

THE TROPHY WIFE

A Love Story - continued....

Aaron, a smug, unattractive, balding Jewish entrepreneur, dressed in his new Armani tuxedo, is on his way to pick up his freshman son from USC. At fifty-two, Aaron is somber, detached, disciplined and humorless. He looks cool carefully driving his gleaming black Series 7 BMW through the sweaty streets of downtown L.A. It's a thick, humid, summer evening. The only breeze is air-conditioned.

A small single diamond sparkle dances on his marriage finger. His beautiful, glamorous wife Sophie slouches sensually against the soft leather car seat. Older than her husband, she's an exquisitely manicured, artistically bleached blonde, second generation Italian, an ex-playboy Bunny, an almost famous ingénue, racing past her prime.

She drums her left hand middle finger anxiously against her thumb. Her four-carat diamond solitaire engagement ring taps gently against her matching diamond-studded wedding ring, reminding her she's safe with Aaron till death do us part.

She had married well. They have a wonderful son, Adam. Aaron, the fastidious anti-germ geek, is good to Sophie. He is dull, with little personality but a good father and a great provider. They never fight. He works out. He has a good body and he's ok in bed, when he can be bothered.

Thinking of his huge cock up inside her, Sophie turns her body toward the car window. Gently soothing herself, her long fingers caress the very top of her soft, warm inner thighs, pushing deep into the fine silk of her black Versace evening gown.

Sophie needs some peace. She has been restless lately; masturbating more and more, it doesn't help. Increasingly frightened and frequently very bitchy of late, Sophie feels constantly dissatisfied, angry, moody and depressed.

Earlier that day, aware of her visible nervousness and increasing frustration, Sophie is at lunch at the fashionable Angel Café with her best friend and confidant Mandy. "I think I had one of those epiphany things the other night," she confides. "I was wide awake, tossing and turning in bed. Aaron was snoring his head off. I looked at him, I thought who is this guy? I'm not in love with him. I don't like kissing him. I don't even like what he smells like. Why am I with him? I sold out my life for his lifestyle bullshit. God, I even raised his son, **his** way. I've

wasted my entire life! Aaron was never who I wanted. He offered comfort and security when I needed it. He got me pregnant and I was stuck.”

“Stop complaining, Sophie!” moans Mandy. “ I swear to God you sound more Jewish than Aaron or I do. You’ve got it made. Plenty of money, loads of free time, and a husband with his head up his ass. What more could you want?”

The BMW moves across town, vague memories of Sophie’s past flick through her mind like an old silent movie.

Her problems with men started early. Joey, a holier-than-thou friend of Sophie’s family, occasionally kept an eye on Sophie so her parents could go bowling. He would stare at her running around him all gangly and silly. His eyes hung like vultures on the shortness of her short skirts. She knew she had his attention. Playing too close to him, running fast past him, flirting, sitting on his lap, briefly. Lifting her entire body off the ground, her stiff little arms and hard palms pushed deep into his mid-thighs.

Joey molested Sophie. He did it several times. He fingered and fucked her. She was eleven years old.

Joey told Sophie he loved her. He brought her chocolates. She was a bad girl for making him do bad things. She better not tell anyone, he told her. He was a good churchman “who did God’s work.” Nobody would believe her anyway. Everyone would hate her. Sophie didn’t care about any of that. She loved her Joey. She wanted to be with him. She was on him like Lolita.

A new babysitter arrived on bowling night, Jean a high school girl from down the road. “Where’s my Uncle Joey, Mom?”

“Joey?” said Sophie’s mother, all matter of fact. “He moved over to Flagstaff. He got himself a job as a pastor.”

Sophie ripped up Joey’s photo. She hated him. She needed him. He left her. She loved him. Devastated, Sophie cried her heart away. Love inside her died.

Sophie’s mother Josie didn’t help. A rough, tough, pushy Italian broad, she was self-absorbed, opinionated and difficult. Her parents dragged her from Brooklyn to Phoenix at age six and “trapped her ass in the desert.” She “could never get out of there!” She hated her life.

She got pregnant by the wrong guy. She says she “was robbed of the man and the lifestyle she should have had.” She was a stunningly beautiful bride when she

married Sophie's Dad Larry. He looked like the stick holding up a rose [with thorns].

Josie deserved better. Larry was sweet, weak, with no ambition, an Italian factory worker. No daughter of Josie's was going to suffer the same fate as she did.

She adamantly instructed Sophie: "Your mission in life, young lady, is to find a rich guy and marry him. When you got him, grab some of that 'high life' and bring it on home to Momma."

At sixteen years of age, Sophie was shy and nervous and more alluring, more enticing and more arousing than a thousand other girls. Men ached in their groins when she passed by in flimsy dresses that liquefied her sexuality.

Josie's unfulfilled ambition for the "high life" remained uppermost in her mind. Her elder daughter Claudia had let her down and run off with "that penniless idiot Rowan Seaton...."

"Date men who can pay your bills," Josie brainwashed repeatedly. "And don't sleep with them till you've got the ring!"

Pushed into dating an endless supply of mature boyfriends by her domineering mother, Sophie was plagued by their demands for her body but not her hand in marriage. She pretended she loved them, that she was their little woman. Sophie felt she had value when she gave men what they wanted. They liked what she gave them. So she gave a lot.

Her men friends gave her presents: French perfume, flowers, chocolates and, occasionally, erotic black underwear. She gave most every gift to her mother but she never mentioned the underwear. She wore that to impress her men and they gave her even more presents for Mom.

Sophie decided she wanted to be an actress -- after all, playing the part of loving someone she didn't like was easy; she did it all the time. Her mother wouldn't allow it. "All actresses are sluts," she said. "You just need to marry a rich man. Forget about acting."

Sophie had to get away from her mother. She needed a man. She didn't want a sweet man like her father; she wanted a rich, powerful sexual man who would support her dreams. She wanted what her mother told the neighbors all girls want: "A cock up inside her and direct access to the cock's bank account."

When, Jason Sutherland, a hip middle-aged salesman from Seattle, came into Sophie's life, Sophie made herself fall in love with him. He bought her a small

diamond solitaire engagement ring and a few cheap trinkets for her mother. Sophia left home with Mom and Dad's blessing.

Jason set Sophie up in a rented condo in Orange County. She was his bit on the side when he was in town. He was married. Sophie was alone, isolated, with no one to talk to, no one to make friends with. She couldn't tell her mother. She felt duped and taken advantage of.

Sophie wanted to be a movie star. She knew she could do it. She saved the money Jason gave her and ran away to Hollywood.

Late summer she auditioned for Lee Strasberg's School of Acting and was accepted.

"My luck was running high so I tried out as a Bunny for the Playboy Club up on Sunset and I got in there too. They understood about school, it was the perfect setup. They trained me and in no time I was on the floor bobbing up and down in a Bunny suit."

Sophie loved school and being a Bunny. She was so proud of herself. She was a real Hollywood starlet. She didn't need a rich man around to pay her bills. Her mother was wrong. Sophie felt great about herself, now she called the shots.

The demands of acting school and the Playboy Club began to be too much, occupying sixteen to eighteen hours a day. Sophie was asleep on her feet.

Working late at the club, after scene study, Sophie waited on Danny, a thirty-year-old surfer type, buffed out, bronzed and rich. There was an immediate sexual attraction between them. He tipped big, slipping her his phone number in a wad of bills. Knowing it was forbidden to fraternize with the customers, Sophie hid Danny's number and called him from school the next day. On her next night off Sophie went home with Danny to his Malibu beach house.

She was falling asleep on the couch at nine pm, when Danny offered her a line of cocaine as an eye-opener. This was her first time. "Girls love this stuff," she purred, acting like she had done it a thousand times before. Sophie inhaled two long lines. She knew what she was doing; she had seen it on TV.

"This is the life!" she said eagerly, bouncing off the walls, doing another line. She was so turned on, she couldn't believe how tingly she felt, how much she wanted Danny inside her. The sex and the coke lasted for hours. Sophie missed school next day. "It was so worth it," she told Danny. "Making love was never this good."

In three weeks Sophie's eye-opener was a habit. Here she was, training to be a Playboy Bunny, a Hollywood superstar in the making, and "fucking her coke dealer to stay high." The more coke Sophie did, the more coke she wanted and the more of her self she didn't have anymore.

