

***The Unlikely Partnership***  
**an Introduction to *The Unlikely Stories***

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## **Chapter 1: It Started Simple Enough**

How was I to know Laura, my sister and I could make so much money doing little free-lance computer jobs while we were going to school. I had been living in Arizona for a couple years after a fall-out with our parents, mainly our father. Laura had stayed in the Vegas area attending UNLV. After I had finished the business program at Arizona State mid-year in December, I returned back to the Vegas area. Not an easy choice since I had a couple great friends, Marc and Martina I was leaving behind but since I was no longer going to have free housing, I didn't have much of a choice. So, I moved in with Laura into the condo she shared with a couple of UNLV cheerleaders.

This was not the most ideal conditions as the place was party central on the evening and weekends. As a work-around of sorts, I got into the habit of sleeping during the mornings while they were all at school. Then in the afternoons I would build computers and do installs in the evenings after the business had closed for the day. I also was able to do model photography as well as many of these businesses had online (and even paper) catalogs. I put an ad out in the UNLV Campus paper for a model and was able to find someone who did not run away when they found out what exactly they would be modeling, BDSM equipment. Sara Rae, an Amazon at about 6'10" with very long jet-black hair was the first (and only) one who accepted the job. Sara would always meet me at the job sites, we would never meet at my place or hers. I guess she was wanting to keep things professional.

It was late May and I had saved up quite a bit money with all these projects. I found myself traveling to and from Arizona a few times a month as my college buddy Marc would give me leads on computer jobs. He was part owner of a resort outside of Phoenix and a networking guru. He had 'people' for anything and everything you could need or didn't know you needed. I had just returned from another trip to Arizona to discover a letter addressed to me from my father. Laura told me, "Oh, that arrive a couple days after you left...have no idea what it is and don't really care to know." Laura was

still bitterly angry at our father over his reaction to her choice of 'friends'. I was about to open the letter when we got a phone call from our mother. Seems there had been 'an accident' in regards to my fathers medication and he had passed away a few days prior. She told us she was going to go away for a while and would be in contact with us when she returned. Laura and I were rather in shock and for that matter baffled by what had just happened. Did our mother just confess to murdering our father?

A couple days later I found the letter again and was in for more of a shock when I opened it. I called out, "Umm...Laura you better sit down."

Laura asked, "Why, what is it?"

I explained, "Not really sure. This letter is postmarked a couple days prior to our father's death. Did dad have 'money'?"

Laura looked at me confused, "I am not sure. Hell, with the way we lived, I wouldn't have thought so, why?"

I handed her a cashiers check made out to her for \$750,000, "I got one of these as well, for the same amount."

Laura fell silent for a moment, "Shit! But it doesn't make any bloody sense we lived like we were poor."

I was too busy reading the letter, "I know...hmm...yikes, this almost sounds like a suicide note."

Laura grabbed the letter, "Let me see....oh my god...I've got to call mom." Laura tried calling our mother, "Damn, the phone is disconnected! She wasn't kidding about taking off."

Reality kinda sunk in for the both of us, "Well on one hand we are *really* on our own now, but on the other hand we are kinda well off now..."

Laura laughed, "Here I was worried about trying to find a steady job as network administrator right out of school. Personally, I prefer doing this independent work from home thing. But I have got to get out of this place. I been think about looking at the Lake Las Vegas area."

I agreed, "Yes, you need to. Wait, where the heck is Lake Las Vegas?"

Laura explained, "Okay, it is the name of the resort development, it is out in Henderson."

I replied, "Ah I see. I should be leaving as well. We have a couple months here before the lease is up."

Laura asked, "Ron, where do you plan on going?"

I told her, "Seeing as I practically doing all of my work in Arizona, I may as well just head out that way. But then again, I would hate to abandon Sara..." After all, Sara was the best...okay...*only* erotica model I had.

Laura suggested, "You could always take her with you, if she doesn't mind being away from her family."

