

# SEA GIRL

By

Oz Carter

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## Chapter 1

The first thing Carly saw when she opened her eyes was Celso's stubbly young face, sleeping serenely a few inches from her own. They'd exhausted themselves the night before and had fallen asleep with their bodies intertwined.

She wanted to pick up where they'd left off, but the clock on the nightstand said 8:30 A.M. The jet was due at Republic Airport out on Long Island at 11:00 to take her down to Palm Beach, where she and her husband, Preston, would celebrate her fortieth birthday. He was staying at the winter house. They didn't normally open the Florida house until November, but Preston had started some kind of business negotiations in Miami that would take weeks or maybe months, and opening the house temporarily in the summer with a couple of servants made more sense than staying at a hotel.

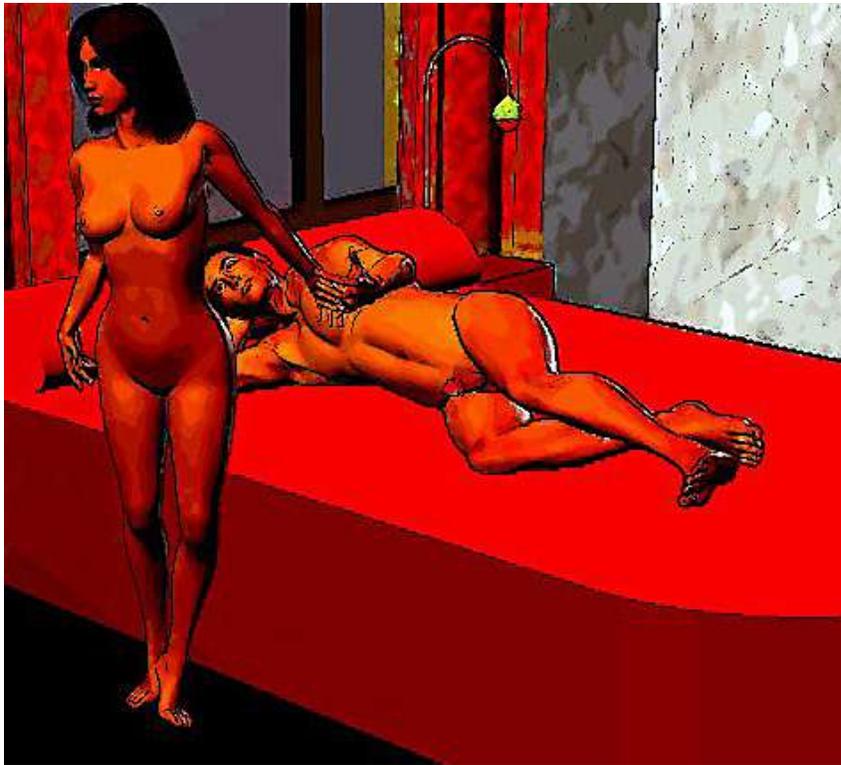
Carly tried to separate from Celso without waking him, but he stirred.

"Happy birthday," he said drowsily in Brazilian-Portuguese accented English. He smiled, and his slumbering dick awakened and stiffened.

Despite the enticement, Carly told him, "I have to leave."

"Leave?"

She got off the bed. "My husband's waiting."



Celso took her hand, but she gently broke away and headed for the bathroom.

"I will make breakfast for you," he called after her.

After relieving herself, Carly assessed herself in the full-length mirror on the bathroom wall, as she'd done every day since turning thirty-nine. Her shoulder-length dark hair shined. Her B-cup tits were firm. Her tummy was tight. Her thighs were sleek. The personal trainer, the strict

diets, the laser hair removal, and the spa treatments were all doing what they were supposed to do. Standing five-seven in her bare feet, she looked as good at forty as she had at thirty—even better.



She wondered if Preston had tried to call her at home last night. It didn't really matter if he had. She'd told him she'd be staying with her friend Jill, who'd just gone through a messy divorce. She'd purposely left her cell phone at home. If he asked, she'd say she forgot it.

Carly showered and blow-dried her hair, and then went into the kitchen naked. She didn't wear clothes when she was with one of her men, and she didn't allow them to wear clothes either. She liked the natural sensuality of nakedness—a feeling her husband didn't share. Preston wouldn't even sleep without pajamas, let alone strut around buck naked. It wasn't befitting a man of his station, he said.

Celso was at the stove making an egg-white omelet. Carly sat at the breakfast table and sipped the orange juice he'd poured for her. She admired the interplay of muscles in his toned back.

"You should put on an apron when you cook," she remarked. "We don't want you burning anything important."