One Saturday night, Danny invited three other couples from the movie industry over to his beach house for cocktails. Sophie, in a haze of pot smoke and cocaine, fucked all the men and all the women. "Why not?" she said. "It was fun," and anyway she was completely out of it on coke.

Sophie and Danny are dining at The Mikado. David Robinson, a floor manager at Playboy whose advances had been spurned by Sophie, sees them snuggling in their corner booth. He reports Sophie for dating a Playboy customer. She is fired and told not to return to the club.

Danny likes Sophie and keeps her in the high-life and pays her school bills. Sophie can't stop spending. She had to have expensive clothes and live fast or she feels like a nobody.

Sophie's independence hit a brick wall after three terms at Strasberg's.

Danny is arrested and jailed after a routine traffic stop turns up half a kilo of coke in his trunk. "His car, the beach house and all his possessions were impounded by the fucking cops," moans Sophie. "Everything of mine went with it. If I try and get my stuff, I'll get arrested."

The next payment is due at school. Sophie needs clothes, a car, some coke and walking around money. "I never seem to have any money," she moans to a stranger in a bar. It just goes. I've got way too much credit card debt. What am I going to do? I'm fucking terrified." The stranger understood. He took her back to his place. A few lines, they had a good time.

He kicked her out in the morning. There were a lot of strangers. There were a lot of "good times." Things got worse. No more beach house, just late nights at the Rainbow Club and a fuck in some seedy apartment.

Sophie answered an ad in the Hollywood Reporter. "Looking for representation? Call Dean Stanley, the Hollywood Agent!"

Sophie is early for her appointment, dressed ready to kill, heels as high as her miniskirt was short, ready for Dean and his seedy smoke-filled office. When Dean sees Sophie, he knows her. He had never met her but he "knows her." He sees the hunger for money and fame in her pleading eyes and the shaky nervousness in her voice. Her willingness to please, her pushed-up tits, like ice

cream sundaes on a tray. Her red pouting lips begging to surrender to the reassurance of his rehearsed paternal platitudes.

"I have to be honest with you," Dean says quietly in the sincerest of tones. "You are vulnerable as you are. It's a good job you met me. I can protect you. Save you getting hurt. Listen, there's way too much competition from beautiful actresses out there. It's getting impossible to get an audition, never mind trying to make a living. It's almost a waste of time. There are a lot of girls like you out there with beauty and talent. The only ones making any real money are 'part-time escorts' for rich guys in the movie business. These women are truly 'the stars of the acting profession.' They know how to act, how to perform, how to be great entertainers and get these guys to pay all their bills. They're always available to audition and consequently they get a lot more acting work. They've all done it. Name me a superstar and I'll show you an escort. It's highly paid, steady work. You'll make really good money. You'll have a good time. You do what you like. Go to the best places. Earn a lot of money for almost no effort... you just have to love to..."

"That's me!" interrupts Sophie. "I can do it."

Three days later the phone rings at 10 am. A female voice tells Sophie she has her first acting job. Where, when, how much and for how long. It's a sour pill. Looking in the mirror, Sophie realizes how far she has come and how far she has fallen. Overfilled tears, warm and extreme, roll down her cheeks, carving meandering channels through her makeup.

Initially, when her "specially selected" escorts made love to her, she felt sick, cheap and humiliated. They weren't her type -- they made her feel sick. Fat old guys who treated her like meat, who stunk of cigarettes and stale food. Sophie was a coke whore, earning great money "destroying marriages and stealing another woman's happiness." The only way Sophie could accept herself was to play out her new role with all the dedication of a true actress. A quick learner, Sophie became an Italian movie star -- tantalizing, enigmatic, alluring and deeply sexual with every man she met.

Her attitude hardened to armor. Her dedication to her character, once a charade, now transformed itself into a bitter, hurt and angry young woman. She had betrayed herself. She had sold out. Watching some infatuated rich prick get caught in her web made her laugh. Seeing him craving her so much that he was willing to write a fat check to have her made her sick. The coke kept her numb. She didn't bother going back to Lee Strasberg's for the second year. Her reputation as a "fucking great actress" preceded her. The men got younger and richer. They treated her like royalty. She had paid her dues. She was a big success.

Dean was right. She never did have the dedication to be a serious actress and to live on fresh air and hope. Sophie loved the money. She loved the endless attention, the wild fucking, the expensive restaurants, the resorts, the presents, the freedom, the security and the coke the money bought her. She was doing men a service; it was “the only thing she was any good at.”

True, sometimes she felt valueless and guilty like a worthless slut and a dirty little tramp. No problem. “I do a line, smoke some pot, drink a glass of wine, do a little shopping and voila! Everything’s fine.”

The phone rings There is a new guy coming into town tomorrow...He wants someone to go with him to Jamaica for a couple of weeks. What the hell, I’ve never been to Jamaica....”

Sophie played her part so well. She had always been beautiful; men had always loved her, adored her, paid for her and always left her for someone else, usually their wife. Separation from her leading man after a ten-week personal drama reactivated her childhood pain, leaving her loveless, frightened, and alone with only a stack of hundred-dollar bills to comfort her and remember him by.

Sophie made a new rule. She would never get emotionally involved with any man again; she was, after all, essentially, a good actress.

Sophie resented all her men for not loving her, somehow they all got under her skin often they took her heart with them. Sophie played her role of love and sex so well. She gave herself to each man, merging with him, even as he extracted every pain and pleasure from her soul, in the name of true love. She felt violated and cheap. What was the alternative? She needed the money. So it was on to the next man and the next acting job.

In two years, Sophie had seen it all; she had traveled everywhere and done everything. The best restaurants, the finest resorts She had all the diamonds. She tried every sex position anyone could think of and she loved them all! Sophie never stopped having a good time. She was a hard, ball-busting bitch, too hurt and too beautiful to be poor.

“I am sexual Kleenex,” she said. “I blow them. They come. I’m trash.”

Tired of the emotional pain of hurting inside all the time. Sophie finally had enough. Something had to change. It did when she met Philip, a handsome, wealthy doctor ten years her senior. “He was in love with me too,” moaned Sophie. “We had a good nine months together before he was busted for overprescribing and jailed for three years.”

“He got me off drugs. He put me to sleep for a few days, when I woke up, I’m off coke and he’s in jail awaiting a trial date.”

Grateful and in her panic to save the love she had found in Philip, Sophie sold everything from her personal stash, her diamonds, her jewelry, her rings and her condo. All that money, together with her savings, used on defense lawyers. Nothing worked. Philip went to prison anyway.

Sophie couldn’t go back to her old life. She was clean; the days of coke were behind her. She had some self-respect now, thanks to Phillip. He had shown her respect. She was a waitress at Musso and Frank’s, waiting for him to be released. She stayed true to him, believing they would, one day, start over.

Driving up to Lompoc every weekend for over two years. Sophie worked double shifts to pay off their lawyer debts and to buy Phillip cigarettes. When he got out, he went into a halfway house and drowned himself in alcohol. Sophie took the bottle of vodka away from him. Philip threw an empty at her. It smashed above her head, falling glass cut a half-inch gash in her cheek. Philip and Sophie were finished, over, done with.

Sophie was alone again. She had nothing to show for all her years of acting. She was tired, humiliated and terrified. Changed by her hectic experiences, she was no longer the youthful beauty she once was. “Maybe I should go to Phoenix, see my Mom for a while, maybe start over.”

Sophie was packed, moving back to Phoenix, when she met Aaron at a gas station. He was upwardly mobile, motivated, disciplined and very controlling. He relieved her of any responsibility for her own life. She was not in love. She settled for him. She was submissive to his cold sexual demands. He wanted a son. She gave him a son. He financed her “lifestyle.” She could do as she pleased. She had plenty of free time.

Sophie was Aaron’s beautiful trophy. With her as his wife, he gained immediate public recognition for his success. She was his badge of honor, his gold medal, showing the world that he, an ugly man, commanded, through his personal power, the dedicated love of a beautiful woman. He carried photos of Sophie in his wallet, eagerly showing them to anyone who would look. “This is my wife,” he would say. “Isn’t she beautiful?”

