



On the cover photo of this book after searching for many archives of photos, my selection was Miss Yanina Gonzalez. She is Miss Paraguay in 2004 and was selected to contest Miss Universe on that year. I believe this is the **only picture** that will be equal to the heroine in my story. Also I did not select this photo out of lust but by love and character of her being **AUTHENTIC**.

I would like to quote something in her own words to you; when questioned;

**What is the most interesting or unique thing that has ever happened to you (aside from winning your title) and/or what is the most interesting thing about you?**

**"Being near the Twin Towers on the tragic day of September 11th, 2001 because I felt that I had been given another chance to live. I believe that I am an authentic person."**  
(Miss Yanina Gonzales)

(I sincerely hope that she wouldn't get offended for using her photo for this cover as if she file suit against me, I surely will go to prison as I do not have money to pay her demands). Still if I get a chance, before publishing this book, I will send her a copy.

By  
Gamcha king

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**This book is for a mature audience**

This book is dedicated to people who like to read good fiction while turning their attention to God Almighty

# CHAPTER 01

The whole week was terrible. Conferences, meetings discussions, lunches, dinners, and men asking to date with the intension of taking me to bed.

Though the same routines were tiring and boring I have managed to come through with flying colors. I have already signed two new cargo routes for our company.

Our company is my father and I. I am my father's only daughter. I am the only person he could trust in this shipping business. We have a fleet of forty one ships and our business is to ship everything including men and women who go on holidays to various places in the world. I am not very fond of sailing but I am quite capable of selling. My father knows that, and that is why he sends me on all these international business negotiating ventures. As my father puts it, it is survival of the fittest.

At times when we are alone we both remember mother at once but we are reluctant to talk of her because it brings sadness and pain to both of us. Nevertheless we haven't forgotten about her at all.

The business was just beginning to grow when my mother suddenly went down the drain. It was a terrible shock to my father more than for me, as I didn't understand a ball about death as a five-year-old kid. I can still remember asking Papa why Mama is sleeping for so long.

We meant my father mother and me. Losing one surely broke that sweet bondage within us and as a little child I cannot fathom how I managed thereafter.

Since my mother's departure, Father managed to have Martha to look after me, and my whole life up to now, I have depended on her. Martha was not like mother. I cannot compare them. But she was a good lady who looked after me as her own. She was security for me, she fed me, she clothed me, she played with me, she looked into my studies and she loved me too. But many a times still I missed Mama. May be that is because my genes inside me were looking for the equality.

My father never got married again but I know that he had other women once in awhile. Though I knew about it he never did it openly or he never got caught in action. Now I realize as a man he needed sex as I need it too. At times my father used to take me on foreign trips on business during my school holidays. The way some women looked at him was a little more than business. I knew my father also enjoyed that kind of fancying. I still can remember one of them, the oil agent in Iraq who wanted to be with my father more than my father transporting her oil. Her name was Imaida and she was interested in having a serious relationship with my Pa. He was not so... interested as he loved me more than any other women in this world.

During my small days he looked after me well and he made sure that I get a very good education. As a result he knows that I could take up the business all-alone any time and I am competent enough to handle it. After high school I graduated in business administration. Then I had to get myself familiarize with a little bit of marketing and public relations. After my graduation Papa took me to all the business meetings and gave me an opportunity to learn and know how he handled things. As a result today I travel all over the globe with only my two personal bodyguards.

**I**t is getting darker now and I can see the German sky is gloomy and showing the signs of rain late in the day. Tomorrow I have a free day, as it is Sunday. Today I might go dancing. Whenever I come to Germany I go dancing because I like to be among young people. I am only twenty-two; still. When I am at home I never get that chance as I have to accompany Pa to all the dinners and get-togethers that he goes and most of them are in his age. I don't like these old bulls starring at me with their lustful eyes. They must be slogging their cocks away without getting a proper cock stand even when they get back home.... Ass holes...

I dialled 02 on the intercom and Sholcky's voice came in at once.

"Yes madam?"

"I will be going dancing in one hour's time to Bayarisch Zell."

"Yes madam we will be ready to go with you."