I explained, "I don't think she has any family out here. She had left an old boy friend back in Texas. Although he did try to get back together with her out here but she had him arrested when he tried to rape her. That was after she beat the living crap out of him"

Laura added, "Geez, don't want to mess with her!"

I replied, "No, she is tall and very powerful. Anyway, I think I'll give Marc a call and see what he can do for me."

Laura told me, "Okay. Oh by the way Gary Zinfandel from GZ Fetishes called said something about a wild-drunken weekend and a big mistake that turned into something good. Have no idea what that was all about, but mentioned something about ACME."

I looked at her blankly, "ACME? Hmm, name sounds familiar but can't quite place it. Might have done a job for them, but I thought the contact was a Miss Spears. Could've been mistaken. Never too sure with Gary." The roommates returned with their friends for the start of what would be a very long summer break.

I headed outside to place a phone call to Marc, "Valley Shadow Resorts, this is Marc."

I explained, "Hey Marc, Ron here. I'll explain in more details a little later on, but I am going to need to get a house out in Arizona. Something a fairly decent size that would let me have an office and

may be a guest room or two. Plus I want to have an area I can do presentations as I am continue doing my computer work and if Sara wants to come with me the modeling as well."

Marc laughed, "Finally moving out of your folks house. Hey Martina been asking about you."

I told Marc, "I haven't lived with my folks for almost a years now. Been living with Laura since I returned to Vegas. She moved out or should I say was thrown out by our father when she 'came out of the closet'."

Marc was silent and then asked, "Laura is a lesbian?"

I replied, "I am surprised you didn't know that. I guess I should mention both Laura and I received some large sums of money from our father. The circumstances are rather odd since it was a couple days prior to his death. To make matters even odder, our mother has disappeared or fled the country, not sure which. Anyway, let me know what you find. I need to go talk to Sara."

A few hours later I met Sara at local upscale restaurant for dinner. She joked, "Wow Ron, is business that good we can now eat at a high class place like this?"

I told her, "Well, I am not sure about business especially given what I am about to tell you."

Sara didn't seemed worried, "Hmm...ironic I have some news as well, but you first."

I explained everything, "A couple weeks ago I received a letter from my father. The letter was very odd, almost a suicide note of sorts."

Sara laughed, "Suicide note?"

I continued, "Not a joke, he's dead. Whether it is suicide, accident or murder is yet to be determined. Anyway, he gave Laura and I both checks for rather large sums of money."

Sara apologized, "Sorry, I had no idea. What happened?"

I told her, "Haven't a clue from what our mother told us there was 'an accident' with his medication. What that means I have no idea. To further add to the weirdness, our mother has disappeared. The phone

is disconnected and there is a for sale sign in the window of the now empty house."

Sara commented, "How bizarre. So what are you going to do?"

I replied, "As soon as I can, heading back out to Arizona since that is where most of my work is now. I've commissioned Marc to look for a house so we shall see what happens."

I was leaving the door open here for Sara to state her intentions, "Hmm...I know we have had more of a 'professional' relationship but I am wondering if I could join you in Arizona?"

Well, that was a relief. I told her, "Don't see why not, but I thinking Martina is getting serious about our relationship. Of course I am not quite sure what kinda of relationship Martina and I have. I've been staying with her while I am working in Arizona. But then again nothing is set in stone, so..."

My cell phone started ringing, a quick glance at the caller ID showed it was Marc, "Hey Ron, you are not going to believe this, but I've got a guy who is trying to 'unload' a house on me. Quite the deal too only \$750,000 valued over \$1 Million. Want me to FAX you the sales sheet?"

I laughed, "Sure, but I don't think \$750,000 is quite within my budget. I mean that is everything my father gave me. I want to keep some of that set aside until I get something going long term. I guess I could finance a small portion, but not sure if a lender is going to want anything to do with me being as I don't have a steady job. Well, go ahead and FAX it over to the condo's resident's center and I'll look it when I get back."

After I got off the phone Sara asked me point blank, "How much do you need?"

## **Chapter 2: What Can I Do For You?**

I looked at her confused, "How much do I need...for what?"