Carly could also cook. She'd learned during her college days, when she shared an apartment with her friends. She never cooked at home, but the skill came in handy when she was with a man who didn't know his way around a kitchen. Celso, though, was very good at preparing food. That's how he and Carly had hooked up. He was working for the company that catered her daughter Lauren's eighteenth birthday party at the house in East Hampton a few months ago.

He was obviously on the make that day, but despite a bevy of young hotties in bikinis around the swimming pool, he zeroed in on Carly. He knew that she knew he was following her as she made her rounds at the party, and he cornered her in the den and kissed her. Carly slapped him, and then took him to one of the empty guest rooms and made him eat her pussy.

Celso wanted to become a chef, and Carly was considering setting him up in a restaurant when the novelty wore off their relationship.

He placed the omelet on the table in front of Carly and stood beside her, gently massaging her back as she ate. His impressive dick—not very long, but thick—had become soft, so she caressed the underside of his balls to stiffen it. Carly liked tinkering with men’s balls. She was fascinated by the fact that a man could be taken to ecstasy or to agony simply by the way his balls were handled. That was another reason she wanted her men naked. She could easily give their balls a caress, or a tug, or a squeeze, depending on how they had behaved.



“When are you coming back?” Celso asked.

“In about a week,” Carly replied. “If you fuck anybody while I’m gone, don’t do it here. And use a condom. I don’t want you giving me any nasty surprises.”

Pretending to be offended, he grasped his dick and declared, “This is only for you!”

“Go take a shower,” Carly said, “and I’ll suck it before I leave.”

She wouldn’t fuck him because she didn’t want his fresh semen inside her when she met her husband. She never made love with her husband on the same day she’d had sex with one of her men. Not that Preston would’ve known; it just didn’t seem ethical. On the other hand, she didn’t want to leave Celso unsatisfied. He kissed her on the forehead—she never allowed any man other than her husband to kiss her on the mouth—and trotted off to the shower.

Celso was only the latest of the young men with whom Carly carried on affairs. Keeping extra men was easy for a woman with unlimited resources. She’d choose some buff, young,

working-class guy with limited prospects, make sure he was clean and honest, and set him up as a “tenant” in a Manhattan apartment she’d buy as a real estate “investment.” She’d open a bank account for him and keep it replenished—with small change to her, but a small fortune to him. Because her face wasn’t publicly known, she could come and go without attracting attention. The contraceptive implant in her arm made sure there were no unexpected developments. In return for the man’s discretion, he could continue to use the apartment and the bank account even after Carly had moved on to someone new, with the understanding that she’d be back for encores.

In the bathroom after she’d finished eating, Carly brushed her teeth and spritzed on perfume. Celso was still in the shower. He liked long showers, but Carly was in a hurry now, so she opened the stall door, grabbed his dick, and pulled him partly out of the water stream so she could give him a blowjob without getting her hair wet. She knelt on the shower step and fondled Celso’s balls to get him up quickly, and then she applied her lips and tongue.



After gulping down his juice and licking the head of his dick clean, she gave him a pat on the rump and went into the bedroom to get dressed. She put on panties, a little print dress, and strappy sandals. She preferred to travel light, so the only thing she carried was a bank card for emergencies. Lacking pockets or a purse, she slipped the card into her panties.

The car that would take her to the airport was waiting when she got downstairs. The driver was Curtis, a clean-cut, broad-shouldered young man from Harlem.

“How you doin’ today?” Curtis asked as Carly got into the back seat after opening the door for herself. Making Curtis get out of the big car, walk around it, and open the door for her was ridiculous.

“Can’t complain,” Carly replied.

“Music?”

“You know it.”

Curtis turned on the car's satellite radio and tuned in a channel of 1980s rock—Carly's favorite music. Curtis was Carly's favorite driver. She had a standing order for him at the car service if he were available. The long drive to the airport would be enjoyable with him at the wheel. She had intended to recruit him into her stable, but during his interview, which he thought was just casual conversation, he mentioned that he was recently married, with a child on the way. Carly's number-one rule when recruiting lovers was to never break up families.

"Welcome aboard, Mrs. Hodge," the pretty, blond cabin attendant in a miniskirt uniform greeted Carly with a smile, as she stepped through the boarding hatch of her husband's private jet.

"Good morning," Carly replied. "I hope I'm not late."

