

Guildford Rock.

Chapter 1

Jeff, is 33 years old, married with a £400 a month mortgage. Working as a Paramedic for the London Ambulance Service. A realist, a romantic, and a dreamer.

Like many of us; in the twilight moments before sleep finally overtakes us, he would dream about how he would spend all that money if he ever won the national lottery.

With no children, both parents dead, and no brothers or sisters, he would daydream about a hedonistic lifestyle. His dreams would include buying a top of the range convertible Bentley. A blue one, or a white one, he could never make up his mind, maybe a blue one with white interior. "Yeah that's the one." He would travel with his friends around Europe playing golf and stopping at all the top five star hotels. Jumping on airplanes, travelling to America and playing golf with his hero Fred Couples. Maybe he would buy a boat or a desert island, "Just like Richard Branson" but one thing he knew he wouldn't be doing, was sharing it with his ex bitch of a wife. He used to have to do as much overtime as he could to keep up with his ex wife's extravagant lifestyle. He worked part time for a friend who owned a mini cab firm in Bayswater, London's West End. The company did 90% account work for big companies and high end celebrities. Jeff was a popular guy, and often the celeb's would ask for him by name; by Elton John, Kiki Dee, Apple studios #3 Saville Row (The Beatles), The Queen's Lady in waiting, Donovan the folk singer, they all asked for Jeff.

One day he went to Elton John's house (Hercules) on the Wentworth estate. He had to pick up a giant teddy bear and take it back to the Dorchester hotel to be auctioned off later that night. It turned out that it

wasn't in Elton's house, it was in his mother's house just around the corner. So Elton jumped in the front seat of Jeff's car, and they went round and picked it up from his mother Sheila.

Another time whilst Kiki Dee was recording an album with Elton John in London, Jeff was given the job of picking Kiki up from her mother's house in Ewell (Surrey). Arriving early each morning Jeff would always have to wait for Kiki to get ready. Kiki's mother would scramble some eggs, whilst Jeff would make the tea and toast. Kiki was a great sleeper and would nearly always sleep through the whole journey. One day he arrived at Apple studios, and was quickly ushered into a conference room. Can you imagine what must have been going through his head as the door opened and he was standing face to face with John, Paul, George, and Ringo? John gave him a tape and instructions on how to get to his house in Ascot, there he had to pick up another tape and take it to Heathrow Airport. He was in such a daze he hadn't heard a word John Lennon had said to him. After he left the room he had to go and ask the receptionist for the directions. Going through the front gates of Buckingham Palace also gave him a thrill, he would go in through the right hand gate and drive up to the main building, making his way to a side entrance to pick up the Queen's Lady in Waiting, and take her shopping. That gave him a warm and fuzzy feeling knowing he was out shopping for his Queen; The Queen of England. One day he even saw Prince's Anne and friends hurrying off downstairs to the kitchen.

Picking up The King of Bavaria from the Palace, was an experience. "What a nice man." They even joked about the fact that they were both wearing the same after shave (Aromas). He once did a job for Cliff Richard's company. Going up to West Hampstead, at the top of Abbey road, past the famous zebra crossing made famous by the Beatles on their album cover (Abbey Road). He had to pick up a passport from Olivia Newton John; Having to get out of the shower, Olivia came to the front door ringing

wet wrapped in a big fluffy white towel. That would be a memory he will keep, and share with his friends.

Jeff also picked up papers from Peter Sellers in Belgravia, did a job for Goldie Hawn at the Hilton. One of the nicest people he ever met was Donovan the folk singer who lived on the Wentworth Estate the same estate as Elton John.

But Elton has since moved on to Old Windsor, where his new house overlooks Runnymede.