Sholcky and Logus are well-trained bodyguards. They are trained to protect me at all times at any cost. They only have to be in the range of one hundred meters from me and if I am in trouble I only have to press the small button on my wristwatch and they will be alarmed. They have life insurance coverage for one million dollars each from my company if one of them loses their life on duty. But they are working 24 hours a day. Only when I go to sleep they will also rest and they are paid 5000 dollars a month, everything found as salary. Anywhere I go they will accompany me anonymously. Even in my case for a kidnapper I am worth one billion easily but to me my life is more than that. I still remember a few incidents where Sholcky and Logus had to get involved but

apart from that I really never faced any serious situations so far in my life.

Especially when I am going out in the night I used to cover my-self properly not to give any ideas to anybody. I made sure not to look like lascivious or a millionaire, or a whore or a bitch in heat. I got into a pair of jeans and a sweater and no makeup or perfume. I believe when I get my -self dressed like that I will look like a normal person. Any way there is nobody to see me or there is nobody whom I am interested to see. I only want to dance and to be among people for this evening. I don't want anybody to recognize me. If a wrong person recognizes me I will be calling for trouble. Further I will be calling for trouble for Sholcky and Logus too. This way it is much safer.

When I buzzed 02 on the intercom again Logus informed that they are ready. I went into the garage and started my little Peugeot 205. It is a sports car but on German roads it is not noticeable. At the same time I saw Sholcky and Logus getting to the Prelude. I have confidence because they are right behind me.

It was very difficult to find parking but with a lot of search I managed to find one. When I walked into the dancing it was totally full. A band was playing German Umpha! Country songs and people were enjoying themselves with a lot of beer and singing away their favorite songs with the band. To find a place to sit was as difficult as finding parking. Finally I managed to find a seat among some Japanese tourists and I thought it is good as I get a good view of the band playing and the people who were dancing.

For me, I like to be among people, I like to be away from business, I like to watch people dance and enjoy, I like to

dance of course with the correct partner or alone for some disco music. I looked for Sholcky and Logus but couldn't see them. They will be there somewhere very close to me.

## CHAPTER 02

The band is singing happy birthday as someone is celebrating a birthday. Atmosphere is really nice I like it. And when the band was just about to take a break I saw another band getting up on stage to play. It is a foreign band and the members of it looked as that they are from an Asian country. They started with the number one song these days "Everything I do it for you" by Brian Adams from the movie Robin Hood. The Music and sound is excellent it is a carbon copy of that song. The vocalist was playing the piano and singing. I couldn't take my eyes off him as he was singing that song perfectly with a lot of feeling. His singing is electrifying and he was keeping the crowd spellbound but all the while he looked very different to the others in the band. When he finished singing the song the applause was thundering. I myself realized that I was applauding him only after a while.

When he was singing the song only once he looked at me eye to eye and that also was for a split of a second. But he had beautiful eyes. With the stage lights on his face he looked radiant. Though they started with some slow stuff later in their session they started playing some good disco and techno with rapping and I went to the floor all alone just to get a closer look at him, and what I saw was really satisfactory and I would say it is more than satisfactory.

Only when they took a break that I realized that I was watching him all the time. I saw him going off the stage and sitting at a table to a side of the bandstand. I saw him pouring some juice from a little bottle and settling down. In two minutes the other members were missing and he was all alone. The other band had started playing but I have no

interest in them anymore. I am interested in something more than that.

Then I saw two girls walking up to him and talking to him. Now he is giving them two show cards with his autograph as I saw him signing the back of it. All the while he was smiling with them and I am beginning to feel uneasy about it. I just can't understand. Why am I feeling jealous about it? He is a musician and he must be having so many girls to share his bed willingly at any time. And more than anything else he is really good looking. I can feel my mind beginning to work faster than normal.

Do I want him...? Yes I would like to... Suddenly Tony came in to my mind. He was my first crush. I liked him the first time I saw him. Is it going to be something like that today?.....

Do I really want him...? The more I thought of it the more I wanted him. But how...?

My mind is working like a computer now. If I have to buy this place to have him still my mind says it is all right. But how do I get to him? How to show that I am interested in him? Those two bitches are still talking to him. I'll buy those two also to wash the pots and pans in this place if I have to. All the while he is calm he didn't turn his smiling eyes to lustful eyes that I see so often. Why...?

May be he is not interested in those two. May be he has a girl friend. May be he is married. But who the hell who is going to miss a fuck on the move whether one is married or engaged? I want him...! I want him, and I will get him at any cost. I said at any cost. I am beginning to get uneasy and suddenly those young stubborn thoughts are steaming into my mind like an open water tap.