Sara just smiled, "How much do you need to get the house? You said that you didn't want to spend all the money and you doubted that a lender would work with you. So how much?"

I wasn't too sure what to make of Sara's offer so I threw out a low-ball figure, "Um...May be about \$150,000?"

Sara asked, "\$150,000 are you sure? Wouldn't you want something a little large of a cushion to tide you over?"

I was really intrigued, "Okay, I have to ask just how much are you making with the modeling?"

Sara laughed, "Well....not *that* much. You know before Marc called and you made your little announcement I had said I had some news as well. I got in the mail the other day a check from Texas Life, Livestock and Property insurance for a very large amount of money."

I laughed, "That is funny, the Livestock part that is...and I suppose in that we both have gotten large amounts of money. Can I ask what it was for?"

Sara answers was simple, "No. That is not important. Tell you what, look over the sales sheet and give me a call if you want my help. I'll give you \$300,000 if you agree to take me with you to Arizona. I have a bad feeling my ex-boyfriend may be back in town soon. I've got an interview for another job in about an hour, so give me call this evening. Oh and here, take this..." Sara got up and left and tossed me a large wad of \$20 bills.

I sat at the Cafe for a few minutes longer thinking about what had just happened. I got into my Jeep Wrangler and headed back to the condo. I stopped over at the resident's center and picked up the FAX Marc had sent me:

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I rang Marc at the resort, "Hey, how long until this hits MLS?"

Marc told me, "I think later this week..." I had another call waiting, this from my bank.

I told Marc, "Hold on. My bank is on the other line."

I switched over, "Yes Ron Merlot, this is Greg at Nevada Federal. Hey, I know you get a lot of wire transfers but this was kinda threw up a red flag."

I asked, "How so?"

Greg continued, "Well, let me ask you this...do you know a Sara Rae?"

I told him, "Yes, she is a um...business partner of mine. Why?"

Greg advised me, "Okay. She is transferring \$350,000 into your account which would put you balance at \$1.15 million. You know you really should split that into separate accounts"

I was shocked, "Well..yeah....okay, that is interesting. Yes, let it go through I know her and I have an idea what it is for. Don't worry, the balance won't be that for much longer. Thanks."

I returned to Marc who told me, "I just talked to his Realtor®, Christina and she told me it will hit MLS end of the week and she expects it to sell very quickly."

I told him, "Tell her I'll take it."

Marc was dumbfounded, "Um Ron...what? But how are you going to get the extra money?"

I replied, "Okay, so my bank just called and informed me Sara just dumped \$350,000 into my account. Apparently she wants to get of Nevada, badly."

Marc said, "Well, then I'll have Christina give you a call. By the way, next time you are out here Martina really wants to see you."

### **Chapter 3: ANYTHING has got to better than THIS**

I returned to condo to find techno music blaring and the place was crawling with cheerleaders. I made my way to my room, passing by Laura's who was on her bed covered with half naked cheerleaders moaning very loudly with pleasure. I had just gotten into my room when Christina rang me cell phone, "Ron Merlot?"

I replied, "Yes, this is he."

Christina continued, "Hi, Christina Gutierrez-Mayer, Desert Diamond Realty. I understand from Marc you want to purchase the property up in Desert Foothills Oasis and you are wanting to pay cash?"

I told her, "That is correct."

Christina was thrilled but did ask, "Not that it matters to me, but wouldn't you want to see the property first?"

I explained as I opened the door, "Well, you see I am living in this

townhouse with my sister and her roommates, who are all cheerleader. If that is not bad enough, their friends whom I would say if I didn't know otherwise practically lived here full time. May be this will explain things..." I held the phone outside the door for a few seconds, "...this is what I put up with after 3:00 PM and all weekend long. Then there was Spring Break and summer break is going to start soon...so you see, it has to be better than this."

Christina concurred, "Okay....I understand. When can you have the money?"

I replied, "Tell me when, where and how much."

Christina explained, "Well there are closing costs, so it would be closer to \$800,000."