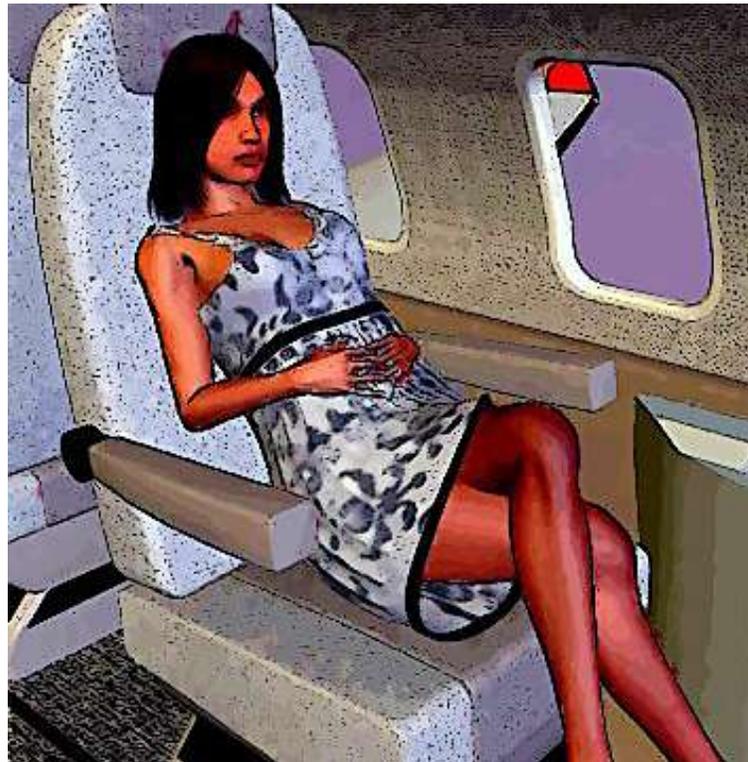
"You're just in time."

Carly took a seat in the middle of the cabin, and the cabin attendant strapped her in for takeoff.

"Would you like anything?" the attendant asked.

"No, I'm good."

The attendant went to the front of the cabin and strapped herself into a seat. The crew of the jet, a pilot and a copilot along with the cabin attendant, were accustomed to ferrying Carly to far-flung destinations for rendezvous with her business-tycoon husband. They knew she didn't want to be bothered during the flight, so they left her alone.



Once airborne, Carly unbuckled her seatbelt and relaxed. She always used the flying time to switch back to wife mode. By the time she'd reached her destination, her husband would be the only man on her mind, and she wouldn't feel like an adulteress.

Carly could see Preston through the window of the jet as it taxied on the ramp of the Palm Beach County Airpark. He was leaning against a black stretch limousine. She waved to him. He smiled and waved back.

Disembarking from the jet and sauntering to Preston, she gave him a peck on the lips and said, “Hi.”



Preston was casually dressed in jeans and a sleeveless pullover. He dressed down when he planned to take some time off from work, something he usually only did during the last two weeks of December. He’d mentioned that he had a big surprise planned for her fortieth birthday, and Carly assumed he’d do something like renting a nightclub and hiring her favorite singer to perform for just the two of them—like he’d done for her thirtieth birthday. If he was taking time off from work, he had something really special planned.

“You look sexy,” Preston remarked about Carly’s revealing little dress.

He seemed more relaxed than she’d seen him in a long time. Working in Florida had given him some coloring, which looked good on his lined patrician face. Carly’s husband was fifty-three but aging gracefully. His six-foot frame was still trim, and his light-brown hair held only traces of gray.

“How was your flight?” Preston asked as he opened the car door.

“No problems.”

He got in after her, closing the door and sitting next to her on the side-facing seat.

“How’s Jill?”

Carly sighed. “You know Jill.”

“Yeah.”

They made pointless small talk as the car took them up Highway 9, as they usually did when they were together. They’d always had a civilized marriage, without drama, without turmoil—according to Carly’s mother, the kind of marriage a rich woman should have. But there were

times Carly would've liked a little drama. She knew Preston believed that one should always be in control of one's emotions, but Carly thought a little drama would've shown that her husband had passion.

Carly's mother, a Greek immigrant who'd been orphaned during World War II, and a servant since she was a little girl, had raised Carly to understand how special rich people were. Because she was a maid, who Carly's father married after his first wife died without giving him children, she was never truly a member of that rarified upper caste. But she made sure Carly was, by way of the right schools, the right social circles—and the right husband.

The family fortune came from Carly's grandfather, who smuggled liquor across the Canadian border during Prohibition and used the proceeds to buy hundreds of thousands of shares of stock for pennies on the dollar in the days after the stock market crash of 1929. When the stocks regained their true value, the family's occupation became simply being rich.

Preston's money was even older. His family fortune came from providing shoes to Union soldiers during the Civil War. Preston had used his inheritance to start his own private equity fund.

Carly had met Preston at a charity event for one disadvantaged group or another. He proposed a month after they started dating. She was twenty-one at the time, and he was thirteen years older. The wedding, a week after she graduated from college, was a fairytale affair held at her parents' estate in Providence, Rhode Island. The guest list included many of the country's business and social elite.

