundred and twenty million", Sami blurts out without a second passing.

Her 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 say a word... not one... 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." Not revealing any unsteadiness by taking another quick gulp. "Oh yes... the Minister made it very clear that your file was all up to me." Staring in a way that shows something's become different, "absolutely up to me", tilting back for another pleasing sip.

It can't be??

Leaning in after he's enjoyed it thoroughly... after he's placed his glass on the table. His face unmistakably transforms... his eyes are now burning through Sami without a hint of subtlety, undressing her, and God knows what else?? A man who wants to leverage his position for his own beastly gain; now this is a world Sami is familiar with! Returning with her own confident gaze, while crossing her legs high to show a better angle of the finest pair of legs this bureaucrat will ever see. She then finishes off this exclusive show by tilting just a touch to her right... so he can enjoy a hint of cleavage as well. From her enticing posture Sami can see he's filling in the blanks; good thing she always carries her handcuffs.

This Champagne has definitely gone to Sami's head.

Another empty bottle that has fostered plenty of free-flowing conversation... time is now worthless as Sami's 'Mystery Man' becomes rapidly unmasked. She hasn't laughed this much in a long time. Offering one amusing tale after the other... Sami remains glued to his animated face, quietly yearning to feel his stubble against her breasts... a tickling between her thighs... while drinking him in with her eyes. She could stare at his luscious lips forever. Miss Problem-Solving CEO did not see this Mr. Bureaucrat unfolding in such a way. She can't believe her thoughts - that is a lot of Champagne these two have finished-off. His non-stop wit has her more than engaged - in fact they've almost finished-off three bottles. It is a well-travelled wit that is both easy and open for Sami to take in, unbound by any traditional norms or superstitions; why wouldn't there be a male version of me in the culture??, Sami asks with each tall-tale. His relentless charm has the room filling-up with heat. "Shall we?", with a predatory gaze. And Sami thought she was meeting another tedious suit and tie! "Of course we shall." This Dominatrix might not do prey, but she can certainly enthrall when trying to get her way. "After you." "Thanks", with a big smile that says - You're in charge Mr. Big-Shot.

After an anxious cab ride that saw a determined hand moving up and down her leg, up her skirt even, caressing her freely... Richard knows she's aroused. Men with Power get Sami so horny. "Keep the change."

They both flee the car like youngsters.

When they exit the elevator... any and all formality escapes. Rubbing-up against the hallway walls with their lips locked... like two rabbits... like two rabbits trying to get to Richard's room... like two rabbits trying to fight for more closeness. Richard skillfully reaches down, and turns the knob. They burst through the door in an instant... Sami likes a man who needs the Penthouse. Once the door closes behind them... they start to remove each other's clothes like it's a race... like it's a race of human need. From out of nowhere Richard pulls back... and gives Sami a very serious look. She stops what she's doing... like any woman

would from such a look. He then starts to take... or more like yank at his own clothes... his eyes never leave her... he is definitely in charge.

Panting.

Sami starts to remove hers' too.

Lots of panting.

But this is no race anymore.

Now in all his striking glory; she is just about there too. 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 them are standing there completely naked... and proud. His primal thoughts are in his expression... in a stare that only complete nakedness can provide. Both of them begin to move... meeting at the giant canopy bed suited for Royalty. Immediately she grabs his member with a firm grip. He's got two fingers going inside.... "ahhh"... and apparently knows how to use them. For the strangers they definitely are... "ahhh"... except for some playful joking and sexual innuendo over some very expensive spirits..."ahhh"... they're still just two people... "ahhh"... just two people addicted to the carnal surge attached to having sex... "ahhh"... to having sex as total strangers.

Which is always so damn exciting!

"Only be yourself", Nani-ji repeats to this day, "it's your only chance for happiness."
Sami has never wanted to live like a robot... and she makes no apologies for that!

Sami jumps back from their clench without any notice... and sees the immediate surprise as she slides off the bed. Turning away... both slow and hippy towards the window... so her silhouette in heels can be fully appreciated... this Dominatrix, since Sami is now gone, knows exactly what she's doing. Mr. Ramsahai'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 explanation, any type of context at all... then one just doesn't understand the Power of the Men Miss Sami Ramjian meets.

