

A woman in a black backless dress is seen from behind, with a man in a tuxedo and bow tie standing next to her, his hand on her waist. They are in a grand, ornate hall with a red staircase in the background.

An Audience With
CARSTAIRS
by Ron Dudderie



THE SEQUEL TO BEST SISTER EVER

An Audience With Carstairs

An Audience With Carstairs
by
Ron Dudderie

ADVISORY: This is the sequel to 'Best Sister Ever'. It is not a stand-alone story.

This is a preview, based on version 1.3
IT IS NOT THE FULL BOOK!

This is the middle part of a trilogy. The conclusion, which is over 470 pages, is 'And The Winner Is', is out now.

Book 1: Best Sister Ever (BSE)

Book 2: An Audience With Carstairs (AAWC)

Book 3: And The Winner Is (ATWI)

For more information: <http://bestsisterever.co.uk>

To be informed of updates and new books, please subscribe to my mailing list:
<http://www.tinyletter.com/ronsdirttybooks> (low volume)

Questions? Comments? Problems?
Find me via ron@thereluctantguide.com

Please allow up to 3 days for a reply.

Table of contents (for PDF only)

What came before	4
Chapter 1 - Three's a crowd	6
Chapter 2 - Beachy Head	27
Chapter 3 - Alle gute Dinge sind drei	41
Chapter 4 - Suits you, Sir	68
Chapter 5 - Back on the boards	73
Chapter 6 - Last curtain call	78
Chapter 7 - Farming today	83
Chapter 8 - A day at the museum	87
Chapter 9 - You don't live here anymore	121
Chapter 10 - Tubby on the telly	127
Chapter 11 - By your command	155
Chapter 12 - Finale.....	157

Acknowledgements: Thanks to Jay for being my proofreader and to Steve B. for finding a few doozies both Jay and I missed. Likewise Dave Cooper, who pointed out several continuity mistakes. Andy Ciddor checked some theatrical references for me. Cheers, guys!

Thanks also to my wife, who by now has figured out I'm publishing smutty books, and is fine with it. Don't ever think you can hide stuff from your wife, guys...

What came before

You really should read 'Best Sister Ever' first, you know. But in case it's been a while, here is a brief summary.

SPOILER ALERT

Martin, 40 years old, owns an IT company. When overseas clients from Mexico and the Philippines fail to pay his invoices, he goes bankrupt. Everyone is fired, including his trusted secretary Annabelle. His marriage to Monique ends too, as she is no longer interested when he can't offer her the life to which she is accustomed. After having paid all his bills, he is left with just 3000 euros in the bank, a massive debt and no job.

His sister Kate, 24, shows up to his rented house and takes him with her to London, where she owns a tiny house in Southwark. Kate works for Keller and Fox, a talent agency. Her work frequently takes her abroad. They share a bed, for lack of space. Since they enjoy each other's company, Kate signs them up for dancing lessons.

Kate gets Martin a gig in a TV-commercial, starring as a butler to an old lady. That old lady is played by Diana, 51, who in reality looks a lot better than in the ad. Martin also meets Melody, 26, who works in TV as a make-up artist and production assistant. When Martin gets upset after a kissing scene, Melody offers to kiss him for real. He declines, not wanting to appear any weaker than he already is. Never having had much luck with women has left him scared and scarred. He does not see or understand that Kate is hoping for more than brotherly love, but accepts her affection, which helps him heal. She doesn't speak up, fearing that he won't come to her on his own free will if he does not first get a chance to make up for lost experiences with other women.

Diana calls to offer him a job in her theatre company, which performs a comedic farce in a theatre outside London several nights a week. He starts out operating the lights, but when a lead actor trips and falls, he takes over the role of The Inspector. Diana invites him to her house and initiates a sexual relationship, which Martin welcomes; for the first time ever, he feels loved and desired. Sadly, Diana doesn't always have time for him, due to her busy career.

When the commercial airs, he is invited to reprise the role in a brief appearance on the Graham McAfee show. Initially he declines, thinking that his forays into show business will make it impossible to return to the world of real business, where he feels he belongs. But the money is good and he does have a debt to pay. And Martin always pays his debts. It's what ruined his life.

Backstage at the show he befriends Kelly, a young girl with a disease that carries a social stigma. He teaches her to dance. As they tour the studio, Martin saves the life of a production assistant who has a severe peanut allergy. When an actor fails to appear, he is invited to be a guest on the show. He prefers to do this in character, as the enigmatic butler Carstairs. On air, prompted by Martin, Kelly tells of her disease and turns to her new friend for support when a fellow guest is rude. Then they dance, for which Martin is not prepared. The emotional performance charms and moves the nation and makes Carstairs a household name overnight.

After Melody assists Martin and Kate in an elaborate ruse to get rid of the unwanted

An Audience With Carstairs

media attention, she shows an interest in him. They begin a sexual relationship, even though Martin makes it quite clear he wants to end up with Diana. Melody even helps him to find a place of his own, as Martin is concerned he is being a burden to his sister.