It was during an interview with CBS at Donovan's house that Donovan heard how much Jeff loved his golf, and before they left he gave Jeff his card which allowed him access to Wentworth during PGA Tournaments, he also gave Jeff permission to park his car in the driveway of his house (The Squirrels). He was the perfect gentleman, making sure Jeff was ok before doing the interview; he gave Jeff a large silver goblet filled with iced apple juice. Jeff thought that he didn't have to do that, after all Jeff was only the driver. But it taught Jeff a valuable lesson. "No matter how rich or famous you are, being nice to others, treating them with respect cost nothing."

Golf was Jeff's only vice, he loves golf with a passion and played it at every opportunity he got. So imagine the thrill he got when he had to take a CBS news reporter to do an interview with Garry Player at the Berkshire Hotel. He was allowed to sit in on the interview over breakfast. He was also told not to say anything, so he sat there in complete silence during the whole thing, until he had his chance to say goodbye, shake Mr Player's hand, and wish him luck in the "Piccadilly Match play Championship" he was going to be playing in that very day.

Chapter 2.

Jeff's divorce hadn't been finalised yet, but Jeff always referred to Mandy as his ex. She was a beauty. Slim stunning gypsy style black hair, with big brown eyes, and a 30 year old bitch. Not having too much ready cash, Jeff was able to scrape up enough money to buy his wife a little red Fiat Panda. She treated it like a mobile ashtray. It was never cleaned, or serviced, and with communications being at their all time low, Jeff hadn't seen the car for a few days, and hadn't asked her where it was. Then one of his friends called him and told him they had seen it in a ditch by Shirley Park Common. He went down to check it out and sure enough it was her car, half laying on it's side. The Windows were either open or smashed, rain water had filled the foot wells. Whilst going through the glove box for documents, he looked round the interior and in the murky rusty water he found her fake but expensive Rolex watch, and her £400.00 gold and platinum bracelet, (He never knew where that came from). It remained a mystery to him, how the car ended up where it did, and what had happened to the car to get in such a state. He wondered why it was abandoned, but by then, to be truthful, he had had enough, and just didn't care anymore. She liked nothing more than sleeping around, and shagging around, and taking credit cards to their limit, she had eight of them, and an outstanding debt of £16,000. She would buy designer clothes; But during all her spending sprees, she never once bought anything for Jeff. She would wear designer dresses and suits once, and in one of the spare bedrooms of Jeff's three bedroom house, she would just drop them in a pile on the floor. Sometimes they would end up at the dry cleaners. She regularly staying out late at night, sometimes she would roll home at 3 or 4 in the morning. Her whole existence revolved around her own personal pleasure. No one would ever think she was married. She acted as though she wasn't; which was obvious by the state of the house. If Jeff didn't

clean the place, the house would never have been cleaned.

It was two years into this disastrous marriage; just before Christmas. Jeff went into his local dry cleaners to pick up his ambulance uniform. The owners were very pleased to see him, and asked him if he would like to take his wife's dry cleaning? Thinking it would only be a few bits and pieces he agreed, and thinking it wouldn't come to more than £5 £6, or £10 at the most. He was horrified when he was told there was over £280.00 worth of dry cleaning waiting to be picked up.

That year Jeff bought a clothes rack, put all of Mandy's dry cleaning on it, wrapped it all up in Christmas paper with a big pom-pom on it, and stood it in the middle of the living room as her Christmas present. "She wasn't too happy about that."

At one time Jeff contracted a Socially (Sexually) transmitted disease from his wife. Even though he knew he hadn't been screwing around he knew it must have come from his beautiful wife. A dilemma. What could he do? If he wanted to keep his marriage together he had to let it slide. What else was he to do? Deep down he knew his marriage was doomed. But a few months later, the straw that finally broke the camel's back "As far as the marriage was concerned," was a function his wife was supposed be working at. She was supposed to go there and give out programs at the door starting at 6.30 pm until 9.00 pm seeing it was in Guildford, about 30 miles from where they lived, she should have been able to get home by 10.30 pm or 11.00 pm at the latest. When she finally arrived home at 09.30 am the following morning, Jeff was in no mood to hear her pathetic excuse that she had a few drinks and ended up sleeping in the car with her three friends, who had also worked at the function.