All this time I use to get anything that I wanted without any problem. Men...! I didn't go behind them, they came behind me. I have a superb properly curved body and a very sexy look. All the men I have met so far had those lustful eyes fixed on me whenever they were talking to me. Especially Martha says that I have a body of a dream girl in a painting. The men I know tell me that I should contest for Miss America. But Papa don't like the idea of me getting popular, because he thinks that he will have to protect me more if I become Miss America and I agree with him. What more can it do to a person like me? I have everything and I will get whatever I want. Even this man?..... no problem, he will like me, that is of course sure.....

Then I saw him going on stage to play again. Those two girls are right in front of him seated at a table. I think they are interested in him and they are going to get a good look at him. They started playing some Rap music and I also went to the floor. Now I am dancing right in front of him. But he doesn't look at me. He is interested in what he is doing up there more than me. After a song I kept on clapping my hands to get his attention and finally I succeeded. He looked at me and gave me a nod with an expression of saying thank you. But I think that I managed to pass the message through my eyes. Now when he takes the next break I should go and talk to him. I thought that is the best.

They ended up their session with Richard Marx's song "RIGHT HERE WAITING FOR YOU". Again that unmistakable voice giving away his best. And then that thundering applause again. I felt that I am sexually aroused. I felt my mushie as Germans call it getting wet. I got up and started towards the washrooms. From my small days I have got the habit of keeping my-self very clean.

I went inside the washroom and got into to a cabin. When I removed my panty hose and started cleaning I felt my mushie has got swollen and it is continuing to get more and more wet. I have never felt like this before. Why all this all of a sudden? I felt that it is ready to receive a man's hardness. I realized that I have to leave this cabin fast or else those two bitches will be there once again and will loose the chance. So I took out a cotton pad from my handbag and covered my mushie with that and pulled up the pantyhose again and came back. When I came back he was seated at the same seat but this time with another young lady. Even with this woman his look on the face remains the same. Always smiling but no lust in it. This time this woman is extremely beautiful but the man's face have not changed. I wonder why? After having him I will ask him why. Now I am feeling angry. I have missed again. But when I go to him he will look at me with that lusty look which all the men do. I would not miss the next break. After drinking the two beers I am feeling a bit high also but never mind I'll have another one. I need courage to go to him and with the next beer I will get it.

I don't remember what they played next but all the while I was watching him playing and singing. More than anything else his beauty. I felt all the songs that he was singing, he sang for me. When the break time came I got up from my seat before he got down from the stage. He went and sat on the same seat. I was feeling a little uneasy but I have to go to him or I might lose him. I want him tonight on my bed. Tonight I am going to give him an unforgettable time. I know that I am good in bed. All the men I have slept with so far comment on that. So I went up to him.

"Excuse me, can you tell me where you come from?"

My voice is not normal.

“We come from the paradise Miss. It is called Sri Lanka. How come that you speak very good English?”

“Well, I am from USA and I am here on a study course. I will be here until the next weekend. I am Sera, and you?”

I had to tell him a lie about my identity as I always do with strangers.

“I am Shane, Shane Claus. What type of a study course are you following Sera?”

His eyes didn't change to lust, as he remained cool and calm as with the other girls before.

“I am studying about freight formalities in Germany as I am attached to that subject where I work.”

When we introduced ourselves we shook hands and his was firm and warm and it sent a shiver through my whole body. I know that now my face will be red and I felt the wetness of my inside getting soaking wet and my panty also is getting sticky every moment.

“How do you find Germany Sera? Is it interesting, have you been around the Frankfurt City?”

I wonder why this man can't read my eyes. Any way I feel he is putting me at ease. I should go along with this talk, but when the time is right I will make the move.

“This is the first time I am in Germany and apart from my study it is very difficult to communicate with people as English is a foreign tongue to them. I walked into this place at about ten but all this time I was sitting all alone. Some of the

men came to me and started talking to me in German but as I didn't understand them I ignored them."

"I think I saw you dancing?"

So he has noticed me

"Yes I was dancing alone. I think you have a wonderful voice. If you happen to be in America I am sure that you will be a Super Star."

"I believe it is God's gift. You know in this world, ninety five percent of the people can sing well, but only two percent try it as a profession, and only a handful of people become stars. That's the way it goes."

"How long have you been playing and singing now?"

"In November it will be four years."

"Do you get enough money from this job?"

"When we have work, it is good but for about four months in a year we go out of work and then it is really hard because we have to save money to live during these four months. But I can't grumble about it because I like what I am doing."