When Martin discovers Diana is married and has no intention of entering into a serious relationship, he is shocked and resigns from the show. Pretty soon after, his world comes tumbling down: due to a misunderstanding Melody comes to hate him, he is evicted by his landlord, what little money he has made is seized by the Dutch government and then he has a terrible argument with Kate, which ends in her kicking him out. Wandering the streets, homeless and penniless, he steps into a bar.

The next morning he wakes up in a police cell. Once released, he decides he will leave the country by signing up for a tough job drilling for shale oil in the United States. His final appearance in the papers is a summary of a drunk speech he gave the night before, taking out his anger on everyone he feels has wronged him.

In the nick of time, before he can disappear to America, Kate finds him in the London Underground and, fearing he might run away again, confesses her love. Even though she is his sister, she wants all of him. Martin has never loved any woman more than Kate and sees his sister in a new light. Loving her fully comes easy to him. After all, she has always been the love of his life. They
kiss.

Chapter 1 - Three's a crowd

We emerged from Waterloo station hand in hand, entering a new world. For us, at least.

We had thanked Harry for his intervention. He was the one that had tipped off Kate and told her I might very well never come back. She had asked him to stall me and got into a cab, desperate to get there in time. Harry had tried to find me on the monitors in his booth, but he was also expected to work and Waterloo is one of the busiest stations, with tens of thousands of people passing through every hour. Once inside the station, Kate had figured out which button was the platform address system and locked Harry out of his booth so she could plead with me to stay. He then had no choice but to call the British Transport Police, who eventually found a master key and took her out, though not without a fight. They had no clear idea what was happening, but once I used the intercom to answer Kate, they could tell which platform I was on. A guy in a hat and dark glasses using a restricted phone was more than enough reason to come and get me.

We could have stayed underground and taken the Jubilee line to Elephant and Castle, but this was not a conversation for a busy underground carriage and not one that could wait a second longer. Besides, I felt like being outside, like walking around. I wanted to show the world I had found the woman I loved.

There's a park near Waterloo station, although that is a grand description for Jubilee Gardens. Let's say there's some grass, some trees, a bloody great ferris wheel and, most importantly, benches to sit on. Which we did.

"You do understand that when I say I want to be with you, this involves sex, right?" said Kate. I had to laugh. I would probably have laughed at her reciting the pledge of allegiance, I was just so happy.

"Really?" I said, pretending to be shocked. She didn't laugh. In fact, I think it was the first time ever she didn't 'get' a joke.

"Fuck yes. Full on sex. Every day. And you better bring a sick note to get out of it. Full on sucking and fucking. And anal. I know you're not into that but I am and you're going to have to learn. And..."

"Kate! People are listening!"

She didn't even slow down, though.

"And everything else too. Kissing, hand holding, everything. Not like brother and sister. Okay? Are we clear on that? I absolutely don't want to spend another few sodding years having to coax you out of your shell. I want you to fuck me like a rag doll every damned day until one of us dies. Do you understand? Say yes. Say 'Yes Kate, I understand.' SAY IT!"

"Yes Kate, I understand. I promise you'll be sticky the rest of your life."

"Good." She slung her arms around my neck, pushed my head towards her and gave me a massively long kiss which is most unsuitable for a public park on a promenade near a major tourist attraction. I had to break it off, people were starting to stare.

"Katey, I've been arrested twice in the past twelve hours, I promise you we'll make up for lost time."

"Good. Sorry. I got carried away. Who arrested you?"

I told her a bit about my evening, though not in the order in which it all happened. I started with waking up in a cell and how that conversation played out, then went back to what I assumed had been the reason and only then told her how I had gotten drunk in the first place. Kate

became Kate with Keller and Fox for a moment:

“Oh yes, THAT I know all about. We're doing damage control on that, but if you were worried that you had to do Graham's show this afternoon I can put your mind at ease: you're let go. You screwed yourself out of 2000 clappers for that one. Fudgepacker... Really? You went there?”

“Honestly, I didn't know it was a gay slur,” I chuckled. “People and their bloody camera phones.”

“Tell me about it. We're spinning it as a trial for a new comedy character. And you visiting Simon is out now too. Three seems to believe us, they're not pulling the campaign.”

“I noticed that on the way down to the platform,” I said, trying not to sound too disappointed.

She hooked her arm in mine and sat close to me.

“You did say very sweet things about me in the paper. That was when I knew there was still hope. Oh! We have to call mom!”

“She's in Africa. Perhaps this should wait until they're back, it might be a bit much.”

“No, she'll want to know!”

“Kate, wait a minute. You don't want to go on safari and then hear that your children have started an incestuous romance.”

Kate sighed deeply.

“She's known how I felt for a while, Doofus. That's why I was crying in Rose's garden. That's why we were in the bathroom at Tesco for an eternity. I didn't kick sand in my face, I choked up from something you said. Dad doesn't know yet, but I told mom two years ago. When you were still married, by the way.”

“Wow. Okay, that explains a long and awkward conversation when she drove me to London...”

We were quiet for a bit. Frankly, my heart rate was still up and everything was still sinking in. The London Eye is a good distraction. Kate quietly waited for me to indicate I was ready for more information.

“Sweetheart, why didn't you tell me this before?”