He did however take time to ask why she hadn't called. She knew he wasn't at work that night, because he had already told her before she left "For Work." "That if she had any problems to call him, and he would have gone down and picked her up." (No Call) An enormous argument broke out between Jeff, Mandy and her three girl friends. During the heat of the

argument, one of the girls let the cat out of the bag. Jeff was right. His wife had been sleeping around.

The parting shot from Mandy came when she was driving away. She opened the car's window, stuck her head out, shouted back to Jeff, "Yeah, and it was bigger than yours, and it was as HARD AS A ROCK."

That was it. "Adios Amanda Barrington Smyth." (Nye Hurst)

The following few weeks where interesting for Jeff. He went through Mandy's "Good as new, only worn once cloths." Matched up the receipts and tags, put them together, and went into town and returned as many as he could. After telling them his story, most of the assistants took pity on him, and took back the Christian Dior, Gucci, and Prada, dresses, suits, and handbags. He never asked for cash, but thought he stood a better chance if he asked for credit notes. At last he was able to buy some things for himself. He ended up the best dressed Paramedic in town. He was wearing Armani, and Jaeger suits, Christian Dior shirts, and Gucci shoes.

Chapter 3.

Chapter 3

Two and a half years later with the papers of the "Divorce Nisi" in Jeff's hands, he had settled into a more enjoyable, and a more relaxed way of life.

Shifts Permitting, he would spend his Wednesday's with his friends, playing golf, and then roll on to Wetherspoons for the night. They would have a few pints a few laughs, and end up having an Indian curry.

Every Thursday night; Shifts Permitting, he would do a job for his friends cab company. He would pick up the day's filming from the "Top Gear" TV show down at Dunsfold Aerodrome, near Guildford (Of all places). Then he'd take it to the film laboratory just off Regent Street. What would make it a great night for him was when he was given an extra pick up to take someone south of the river getting him nearer to his home. Thursday's were worth between £35.00 and £60.00 to him.

Friday nights, again; Shifts Permitting, was "Grab a Granny Night" at the Grasshopper Inn, in Westerham, a few drinks and the ever present expectation of a flirtatious liaison with a member of the opposite sex. Not that he was short of female companionship, being a Paramedic, in constant contact with nurses, plus being single, with his own house, was a recipe for good times.

Saturday was Jeff's favourite day of the week. It was golf day, the day he always looked forward to. Some Saturdays he would play golf at his home club with his friends, and sometimes he would represent his club and play in the away team against other clubs. Looking back on those days Jeff would think of them as being the best of times. Well, that was until he met the mysterious Sharmini.

Jeff usually bought his lottery tickets at his local newsagent in South London's Tennyson Road, South Norwood. The same road that Sir Conan Doyle sat and wrote Sherlock Holmes.

Whenever possible he would maneuver himself into a position where he would be served by the owner's 27 year old daughter. Not that she stood out or anything, she was just a plain Jane, the sort of girl you wouldn't look twice at, she never wore

any makeup, she walked about with her head bowed down, most of the time it was covered up with a linen or silk scarf. But underneath all that, and if you looked closely, there was a stunning looking girl. For years, Jeff had flirted and had fun with her. He promised that if he ever won the big one, he would take her on a trip to Disney World, Florida.

Amazingly, on this particular day Sharmini was very responsive to Jeff's flirtatious advances, and for some reason unknown to Jeff she finally gave him her telephone number. Leaving the shop, wondering what had happened to make her do that. He thought this must be his lucky day; he was wondering if he should actually use the phone number and call this shy Indian girl. After all he was single and his house was only a stone's throw from the shop. Unfortunately that afternoon Jeff had to start a 7 day stint of late shifts, (3.00 pm-10.00 pm). Three days later, and halfway through his shift he was sitting with his crew mate Dave in front of the ambulance stations TV, watching the lottery results. Not knowing the exact numbers he had, he thought the numbers that came up were suspiciously similar to the numbers he usually gets. Telling Dave, "He knew he has at least 3 of the numbers, maybe 4." Jeff thought at least he will be getting his money back, maybe a bit more if he did have 4 numbers. This should be a good week; it's a rollover with the largest prize in lottery history of £145,000,000 million pounds.