Carly's wedding night was the first time she'd seen a hard dick up close and personal. She'd often fantasized about the night she'd be deflowered, but the life-changing starburst of carnal delight she'd been waiting for didn't happen. Eventually, she began to have modest orgasms with Preston. But the first time the Earth moved was the first time she cheated, with the racquetball pro in the women's shower room at the club—when she was doing it purely for herself rather than as a wifely chore. After that, the body-quaking, back-arching, breathtaking orgasms came easily, as if a wall that had imprisoned her libido had been knocked down. Preston noticed the difference and thought it was because she'd reached the age at which women most commonly start experiencing orgasms.

Carly let him believe that.

The limousine parked near the dock of the Riviera Beach Marina. Carly glanced around, puzzled.

"Why are we here?" she asked.

Preston pointed out a pristine white sailboat with glistening aluminum fittings tied to a finger pier.

"See that beauty over there?" he said. "It's for you."

"You got me a boat?"

"Not exactly. We're sailing to the Bahamas. Just you and me. No PDAs. No computers."

"We're not going to the house? I don't have a change of clothes."

"You won't need a change of clothes."

She looked at him with disbelief. "I don't know what brought this on, but I approve!"

As they walked toward the pier, Preston described the features of the forty-foot sloop he'd bought. Carly listened with a smile, but didn't understand much of what he was saying. Preston loved boating. He'd been an avid sailor before they married. Now, on the rare occasion when he had a weekend off, he'd take a boat out in Sag Harbor Bay. Carly had gone out with him a couple

of times, but she really didn't enjoy being out on the water that much. However, she'd make an effort to enjoy her birthday present.

With Preston at the helm, they motored away from the dock, pulling a dinghy that was tied to the transom railing. They rounded Peanut Island and passed through the Lake Worth Inlet into open water. Preston didn't raise the sails, but continued into the dark-blue expanse of the Gulf Stream on engine power. Carly, sitting on the lazarette on the starboard side of the cockpit, kicked off her sandals, brought her legs up, and let the warm ocean breeze sweep over her body.



Sunset over the Gulf Stream set the horizon ablaze with breathtaking hues of red and orange. The boat left the Gulf Stream and entered the clear, sparkling water of the Little Bahama Bank. The sandy bottom seemed close enough to touch, the white sand occasionally broken by a lonely rock, a wistfully waving clump of sea grass, or a colorful coral reef.

When darkness settled, Carly experienced for the first time a night sky unobscured by civilization. The stars were more brilliant and more numerous than she'd ever imagined. The moon was so bright its light made the water shimmer. This trip was by far the best birthday present Preston had ever given her.

Preston shut off the boat's engine and announced, "We're here."

"We're where?" Carly asked.

"The best place on Earth for two people who want to be alone."

Preston dropped the anchor by activating the electric winch on the bow of the boat with a remote control at the helm. The boat drifted until it was steadied by the anchor line.

"Wait here," he said, and disappeared below deck. Moments later, the boat's deck lights came on, illuminating the cockpit where Carly was sitting. Preston came up from below carrying a

basket of bread, cheese, and wine—the same thing they’d ordered from the hotel room service on their wedding night.

“How long have you been planning this?” Carly asked, astonished.

“A year,” Preston replied. He put the basket on the sole of the cockpit and sat next to Carly to open the wine with a corkscrew. He poured a glass for each of them and offered a toast. “Here’s to turning forty.”

They clinked glasses, and Carly giggled.

They took turns feeding each other as they drank wine. The gentle splash of the waves against the hull of the boat, the only sound other than their voices, enhanced the romantic mood.

“This is wonderful,” Carly said.

“Just trying to please you,” Preston replied.