I told her, "Fine, when and where?"

Christina advised me, "You can use Marc as an escrow service if you like."

I advised her, "Fine by me, I trust him, as scary as that is."

I had tried to call Sara the next couple nights but she was too busy to talk. I did get a call from Marc telling me he had gotten the money and wanted to know when I would be out to look at the house. He once again mentioned Martina wanted to see me. I told him, as soon as I could get a hold of Sara I would let him know. Later that evening Sara called, "Sorry Ron, been a bit busy with the modeling. I take it you got the money?"

I told her, "Yes, I did thanks. I also purchased the house. When can you come out to Arizona with me?"

Sara explained, "Not for a while I am actually in Los Angeles on a two-month long gig. But as soon as I am done, I'll come out. Keep me in the loop please."

I called Marc and told him, "Sara is in LA for the next couple months but I'll go ahead and head out tomorrow. So I will see you on Friday."

The next morning Laura was passed out in the living room with a couple cheerleaders piled on top of her. I wrote a quick note on the kitchen white board and grabbed my bag. I was in Phoenix by mid-

afternoon and stopped over to see Martina who practically flung herself upon me, "Ron! It has been too long! Oh how I have missed you!"

Trying not to fall over, "Nice to see you Martina. I missed you too."

Martina asked, "So Marc tells me you bought a house?"

I joked, "News travels fast doesn't it? Yes, but haven't a clue what I bought."

Martina trying to flirt, "Oh...an impulse purchase, I like that. You know, I bought my Jag on a whim. Just walked into the dealership showed the salesman a good time...I mean my tits...err money and told him I wanted a silver Jag...and he got me a great deal. May be it helped that I did sleep with his sales manger."

Yep, that's Martina for you. She will use her sex appeal anyway she could. After all she was about 5'8" Hispanic with firm 38C tits, long (dyed) blond hair with a body no man could resist or was her nearly endless appetite for sex? I told her, "I am going up with Marc tomorrow to see what I bought, want to come along." Now keep in mind that while Martina was not a natural blonde, she sure acts like one.

I wasn't sure if she was serious with her reply, "Sure. Wanna get married?"

I looked at her, "Say what?"

She repeated her question, "You wanna get married?"

Still in a state of shock and not too sure I should take her seriously, I told her, "Let me get back to you on that one."

Martina giggled, "Okay."

The next morning Christina picked us up at Martina's condo. I introduced her to Martina and she asked, "Oh are you two married."

I was about to answer when Martina did so for me, "Should be soon."

Christina told us, "Congratulations!"

I replied, "Um thanks....I think. So, let's go see what I bought."

An hour later we arrived at a brand new community still under construction. Christina informed us, "Like the flier says, this house is first in phase."

We walked in and it looked like the house had never even been lived in. I asked, "Was this ever occupied?"

Christina told us, "Well, the previous owner moved in back in January but by the time April rolled around they found it too hot. So they bought another house in Colorado and gave this one to their son."

Martina being her witty self, "April! What wimps! July or even August, but April! Oh well, their loss our gain!"

I looked around upstairs trying to figure out how I would use all this space. There was a large sized bedroom near the stairs that I could use a Presentation Room. At the one end of the hall was the master suite which Martina absolutely loved. The deck looked over the rear yard and she commented, "Hmm, what do you think Ron, room enough back there for a pool? You know how I like to swim."

I took a look around from the deck and noticed there was a lot of space and asked Christina, "How big of a pool could we fit back there."

Christina looked over the lot dimensions, "Well, you could easily fit an Olympic size pull back there."

Martina was excited, "That would be a great wedding present Ron." She left the room to explore the rest of the house.

I just stood there speechless. Christina could tell things were a little awkward so she tried to turn the attention back to the house, "Now, Marc said you wanted an office, I think I know where you can setup your office. Follow me."

We walked by two other bedrooms across from what would become the presentation room. I commented, "Why the heck are two bathrooms next to each other?"