No matter what Aaron did or what he gave her, he would always be a sellout for Sophie. She wasn’t in love with him but she couldn’t walk away either. Sophie settled down, compromised her values and accepted her fate.

She buried herself in raising her son and comforting herself in raging self-indulgence, devotion to the lifestyle of endless shopping. Now after eighteen years of marriage, she is spoilt. "Everything I do, including spending money, is a chore." She has never had an affair on Aaron. He's a workaholic, thank God. It gives her plenty away from his stagnant gaze. Sometimes she wonders what he's up to all the time but she really doesn't care. She's bored stiff. She knows she has wasted her life, her talent and herself. She's got it all but nothing at all.

The black BMW arrives at the USC main gate. Aaron and Sophie's "wunderkind" son Adam, a handsome clean-cut USC freshman of 18, slides into the back seat of the BMW dressed in a black tuxedo. "Hi," he says quietly.

"Hello, Adam," both parents chirp happily. Adam stares out of the car window, emptyheaded and expressionless. Aaron heads the BMW on toward The Disney Concert Hall.

Sophie is fed up. "I thought these damned hot flashes would be over by now," she moans under her breath.

"Sophie!" snaps Aaron. "Not in front of Adam!"

Glowering with resentment, Sophie moves toward the car radio, seeking a diversion from the moment.

"Don't you ever think of anyone but yourself, Sophie?" Aaron pushes Sophie's hand away from the radio. "Our son is giving the first operatic performance of his career tonight and you want the car radio on. You are just so selfish. Don't you care about our son's concentration?"

"It's okay, Dad." Adam's voice is barely audible. Aaron catches it.

"That's very kind and thoughtful of you Adam, but your mother really doesn't need to hear the radio right now. It could ruin your pitch. We both want the very best for you. Make us proud, son, that's all we ask." He turns the radio off. Adam returns to staring out the window, expressionless.

Sophie checks herself in the visor mirror. There are signs of ageing. She tunes them out, switches them off. Preening herself to near perfection - a little lipstick - a touch of mascara. Scrupulous, mirrored self-examination. Lift and tease the hair one last time. Lift and twist the cleavage to eye-catching splendor, primes her mouth with breath freshener and Sophie is ready for action.

"Sophie, darling, you look absolutely wonderful," praises Aaron. "You are just so beautiful, I want everyone to see you. I am so proud of you, my darling. You always look your best for me."

Sophie swoons and smiles like the movie star she could have been. Although she has heard Aaron say it all a thousand times before, she never grows tired of his adoration. Her confidence soars; she radiates joy, happiness and true glamour.

Aaron valet parks the BMW at The Disney Concert Hall. Aaron's adoration rings in Sophie's ears. She tosses her head back, lays her elegant crimson red-tipped left-hand fingers lightly on Aaron's arm and proudly walks with him into the concert hall reception. Adam trails behind, embarrassed and uncomfortable. He spots Robbie, a guy in his choir, and waves for him to meet him backstage. Adam is ready to make his parents very proud, singing in the choir of his first opera. Turning to his friend, "Opera," he says with a smirk, "is the one subject neither of my parents know anything about. It's pure bliss!"

"Mine either," laughs Robbie. The two young men high-five each other in congratulation.

In the midst of the crowd, Aaron and Sophie are charming, charming, charming. Everyone is milling around them, fascinated. Aaron, with great finesse and great flourish, proudly introduces "my beautiful wife Sophie" to all the male members of the Board of Governors as they ogle and salivate his over his "lovely lady wife."

Sophie, acting the full drama, is "privileged and delighted to meet such wonderfully talented people." Enthusiastically, she shares her son's passion for opera, while nodding heads of approval watch her every movie star move. The men ingratiate themselves toward her and the women want her too. "She is such a delightful person, so warm, so caring, so lovely."

Sophie exquisitely engineers, empathizes, seduces and manipulates them all with her overabundance of misty sexuality and intoxicating innocence. Her platitudes and carefully-rehearsed lines deliver the sincerest warmth, hiding the true nature of her feelings. A positive delight for her audience, she has practiced her manipulative role a thousand times before in as many celebrations.

Aaron has already collected ten business cards and given away fifteen. Sophie is sipping her second martini when the lights flash for the audience to take their seats. She drinks it down unnoticed.

As the star couple enters the theater, Aaron bends down, kissing Sophie's ear, whispering, "Adam's chorus is on first. I told the Principal we had an important meeting with Freddy Bruckheimer and we'd have to leave right after Adam's performance."

“Good!” smiles Sophie. “These people are way too dreary.”

Aaron and Sophie applaud Adam until their hands hurt. Then they quietly slip away. Adam is getting a ride back to his dorm with a friend. His parents were free.

“Adam was wundiful, really windifalls,” says Sophie, a bit drunk. “I don’t know where ‘e gets it from, Aaron, certainly not from your family - or mine. I could understand if ‘e waz an actor; I could even understand him being a pop singer, but opera? It’s too much. I need a joint.”

“Listen, Sophie,” threatens Aaron, “I told you before to quit. If Adam thinks you’re smoking pot, you’re going to start him worrying about you getting ill again and I won’t have it. Do you understand?”

“You listen, Aaron,” says Sophie, drunk, tired and irritable. “We’ve been together 18 years. I am committed to you. You and Adam are my life.... And Aaron, you are right about most things. I like you having control but sometimes, just sometimes, I need to get loaded and that’s exactly what I am going to do now. After dealing with all that USC bullshit, I need to get out of it for a while. Call it a mini-vacation. We spread a lot of good will tonight. We did Adam proud. Now, I want to smoke some dope and get fucked up. Let’s get home.”

“You need to face reality, Sophie. You know what the doctor said.”

“Fuck the doctor, Aaron,” snaps Sophie. “I can remember when you used to deal dope and fuck all night. You got me started on pot! You had a head shop, for crying out loud!”

“Listen to me,” says Aaron, stiffly measuring his words. “We have a son. We’ve got responsibilities to him and, damn it, you are going to live up to them, whether you like it or not!”

Aaron and Sophie stand in silence. The valet brings the car.

“Get in the car, Sophie,” Aaron commands, opening the door for her. Sophie gets into the car scowling, her age pushing through her tired makeup and drunken eyes. She turns up the car radio. Rock music blasts. Aaron turns it down and finds something soothing and classical.

Sophie turns away, hits the pot pipe a few times, and stares out the open window looking for a friendly face. Aaron ignores her and drives off into the night.

At their suburban hillside home overlooking the San Fernando Valley, the garage opens and closes like a whale's mouth, swallowing Aaron and Sophie into their anonymous house. They walk into the bedroom saying nothing to each other as they pass through living room. A grand piano and a hundred memory photos in opulent frames twinkle in the light, reminding of a past so full of future hopes and dreams.

In the bathroom, beside more photographs, Sophie cleans off her makeup, revealing an ageing, bloated, grayish complexion. Her shining beauty of a few hours ago is now less apparent, tempered recently by a glass of white wine, general dissatisfaction and a hit or two more of pot.

Aaron drinks a glass of room-temperature plain water after completing his before-bed workout routine. He climbs into bed wearing freshly laundered white cotton pajamas. Sophie gets into the king-size bed beside him in a white nightdress over a white bra with spaghetti straps.

She lies on her back on her side of the bed, waiting for Aaron to make his move toward her that never comes.

"What's up with you Aaron?" Sophie complains, " I wanna fuck. You don't have to put yourself out. Just push that oversized cock up inside me and I'll do the rest!"

"Sometimes you are really disgusting, Sophie."

"You never complained much before," Sophie says, sliding her hand over Aaron's penis.

Aaron, bored but aroused, climbs on top of her in his usual missionary position. Without removing his pajama bottoms, he pulls up Sophie's nightdress, spreads her legs wide open, and pushes in and out of her like he has done for years. No kissing, no fondling, no affection, just moving in and out. It's always been this way with Sophie, since he gave up drugs and booze years ago.

For eighteen years, Sophie has been crazy for his massive cock. As usual, she's yelling for him to do it harder and faster. Aaron knows the routine. He crushes her body with all his might. He tells her she's a 'dirty slut!' She likes that. She comes easily, Aaron splutters to a inconclusive standstill and it's over. Three minutes. They fall back to their respective sides of the bed. Aaron turns out the light. They drop into immediate sleep without saying goodnight.