“Are you serious? Even you can't be that dense. I'm your sister. I want better things for you than a relationship where you can't get married, can't have kids, can't even tell the world. You always worry about me, but that works two ways. I did drop a lot of hints, a LOT of hints. Jesus... You really are... You're a train wreck, when it comes to girls. You really are. Fucking hell... Do you have any idea how scary it is to ask your brother to help you masturbate? Do you?”

I had the feeling she wasn't done venting, and I was right.

“But the most important thing is that I wanted YOU to speak up. Because I was afraid that if I went first, you'd fake it. Or maybe not actually fake it, but you might think: 'Kate is nice and safe, I'll do that.' And I couldn't bear that. I knew you loved me as a brother. But if we were going to do this, I needed to know you loved me as much as I do you. The rest of our lives is a fucking long time, you know. Well, it is for me.”

Always end in a joke, right Kate? I chuckled.

My stomach rumbled again. Those cheese sandwiches were long gone. Kate giggled and sent out a text she had been typing.

“Pret a Manger is the best I can manage, sweetheart. I can't take you to anything fancier than a McDonald's dressed like that. Look at you, it's like Ali G wants to be a Sumo wrestler.”

“HEY! I lost ten kilos since I came to London! And probably another five from the last few days. The Salvation Army didn't have my size, okay? It can wait for a bit, I don't want to move.”

She kissed me again, but just for a second or two.

“I love you anyway. So... let's take stock of the burning wreckage of your life. It's like a

Band-Aid, best to pull it off quickly. You got drunk and insulted all women and Mexicans. That's well over half of the world's population, well done you. If the gays take your rant seriously we might even hit five billion. And Ben kicked you out, though maybe I can stop him from torching your stuff. But you're living with me now, anyway."

"Lost my bike, too."

"I knew that. Now here is a big one: Melody. What the fuck?"

"Before I tell you, and I promise I will: I was convinced you wanted her and me to get together. You pretended to be offended by us having sex, but mostly it seemed you really wanted to see that happening."

"Yes. I did. Because I want you to be happy. That means everything to me. It wasn't about conquering you, although I gave more than enough hints. But if you wanted to be with Melody and be happy with her... I would have been able to live with that. Not happily, per se. But she would have been wonderful for you. Hell, I'd have accepted Diana if you had managed to pull that off."

Now I kissed her. It was strange to kiss my own sister like that, but we had gone way past strange, taking the exit at weird and were now busy boarding the 'What the bloody hell' intercity hi-speed rail network to 'Jesus Christ in a picnic hamper'.

"You even encouraged me to fuck Annabelle."

Bloody typical: she says the most obscene stuff and nobody bats an eyelid, I drop the F-bomb and some American lady covers her daughter's ears and stares at me! Good luck when she's pregnant at age twelve, lady! Kate saw it happening and gave me that wonderful laugh, which works better than morphine.

"I know. Look... I'm not some sort of liberal, free love hippie okay? But I've had a few men and I know what I want now. You. But you... Your track record is pathetic. I wanted you to do something about that. Get some notches on your belt. Now in the future, first of all, the first few years you're not going to be able to walk much from fucking me so there's that. But later on... As long as you don't hide it from me, go and fuck Annabelle. Or Diana. Just promise me you won't hide it and tell me what they do. So I can try to match it. You know?"

Brave words, but her voice got softer and softer as she said it, reaching a whisper at 'you know'.

"You're still looking out for me. We've only been a couple for what, fifteen minutes? And you're already giving me permission to fuck around. Kate, I didn't fuck around when I ... HEY LADY, take your stupid kid elsewhere if it bothers you! I'm trying to have a conversation here!"

The American woman spluttered and then walked off with her kid. Kate nearly choked and rocked back and forth from laughing. Then she got out her phone.

"This is an indoors conversation. Let's walk to York Road, I've ordered a cab. I don't think I can look at you on a subway platform for a while without losing it, especially in those clothes."

We managed not to upset the Uber driver that picked us up, except by behaving like newlyweds. It was a short drive home. Kate surprised me by not only taking off her coat, but undressing completely in the living room. While I was still wrestling with the zipper on my jacket, she was there, totally naked. I looked her over.

"You're gorgeous..."

She really was. I'd only seen snippets so far. The whole package? Incredible.

"Thanks. Look closer."

I was two metres away, so I assumed she meant: 'Come feel me up.' I reached out to her as I stepped into the living room but she gave me a shy laugh and pointed at her vagina. I knelt down and looked.

An Audience With Carstairs

“Hey... that's exactly the same piercing as Emma Lestrade!”

“No. Or at least I don't think so. I have a confession to make: I'm Emma.”

I was still on my knees and looked up.

“What?!”

“When I had your phone I blocked her, then deleted her. She's EmLaLaLa. I made a new account as EmmaLaLaLa. We've chatted. Unless you gave your phone to Melody to deal with that, because that...”

She began to giggle.

“That would be hysterical!”

“Well I didn't. You cheeky cow! Having cybersex with your own brother under false pretences!”

Me pretending to be angry didn't stop me from grabbing her behind and pushing her against me to kiss her stomach.

“Yes, well, I was glad to have at least that. Martin, I love you a lot but now that we're home, go and have a shower and brush your teeth. Please.”

“By your command,” I smiled.