It was just after 10.00 pm, Jeff had handed over his ambulance to the night crew. He left the ambulance station and drove the short distance down Shirley Road to the Cricketers pub. Happy that his shift had finished on time; thereby giving him time to meet up with his friends and have a couple of pints before closing time.

Talking with his friends about the possibility of winning a few hundred pounds on the Lottery, he suggests an unscheduled golf holiday in Spain, or Portugal. Roger, who it seems has always had more to drink than anyone else, and owned a small villa in

Spain suggested that Jeff gets his lottery ticket out so they can check it to see what's what.

After checking his ticket. The news of his win swiftly circulated around the pub. The realization of hitting all 6 numbers left Jeff in complete shock. Having to sit down and now surrounded by his friends. Something amazing happened. For the first time ever, the governor of the pub actually bought a round of drinks.

Jeff still stunned, asked his friends, "What happens now"?

"You pay for the holiday, that's what happens."

Chapter 4.

The next few days where a whirlwind of press interviews, meetings with the lottery people. They were very helpful, with all kinds of financial advice. There was one thing he was advised against, he wanted to give £1 million to each of his friends who were in the pub with him on the night of the win. There were 5 of them. Three of them played golf with Jeff, the other two not so much. Those two both had good jobs, so maybe just £500,000 each for them. But in his mind, Jeff was secretly always going to give Stuart his best friend £2 million. Stuart was a window cleaner who also did painting and decorating work with his brother Paul. Giving it some thought he wasn't too keen on giving Stuart's brother Paul a lump sum. Not because he didn't like Paul, but because if Paul ever got a divorce from his bitch of a wife, then she'd get half. He'd have to come up with some sort of a plan; he'd have to sort Paul out on the quiet. There was one thing he wasn't too happy about, and that was handing in his notice at work. Jeff had always loved his job, but he knew in his heart of hearts with £145 million in the bank, to keep working as a paramedic would be an impossible obstacle to overcome. He did however like the lottery

people's advice of "just standing back taking a deep breath and going on a holiday, Somewhere Warm". Which just happened to fit in with his plans, and the promise he made to Sharmini the girl in the shop where he bought the winning lottery ticket. After all she had given him her phone number, and as it happens he had already given her a call and made plans to go out with her next Saturday.

So when Jeff picked Sharmini up, he was pleasantly surprised to see she was wearing makeup. This was the first time he had ever seen Sharmini with makeup on. She no longer had her head bowed or had it covered. Her hair was black long and silky, cascading down her back, wearing a beautiful long length flowing green and gold dress, she looked amazing.

Jeff wanted Sharmini to meet his friends, Stuart and Sue. So he took them all out to The "Chateau Napoleon," one of their local up market restaurants. The night went well. Sharmini got on well with everyone.

As far as the holiday went, the obvious choice was to ask Stuart and Sue to go to Florida with them.

With a couple of million coming his way, Stu wasn't hard to persuade, but his wife Sue was in a job that wouldn't allow her time off. But after Jeff, Stu, and Sue took Clive, "Sue's boss," for a few drinks talked about golf, and had a great lunch at Quaglino's restaurant. Clive, who was always known as a cool guy and a keen golfer, relented and gave Sue special leave for three weeks.