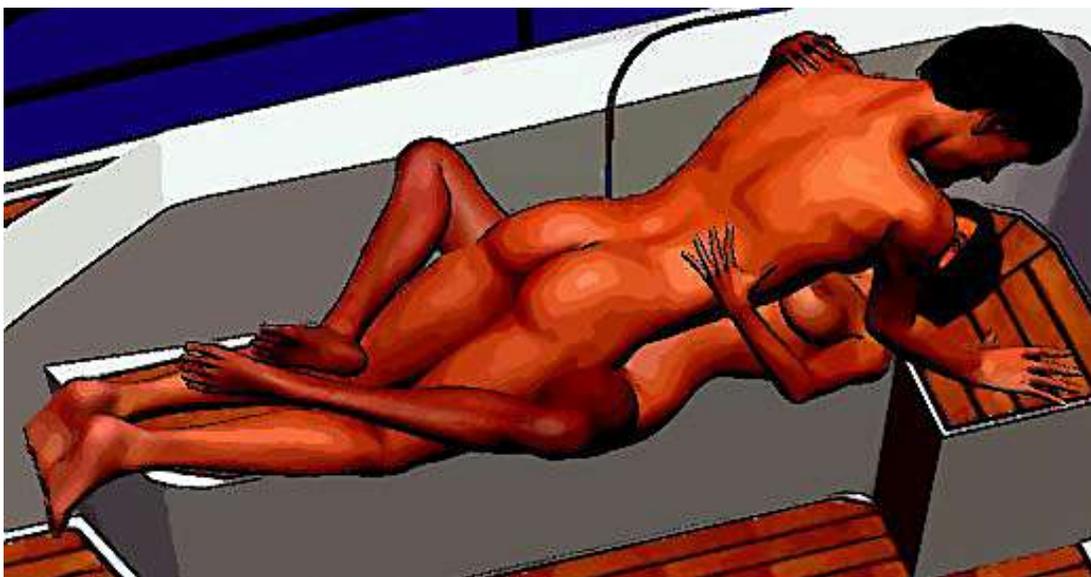
“You’ve succeeded.”

Smiling softly, she put aside her glass. She stood up and unzipped the back of her dress. She peeled the dress down and off her body, and then slipped off her panties. Leisurely, she pulled Preston’s shirt off his still-muscular torso. She pulled off his sandals, and he then stood so she could open his jeans and draw them down his legs, along with his boxer shorts.

To Carly’s surprise, Preston’s dick got hard right away. That hadn’t happened in a while. During the past couple of years, she’d been the one who always initiated sex, and Preston needed hand, lip, and tongue action to get it up. They’d never discussed it, but she assumed his loss of vitality was a result of his age. Anyway, she’d liked being the dominant partner; it was the only aspect of their marriage in which she had power over him.

Preston’s dick curved like a saber when it was hard, and it was eight and a half inches long. Carly liked the way its head rubbed against the walls of her vagina. Before the racquetball pro, she’d thought all hard dicks looked alike and felt the same. But no. They were as distinct as the men attached to them, and each made a different kind of magic.

Carly lay on her back on the lazarette with her knees up and her thighs apart. Preston stood over her, buck naked with a hard dick. He’d never done that before; they’d always been in bed and under the covers when they had sex. Preston got between her thighs and pushed his dick into her wet pussy all the way to his balls.



Again Preston surprised her. He didn't support himself with his arms like he'd done for the past nineteen years. Instead, he lay on her and clamped his arms around her. Casting aside his inhibitions and long-held sense of propriety, he fucked her with absolute abandon, taking her to a state of orgasmic bliss. As Preston ejaculated, he emitted loud, guttural grunts—the first time he'd vocalized during sex.

They sat resting on the lazarette. Carly leaned against Preston, stroking his pubic hair. She asked coyly, "Did you take something?"

"No," he replied. "It was just me."

"Twice!"

"I just wanted to show you I could be as good as the others."

"Others?"

Preston glowered menacingly at her. Carly instinctively moved away from him.

"A marriage should end as gloriously as it began," he said.

"I don't—"

Preston gave her a backhand blow that knocked her off the lazarette.



She looked up at him in shocked disbelief. As she was getting up, he pushed her back down with his foot. Standing over her, he snarled, "How many were there?"

"What?"

"Men."

"I don't know what you—"

"Save it! I know about the gigolo you've been fucking on the Upper East Side, and I know he wasn't the first."

The realization that Preston knew about her infidelity left Carly flabbergasted.

“How many?” Preston screamed.

“S-six.”

“Six?” Preston echoed. “Was I so inadequate?”

“No,” Carly replied desperately. “I was inadequate. There was nothing in my life that wasn’t inherited from my family or didn’t come from my relationship with you. I needed something that would make me feel—empowered.”

“So you became a whore!”

He stomped on her stomach. She cried out and doubled up in pain.

“You want to know how I found out?” Preston asked. “A card from your family planning clinic, mixed in with my mail. It was a reminder for you to change your contraceptive implant. And we both know my sperm are immotile, so you don’t need it for me.”

“How—how long have you known?”

“Two years. I could barely bring myself to touch you. But I forced myself, while I waited for this moment.”

Preston opened the lazarette on which they’d had sex and took out lengths of rope from the storage compartment.

“What are you going to do?” Carly asked, frightened.

Preston forced Carly to lie face down on the cockpit sole and kept her down with a knee on her back as he tightly bound her wrists and ankles. He pulled off her gold wedding band and his own. He looked at the rings for a few seconds, and then hurled them into the sea with disgust.