“Okay, you should know that turns me on. A lot. Please don't say that casually or... Oh look, this is what I mean.”

She gently took my face between her hands and made me look at her pussy. It was getting almost purple now and a tiny sheen of moisture appeared just underneath that piercing.

“See? Now go and shower.”

I did as she asked, brushing first. We continued to chat as I showered. The curtain was still there, but just for practical purposes. In fact I saw her sneak a peek. Then her phone dinged. Incredible: she was naked and still carried her phone.

“Mom says: Wonderful, I'll tell dad. Just don't give us grandchildren. Africa is beautiful.”

“Very practical, our mother. Shall I shave?”

“No, I like chafed thighs YES OF COURSE! What do you need?”

She handed me a new razor and my shaving gel. It's hard to shave without a mirror, but doable if you focus. Having your naked sister trying to look at your penis does not help.

“It's not hard. This is not how I want you to see it,” I said.

“How is it not hard! I'm naked and I'm going to suck it in a minute until the sheets crawl up your ass! I'm wetter than Typhoon Lagoon!”

“Kate, get the hell out of here! I'm trying to shave, I'll slit my throat in a minute if you keep making me laugh. Go and put on pink nail polish or something!”

“Yes Master,” she said and slammed the door behind her before I could say anything.

When I had made myself as presentable as I could manage, which included a second round of shaving in the mirror over the sink, a bit of a trim downstairs, flossing and a dash of cologne (Four Seasons Rome, very nice) I wrapped myself in a towel and went to the bedroom. Kate had been fixing herself up too, with a bit of make-up and some very nice lingerie.

“I promise it will come off in a minute,” she said, posing on the bed in a Z-shape. Then she stretched out her legs and presented her feet. Bright pink nail polish.

“I did that last night, after you left. I felt awful just a few minutes later and ran out to look for you. For some reason I guessed you'd go to Studio 68, so I went the wrong way. I came back in after half an hour and have been calling people ever since. Police won't let you file a missing persons report after only an hour, bastards. So I did those nails, just because I hoped you'd get to see my feet soon.”

An Audience With Carstairs

“They're lovely. But I suppose I won't have to go without from now on.”

She pulled her legs back in and sat up.

“Never. As often as you wish. I'll get pedicures every week and I'll learn to give you footjobs. In fact, I've been practising with my feet. I can even write my name now.”

“Really? That's amazing!”

She didn't reply but just hooked her finger behind my towel and made it fall to the floor. I was hard now, so I was okay with her looking. She didn't say anything, but used that same finger to gently touch me, tracing the contours of my dick.

“So there's that spot...” she finally said. Not quite what I wanted to hear.

“Can I lick it?”

“What, the whole thing?”

“Eventually...”

She leaned forward and lifted up my dick so she could lick that lighter spot under the shaft. Her tiny tongue darted out and her manicured nails holding up the tip gave me a view that made sure I was as big as I could get. When she had licked every square inch of my penis, she took my hand and pulled me onto the bed. When I was comfortable and on my back, she crawled between my legs and very, very, very slowly manoeuvred my dick in front of her open mouth.

“Can I just say that I've not practiced this a lot?” she said. My God, she was insecure!

“Neither have I, so that's okay.”

“Don't do that, I don't want to laugh. I want to suck dick.”

She switched to Dutch and said the same thing she said to me in Melody's van. My dick moved, an unconscious response to that phrase. She actually let go, as if it had startled her.

“Did you do that!?”

“It listens in on my conversations. Though I can make it move.”

“Do that! Show me!”

My dick lazily bobbed up and down.

“Awesome!”

“Can't write my name though. Well I can, in the snow.”

She picked up her pillow and threw it at my face.

“Don't make me laugh! I'm officially going to suck your dick for the first time now. I want to focus.”

“Sweetheart, I'm not going to grade you. You can practise as much as you like.”

“Here goes... I've only been thinking about this for what, ten years or so. No pressure.”

And before I could respond to that, she took me in her mouth, then closed her lips and applied pressure with her tongue. She created a vacuum and began to move up and down. Forbidden fruit really does taste best.

She did that for about ten minutes, with predictable results. I tapped her shoulder first, then actually said out loud I was going to come. She just looked up, winked and continued sucking. I shot my load in her mouth and I don't know if it was the angle or the amount or just bad luck but she nearly choked on it. She had the presence of mind to press her face onto the pillow as she did so, but I was worried for a minute or so as she coughed and spluttered. The semen, now in contact with water, had solidified.

“That was not as sexy as I had hoped,” she admitted, taking the case off of the pillow to clean herself up a bit. She was embarrassed.

“Kate, it's not an audition.”

She got up, took the case with her and disappeared into the bathroom. She reappeared a few minutes later.

“All better. Shall I take these off now?”

My stomach rumbled and she laughed.

“Poor thing! Still haven't eaten, have we. Well, I have. Bloody hell, Martin, they say it's only a teaspoon. Felt more like I was trying to swallow a raw egg.”

Apparently the disgusted face I pulled was enough to have her collapse in a fit of laughter. We were clearly in need of a break, this wasn't the best moment to deflower my sister. I put on my bathrobe, stepped into my slippers and went to find something to eat. There was nothing. A jam cracker was the best I could manage. I would have gone shopping, but I was penniless yesterday. Still was.