Christina laughed, "I have no idea. I mean the 1/2 bath makes sense, but haven't a clue why there is a full bath by itself. I suppose you could reconfigure one of these two bedrooms over here and make it a suite. I would suggest the southern bedroom as this one here would

make a great office."

We walked into a giant bedroom on the northeastern corner of the house. The room also had a giant walk-in closet along with a deck that over-looked the mountains to the southeast and the Phoenix valley. Then there was the window that faced north looking over the large yard, the wash behind the lot and then nearly 1/16 mile away the next house. I commented, "Impressive, sure is a bit of walk though to get over here."

Christina pointed out, "Well...let's go back out to the hall....," we walked out to the hall and she pointed out, "Noticed how this section is open below into the Great Room?"

I looked down and saw Martina who happened to see me, "Oh hey Ron! You know there is another suite down here? I am going to go check out the backyard some more, try to imagine what it will look like with my pool!" Martina quickly disappeared outside.

Christina laughed, "Full of energy isn't she. Anyway, you could easily have a spiral staircase installed here, which would make it much easier to get to this part of the house. Oh and Martina already has ideas for the kitchen."

I was still trying to wrap my mind around the pool and replied, "She does?"

Christina explained, "Oh yeah, complete redesign. She wants a gourmet kitchen, guess she is quite the cook."

True Martina was a good cook and so was Sara. We made our way downstairs to find Martina was back in the kitchen again, "Ron, if I am going to cook for you, this kitchen needs *major* work!"

Just for kicks I asked, "Okay, now how do you suppose I pay for your *wish list*?"

Martina giggled, "Ron! I'll pay for a lot of this, I've got money you know."

I replied, "You do?"

Martina explained, "When I was little my daddy gave me a \$1000 to invest in stocks. I bought a bunch of shares of Apple and Microsoft,

having no idea what they were. Also had bought some in oil companies as well, but I sold most of those last April when Marc told me to put as much as I could afford into the Google IPO."

Christina asked, "How many shares of Google do you own?"

Martina replied, "I think some where around 100 shares. Probably ain't worth that much though."

Christina laughed, "Martina, if you bought into the Google IPO the stock was around \$85 a share."

Martina not really knowing any better asked, "So what is worth now?"

I took out my cell phone and checked on the NASDAQ and nearly fainted, "Shit! It is trading for a little over \$300 a bloody share right now! Um Christina, if you could Martina and I need to talk."

Christina told us, "Okay, I'll be in the Yukon."

#### **Chapter 4: The Wild Martina**

After she left I told Martina, "Okay, if we are going to do this, there are some things I need to discuss with you."

Martina asked, "Such as?"

I explained, "Well, for starters, there is the matter of Sara Rae, my assistant. She did give me a sizable chunk of money to purchase this house under the agreement that once she finished her current modeling 'tour' in Los Angeles she would move out here with me."

Martina thought, "What would she think of being a maid? After all we are both going to be busy with our lives at times, so to have someone cook and clean for us would be helpful."

I wonder what the heck Martina did, "Out of curiosity, what is it that you do?"

Martina laughed, "I'm a connoisseur of clubs and spas."

I myself was trying hard not to laugh, "Okay...that explains a lot."

I was still trying to figure out what the heck she did when once again

Martina asked, "So are we going to get married? You know you want to!"

Well that last statement sure came out the blue, "I do?" I leaned up against the counter waiting for her response.

Martina continued her seduction, "Of course, you know you can't resist me..." then she pushed me on to the counter, undid my pants and took my cock into her mouth. I wasn't expecting Martina to give me a blow job, especially in the kitchen. I was going to say something, but she was doing such a marvelous job that I was almost near climax. Next thing I know, Martina strips off her dress to reveal she was not wearing a bra or for that matter any panties. Like a cat she jumps up on the counter and impales herself on my cock. She reaches orgasm in mere seconds and I follow not too far behind. As she dismounts, she leans over kisses me and says, "Just imagine once we are married!"

After I had a chance to recover I told her, "Okay, first let me talk to Sara then we'll take it from there."