“Preston,” Carly said, trying to stay calm, “what are you going to do?”

Preston grabbed her hair and, ignoring her cries of pain, dragged her to the top of the cabin house and slammed her against the boat’s mast. He lashed her to the mast with another length of rope.

“Preston, please!” Carly begged tearfully.

Preston went back to the cockpit and put on his clothes. He noticed the bank card that had been hidden in Carly’s panties. He picked it up. Carly could see from the expression on his face that a wicked idea had formed in his mind. He brought the card to Carly, and said to her, “You probably won’t need this where you’re going, but you never know.” He jammed the card into her pussy, and she winced.

In the cockpit, Preston lifted a can of gasoline from the compartment beneath the starboard lazarette. He splashed gasoline around the cabin house hatch and on the companionway steps that led down into the cabin. He took a propane torch from the storage compartment, and then went to the stern of the boat and opened the fuel-tank compartment. He lit the torch.

Trying not to panic, Carly said, “Preston, you don’t have to kill me. You can divorce me. I won’t ask for anything. You’ll never see me or hear from me again.”

Preston adjusted the torch flame to minimum intensity, and then put the flame in direct contact with the fuel tank. He pulled on the tow line of the dinghy to bring it closer.

“How will you explain coming back without me?” Carly asked him, still trying to get him to see reason.

“Easy,” Preston answered. “I’ll say you ran off with one of your lovers.”

“Preston, you can’t do this! You can’t burn me alive!”

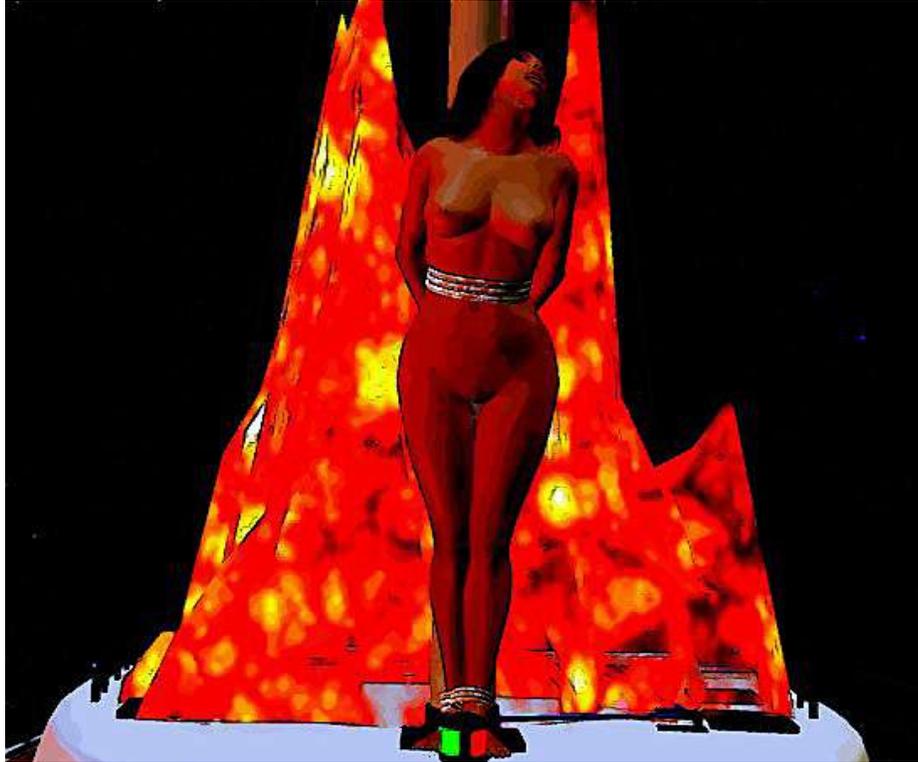
“Don’t worry. I’ve put enough bottled propane below to blow you to bits long before you burn.”

“You bastard!”

“Sticks and stones.”

Preston climbed down into the dinghy and cast off the tow line. He started the dinghy's motor and pattered away from the boat. Carly cursed at Preston until he was beyond the illumination of the deck lights and she could no longer see him.

Smoke rose from the scorched exterior of the fuel tank. Carly could not control her quaking—or her bladder. She closed her eyes and waited. The fuel tank erupted into flames that raced forward along the lazarettes, and into the cabin house.