“I'm calling Miss Ellie's, they deliver. You're getting ham and cheese, we're kissing today,” she said. She phoned in her order and joined me on the couch. We kissed for a bit. She slid down a cup of her bra and I sucked her nipple. Then she said:

“Now... while we wait, tell me why you pissed off Melody.”

“Okay. Before I do... if you get angry, will you hear me out?”

She put her hand on my leg.

“Don't worry, sweetheart. Unless you threatened to murder her, I'll be fine.”

“Okay. Well it's like this. After I found out Diana was married, I went home. Couldn't sleep, watched porn.”

“Obviously.”

“Yes. Didn't use safe mode, so my browser recorded every site I visited. Then I went out and did the show and Melody came to my house and used my laptop.”

“Oh right. And found your browser open on...”

“Not even that. Once you visit a site, if you type something similar it will suggest that site. So if you visit asshole.com and then you want to visit aardvark.com, as soon as you type an 'a'...”

“Got it,” said Kate. “So what did you visit? Okay wait... maybe you don't need to tell me. If it was just that, sites you visited... I know Melody. She's a bit sensitive.”

I took the decision to be honest. We'd only been a couple for about two hours. Best to be honest.

“I'll tell you. When I'm depressed, I sometimes visit sites where women are... used.”

“Raped?”

“Not so much raped as humiliated. Hazed. Made to do stuff.”

“Oh. So it's not kiddie porn, not gay porn, not snuff movies.”

“None of that. Eugh.”

“Then who the hell cares.”

“Melody. Look, I'll tell you. I want you to know. Between that and a foot fetish, I have no other weird stuff going on. I don't secretly sniff your underwear, nor do I want to wear it. I don't want to be in a vacuum suit. No ball stretching. Nothing like that. Just this: women getting humiliated. Pissed on. Kicked out into the street. Made to blow ten cocks in a row. Licking toilets. Or the floor.”

Kate wriggled in her seat, clearly uncomfortable.

“Right. And do you often watch that?”

“When I feel wronged by women. But normally it's just lesbians riding fucking machines.”

“The normal stuff,” she laughed. “Okay Martin. I get it. And I get why Melody exploded, she's not had the best of luck with men. We'll work on an apology. I'm sure she'll understand, if you're given a chance to explain.”

“Don't think so. And even though I should explain, I don't think making up with her is a priority right now, do you?”

“Of course it is! She's your friend, she loves you... Poor girl. You have to make amends.

Hang on...”

She got off the couch and got out her phone.

“Kate, please, not now.”

“I see the delivery boy coming. There's a tenner in that blue box on the window sill. That's his delivery and tip.”

I answered in my bath robe, which was far more embarrassing to me than for the delivery guy. He had obviously seen worse. Much worse. And he left us two massive french loaves with ham, cheese, egg, cucumber, lettuce, everything. The Dutch call this a 'broodje gezond', literally a 'healthy sandwich.'

I set the kitchen table and poured milk for both of us, which is a force of habit. Kate had been gone way too long for her to appreciate the Dutch habit of having lunch with a huge glass of cold milk. She gave the glass a disdainful look and sat down.

“Suppose you're going to make me speak Dutch too,” she pretended to mope.

“No. But if you could moan in Dutch during sex, that'd be a turn on.”

“Teeheehee... I can do that. In fact, I do. I think. It's a bit of a mix. Now I texted Melody. I said: 'Spoke to Martin. He feels awful. Has good explanation. Hopes you'll listen, as do I.' She's typing now.

“You can see she's typing?”

Kate rolled her eyes.

“Oh God, you and your prehistoric phone. I'll call Three, have them send you an iPhone with bells on. Bloody hell, you're in their TV, radio and print commercials. Least they can do is give you a sodding iPhone for free. Yes, I can see she's typing. It's called iMessage. We're both on it.”

“Okay. Is she typing a lot?”

“Can't see that. Oh, here it is.”

Her phone went 'bwoop'. Guess that means: 'done typing'.

“She says: 'I had two horrible nights. Don't know if I can ever trust him again.' That's good, isn't it?”

“How is that good?!”

“Well at least she's still thinking about you. If she was actually over you, she wouldn't.”

“She NEEDS to be over me! Poor thing... Patiently waiting for me to become available, to be second best. Then ANOTHER woman swoops in.”

“She doesn't know that yet,” said Kate, tucking into her sandwich. I did so as well and my stomach growled by way of thanks. It's impolite to talk with your mouth full, but I eat faster than her.

“Oh, before I forget: I'm bankrupt too,” I said.

“Aren't you already?” said Kate, covering her mouth with her hand.

“Taxman seized my account. My Dutch one. All of it. I called my accountant, it's going to court.”

“Yeah, I heard. I called Evert too, I called half the Netherlands when you were gone. Fuckers. We'll stop paying you on that account then. Oh well...”

“Oh well? That's a bit of an understatement. I had north of 12.000 pounds there and I'm in the hole for one thirty. That was my interest and first payment!”

Kate shook her head and took a new bite.

“Bloody was!”

She grinned.

“Bwuffy wiffent. Fowwy.”

I drank milk as she chewed.