Preparing for their trip, Jeff and Stu decided not to take their old golf clubs with them. They were going to buy all new stuff in America, after all "They thought, why not, they're millionaires." All set for his first ever 5 star holiday, Jeff bought four 1st class air tickets to Orlando on Virgin Atlantic, and then he booked them all into the best rooms Disney World had to offer. Two days later at 08.00 am, a limousine, courtesy of Virgin Atlantic turned up and picked up Stu and Sue. They then went round to Jeff's house. The driver's name was Chalky who turned

out to be a very funny coloured guy Jeff used to know some eighteen years ago in his army cadets days. After Jeff's initial surprise, and a raucous meeting with Chalky they went on to pick up Sharmini. On arrival at Sharmini's shop it appeared that the whole family had come out to see her off and wave her goodbye. Sharmini looked every bit an Indian Princess, with her long black hair flowing down her back, a beautiful long flowing, blue and white Indian style dress, and a fantastic makeup job that must have taken her hours. She looked beautiful. Jeff thanked the family, and told Sharmini how beautiful she looked.

They set off for the airport, "Chalky told them to help themselves to anything from the limos bar." After rummaging round the bar, and pushing and clicking all the switches they could find, they settled down to the journey, fighting through the rush hour traffic it took Chalky about one and a half hours to get to Heathrow Airport, they were greeted by Virgin Airline staff who were waiting at the curbside for them.

Jeff was expecting to be dropped off at terminal 3, and booking into 1st class like all the other 1st class passengers, but to his surprise they bypassed terminal 3 and stopped at "The Exclusive Clubhouse Lounge." Jeff had only seen this place from the outside. He had often dropped people off there, but now he was actually going to see it from the inside. They were all greeted like VIP's. But just before they were all whisked away, Jeff was able to turn and give Chalky a £40.00 tip. "Telling him he'd see him when they got back."

How good was this, they were fast tracked straight through passport control, and immigration, then it was into the Clubhouse lounge. They were told they could help themselves to anything they wanted, there was an extensive buffet, or if they preferred, they could have specially prepared food, free drinks. They could have a massage, take a shower, or just relax. As it was still early morning, and 2 hours until take off, they settled for an assortment of teas, coffee, and hot chocolate. Sharmini had a salad, whilst Jeff

and Stuart ordered omelettes, Sue said she wasn't hungry, but went along with Sharmini, and nibbled at a small smoked salmon salad. After they had finished eating, they settled down in the comfortable chairs, ordered more tea, and coffee, where upon Jeff and Stuart demolish a very expensive looking strawberry cake. Sharmini was getting on famously with Stuart's wife Sue, and warming to the way Jeff was putting her at her ease, even trying to playfully false feed her some of the strawberry cake. Taking care of her was no hardship, not only was she easy on the eyes, she was also a very nice person.

2 hours later, they took their seats, on the airplane, and after being seated for only a few minutes, a stewardess arrived with a tray of drinks, asking them if they would like Champagne or orange juice. Jeff and Stu had the Champagne, whilst Sharmini and Sue had the orange juice.

After they had taken off and the seat belt sign was extinguished, a stewardess asked them if they would like to have a drink at the bar. Stu said, "It would be rude not to." So off they went. Imagine their surprise when they entered the bar area, who should be there, none other than Richard Branson. All teeth and a great smile. He welcomed them like long lost friends. Obviously not one to let any promo or photo op pass by, Richard handed them all special VIP black cards for future use and VIP treatment when travelling on Virgin Airlines. They spent a pleasant few hours talking with Richard. The obvious questions about Richard's Necker Island, and much talk about the lottery and what Jeff was going to do with his new found wealth. Richard was somewhat surprised and impressed with Jeff when he told him he wanted to hold an annual £1 million Charity Golf Tournament. With all proceeds going towards various NHS hospital departments, Jeff told him he was going to be the hands on distributor, no middle man, no chance of any sticky fingers. There and then Richard wanted to be involved, and pledged £100,000. They parted company with a handshake and Richard's private phone number safely tucked away in Jeff's pocket.