The following day at 11am Sophie sits in the waiting room of her local hospital. Behind her head a sign reads Plastic Surgery.

In the surgeon's office, the lady surgeon, Lydia Franklin, examines Sophie's breasts. "The worst is over, Sophie. The oncologist says the cancer is completely gone. Now we just have to do a bit of work on the underside of your breasts. Fill them up and round them out a bit. You'll be all pert and bouncy like a young girl in no time. Better than ever."

"Right now," says Sophie, "I have to wear a bra for Aaron, even in bed, just to keep them hidden. I'm sure it puts him off. He knows I'm disfigured."

"I am sure you don't have to worry," reassures the doctor. "He is a good man. He's seen you through everything so far. A lot of men would run at the first sign."

"You're right," says Sophie, shrugging her shoulders. "He never was a tit man anyway."

The two women laugh together.

"See you in a month for a final check," says the surgeon. "We should get you in here for surgery a month after that."

"Aren't we having a facial together on Thursday?"

"Oh, my God, you're right!" the doctor panics, scanning her appointment book. "Sophie, it's such a lovely thing you do for me. I'd love to go, but my schedule... I hate to do this but.... I gotta cancel."

"Don't worry, Lydia, maybe next time? I love being girls together."

"Me too," laughs the surgeon. "Men, who needs 'em?"

"We do!" boast both women together.

Sophie drives her swanky white convertible Mercedes into the Galleria parking structure. She's doing what she does best, shopping for clothes and talking on the cell phone. "Hey, Kathy girl. It's your best friend calling from LA. How's Phoenix?" Sophie pushes through the fashion racks at Comme de Garcon, her phone tucked under her chin as she checks the racks. "Sure I want to visit. What's it been? A month since I saw you?" When are you coming out here? I know, I know, it's fine. I love coming to see you, Kathy. You wouldn't believe this little top I've just found. Powder blue to match my eyes. It's darling.. no, Aaron doesn't care. He's too busy with the business to even notice I've gone. Anyway, it's his job to make the money and it's my job to spend it... What else is a beautiful woman supposed to do?"

“Miss, oh, miss!” Sophie calls across the store to the assistant. “Do you take American Express? Yes? Great! Sure Kath, I’ll hop on a plane on Friday. Wait ‘til you see this top. Oh my God, Kath...I’ll meet you and Maggie on Saturday for dinner. I’ll drop by and see my Mom and Dad for an hour. Yes, yes. I can’t wait. I’m on my way. See you at the airport Friday. Love you. Bye.”

Sophie arrives home loaded down with packages and bags. Socks for Aaron and a T-shirt for Adam. Two tops, a pair of shoes, a new handbag and a short leather skirt for her. Sophie feels good. Shopping always makes her feel better after any kind of stress.

It was either shopping or a couple of Valium. “I chose shopping!”

Sophie’s thoughts are relaxed. A quick hit on “the old pot pipe.” Take a rest. Sleep a bit. A nice bath. Ready to go out to dinner tonight. “The Dauphin. Not cheap but the food’s good.”

Opening the French doors, Sophie gazes down at the traffic tumult racing by on the freeways below. Standing there in the window, she strips off her clothes. Climbing on the bed, she lies face up, spread-eagled. Enjoying her nakedness. At last, she is away from the vigilant, prying eyes of her husband. No bra, no defenses. Disfigured breasts. “What the fuck,” she mutters under her breath. Breathing deeply, she inhales the perfumes of the day, enjoying the summer breeze wafting over her naked body like a gentle, caring lover.

She feels turned on, pushing her hands between her legs; massaging herself gently, she drifts off to a secret rendezvous.

When Aaron gets home Sophie is ready to go out.

“You look lovely honey. Could you put some pasta together or something?”

“No, Aaron, I can’t. I’ve had a very stressful day myself at the hospital. I’m not in the mood for cooking or staying in.”

“You’re never in the mood. You never cook. Where, then, Sophie?”

“The Dauphin. It’s local, - the food’s good.”

“The service is for shit. It takes forever and it costs a fortune.”

“I don’t care,” slams Sophie. “I need to eat.”

“It’s always all about you, Sophie. You are such a selfish bitch.”

“Bitch, eh? Well, bitch it is. I’m going to Phoenix this weekend.”

“I’ve got tickets for Phantom!” yells Aaron.

“I’ve seen it. Take Adam.”

“I thought we were taking Adam with us to the beach on Sunday?”

“Get real, Aaron. Adam doesn’t want to go to the beach with Mommy and Daddy!”

“Sophie, I’m tired of you always just taking off. You don’t even ask.”

“Ask you! Why should I ask you, Aaron? You don’t own me. It’s my time, I’ve raised your son.”

“Look, Sophie, all I’m asking for is some common courtesy. I understood you taking vacations when I was so damned busy getting the business going but now things are easier and you’re still leaving every couple of weeks. Phoenix, your sister, Carmel, your Mom and Dad, Kathy, its endless. Is there someone else?”

“Don’t be fucking silly, Aaron, being one man’s trophy wife is quite enough. I am going to my friends and family. Are you trying to stop me seeing my family, Aaron?”

“No! But you just went to New York for two weeks with Mandy. It’s neverending.”

“You know I need my space, Aaron. This is nothing new.”

“What about Adam?”

“Adam is at USC!”

“You’ve left him so many times. Adam is emotionally shut down because of it. His tutor says his singing is technically brilliant but he doesn’t express himself through his singing. He keeps everything inside.”

“So I’m to blame for that too! I’ll have to ask Helga for a therapist insight on that.”

“I’ve found my own therapist. I am sick of Helga.”

“Okay, Aaron, okay. Now please get ready, the reservation at The Dauphin is 8:30 and its five after already.”

Helga Stosenvitch is Jewish, a psychotherapist for women suffering from cancer. A cancer survivor herself, she has lost both breasts a double mastectomy. She has been counseling Sophie for about six years, helping her deal with the psychological effects of her breast cancer. The two women have formed a strong relationship, almost like a mother and daughter. Sophie's present problems are really out of Helga's field of expertise but she loves to guide and support Sophie's efforts to find herself. Helga always makes time for Sophie.

"Aaron needs to understand you have been through a lot and you are still going through a lot. He has no right to try to control you. You must see your family and friends. You can tell Aaron from me. The psychological model for Adam, at his present age, indicates he needs to be with his father. If the boy is emotionally shut down it's because he needs his father to open his heart. As he gets older, Adam will naturally express himself through his singing.

Aaron needs to face facts instead of blaming you. He wants the freedom to do what he wants. When you want the same thing, he doesn't like it. You're coming into your own now, Sophie. You have always been someone's trophy but you're going to be a whole, full, wonderful person. Aaron needs to let you grow."

"Every woman is some guy's trophy," sneers Sophie. "It's a part of the male ego. Women are the superior race. We nurture men. Where would they be without us? Aaron says I am all about me and I'm selfish and he's damned right! Why wouldn't I be? He's just another narcissist, buried in making money and impressing people."

"Don't worry, my dear," says Helga. "We will work it out together, like we always do."

Her touch lingers on Sophie's hand almost too long; Sophie squeezes her hand back, loving her motherliness.

Sophie is leaving for Phoenix. She's late. Her morning has been crazy. Getting her hair done, bikini wax, getting her nails done, the dry cleaners and packing, all in three hours. "Nobody should have to put up with that!"

Two hours 'til takeoff. Sophie is stressed out, all behind, anxious and irritable. Adam is late. Where's he got to? When he arrives, his mother is in full panic. She is "going to miss the plane."

She's barking orders in the car. "Go this way, go past that fool. Adam, can't you drive smoothly? What's wrong with you? Are you having a bad day? Concentrate, Adam. I'm going to miss the plane."

“Mom, calm down, will you? We’re fine for time. Why do I have to go through this every time you go off and enjoy yourself? It was just the same when you left for San Jose ten days ago. You’re scary when you’re upset like this.”

“I am not upset, Adam,” raps Sophie. “And I am not going to enjoy myself, I’m going to help grandma and grandpa. They’re having problems.”