“Bloody isn't.”

“Oh right. Three is going to pay me that money to do what, install broadband personally

for every new customer?"

"There's an idea for a prize, you could certainly do one or two homes. But no. That loan, it's gone. I called Richard Maarsen."

"WHAT? When?"

"Two days after you told me, when I had scrounged together the money. Dad chipped in a bit too, fifteen thou. We paid Maarsen off, plus a tiny bit of interest."

You could have knocked me down with a feather duster.

"It was going to be your birthday present," she said, as if that explained it all.

"Katey, sweetheart... Let me explain a bit about money. So it's not a magical pixie dust that comes from rubbing Ariana Grande's credit card. It's a common means of exchange for goods and services and also a store of value."

She listened to my fake lecture on money with a bemused smile.

"So the movement of money, this is important, does not decrease its value. I owed Richard one hundred and thirty thousand euros. Now I owe YOU that amount, and dad. My debt has not changed and I am still, for all intents and purposes, penniless. Skint. Broke. Bankrupt. I can't pay you back this sandwich. Like... ever."

"Right. Complicated stuff. Must be because I have tits. Say, how do you know who Ariana Grande is?" She took another bite.

"I'm a person with a penis, how could I not?"

She's very pretty, but not when she's spitting ham and cheese all over the kitchen table. I chuckled along with her because hey, I was poor but I had Kate. I'd live.

"I'm glad tiny and sexy turns you on," she said. "Now about this stuff... money, you say? You were paying that guy four percent. Meanwhile, dad and I can barely get 1% on our savings account. So if you pay us half a percent over what we get at the bank, we make a profit and you save THOUSANDS. Suddenly you only have to pay us 2000 pounds a year, rather than 5200. So that's nice. Also, we're happy with just the interest. No need to actually reduce the sum. And further more, I've had the legal guy in our Amsterdam office have a look at your divorce settlement. Which is a matter of public record, as you probably don't know. That cunt owes you half that house. We can evict her and sell it or demand 350 thousand. Say the word."

"I'm not making Monique homeless."

"Homeless?! She gets 350.000 euros. That's a REALLY nice house. Not a four bedroom villa with a double garage, but she's hardly going to be destitute."

"I know what I signed."

"And you know me too. This is not over. Oh and as for money, you'll have five thousand pounds in your account tomorrow. Give me the details. Three is extending the run of your ad and you're in the Underground, as you know. That's all extra. And maybe we can salvage something of your career. I mean, insulting foreigners is our national sport, I don't think anybody would object to what you said about Mexicans. "

"The Mexican ambassador does."

"Yes. But his complaint won't be in before Friday afternoon, as we know. Now... do you have any sperm left after filling me up like an éclair?"

"No. I'll probably need six to eight hours."

"Then how about you and me find Melody the most ludicrous bunch of flowers London can manage, plus a box of choccies she won't even be able to fit in that van and apologise to her?"

I cleared the table while Kate began to search for florists.

"Well, for one thing, she's at the studio. Where I am not going. For another, wouldn't it be better if she just forgot about me? I've known her for a month and she's been pissed off with me three times. What use is it to have her like me again?"

Kate didn't even look up from her screen.

An Audience With Carstairs

“Then who is going to fuck you when I'm off to America for days or even weeks?”

I dropped a mug. Fortunately it wasn't hers, but the 'IJzerhandel Zwager' one. It shattered on the linoleum, although it was just a cheap promotional mug so the earthenware simply broke in six or seven pieces.

“Always hated that mug,” said Kate.

“So remind me,” I asked her, somewhat sarcastically. “You and me, how long have we been an item? It seems so long ago.”

I picked up the pieces and threw them out.

“Three hours? Give or take? I like to think the spark was already there when you were dressed as a hobo on that platform. So I'd say three hours.”

“If that. In those three hours, you've suggested I can fuck three women with impunity: Diana, Annabelle and Melody. Now, far be it from me to pry in your love life, you know that.”

She just nodded. Don't try to outdo Kate with sarcasm. I keep forgetting.

“Could we perhaps have touched on a reason why previous liaisons have not met with the most stunning of success rates?”

Kate mulled it over, then shook her head.

“I have on occasion offered a threesome. With another woman. And I made them beg for it. But all of those relationships have been men who pick up women like you pick up mud on your shoes. You keep forgetting that I was there throughout your dating life. And until three hours ago, I had no claim on you whatsoever. So who am I to now suddenly determine who you can and cannot have sex with?”

She got up and brought her mug to the sink, making sure I wasn't coming near it.

“So you wouldn't, say, be shielding yourself from what you are afraid might be a terrible mistake by setting up tripwires? Because honestly, fucking around in a relationship is something you might expect after say ten years, but three hours?”

She wrapped her arms around me and looked up, begging for a kiss.