"What do you mean by not having work for four months?"

"About four years ago it was really good working in Germany and Switzerland as there were a lot of dancings like this, but today most of them have gone bankrupt and many bands are trying to find work while the German and Swiss authorities give more prominence to German and Swiss musicians than foreign musicians. This is the very reason that we go out of

work for about four months in a year, every year and there is nothing to grumble about.”

So he is not so well off with his job. That is going to be a plus point for me. I felt like telling him that I don't mind buying him off just for one night.

“Sera it is time for us to play again and would you excuse me?”

“Of course Shane, until what time do you work here tonight?”

“We work here until 4.00 in the morning”

“Ok I'll come back on your next break because I like talking to you.”

Though I gave him the hint, I am not sure whether he heard me because while I was saying that he's gone. I slowly went up to my seat. He is so gentle, so decent, caring, but so dumb to read my eyes. But he has very beautiful eyes, when he is smiling his eyes also smiled showing the sincerity of his heart. Even without stage lights he has a beautiful face with no spots or marks, yet he doesn't have that lustful look on me as other men do. I know if I take off my long thin over coat I am wearing, and expose my body in the denim tights I am wearing, half of the men in this dancing will have their eye balls out at me with tongues hanging out. As my hair is covered up to the neck with the over coat everybody will notice my beauty if I take it off. But with the over coat on they will see only a beautiful face and that is all. Do I have to take it off to attract this man?....

But it is too dangerous. If somebody recognizes me, that means I am calling for trouble. My sexual desire for this man is so high and I can feel a little pain building up in the lower

part of my belly demanding the release of pressure. How am I going to do it? I want this man tonight more than anything else in this world. But he doesn't show any interest in me. I have never faced a situation like this before. All the time men used to make the first move and if I like it then I will go to bed with them. Today it has turn around and I don't know what I should do to have this man.

I saw the other band members getting up on to the stage. So it is time for another break. I got on to my feet automatically. I have to beat the others to get to him first. When I walked up to his table all the other members also were there and he started introducing me to them.

"Meet Sera from the United States, and this is Sam and this is Alex, and this is Felix, and finally Gregory".

"Please to meet you all."

All the four men, when they looked at me, their eyes changed into lust. But what's wrong with my Shane? The next moment they were gone and again we are alone.

"So Sera tell me where do you stay?"

"My company managed to find a little house just outside the city with a small car and whenever somebody visits Germany they have this house and it's been looked after by an old German lady."

I had to lie again. I cannot tell him that I have houses all around the world and people who are in my pay roll look them after.

“Now that is very nice,... because if you have to stay in a hotel it will cost a hell of a lot of money.”

“Where do you stay Shane?”

“I stay in this same building and we have got a separate studio like thing with attached bath and toilette and a little kitchen. Most of the time I cook and eat because it is cheaper and tastier.”

“I believe you. By the way do you work here every day or do you have any off days here?”

“Sunday is our free day and that is tomorrow.”

“What do you do tomorrow?”

“I have no plans Sera. I have no money to spend to enjoy. I have to send money every month to my mother. She is the only one I have, and I like to see her living a comfortable life in Sri-Lanka.”

There you are baby you have met the correct person. You only have to put your thing inside me and give me what I want and in return I will give your mother a comfortable life until she goes down the drain.

“I have got two passes to go for movies tomorrow. Are you interested?”

“Movies do not interest me Sera. I hope I am not hurting you by refusing.”

‘Not at all Shane. We have got to know each other a few hours ago. I can understand that different people have different interests in life.’

I just can’t understand this man. May be he is not normal, may be there is something wrong in him. Yet he is so polite. May be he is gay who screw assholes only. But yet it’s worth a try.

“I have another proposal Shane. I have an invitation for two people at Pizzeria Gino, are you interested?”

“If you think that I am worthy enough to share a meal with you, I would like that better than the first one.”

At last he is cooperating. As soon as I go home I should put this man on investigation and I want to have all the details about him before I get up in the afternoon.

“Then will 7.00 O'clock in the evening will be all right with you?”

“Perfect Sera,... I will be waiting there at the entrance to the club sharp on time. By the way did you come all alone tonight?”

“why?”

I wonder whether he is going to invite me to his room tonight.

“You know Sera....Frankfurt is a beautiful city during day time but very dangerous in the night for a young lady to walk alone. Where did you park your car?”

So it’s not going to be an invitation after all.

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