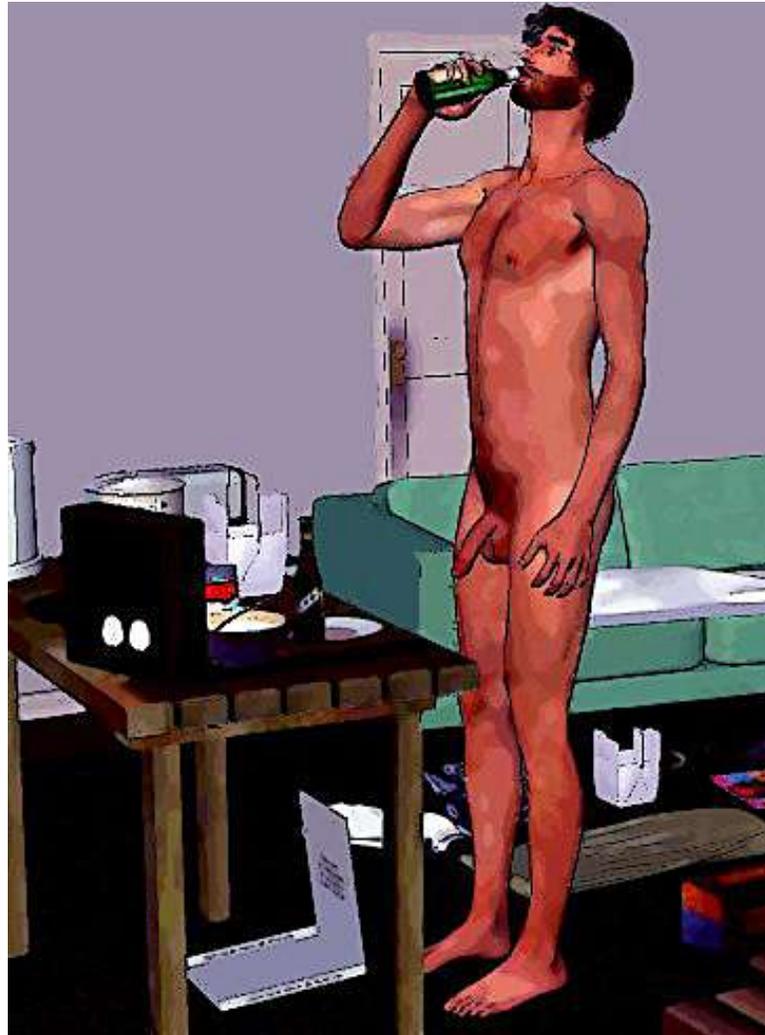
“Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!” Carly muttered. She could feel the heat against her feet as the interior of the boat burned.

*I'm actually going to die!* She would never see Lauren again, or her friends, or her lovers...

First came the thunderous noise, and then, for a split second, Carly felt the searing heat. Before she lost consciousness, she felt herself hurtling through the air.

## Chapter 2

Jack Robedoux pried the cap off a bottle of Mexican beer, plunged a slice of lime down the bottleneck, and took a long swig. That was breakfast...actually brunch, since it was nearly noon.



The sound of the ocean waves breaking against the rocky shore outside the one-room shack reminded Jack that he hadn't been to sea in three months—not since he found that woman. She was a rich, New York socialite and the wife of some big-shot financier, who was missing. The U.S. Attorney for South Florida had ordered him to remain in the area while the Coast Guard investigated the incident because he was a witness. He'd seen an explosion on the Little Bahama Bank, a couple of miles from where he was anchored, that turned out to be a sailboat blowing up.

He didn't have a domicile of his own, and the Feds wouldn't spring for one. The most they'd do was let him squat in an abandoned shack on government land on the northern end of Jupiter Island. At least they'd given him a generator for electricity, and he had pumped-in water.

It seemed that every news reporter and talk-show host in the country wanted to interview him about the woman. They wanted all the sordid details: Was she really naked? How did she get that way? Did he call the Coast Guard immediately, or did he wait a while? He'd told them and the

Coast Guard investigators that he believed Mrs. Hodge and her husband had been thrown overboard by the explosion, probably caused by a galley fire that ignited the cooking propane and set off their fuel tank. Mr. Hodge, who was likely badly injured, tied his unconscious wife to the floating mast to keep her from drowning, but he wasn't able to save himself.

But what Jack told the investigators and the media wasn't what he really thought. Someone tried to kill that woman. Her wrists were bound to keep her from untying herself. The bank card that was used to identify her, the one he said he found wedged in the ropes that bound her to the mast, had actually been stuffed into her pussy—obviously an act of torture.

Wading through the magazines, newspapers, pizza boxes, and take-out food containers that littered the floor, Jack went outside naked and sat on the porch steps. His fifty-foot sloop, *Sea Girl*, floated enticingly in the surf a hundred yards off shore. He was tempted to take his dinghy out to the boat, pull up the anchors, and sail away.