“We have a million things to discuss. I have SO many things I want to tell you and ask you. But not in a comedic, sarcastic tone, because it doesn't take the edge off. Let's do that over the next few months, preferably during long walks or car rides. Is it important to you that I confirm I won't sleep with other men? Because I can promise you I won't. If I were interested, I'd be able to get me some whenever I want. I've had millionaires offer me penthouses to be their mistress. And that was last week. I've had more proposals than I can remember, two of them on private jets. I. Do. Not. Care. I was keeping myself for you until you made it clear you either wanted me or until I was bridesmaid at yet another doomed marriage. And I'm not worried about you loving me. I believe what Annabelle said and I believe you when you claim you want this too. I have to, or I'll go mental. Just use a condom with other girls and don't hide it. It's showbiz. You're going to be fucking a lot of people. I know this. Would it be better for me to pretend for the next few months you won't run into these women?”

“It would be nice if you could pretend to believe me when I say I will be faithful to you.”

“I'd rather see you happy than faithful. Pussy is for fucking, didn't I say?”

She pressed herself against me, her face against my chest.

“Right. Duly noted. Now while we're on the subject...”

She looked up again.

“I will do anything you want. Right now. Really. But if I'm honest... I've waited for so long, I can wait a day or two longer so we can have a perfect night. I've sucked your dick, that's been a dream since I knew dicks were suckable. And your life is in ruins, I am aching to fix it. Shall we...”

I bent down and kissed her.

An Audience With Carstairs

"I see what you mean. But didn't you just demand that we have sex every day?"

"Blowjobs are sex. Kissing is sex. And it's still the afternoon. But really, I'd want to shave my legs, maybe get a nice hotel room... for my first time with you. The first time that counts."

"Okay then. What do we do first?"

"Well, much as I hate to say it... We get dressed. Oooohhh... to hear myself say that out loud... I hope it doesn't jinx this relationship."

We did get dressed, though I was running low on clothes. First order of business was a call to Ben. This was only the second time Kate spoke to him, the first time being when she called to see if I was home last night. She spoke to him like an old friend, the way she does with everyone. I listened in for the first hour. All in all they were chatting for ninety minutes and by the end of it she had made sure he wouldn't throw out my stuff and ended my lease by the end of this month.

"He's been to have a look at that motorbike of yours, since he seems to have hand-reared it from when it was a stroller or something," she said. "He's picked it up with a trailer and it's home. He wasn't going to give it back, I think he was going to trade you your deposit for the title. Which is a problem: I do not want you riding a bike. Unless it's Diana. Heeheehee, I should write for Mock The Week."

"Yes, very droll. I didn't drive a bike because I enjoy being wet and miserable. I can't park a car here."

Kate sighed. We were on the couch again, both messing around with our phones.

"I suppose we should look for something a bit bigger in the suburbs. If it's closer to the airport it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make. But that will take a few months. Look Martin, if you want a car I'll get you a car and a permit. Nothing is too expensive for my little lovey dovey hubby wubby."

I snorted.

"I know it takes some getting used to and I'm trying as hard as I can to now be a boyfriend rather than a brother, but hubby? Best I can do is marry you in Vegas and then not file the paperwork, sweetheart. We can be registered tax partners in the Netherlands, isn't that romantic?"

"I'd stay away from Holland if I were you, they only seem to be interested in your money. But I know it won't be easy. Still, we'll figure that out. I can always hire you. Don't you always say it's a bigger commitment to hire an employee than to marry him?"

"It is, once they have a contract of indefinite duration. I had considerably more obligations to Annabelle than I ever did towards Monique. Now please may I have some money to go shopping? I'll cook for us tonight. Perhaps you can prevent the good people of Mexico from sentencing me to death in absentia?"

Kate took out her phone, which had spent a full ten seconds on the coffee table.

"What's your UK bank account number?"

I found it in a memo field in my phone and sent it to her.

"Okay. I've transferred 500 pounds to it. Buy yourself something pretty, big boy. But I want to have a date tonight. Why don't you mosey on over to the shopping centre as well and get yourself some extra underwear and a shirt or two? We'll pick up your stuff later this week, I'll get a car from the office."

"If you're not called away to wipe some celebrity's ass."

"I do not wipe. I kick. Big difference. And Camilla is covering for me. We're good cop, bad cop. She's the bad cop, would you believe it."

I grinned and got up to do my chores.

"Oh hey," said Kate, when I was almost ready to leave.

"Yes?"

"Can I ask you for something?"

An Audience With Carstairs

I assumed it was something for the shopping list.

“Sure.”

“It's a bit weird.”

“I've bought tampons before, I'm a big boy.”

“No. Not that. I want to feel that we're doing this now. That we're actually having a relationship and it has sex and everything.”

She suddenly seemed a bit shy. There I was, my coat on and my black shopping basket in my hand (I hate those plastic bags), hand on the doorknob. I had no idea where this was going.

“Will you... do something to me? Right now? Something sexy?”

She didn't even dare to look me in the eye! I put down the basket.

“Like a kiss?”

“No... Like... feeling me up. Like you'd never ever do as my brother, not even for a joke. Just... to let me feel it. I know it's weird, but...”

I walked up to the couch and made her stand up. Then I opened her trousers and slid them down. She was breathing heavily, being cooperative but passive. I slipped my hand into her panties and ran my finger through her labia, while I kissed her. She moaned and grabbed my jacket. I gave her a minute of that, then let go and made her lick my finger clean, which she did without question.

“Something like that?”

“Exactly like that... Oh God, it's finally happening.”

She broke down in tears, which made me want to stay and console her. But she waved me out.