Back in their seats and after being served with freshly cooked gourmet meals, Champagne and wines, they settled down to watching their own individual movie screens. At various stages they all succumbed to the quiet and peaceful ambiance of 1st class travel, and slipped into a restful and comfortable sleep.

Their arrival and subsequent transit through US passport control, and customs was seamless. Their Virgin Atlantic American stretched limo was ready and waiting to take them to Disney World where again after a smooth ride everything went without a hitch.

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Chapter 5.

After booking in, they all arranged to meet for dinner at 7.30 pm. That gave them four hours to freshen up and have a little nap. After closing the door to their room, Jeff and Sharmini found themselves alone. As this was the first time they had ever been alone together, and not wanting to put any pressure on his lady, Jeff offered to stay in the main bedroom whilst Sharmini showered, and then he would take a shower. To his surprise and delight she pulled him close to her, kissing him firmly on the lips, a long and hard kiss. When she released him she asked him if he was mad, at the same time she was undoing his shirt buttons. "I've been waiting too long for this, and you're not going anywhere." Getting into the spirit of things, he wasn't slow in helping Sharmini off with her dress, confirming his suspicions that underneath all those loose flowing robes there would be a killer body. He was 100% right. Standing in front of him was a vision of exquisite beauty, a body, straight from the catalogue of "Victoria's Secret's". Her modest breasts were cradled in a tight very expensive looking white bra edged with blue lace that matched perfectly with the bottom half of the ensemble. Unable to contain themselves any longer they propelled themselves onto the enormous Mickey Mouse

themed bed. In her eagerness Sharmini was dragging at Jeff's trousers, when finally departing from Jeff's willing body they were instantly dispatched through the air and consigned to the floor, in no time at all Jeff had also dispatched his underwear from the scene landing on a nearby coffee table. Pleased at what she was seeing she opened her beautiful full red lipped mouth and buried her head deep in between Jeff's open legs. He gave a slight gasp, his hands found her thick black hair a top of her head, they settled into a rhythm he had never felt before. At one point she looked up at him and smiled, not stopping. He looked deep into her beautiful brown eyes. Wanting also to pleasure Sharmini, he needed to taste her softness, and without interrupting the pleasure she was giving him, he slowly turned himself round where he could finally bury his tongue deep inside her tingling wet thighs. With their passion rising, they both knew this was the right time; they released each other, span round and kissed each other hard hard on the lips. Jeff had never felt this before, but this gift from god was in his arms, her velvet skin, soft and radiant. As her breasts came up to meet his lips she started to quiver, elevated to a new heights she was now on top of him, for a split second her body stiffened and she let out a soft moan as she moved her hand down to guide him into her. Her passion and enthusiasm knew no bounds, she was overwhelming. On several occasions Sharmini had reached her climax and she let Jeff know all about it. Jeff's senses were in a whirl, his legs started to quiver and he could not hold back any longer, with a gasp he gave a final thrust, his back stiffened and fireworks went off in his head. He had finished, but he didn't want it to end. Neither did Sharmini, they both continued in a more slow and controlled pace, feeling the pleasure they were both giving each other, finally after slowing to a stop, they both drifted off into a deep and satisfying sleep. Nestled in each other's arm, it was 7.30 pm when the bedside phone rang. A familiar voice at the other end (Stuart) asked how long they were going to be, he was starving hungry, and wanted a beer. Looking down at Sharmini's naked

body, Jeff told Stuart to go and have a beer they'll meet them in about half an hour.

During dinner Sue and Sharmini were talking, (girl to girl) Jeff and Stu couldn't help but notice the looks coming from Sue.

Stuart asked "What you two talking about"?

Sue answered with a knowing secretive smile on her face "Oh Nothing darling, just girl talk."

They made plans for the following day, and decided that as they were staying inside the Disney complex, and they had an hour to enjoy the rides before the gates were opened and thousands of day trippers came flooding in; they would spend a couple of hours with Mickey Mouse, and then they'd take a trip into Orlando to find a golf shop and buy their new golf clubs.