“That’s not true, Mom. They didn’t even know you were going ‘til you phoned yesterday. I talked to them. They’re doing fine. Anyway, you never stay there anyway; you’re always out partying.”

“Partying? Don’t be ridiculous, Adam, your grandparents are very demanding indeed. It’s hard for me. They drive me crazy. I have to get out and see my friends, just for a break.”

“Dad and I are your family too. Don’t you want to be with us anymore? You’re always leaving us to be with someone you say you don’t care about.”

“I can’t do this now Adam. We’ll do it when I get back.”

“I have waved goodbye to you so many times, Mom. Don’t go. Let’s have a family weekend. Dad’s got tickets for Phantom and ...”

“I have to go, Adam, I just have to.”

“No, Mom,” says Adam as they join the security line at the airport. “Me and Dad had a special surprise planned for you this weekend. It will all be spoilt. Come on, Mom, I never asked you before. Please stay this time.”

“I have to go, Adam, and that’s all there is too it.”

“Why are you like this? Dad thinks you’ve got someone else in Phoenix.”

Sophie is immediately cold. Freezing Adam out. Ignoring him completely. She starts an overly “pleasant” conversation with four strangers in line, in front of her. “What a nice day. Where are you traveling to? Oh really. How lovely.”

Adam puts his hand on his mother’s shoulder, ever so gently pulling her back.... Sophie blazes her eyes in hate and disgust against the mere mortal who tries to control her. Son or not, she’s leaving right now!

Bewildered and frightened, Adam reluctantly turns to the car. A parking ticket has “attached itself” to his car windshield.

He turns to wave to his Mom...she's gone.

A week later, Sophie flies into Bob Hope Airport. Mandy meets her as she gets off the plane. Mandy is a beautiful woman in a mannequin kind of way - plastic and empty. She only dates guys who own large homes and drive late-model luxury cars. She works as a personal trainer, having personally trained many men in all kinds of methods of opening their wallets in her best interest. She had breast implants to enhance her career. Some guy paid for them then she dumped him and moved on. Since then, she has had no lack of stupid suitors worshipping at her temples of silicon.

Presently, she has three boyfriends and she fucking them all physically, morally, and financially. She has the world by the balls, as long as her alimony check comes and her kid is away at school. Mandy is Sophie's best friend.

"Don't you love my new watch, Sophie?" Mandy purrs as she drives Sophie home. "Roger bought it for me."

"Love it," says Sophie, disinterested in the watch but bubbling over with excitement and wanting to talk. "I told you about that epiphany thing. Well, I told Kathy. She told me what an ungrateful bitch I was. She really got on my case about how badly I treated Aaron and Adam. She's right -- I am a rotten selfish bitch. I treat them like shit. Kathy is married to a guy with no money. She made me realize how lucky I was. She's right. I've got everything anyone could want and I'm still complaining. I love my girlfriends. They give it to me straight, not like men; you can't be friends with a man. Aaron's not so bad. He's stuck with me through all the cancer and the breast surgery and we have Adam together. We have a good life. I do what I like, I've got plenty of money and Aaron still makes love to me."

"Yeah," laughs Mandy. "Once a month?"

"I know, I know, that's not the point, he loves me. I love him, that's what counts. When I get home I am going to take better care of both my marriage and Adam."

"The other day you hated the guy's guts; now you think he's Prince Charming. Have you lost your mind? Aaron's a prick, he has always been a prick, nothing has changed."

"Yes it has, I've changed, I know what I said before but I've realized there is no one else out there for me. Look at you, Mandy, you've got three guys, you're lonely and you're still looking for Mr. Right. Kathy told me I've got it made and I think she's right. I'm going to make the best of it. Thank God I woke up. All the moaning I do, still wishing I was in movies. I would never have made it anyway. I like being a kept woman."

By late afternoon, Sophie has cooked Aaron and Adam's favorite Italian pasta. It's almost ready. There's a Sara Lee apple pie in the oven. The kitchen is full of fantastic smells. Sophie puts on a new white dress she bought in Phoenix and makes herself beautiful for her husband. When Aaron comes home, Sophie rushes to him, kisses him and nuzzles into his neck.

"I'm sorry I've been such a bitch lately," she says. "I'm going to make it up to you."

"Smells great," says Aaron, looking over her shoulder, more interested in the home-cooked food than the beautiful woman clinging to him.

Adam comes bounding through the door in his usual rush. "Wow! Smells great! Mom, glad you're back."

Sophie kisses him. "I'm so glad to see you, Adam. I am sorry I was such a bitch at the airport. I'm not taking any more trips for a while. I going to spend more time with you guys."

"Not tonight, you're not, Mom," says Adam apologetically. "I'm staying at Brad's."

"Okay, honey, not to worry," soothes Sophie. She shoots a knowing, sexy smile at Aaron, tracing her wet tongue across her lips. Staring into his eyes across the room, she whispers, "I love you, Aaron...Let's be happy tonight."

Aaron smiles glibly, replying half-heartedly, "Great Sophie, just great."

In bed, Aaron and Sophie make love. For Sophie it is the loveliest feeling she has experienced with her husband in a long time. "Sure he seemed a bit apprehensive, I expected that, after all, our sex been for shit lately, what with my tits being so badly cut up but he came good a couple of times. I sucked his cock, he likes that."

Aaron is lying back on the bed satisfied. "Honey, that other therapist I found," he yawns, "I've got an appointment at seven tomorrow night. Will you come?"

"Sure, baby," says Sophie. "I want us to be happy."

Aaron's new therapist, Doug Miller, asks Sophie to tell her "side of the story." Sophie pours out her heart. She loves Aaron. She talks about what a good life she has with him. She is sorry for being difficult and selfish lately. Thanking him for his patience, she wants to refresh their lives with a special vacation together,

just the two of them. What do you think, Aaron? Mexico again? Or shall we try Rome? You know I've always wanted to go to Italy. It's my dream."

"Sophie, I think..." Aaron is visibly nervous, shaky. He hesitates, stammering, stuttering. "I, ... I'm...I'm leaving you for another woman."

"You're what? You're fucking what?" Sophie is dumbfounded. "Don't play games with me, Aaron! You are joking, right?"

"It's no joke, Sophie, I'm leaving you. It's over between us."

Sophie shakes her head in disbelief. "What? What? What are you saying, Are you crazy?"

"You'll be provided for," Aaron says in a low monotone. "I can't stay with you any longer. I've found someone else. I am in love with that person and I want to be with her."

Sophie's incredulous stare dissolves into sobbing. "You bastard. You fucking, fucking bastard. How could you? We've been together eighteen years? What about Adam?"

"I'll tell Adam. It's not about Adam. It's about you and me. We have put up with one another for too long. I have a chance to be happy. Someone loves me. She wants to make me happy. You never cared about my happiness. You only wanted me to make you happy. You never cared about my feelings, my happiness. You're a selfish person, Sophie. I am sure there is someone out there for...."

Screaming angry, Sophie is on top of Aaron, tearing at his clothes, his face, screaming, crying, dying inside, scared, frightened, terrified. "Aaron, how dare you? You're fucking not leaving me! You ugly fuck! I could have left your ugly ass a thousand times.... We made a deal. Who is this tramp?"

"Iris isn't a tramp!" snaps Aaron.

"Iris!" screams Sophie. "You're fucking Iris Cohen, that little cunt, that fat Jewish slut? I'll kill her. She's not taking my man. I knew you were up to something..."

"No you didn't! You're full of shit, Sophie. You're too busy pleasing yourself to ever notice what I do. You had your chance. You always leave me. You always did. Now I'm leaving you."

“You’re leaving me for Iris that fat, ugly bitch. She’s got two boys in school for another eight years. You’re taking that lot on? Are you fucking crazy?”

Aaron adopts a businesslike pose and tone. “Iris isn’t a bitch, Sophie, you are. You are not listening to me. It’s over between us!”

“Fuck you, Aaron. I’ll take you for everything you’ve got!”

“No you won’t, Sophie. I’ve been preparing for this for a well over year.”

“A year, a fucking year, you’ve been fucking that bitch for a year?”

“Two years, actually, Sophie. My lawyers will serve you in the morning.”