Martina smiled, "Okay dear. I need to go pee!" She headed down the hall to the bathroom.

I decided I better call Sara before Martina got anymore hopeful, "Hey Sara. How's LA?"

Sara told me, "Not bad, will be glad to get back though. So you've looked at the house yet?"

I told her, "As a matter of fact yes, out here now with Martina."

Sara replied, "Ah, Martina. You two go away back don't you?"

I replied, "Yes we do. Hear me out if you will."

Sara responded, "Okay."

I told her, "Well, Martina as asked me several times to marry her. I've explained the situation with you and she is fine under a certain condition?"

Sara asked, "That would be?"

I explained, "She would want you to be our maid..."

I thought for sure Sara would freak but she replied, "Sure."

I asked, "Sure? You're okay with that?"

Sara laughed, "Anything has to be better than what I am in now."

I had to agree with her. Martina had walked back into the room, "Okay, Sara is fine about being our maid."

Martina added, "But she needs a uniform, 5-inch high-heeled sandals, black gartered thigh-high stockings and a French Maid's corset dress."

I was getting turned on imagining Sara in that outfit. Only if Martina knew just how tall Sara was already and that the 5-inch heels would make her tower over Martina. I relayed the info to Sara and again she said, "That is fine. Ron, like you and Laura I have cheerleaders as roommates as well."

I explained to Sara, "Okay then, well I need to get some work done on the house. Martina wants a pool and to redo the entire kitchen. I have some plans for the other parts of the house as well. So by the time you get back from LA it should be ready for you to move in."

Before we left I took several pictures of the house for reference purposes. On the way back to Christina's office I called up Marc and asked, "Hey you know a good general contractor and pool installer?"

Marc laughed, "So Martina wants a pool eh?"

I told him, "Yes an Olympic sized one at that, which she is going to pay for with her Google stock."

Marc nearly choked, "Shit, I forgot she had that! So what do you need a general contractor for?"

I explained, "There are several other improvements I would like to make to the house."

Marc understood, "Okay, when are you going back to Vegas?"

I told him, "Next week sometime, so the sooner you can get someone out here to give me estimates and drawings the better. Oh and how about a good place to get married."

Marc didn't catch the last part at first, "I can get a couple contractors out there on Monday....wait...married?"

I laughed, "That's what I said."

Marc thought, "Ask Gary where he got his 'shot-gun wedding'."

I was confused, "What?"

Marc replied, "Apparently he almost married last weekend. I don't know, he sounded drunk when I talked to him. Never mind."

The next Monday Marc sent over two of his best contractors and before the evening they had drawn up plans for adding the spiral staircase, creating a new suite on the upper floor as well as adding stairs from the house down to the lower level garages. He had also had his pool builder draw up a complete redo of the backyard including the pool, a bath house with changing rooms as well as a Cabana, and island with built-in a big honkin' grill and sink. Marc assured me everything would be done in about three months and he would oversee the construction.

Since Martina had several clubs she needed to 'connoisseur', she would be staying in Arizona for a couple more months then come out to Vegas so we could get married before we moved into the house. I returned to Vegas the end of that week to get started on packing for my move. Laura had been gone most of the week as was her roommate and their friends so the condo was fairly quiet for once.

## **Chapter 5: A Lady Named Holstein**

Later in the evening Gary called, "Hey Ron, I've got a friend of mine out in Arizona that needs a favor."

Referrals from Gary usually lead to repeat business so I was very interested in his offer, "I won't be back in Arizona for a couple more months, but I suppose I could make a trip out if needed. What ya got?"

Gary explained, "A very good friend of mine, runs an adult boutique out near Tucson. Anyway, she is in need of some replacement computers and she asked me if I knew any one..."

I told him, "Sounds good. What else can you tell me."

Gary added, "The business is called Budget Holstein Leather Works and is operated by Linda Holstein. She is actually in Oro Valley, wherever that is."

I replied, "Yeah, I know that area it is a suburb north of Tucson. Did she give you a time line?"