Chapter 6.

The next morning they met up early, and had a hurried breakfast. They were going from ride to ride, enjoying themselves so much they lost track of time. When they finally left Disney World it was around 11.45 am. Jeff was driving their hire car when he saw a building with a massive advertisement advertising a "Medieval Times Dinner & Tournament."

"That looks great, how about we have some of that tonight"?

Everyone thought it would be fun and agreed that when they got back they would organise it through Disney's concierge.

After driving around for a while they found the place they were looking for. A large shopping mall with a golf shop that looked like it could have supplied the whole of England, and then some. Jeff and Stu were like kids in a candy store. For the first time in their lives they would be able to buy anything they wanted, not only anything they wanted, but "The very best of everything." The

girls had gone clothes shopping, so the guys knew they had all the time in the world.

Out the back of the golf shop there was a driving range where they tried out their selection of golf clubs. They had a great time, and eventually Jeff settled on a set of Callaway irons, woods, and a Callaway bag. Stu bought a full set of Ping irons, woods, and a Ping bag. They finished off this shopping spree by buying the best shoes, socks, shirts, trousers, belts, gloves, and balls money could buy. They were all set; all they had to do now was find the girls. But just as they were paying for their goods. The salesman asked them "What are you going to do about putting."?

Feeling somewhat stupid, and without hesitation they both hurried over to the putter section, selected two Ping Anser putters. Went back to the salesman at the checkout desk. After paying, they made their way out of the shop into the car park. Whilst putting their new bought treasures into the boot (Trunk) of their car. They could see two mobile piles of boxes coming towards them. Hidden behind the boxes were the girls.

Stu spots them first, "Been having fun girls?" Sue's head popped out from behind the pile of boxes, "It was amazing. The shops here are amazing." Sharmini holds up three designer carry bags, "I bought you some things."

"How about you, did you buy anything for yourself?" She holds up one small bag that looks like it probably holds some kind of sexy underwear, "I bought something I think you might like."

He felt happier than he had in years, happier than he thought he ever would. What a difference having someone thinking about him, doing those little things for him, those little things that matter, and making him feel good for a change.

In just three days, Stuart and Sue could see the whole of Jeff's demeanour had changed. Knowing what he had gone through with his "Soon to be" ex wife, they were pleased to see him so relaxed and happy again.

They arrived back at Disney World, Stuart and Sue went off to enjoy some more rides.

Sharmini said, "She would see Jeff back in the room." This left Jeff free to arrange their night out at the "Medieval Times, Dinner & Tournament."

The concierge politely pointed out, "That as this was such a popular venue, they would normally have to book in advance, but with a little persuasion he could possibly obtain four tickets for them, plus winning £145 million on the UK Lottery always helps." The obligatory tip was handed over, and the concierge said, the tickets would be waiting for them on arrival at the venue, and as there will be drinks at the banquet, would he like to take advantage of the hotel's limousine for the night.

Not one for turning down a free ride, Jeff gladly accepted the concierge's offer.

Making his way to his hotel room, he was happy that he was able to secure the tickets and arranging a limo for the night. On entering, Sharmini emerged from the bathroom wearing the contents of the small bag that she had been so proudly holding up in the shopping mall's car park. Combined with stockings suspenders and high heel shoes. He was once again transfixed by her sexuality and her natural beauty. With her long black hair flowing down the full length of her back reaching down to the cheeks of her tiny velvety skinned back side. She looked radiant.

"This is what I'm going to be wearing under my dress tonight."

"You know we've got a couple of hours before we go out."

"It's just something for you to think about whilst we're out tonight, something to look forward for when we come back. Anyway I've arranged to meet Sue at the hair salon; we're going to get our hair and nails done."

Jeff bounced onto the bed, "I tell you one thing; we're not staying out late tonight."

Sharmini laughed and disappeared back into the bathroom.

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