“This is fine. These are happy tears. Go, shop.”

She insisted and so I found myself strolling to the Elephant and Castle shopping centre. It's nothing special and had I not been coming there to shop at Tesco, I'd have never set foot in it. It's certainly not aiming for the Regent Street crowd. If Kate wanted to move from this area, I was certainly up for that. Not that the area around Heathrow, or at least on the Piccadilly line that serves it, is much to look at, though. But it would be nice to have a car again and do some serious DIY to wherever we'd end up living.

I found myself standing in front of a table tennis table, clearly put up to give loitering teenagers something to do. What a weird couple of days I'd had: my life had come crumbling down, to the point where I was running away to an awful job in the middle of nowhere. Then, by pure chance, Kate had found me before I could have done something stupid, which I knew without a doubt I would have done. And in one conversation, albeit a weird and emotional one, my feelings for her had changed completely. I had always found her attractive and, since she was the woman I knew best, I will admit she had sometimes featured in some fantasies, not deliberate ones but those you have in the last few minutes before you actually wake up. The ones you wish would never end. And yet, I had never abused her trust: I never touched her somewhere inappropriate, even when we were wrestling. She often challenged me to wrestle her. Not that she was ever a match for me, but if Kate wants to wrestle you, she'll make you. I never peeked in showers or bedrooms, never went through her underwear drawer or did any of those other things confused boys sometimes get up to. But now I was kissing her, she was blowing me, I'd fondled her pussy and, perhaps even weirder than that in a way, we were suddenly behaving differently. Walking hand in hand. Begging for kisses. All the safety interlocks I had been given by... by nature, I suppose, I was now able to bypass. Just like that. Weird. Worrisome. But Kate seemed completely at ease with it. Well, obviously. She had been thinking about it for years.

Was she right? Was I simply doing this because I sensed it made her happy and I was perfectly willing to fake romantic love for the rest of my life, because the brotherly love in me was practically unlimited?

An Audience With Carstairs

I'd been staring at that table for five minutes now. Security was circling me, giving me odd looks. And so I started on my shopping list: UK sizes still confuse me, but in terms of underwear and shirts I'm an XXL, so that's easy. Well, as it turned out I got that wrong: I would have to remember I was now an XL, even though it wasn't so bad I'd have to return the packs of underwear and the nice blue shirt I bought. I got some oven potatoes and steaks, because Kate may have the body of a weak and feeble, if very attractive, woman, but she eats like a stevedore after a fast. I had been finding out the hard way I could not keep pace with her. My metabolism is different, I don't do sports and I don't spend half my life running through airports. Sorry Kate, no dessert. She'd have to find death by chocolate on her business trips.

My phone still wasn't connecting to the Vodafone network, but I passed a coffee shop on my way back. As I didn't have a data bundle on it even when the subscription was still valid, I used to connect to virtually every wifi hotspot I saw. This one didn't insist on making you click on some terms and conditions each time: once you'd done that, you got 30 minutes per day and that was it. And so my phone, which I carried with me purely from force of habit, unexpectedly buzzed in my pocket as I walked past that shop. In fact, it was a cacophony of bells and whistles, as a few programs found the life giving elixir of a valid IP-addresses and immediately updated themselves.

Most of it was not interesting, but there was an email. It came from Melody. The subject line was empty, which I understood given the contents.

"Avoiding me? Number seems disconnected. If u have explanation to give, don't make me wait 4 it."

That was it. No subject. Understandable, really. What do you choose as a subject for something like that, other than: 'Hey, asshole!'?

I put down my groceries and replied, now that I had wifi.

"Number is disconnected: did not pay bill. Not hiding. Now living @Kate, will call U asap if I may, or tell me when. On free wifi in shop now."

After some consideration I added: "Love, M." Because: 'Very warm regards so you won't think I'm still available, if I ever manage to redeem myself in your eyes, M.' was perhaps a tad too weird. I didn't want to lead her on, but she and Kate had struck up a friendship so we'd have to be able to get along again. Besides, I've never been good at making friends. In that role, she would be very welcome.

Send. Whoosh.

Just as I was reaching for my basket, a lady came out of that coffee shop. She seemed to be about my age, with some silver creeping into a light brown mop top and glasses that had been 'daring' five years ago and were just weird today. She hovered on the front step, as if she wouldn't be readmitted once she touched the pavement.

"Oh, hello! Sorry to do this but... You're Carstairs, aren't you?"

I had to make a split-second decision. Had she read The Sun or did she have a relative with an extra hole in them somewhere? Best to play it safe.

"No ma'am, but I get that a lot these days," I said, reaching for my basket again.

"My cousin is Mexican," she said, completely ignoring me. But she didn't sound angry.

"The Sun is not a newspaper, ma'am. It's just a way to sell ads and they will print anything around those ads to do so."

"Well he says you're right. About Mexicans. And I think you and that girl made a lovely dance couple. Now my coffee is getting cold, so... bye."

And with that, she stepped back in. I saw her walk to a table with two similar women, pointing at me and clearly telling her 'story'. I reached for my basket again and after two steps, my phone buzzed again. Melody had emailed back:

"Will meet but only w Kate present. Will call her."

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