*Nah! I don't need any more trouble with the law.*

Jack hadn't told the complete truth because he didn't want to get involved in the investigation of an attempted murder—and murder if the husband were dead—especially of such prominent people. Maybe the husband had been killed because of corrupt business activities. The investigation would probably take years.

Jack finished the beer, tossed the bottle onto the pile that had accumulated beside the steps, and went back inside for another. He wondered if there was any more news about that woman and turned on the portable satellite TV on the rough wooden table to find out. He tuned in CNN and didn't have to wait long to learn that the woman still couldn't remember who she was or what had happened to her.

*Shit! That means the Coast Guard's gonna keep investigating, and I'm still fucked.*

The Hodges' daughter, Lauren, a younger version of Mrs. Hodge, but taller, with longer hair and bigger tits, was holding a news conference. The girl said her mother would be leaving the private rehabilitation center where she'd been transferred after her initial hospital treatment, to recuperate at their house in Palm Beach. She expressed her gratitude to the rehabilitation center staff who had taken such good care of her mother. She thanked all the well-wishers for the cards, letters, and flowers they'd sent. And she thanked "that fisherman" who'd found her mother in the water.

*You're welcome, Honey.*

Jack was about to fetch another beer from the fridge when he heard the sound of a car pulling up outside.

*More fucking reporters.* He was annoyed that he'd have to make himself presentable, but when he looked out of the window and saw that the well-groomed man in a tailored suit, carrying a metallic briefcase, wasn't a reporter, he picked up the old camouflage-colored shorts from the floor and slipped them on.

Jack opened the door and met the dark-featured, shaved-head, thirtyish man on the porch.

"Why are you here, Agent Garza?" he challenged.

"It's nice to see you, too, Jack," the DEA agent replied.

"Again. Why are you here?"

"I wanted to be the first to tell you, the Coast Guard has finished its investigation and they agree with what you've been saying about an explosion."

"So I'm free to leave this Taj Mahal?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"What does that mean?"

“You and I have a job to finish.”

Agent Garza opened the briefcase and showed Jack the bundles of hundred-dollar bills inside.

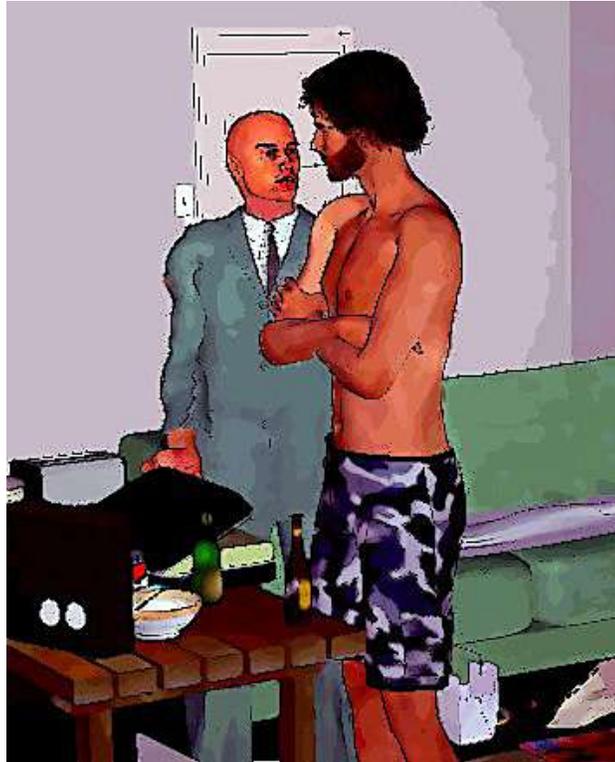
“Wait a minute. I did my part.”

“You didn’t deliver.”

“You agreed that dumping the coke and calling the Coast Guard for that woman was the right thing to do.”

“My superiors agreed. And they’ve agreed that we should run the operation again.”

“Another hundred grand?”



“It’s confiscated drug money. There’s plenty more where that came from.”

Agent Garza was an ambitious junior G-man who’d been assigned to investigate drug trafficking in the small towns along the south Florida coast. He’d convinced his superiors to let him use seized criminal assets and a seized criminal—Jack—to run an operation to trap an elusive cocaine wholesaler in the area.

“There’s a problem, though.”

“I don’t like it already.”

“Your supplier was killed last week.”

“Webster’s dead? How?”

“He was on the losing end of a dispute over a woman. You’ll have to find a new supplier.”

“I don’t know any of those people! Webster only did business with me ‘cause I’d been buying ganja from one of his dealers.”

“I have faith in you.”

“I want some backup this time. Guys with guns, so I’m not out there like a chicken ready to be plucked.”

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