Aaron gets up and walks out. Doug Miller asks Sophie for his fee. “Fuck you too!” she says and races after Aaron.

He’s gone. Long gone.

Sophie didn’t hear from Aaron for well over a week. They met up at the house; Sophie sat lonely, sad and bedraggled with Adam, his head hung like a wounded animal. His father repeated the news. Adam couldn’t accept his Mom and Dad were splitting up. Parenting his parents, Adam tries to make them “see reason.” He holds them together in his arms, pulling them onto one another, begging them, pleading with them, crying, hoping and failing.

In the manner of an undertaker, Aaron tells his son he’s sorry. He doesn’t want to be with his mother anymore. He’s moving out. He still loves them both. He will look after them both. “But right now I have to leave.” Aaron gets up and walks out leaving Sophie and Adam crying in each other’s arms.

In the months that followed, Sophie is in a daze, unable to relate, focus or understand what was happening to her. Friends and family rally round but they are no comfort to her. They too were dumbfounded. They had no idea what Aaron was up to. They lied.

Sophie spoke with Adam almost hourly. They clung to each other.

Tonight they would have a special dinner together, just the two of them.

Sophie needed groceries from Ralphs. She drove her white convertible with the top down and the music turned way up, blasting away the hurt and pain she felt inside.

In the parking lot she takes a hit on the pot pipe and saunters into the store, briefly noticing the eyes of a tall handsome man following her as she pushed a cart down the first aisle.

Sophie is enjoying the attention; it's good to be noticed, especially now, when she felt so low. Turning into the paper goods aisle, he is there. Making eye contact, he watches her turn and walk away. She can feel his eyes on her back.

Sophie selects her oranges. He walks by again. Watching her, enjoying her. "Is this really happening? Is he flirting with me?"

Sophie pretends not to notice. She doesn't feel intimidated; he looks like an "okay guy." Rugged, big and broad, interesting. A bit wild, maybe?

In the refrigeration aisle, he watches her. She lingers there, knowing her cold nipples were hard, sticking out through her the thin fabric of her summer dress. She turns to face him. He looks at her face, her nipples. He turns, delighted, embarrassed, and disappears into the next aisle.

Missing the man's attention, Sophie looks for him. He's gone. He's not in the store.

Disappointed that her admirer had slipped away, Sophie loaded her groceries and sat down in her car, letting out a big deep sigh. There is a small white card under her windshield wiper blade. It is an actor's business card with a photo of the man who had followed her around the store.

No note, just his name, Robert Strammer, his 800-phone number and his smiling face. Sophie felt excited, scared and vulnerable. She was single. A new man wanted her. "Is he a stalker? No, he was -- he was okay." Sophie has resisted every man who had ever hit on her for eighteen years. That lifestyle was over.

It was two days before Sophie found the courage to call Robert. When she did, he was delighted. Telling her she is brave to call him. He didn't speak to her in the market because he was shy and she is so beautiful. He didn't know what to say. He is really flattered she called. He couldn't take his eyes off her in the market. She was so, so lovely and... dare he say it, too sexy to watch.

The way her body moved excited him. These days, he said, it was very unusual to see a woman who projects so much sensuality. Sophie was hungry for his every word, listening, noting each comment, ready to tell Mandy everything.

On the third day, Sophie went to Robert's house. She could feel his penis thickening as her body pushed into him, saying hello. She was elegant, sexy, willing.

They floated into heaven on their first embrace. Robert looked for surrender in Sophie's eyes and she searched for truth in his. They found what they were looking for together in their first kiss. The kiss that wouldn't stop. It was a moment that lasted forever.

Robert spoke his own spontaneous poetry as if he were a Shakespearean King Richard. "Twas love at first sight. We are begun. No more pain for us in searching or separation. Soul mates we are - found. She is mine and I am hers, forever in love... I was not alive before I met you. Never having touched you? Nor kissed you, nor made love with you?"

The dream in Sophie's heart swooned her out of her control, as she fell deep into love's intoxicants, inhaling its breath into her famished cynical heart. At once, the pain of Aaron was gone. Against her protest, Robert pulled off her skimpy black lace bra uncovering her disfigured breasts, declaring them more beautiful than any he had ever seen. At once, her underwear was around her ankles. She was devoured and devouring, enraptured, cast adrift in a sea of love and passion like she had never known.

When Robert's penis enters Sophie for the first time she is healed of all her pain. An avalanche of love, joy, elation, happiness, wonder and surrender is all over them, under them and through them. They are one in every move of love they make. Finally, erupting together, like screaming wild animals, they fall back in sighing embrace. Their lips, fixed to each other's lips, remaining there kissing but then Sophie had to go home, she had to meet with Adam, her son.

When Sophie left it was cool and dark. There was a nip in the air. She didn't care. She was in love. Radiantly happy, she climbed into her white convertible, pulled the top down and turned the music way up loud. She waved shouting above the music, "see you tomorrow baby. Call me, love you, bye."

Sophie drove into the night, the lovers waved and blew kisses... 'til her car turned at the end of the road...

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" Mandy screams down the phone. "You meet a guy in the fucking grocery store and all of a sudden you've found your fucking soul mate."

“He owns his own home. He’s got some money. Listen, this is the most ‘in love’ I’ve been in over thirty years. I would, with or without your blessing, like to enjoy it, relish it and get fucked a whole lot.”

“You already fucked him? Was it...?”

“Wonderful, brilliant, genius, yes, the most wonderful sexual experience I have ever had and it can only get better, right?”

“Jesus Christ! Don’t let me stand in your way; God knows, you deserve to get laid.”

“It’s more than that.”

“Tell me that again in a month, Sophie, when you find out he’s just house-sitting.”

“You’re wrong. You’re missing the point. I’m bored with cynicism. This man is my perfect match. I’m in love.”

Robert raves to his best friend Jack Lang on the phone: “It was like Sophie was the purest sweetest creamiest milk. I drank her into my soul ‘til there was nothing left of me. When I met her, my whole being surrendered to her incredible beauty. It floored me, derailed me. From that first moment I kissed her, she was everything I ever wanted to see, feel, touch, make love to. Jack, she is my gift from God. We’re so damned passionate; breathing takes second place to our kissing. We all want that perfect love and you know what? We both found it. This is it for me, Jack. Sophie is the one. I will never be the same for all my life to come.”

Jack couldn’t believe his ears. He had heard it all before. Robert had always been a bit of a wild man, a crazed creative type fighting the world and himself for recognition. He wrote poetry, designed homes, wrote songs and exhibited as an artist and a photographer. Somehow, he never hit the mark. Love was his thing; he needed it too much, it always took precedence over everything else he did.

Robert was an excessive romantic. Even if he was about to hit financial pay dirt he would turn on a dime to be with a woman, fall in love and give up his artistic pursuits on the off-chance she might be the one. He was a lady’s man, who needed love like a drowning person needs air. He left a trail of lost loves in the dust as he rolled from one affair to the next. Somewhere deep in his psychology there was something missing. He was neglected as a baby.

Iris, his mother, was single, a half-assed artist selling velvet paintings door to door. His father Joe was some kind of show-business rogue who never made it. They never married. Iris couldn't cope. She left Robert alone screaming all day while she went to work. A neighbor called Child Services. Robert was put into protective care suffering from malnutrition and bedsores. Iris did her best. She put Robert up for adoption when he was nine months old.

The die was cast; even with new loving parents and a nice home, Robert was never satisfied with the love he was given. Mom and Dad wanted "their son" to be like them. Robert was an attention-seeker, creative, loud, difficult and irritable. His mom drove him nuts; always protecting him from himself and what he wanted to do. She didn't support his ideas and attempts to create. He had to face facts and stop all that "silly stuff." After years of it Robert was fighting with her every day. She never gave him what he wanted. He wanted to be loved for what he was, not what "she" thought he should be. He hated her.

All Robert's life was a life-long search for Mommy and Mother love. Women came in and out his life. He sucked all the love out of them and left them as empty shells of their former selves. No woman reached Robert's imaginary and extraordinary standard of what love should be. Robert wanted it all, a slut, a mother, a sister and a friend. Everyone fell short.