Gary explained, "Not really, just would like you to call her. Oh, I talked to your sister the other night, she was running an idea past me..."

I wonder what the heck Laura would be doing bouncing ideas off of Gary, of course he is a frequent client, "I am almost afraid to ask, but what did she suggest?"

Gary continued, "A barter system of sorts for labor. Seeing as y'all do a standard mark-up on parts you could create a niche in that you will do a barter exchange for that client's products in exchange for the labor. It is a quick and cheap way for y'all to build up your playrooms."

I laughed, "Laura and I hardly have a playroom. Of course with my new house, I could have a playroom....hmm....need to call Marc about that. Interesting concept, will have to see how receptive the clients will be to this."

Gary asked, "You getting a house in Vegas?"

I told him, "No, Scottsdale, Arizona. Laura and I are splitting so we can better cover both our markets. Laura is talking about going out to Henderson."

Gary explained, "Henderson, my girl friend and her sister live out that way. Their folks live in Wickenburg outside of Phoenix. So when are you going?"

I advised, "Martina is coming back this way in a couple months so we can get married. Then about a month or so later the house should be ready for move in. Sara is going to join us as our maid."

Gary joked, "Martina getting married, how on earth did that happen?"

I told him, "I kinda wondered the same thing, it is her idea. I wonder how long it will last."

Gary commented, "Likely longer than someone I know."

I asked, "Who?"

Gary replied, "That is not important, anyway I'll email you Linda's info so you can get in contact with her."

I was wrapping up with Gary when Laura knocked on my door, "Talk to you later Gary, Laura is back."

I told Laura to come in and she told me, "Well, I found a nice little place out in Lake Las Vegas. I am going to be moving out of here in the month."

I informed Laura, "I should be out here too by then and married to Martina."

Laura asked, "Where are you going then?"

I explained, "I bought a house outside of Phoenix. I having some modifications done per Martina. Sara has agreed to be our maid including a modified French Maid uniform."

We chatted for a couple hours about the new barter system and agreed we would give it shot to see if it would work out. After all since both of us would have our own places we could have playrooms. Which is why I had to call Marc about having two of the garages modified with extra fans and independent cooling system. One would be for our playroom and the other would be my shop. He told me it would not be a problem and would be done by the time we were ready to move in.

The next morning I called The Budget Holstein, "Yes, this is Ron Merlot, Gary Zinfandel has informed me you are in need of some computer work."

Linda explained, "Yes, I need to replace four aging computers."

I asked, "Do you know what kind of systems you want?" Linda explained what she would be doing with those computers and I told her, "Okay, you will want some high-end systems then. Those will run about \$375 each, labor is \$75 an hour...but may be able to work out something in exchange. What type of products do you offer?"

Linda explained, "We specialize in leather clothing such as vests, pants, corsets, lingerie and jackets. We also carry a small assortment of adult toys such as crops, whips and spreader bars. Take a look when you come out. When can you can come out?"

I told her, "Well, I am in the process of moving to Arizona. However when do you need this done by?"

Linda told me, "I've gone this long using these system so whenever is good for you."

It dawned on my I would need get Laura involved, "Then there is the matter of getting my sister out there do get them connected to your network. She is getting ready to move out to Henderson, this ought to be interesting. I should be able to get out there in a few weeks as I need to have these systems built too. I'll have to have a chat with Laura and see when she can make it out."

Linda assured me, "No hurry Ron."

Laura was gone for the remainder of the week, she had a convention she was doing networking work for. The following week when she returned I asked, "Hey how is your schedule after we move?"

Laura explained, "For the most part quiet, but I really will need sometime to sort through all my crap after the move. Why you ask?"

I told her, "Gary got us a job out in Tucson. Budget Holstein Leather Works. A simple job really, just replacing four computers, but they will need to be setup on the network."

Laura commented, "Leather Works...hmm...are they willing to barter?"

I replied, "Yes they are as a matter of fact. How long do you think you will need?"

Laura explained, "Sounds like a simple reinstall of the network software on the four machines, so no more than a few hours."