"I do very much", bulging veins in his neck. This man has ceased to be an adversary. Into the window Sami sees herself and thinks... thinks hard about needing seven hundred and twenty million dollars for her ride home tomorrow morning or else... her posture morphs into one of extreme confidence.

Reaching into her purse... and pulling out her trusted handcuffs. "You're going to have a big piece of me Mr. Richard Ramsahai." Then starting to move closer. "I'm going to let you fuck me for as long as you like."

Richard's eyes grow from the shine of her cuffs; this part is always a gamble.

"Spread your arms and legs", in her Dom voice. Sami purposely left the ball-gag in her purse for now.

Click... Click... Click... Click.

Then she moves away from her locked prisoner.

Now as a reward, like how Pavlov preached, Sami the Dominatrix begins an exotic striptease to loosen any type of fear.

When she starts licking her breasts his eyes lock. Not every man is this good with being this vulnerable... rubbing her body in front of a twinkling Manhattan night. But this man clearly is... his member is now pointing to the sky! "I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you hard", not wanting to be misunderstood. His member is as large as his attitude! "You will", dancing, "you're going to fuck me all night", and moving closer, "but first I want you to taste me", positioning over his very enthusiastic face... then lowering down.

Sami's head tilts back from those first few licks. Her body surges, Master Richard is definitely determined. Powerful men know exactly how the female anatomy works... "ahhh"... far better than those younger... "ahhh"... than those younger more distracted ones. Sami's body goes erect with force... force from the overwhelming tsunami that is coming like a giant wave. She can't move... or anything... this man really knows how to use his tongue! Sami's body is feeling things she's never felt before... "AHHHH!!!"... which causes a cathartic release from a valve that's been locked under extreme pressure for quite a while now. "MY GOD!!"... the twitching does not want to stop... "Wow!"... not from all that liberation... not from all that gushing liberation.

Masterful every one of them.

Back in London fourteen hours later.

"Thanks", closing the taxi door.

Feeling nervous makes Sami want to hesitate... makes her want to look around... and make sure she takes everything in... everything that now looks so different. That's what fear does... or did. It makes you want to just stand there and take everything in... or not... maybe just daydreaming is all it is... for a few minutes... with a big fat check in your purse.

Honking horns in the gridlocked traffic.

Sami starts to move from her trance... only two steps... and then she has to look both ways of course. London is not a Pedestrian-friendly place... impatient drivers and smartphones is a lethal combination. This always-fashionable Pedestrian does not trust what she sees, so she takes an extra second because she has a vital job to accomplish here. "Be careful lady!"

The horns do not want to end.

She moves quickly back onto the sidewalk.

It's been a long New York night!

Nervous while continuing to focus on a street that she needs to cross to get to her

destination. Sami's determined stride finally decides to cross even though there are all kinds of danger.

Men start to whistle.

When she gets to the other side she skirts the scrum of taxi drivers standing on the stairs, waiting for their next customer... or any pair of high-heels. Cavemen.

This part of town is always bustling.

After a few more stairs... and a large revolving glass door to get through. Sami walks into her bank ready to deposit... she's nervous all right... ready to deposit a financial lifeline into the Ramjian general account so they can survive another year.

"Hello Miss Ramjian."

"Hello Petra... I'm here for my wire transfer."

"Yes, right... just a minute please."

Since that cab ride in Sami's heart has been beating so extremely fast... now it just feels like it's going to explode; she is not convinced that this is really going to happen without some type of glitch.

"Here you are Miss Ramjian."

"Thank you."

When Sami looks down... when she focuses on the copy of the wire transfer for the first time, she smiles. What else does one do when they're staring at a check for eight hundred and twenty million dollars?

"Is everything ok Miss Ramjian?"

Raping the land my ass... "Yes, everything's fine." Sami's 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", and then turning to flee like an alarm just went off.

Her stride is full of excitement.

Her smile will not shrink.

"Have a nice day Miss Ramjian", the Security Guard offers.

Sami exits knowing that last night was a one hundred-million-dollar payday for her secret life as a Dominatrix... as a damn good Dominatrix!

That is Final and that is Fact.