When he first laid eyes on Sophie he was like a thirsty man in the desert. His sexual energy was so focused on her that it literally dragged her into his web of intimacy, sex and narcissistic egotism. Jack insisted that the huge accolades Robert was laying on Sophie were reruns from old affairs used only to capture her and drain her of love.

No, Robert insisted, this time it is different. He had been alone for over a year now. His design business was flourishing, he was mature, he had learnt from his mistakes. "This woman is more loving, sweeter, better-looking and far sexier than any woman I have ever had the pleasure of falling in love with. Sophie is the woman I have wanted all of my life," says Robert. "She is the one, more than anyone I have ever met. I love Sophie beyond all and everything. She is my beginning and my end."

Mandy is put out, feeling she has lost her most treasured female companion to that "whimsical loser Robert." "For God's sake, Sophie get a fucking grip, will you?"

"Mandy!" snaps Sophie, "you're such a fucking bitch! Maybe, just maybe, Robert is my soul mate and I do love him more than life itself. All the years I spent with

Aaron and Adam together don't match up to the intensity of feelings I feel for Robert. It's like we are two sides of the same coin, one is because the other is."

"That's Robert's mumbo-jumbo talking right there!" bellows Mandy.

"You're wrong, Mandy. You don't know him. You've never met him. Those are my words, my feelings, and Robert is my love. Don't you ever put him or me down again. Never assume you know what's going on in my heart or my head. I am a changed woman since I found Robert. If you don't like it I suggest you go fuck yourself as a soon as possible. Get used to it. Just because you don't know how to love someone, don't lay your negative shit on me. Robert and I are going away to Italy, to where my family comes from. It's my dream and I am going with my dream man.

"Congratulations" snaps Mandy " you've lost it"

"No!" snaps Sophie "I've just found it!"

"Listen Sophie, you got rid of one loser. Fuck this guy all you like but make sure you stay in control will you?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah" moans Sophie.

Sophie is at home with Robert visiting with him having spent the day together. After dinner, Sophie talks about her life sweetly with modesty, shyness, and innocence, mentioning her inexperience in matters of love, sex and romance. She tells Robert she needs a drink or two to loosen up and suggests he tells her something he likes in a woman "Just out of interest."

"I can do that" says Robert thoughtfully. First of all, you should know I am not like most other men, in so much that I am not a big breasts kind of guy. The very thought of two pneumatic Dolly Parton replicas, desperately seeking support like failed democrats and looking like oversized kipper neck ties does nothing to lift or enchant my eyes or my desires. I like breasts like yours my dear Sophie, with nipples pert, like dark Morella cherries on top o' small cup cake breasts, those are ideal for me. I love to eat them whether I am dieting or not."

Sophie giggles sweetly, bowing her head with embarrassment, looking coy and flustered, pushing her clasped hands between her legs like a silly schoolgirl, her upper arms pulled inwards, hiding her erect nipples. She lifts her head slightly, looking seductively upwards all shy and sweet "Go on Robert" she says playfully, "Tell me something sexy"

"Ok" says Robert, "but first let me stir your awareness to the pleasures of a sexual observation. For me, sexual observation proves both very stimulating and exciting.

I remember one day at the local mall I saw the extremely fluid body of a beautiful, young woman of about thirty easing through the crowds of lunchtime shoppers. Dressed in white silk chiffon, made only of what was absolutely necessary to cover her, she took my breath away. Her blood red lips looked bruised, as if from kissing too much. Her seductive sultry dark eyes peered over bejeweled designer

sunglasses, sweeping across her audience slowly back and forth with cool disdain. Her golden hair, tousled and messy, spilled down over her naked shoulders like it were styled in some stranger's bed. Her swollen pert breasts needed no other support than her self-esteem while they thrust forward their erect tender nipples like sweet stiff penises pushing through the limits of their gossamer covering. The skirt she wore was too short, with one finger I could have lifted its hem just one inch and exposed her hidden underwear, if indeed she was wearing any. She had long fine tanned legs that strode arrogantly across the marble floor in high spiked heels, hitting a slow drum roll announcing the coming of her juicy and erotic presence. A goddess of true womanhood seductive and sensuous, her sexuality wrapped around my consciousness like a predatory anaconda, squeezing the animal desire out of me, pushing it deep into her most secret inside places.

Transfixed and mesmerized, I was ready to sacrifice my life to her if she would allow me just once to inflict her with my sex power.

Unfortunately, on her left hand there was a wedding ring and a small scruffy boy child of about ten hung from her. He was looking up at her trying to pierce the veil of her film star sunglasses, trying, like me, to get her attention without giving the game away that he really did want to have sexual intercourse with her as soon as possible.

As she strutted defiantly with all the grace of an antelope and the heart of a lion, she did not notice her child's whimsical looks at her heaving breasts as they pushed their darkest secrets through the white silk dress that clung to every inch of her body.

The boy had all the apparent value of a new handbag, as he walked up against her, rubbing his horny shoulder provocatively into her inner thigh, pondering, like me, her athletic sexual response to him, if only she would get down with it. I think if I were ten and my mother was a sex symbol like this one, I might ask her, very nicely and respectfully to anoint my juvenile body with her sexual athletic love so that I might stand proud in my community as mother fucker. You see my dear Sophie this woman is described by men as a MILF – she is a Mother I'd Like to Fuck.

I think the boy must have known that term because he was sure practicing it. He was already making sexual manly strides pushing his right shoulder deep up between his mother's thighs, exposing both his sexual skill and adolescent desire. I saw her sultry eyes close; I watched her smile to herself as his shoulder found her most treasured spot. She pulled him in close but he was indeed, too young for her and she knew it. I am sure from her response she had already had him anyway.

My value to her as a possible sex exploiter of young women caused her to gaze through me like I was a window. Her belief in her god-given female superiority blinded her to me as she wafted toward me radiating her perfumed intoxicants. To her I was a stone statue a bollard to be walked past and ignored. My palms rubbing on my thighs pulled my pants tight across my groin and nervously a

helpless protrusion involuntary saluted her as she walked by. I watched her tongue graze across her parted pouting lips as she passed by and I was anointed, recognized and forever in her debt.

Her kid looked back at me, over his sexual shoulder with a grimacing face, showing me the length of his extended tongue that he would use on her later.

I watched her walk by, her perfect posterior moving and grooving like a warm ocean behind the almost transparent white silk film it was wrapped in. I saw no panty lines, no false modesty, no trace of protection or inaccessibility. I saw only a woman from heaven fading from view I didn't waste a thing, I memorized her smoldering sexual image and took it home with me intact, ready to kindle in my masturbations "

Sophie's eyes are out on sticks amazed, she is as shocked and aroused as she is speechless. She bursts out laughing, giggling unable to assimilate what Robert has just told her. A little tipsy, she thanks Robert profusely for his "wonderful story and for the wonderful red underwear he had bought her earlier. "It's so tiny" she says, "I am surprised how comfortable it feels down there; I love it. I feel so sexy, so female" She moves closer to him, whispering in his ear that she going to model the underwear just for him later... and says she's going to fuck him all night long because he has been so kind to her.

Robert is thrown off balance; all that innocence Sophie talked about earlier and now she says she's going to fuck me all night?

Sophie excuses herself to the bathroom; she touches up her makeup, applies perfume, brushes her hair, takes a hit or two of pot and put her fingers inside her vagina just to check. It's wet; she licks her fingers clean and returns to her seat.

At the table, she finishes her martini with a gulp and slides under Robert's arm kissing his neck and fondling his penis awakening it from its slumbers massaging it into a stiff steel cannon.

"I have a place you can put that," she says, "where it's warm and soft and wet and you'll love it, I know you will"

Sophie kisses Robert in the romance of the moment like a giddy girl. Robert's left hand gently pushes the soft fabric of her satin dress into the crack between her buttocks while his right hand licks at her breasts like sex starved child.

Passion in a huge tidal wave of emotion rises up between them and pulls them both down under it's spell. They're trapped in its tentacles; it's pulling them down into the dark genius of their sexual love. Robert wants Sophie and she must have him. Sophie's perfume is in Robert's nostrils; his tongue is down her throat. His fingers are probes seeking entrance to Sophie's slice of pleasure.