I got on the horn with Linda and explained, "Okay, I think we have a date in a couple months?"

Linda informed us that would work fine and gave us directions. I figured I would have a couple days to get settled into the new house

before I would head down that way. I would pickup the systems that Friday morning. It would take me about three hours to get to Oro Valley from my supplier and I figured another three hours to get the systems install and the operating system installed. I wouldn't need to stick around for Laura but would likely stay the night in Tuscon and head back up to Scottsdale the next morning. Simple enough, or so I thought.

## **Chapter 6: It's So Simple, What Could Possibly Go Wrong?**

A couple weeks later I came back out to Arizona to do a walk through on the house and was impressed with what I saw. The pool and the bathhouse filled in the lot very well. The big honkin' grill was a lot bigger than I was expecting, I could do some serious grilling with this sucker. The playroom garage had half-dozen remote controlled fans along with an evaporative cooler. It was the same setup, but on smaller scale in my shop. I spent several days shopping and ordering furniture for the house. Martina and I headed out to Vegas that weekend and get married at a UFO Chapel. We really didn't have time for a honeymoon as she had more clubs she needed to do her connoisseur 'work' for and I had to be back at the house for furniture deliveries as well as setting up the furniture.

When the time came for the job, everything was going as planned. Martina along with Sara and I moved into the new house as did Laura into her condo. The night before the job, Martina and I had some wild sex, but I still managed to get a few hours sleep. That Friday morning I head down to Ahwatukee to my supplier and picked up the four systems. So far so good, made it down to Oro Valley earlier and got the install done in a couple hours. I looked through Linda's merchandise and picked out a corset for both Sara and Martina along with a couple spreader bars and riding crops. I told Linda I would be heading in to Tucson for the night and to call my cell in case there were any issues. I was eating dinner when my cell rang, it was Linda, "Um Ron, your sister never showed up."

Great, just what I didn't need to hear! I told Linda, "I see. Let me call her and find out what is going on. I'm sorry about this."

After several attempts I reached Laura who claimed to have eaten something that did not agree with her and she was still in Henderson. However, she sounded exhausted like when she had been having wild sex. At one point I swear I must have been hearing things as I could have sworn I heard Martina in the background. Laura told me she

would be out Sunday to finish the remainder of the job and I told her I would be heading back home in the morning.

Well, this was a real fine way to start a job with a new client. I called Linda back, "Okay, apparently she is still in Vegas sick. She says she will be out Sunday to finish the job. I'll go ahead and knock 20% off the parts, sorry about this."

Fortunately for me Linda was very understanding, "It is okay Ron, things happen. Monday will be fine. I'll call you and let you know how it goes."

As I laid in bed thinking about the conversation I had with Laura earlier that evening, the more I wondered if it indeed was Martina I had heard. But the odds of that would be slim to none, besides they don't even know each other, at least I don't think they do. I drifted off to sleep and kinda forgot about the whole thing. I decided to stick around a couple extra days in Tucson in case there were any problems. Fortunately, there were not any more problems as Sunday afternoon Linda called to tell me Laura had finished the job and everything was working great. A little later Laura called, doing her Minnie Pearle impersonation, "Howdieeeeeee Ron! Just wrapped up with Linda and everything went smoothly. Hey, don't know if you heard, but Gary announced he has acquired ACME BDSM. I am hoping we can get some work from him with the new company, be able to get some great toys for our playrooms. I'll let you know if I hear anything."

When I arrived back home that following Monday evening Sara asked if she could have some time off to visit her grandmother in Reno. I told her that would not be a problem and to be sure to stop in Vegas on her way in. Sara returned about three weeks later and upon her first day back on duty I noticed an interesting addition to her maid's uniform, a high-security chastity belt. I looked at her, the belt and then at her again. She insisted the belt had nothing to do with me, she only wanted to protect herself plus she liked the secure feeling. I didn't give it much thought and just assumed she wanted protection from my clients as some were overly eager at times.

*Continued in The Unlikely Affair*