Sophie drops to her knees in front of him, unzips his fly, pulls his huge stiff cock out of his pants like she were grabbing a saddle to mount a horse. Looking up smiling, she pushes his massive member way down her throat, pulling on his ass till her face is buried in Robert's fly. He loves it. She is gagging but it feels so good. He pushes her head down and keeps it there till Sophie is unable to breathe from the enormity of it; she is sucked into his ritual more and more with

each intoxicating thrusting moment. Robert's cock is so stiff, so hard so uncompromising like a battering ram across her palate jamming her windpipe. Sophie is mesmerized, swallowing Robert's cock so long and so deep till it's down her throat almost in her chest. Then it's out of her mouth, then down her throat, then out of her mouth with a long web of her white saliva dangling from his cock.

Robert throws Sophie on the bed; she lets out a big sigh. He tears off her dress clawing it off of her like a crazed wild animal tossing it aside like a spent love rag. Sophie lies there, so beautiful, so willing, so ready, massaging her own clitoris through the red silk underwear men buy women to get them erect. Robert out of his mind with excitement rips off his clothes with the speed of a madman. His passion consumes him and is ravishing Sophie, kissing her, feeling her, touching her, licking her streaming wet pussy. He tears off her bra; his hands and mouth ravish her breasts like a hungry child, twisting her nipples sucking on them for milk that never comes. His penis is like a hard nasty rock against Sophie's leg. She grabs it pulls on it, masturbates it. "Baby give me some please baby" she says smiling sweetly like a underage child, guiding Robert's fist to the licking lips of her dripping wet cunt.

Playing with it Sophie taunts, flaunts and angers Robert so he shoves it up her hard like a metal cock machine making Sophie squeal like a frightened little girl. Robert's got it in her, right deep inside her. Up inside her round the bend. In and out and all about probing, pushing, hurting, flirting, controlling, loving, barbaric "Your cock feels so fucking good baby" Sophie yells "Give it to me harder, please harder, deeper, give it to me harder. Is that all you got? Fuck me! Fuck me! Harder, harder!" Sophie is an addict who can't get enough. Robert loves this lovely fucking pussy, all the way up he goes, where it's all wet and sticky and squelching and noisy. He rams it in. In and out, slipping, sliding, a remorseless stiff cock "Deeper, get it deeper, harder, harder! Sophie screams between screams, pushing her legs wide apart like yoga, stretching, making her labia spread like a butterfly's wings, trying in desperation to get more pounding flesh inside her throbbing cunt. Robert gets it in all the way and a bit more till Sophie can't speak or breathe. She can take it. She must take it. They both love every fucking inch of it. The sexual fire rages, kissing and sucking and kissing and licking and fingering and fucking. Sophie wants more and more of this big, hard, throbbing cock, up inside her, "Come on Robert, give it to me...I want to feel of your balls banging on my ass."

Robert is out of control with lust and desire, fucking a slut of a lifetime. Now Sophie's telling him "Your cocks too big for me baby, push it deeper baby, deeper. I love your cock inside me, deeper, deeper". An orgasm hits Sophie. Wham! Damn, "Fuck me, fuck me". Robert is a cool bastard moving in and out of her heavily, remorselessly thrusting, creating her screams of passion on passion, sensation on sensation. Sophia wants Robert to come, wants his hot sperm high up inside her or dripping from the corners of her mouth. "Give me your come baby, please baby, Sophie is twisting on Robert's nipples, licking them biting

them, turning him on and on and on. Robert pushes himself up above Sophie on his muscular left arm, he stares into her lovely, lovely eyes, His right hand is under her ass fingering her and pulling her up on to him. Robert's cock finds the vagina spot inside to rub and rub, the place where he knows Sophie just can't get enough. At once, Robert bursts and splatters and lurches and comes in his chosen vagina. Releasing his personal thunderbolt, hurtling sperm in a wad into Sophie's deepest internal crevices...She smiles at him as he falls back exhausted and relaxes. "Thank you baby," she says, "I needed that so bad."

Robert falls back while Sophie kisses him and tongues his mouth. She stares at him "Do you like my pussy Baby?" ... "Like it? Robert replies, "I love it baby I fucking love it!" Robert pushes Sophie's legs apart and thrusts his loving happy face between her wide open legs and sucks on her wet clit like a wanton nipple, with such delight, it stands erect like a penis. Licking it ferociously, Sophie tells him he's a good boy, telling him to push his fingers up inside her. "Please" He finds her G spot and scrapes it sexy raw. " That's it baby, more baby, harder" Robert says "Lay back, legs wide open, take as much as you possibly can" Sophie is whimpering, spluttering orgasms and asking for more.

Robert can do anything he likes to her. He pushes most of his hand up inside her and pushes it and pushes it in her and in her. "It's too much" Sophia bitches and complains. Robert just does it even more and Sophia loves it and loves it more and more and moans and moans She almost wishes he would fist fuck her but he can't get all his hand up her vagina. Robert pulls out his hand and puts it in Sophia's mouth and she licks her cum from his fingertips. They kiss and kiss with need and desperation, unable to tear their lips off of each other.

Sophie reaches down between Robert's legs feeling his wilted cock. She slides down the bed pushing her mouth over his cock, getting it deep down her throat. Her face pushes into his pubic hair. Robert's cock stiffens and hardens hard as Sophie fingers the hole of his ass pushing in and out of him like a naughty child looking for trouble. Robert's cock is stiff and nasty. Sophie tongues his cock tip, sucking him wild.

Robert pushes Sophie off him, climbs on top of her and slam fucks her like he is driving a nail into a piece of wood. He rams his finger in and out of her ass, stretching it bigger and bigger and she loves that too. She yelps, saying helplessly "Easy baby, easy"

"No way" says Robert He fucks her like an animal and she's fucking loving it. Sophie really loves it. He glares at her like a rapist killer and she's frightened and scared and worried. Robert's cock is near her ass; it's rubbing over it trying to get in side her. "No! Damn it no!" Sophie screams. Robert insists. He flips Sophie over on her belly, pulling her ass up to his throbbing cock. Sophie's head is in the mattress, pushed down hard by the rampant power of his demanding desire to fuck her in the ass. His hard cock hurts her bad as it thrusts into her like a steel pipe. He doesn't give a fuck. Sophie screams "No! No!" Robert slams her and

slams her till she's crying, "No more, No more please". Robert doesn't give a fuck about her right now he's getting off. He's giving it to her really fucking hard, it's what she deserves, what she needs up her fucking asshole. He crushes her. She hates him. "It hurts, get off me," she begs. Sophie's freaking out. Robert snaps out of it and slows and stops

"Fuck my asshole" Sophie screams reaching back to her buttocks pulling them apart to give him greater access. Robert animalized by her words keep slams her harder and harder with every bit of physical power he can muster. Sophie pushes her ass on to him harder and harder. He pulls her hair, riding her like a horse till it hurts! "You're hurting me!" Robert won't stop. She loves him for that. She's slamming her ass onto him, onto his cock as far and as hard and as deep as you can get it up her screaming, moaning, hating, loving, slamming her ass onto his hard cock, as he slams it into her.

"Come in my asshole baby," she begs "Cum in my ass. Cum in my asshole baby. I love you, I love you" Five more violent thrusts of pounding fury and Robert cums in her asshole with all the relish of an amazing screaming madman. "Oh my God, what the fuck? Jesus Christ! I love your asshole baby I love it. I love it. I love you baby. I love you!" Sophie loved it. She needed it. She had to have it. Robert is so happy. Sophie holds him and tells him he was great. He was so great. Sophie loves him and kisses him and kisses him and consumes him with never ending passion. Her tongue is down his throat. Her hand is on his soft cock, rubbing it, getting it ready stiffening it.

Robert's warm sperm trickles out of her.

Smiling to herself Sophie knows what she's done.

She has seen it before in her men; from now on Robert is hers to do with what she wants. Mandy was right.

Robert's cock is as hard as a rock. He is trembling. How sweet.

Sophie is once again in control, back on track.

The next day Sophie is not scared anymore. Robert is her man. She is in love with him. She feels strong, her head is held high. She accepts admiring glances from men half her age. She even collected a couple of phone numbers. Not that she would call them but she knows how fickle love can be.....

To be continued.

