

The 13th letter is M...



P e t e r W i n t e r s

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Disclaimer

This book is a fiction. The character names in this book can be actual or fictitious. Specific incidents, events, locations, businesses or places are the product of the author's imagination. They are used in a fictitious manner to reflect the development of the characters. Any similarity or resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Warning: There is strong sexual and graphic content describing a very controversial lifestyle and language used in some of the chapters, which may offend some people. However, when, how and where used was not offensive or demeaning to the consensual adults involved at that particular time and phase of their lives.

Prologue

The 13th letter is M...

This is the fictional story of László. His self-discovery of feelings, desires, and needs, as he continued down his path with each subsequent relationship, always learning and expanding on his “needs” in both vanilla and the alternative lifestyle worlds.

The letter M is an interesting one. It is the 13th letter of the English alphabet and is his favourite number. Coincidental or not, Providence has a wicked sense of humour. The first three numbers on his cell phone numbers after the area code, add up to 13 and the last two digits are 13. His car’s licence plate ended in 13. Once, he was fired from a job on the 13th, and the list goes on. “M” can also stand for Master in the Alternative Lifestyle and even for Moose, a moniker he used later on: Mr. Moose.

For now, let’s continue with this little introduction. László never had many close friends, only several distant acquaintances. He always was a very private, and somewhat mysterious person. An enigma of sorts and a chameleon at the same time. People saw in him what he allowed them to see. Only a few were allowed to truly know him.

He set his own standards, his personal principles and ideals, moral or not. Many of his principles were based on honesty, integrity, and sincerity. He was raised that his word was his honour. He had to keep his promises even if they were detrimental to him. Being honest with himself was his number one priority. All of us should practice this, and then everything falls into its proper perspective.

Think about it. If you cannot be honest with yourself, how can you be honest with anyone? Being honest, clear, precise, and trusting, are the qualities as a person he gave automatically, and expected those in return. But, being a realist about life, he have learned quickly that these admirable qualities in a person are not always the best policy. His naïveté and innocence swiftly wore off as he was growing up. Sometimes, he had to make certain adjustments to his principles and idealism. He have learned to be creative and resourceful. Quickly recognized if he had to lie once in a while, he did. László never lost any sleep over it.

Did he ever step over to the dark side? Sometimes, when he absolutely had to. However, when it came to sensuality and eroticism that was his preference. He had learned to reflect like a mirror reflects an image, the traits others wanted to see in him without them knowing his true persona, the real him. This made him seem a bit aloof. He was judged arrogant, insensitive, and worse. Generally, people either liked him (a lot) or hated him. He was never sensitive to what others thought of him or how they judged him, apart from those he was in love. He did not care. His self-esteem

was never based upon the approval or disapproval of others. He had little tolerance for people who tried to use him or tried to dupe him, not even if they were family. He cut those ties quickly and wrote them off forever. He could forgive but never forget. He was not the type to screw with, and sometimes he was vengeful. Avenging to him was sweet, especially when it was well deserved! Maybe he enjoyed this dark side a bit too much...

The few people who accepted him as he was, László let them into his inner circle. They knew he was assertive, creative, resourceful, organized, dependable, and trustworthy, even if that came with outspokenness and not necessarily political correctness. He could quickly assess issues and take appropriate action to get the job done promptly. Sometimes, it required a bit of short-cutting and lots of ingenuity.

The haters hated him for the same reasons. Because unlike them, he did what he promised he would do, which intimidated them. To them, he was cold, cynical, distant, domineering, proud, and a bastard because that is precisely what he reflected and what he wanted them to see in me.

Having said all that, he never thought of himself to be perfect. And he never wanted to be. László made mistakes, maybe too many of them. As he reflects and looks back at his life's adventures. "Hindsight is twenty-twenty" as the cliché goes. There is a theme song from the 1967 James Bond movie "You only live Twice" sung by Nancy Sinatra. It goes:

"You Only Live Twice or so it seems,
One life for yourself and one for your dreams.
You drift through the years and life seems tame,
Till one dream appears and love is its name.
And love is a stranger who'll beckon you on,
Don't think of the danger or the stranger is gone.
This dream is for you, so pay the price.
Make one dream come true, you only live twice..."

This song summarized László's feelings about his wants, dreams, and desires, chasing them and paying the price. By doing so, he remained true to himself even if he had to pay a hefty emotional and financial price. His life was very adventurous, never mundane, and he saw a lot while chasing his dreams. His first love, Anikó, changed László forever in how he related to women in his following relationships. He also knew he would never forget his first love...

Later on his life, László made one blatant mistake of not realizing just how lucky he was to achieve one dream, one that he wanted the most. László let it slip through his fingers. That particular one, when he was 50 years old he regretted it in his life. If he could go back in time to change the outcome, he would. Mind you, a circumstance arose out of this situation beyond his

control. No matter how much he tried to master as many situations some could not. Maybe, if he had been a bit more understanding, perhaps it would have worked? Regardless, it made him stronger and more determined to find “that girl” he desired.

As for other mistakes, a few happened because he cared for someone or trusted them maybe more than he should have. Ignoring his own needs, putting their priority over his own. Very gallant, but a mistake as László has had to live with and accept the consequences as his own doing.

Many of his sexual adventures and quest to find the “one” are abridged or have been omitted. The selected chapters unfolding in these pages are just the tip of the iceberg. His interests perked up at a relatively young age towards the opposite sex. His sexual awakening and subsequent interests in the alternative lifestyle, especially in Domination/submission and in a Master/slave lifestyle, were sparked by his very submissive Italian girlfriend. She truly enjoyed being dominated sexually, and it was enhanced by countless others who wanted the type of lifestyle that he was seeking. Particularly JP (Gillian) and CS (Carissa), these two outstanding women, enriched his desires. They influenced who he became, not just by their submission and trust but also by love.

He wished to thank Nooshi and to entice and inspire her to be that girl. What she desires deep in her heart and soul.

I wish to thank László, for being open with me and allow me to write a fictional account of his story. There are a lot of facets to László, covering his art, photography, travels, and extensive career are not covered, although some were briefly mentioned. Providence has a wicked sense of humour. Living up to the cliché “The truth is stranger than fiction” is very appropriate to describe his past. What you are reading will be considered by most as fiction or fantasy. But is it?

Peter Winters

I. The early years

The once beautiful and scenic city of Budapest was still full of ruins when in 1953 László born. Broken bridges on the Danube and countless battle scars left over from WWII reflected a grey and dull image compared to the pre-war years.

Life was tough, not just due to the economic times that faced most of the people under Communism in the early 1950s behind the Iron Curtain in the Stalin era, but also due to the suppression of religious and political freedom by the Politburo and their spies. They infiltrated every aspect of life. Living in the city or in the countryside, people faced the same dreary miserable existence: the lack of food, and consumer goods and in fear of prosecution by the ÁVO (Államvédelmi Osztály [State Protection Department]) also known as the Secret Police. The ÁVO being the Communist version of the Gestapo, but worse. Their members mostly consisted of illiterate, sadistic thugs who enforced the party lines through the confiscation of family possessions, gulag-style re-education and labour camps, imprisonment, torture, and execution by hanging or by firing squad.

For a few, especially for the Politburo members, the higher echelons for the elite members of the Communist Party, life was very good on the other hand. They lived in large and considerably modern apartments for the time, or in confiscated mansions. They shopped at exclusive stores set up only for their food and consumer goods.

By all means, László's parents were not considered to be in the elite group, in fact, they were not devoted members of the Communist Party, period. However, they were slightly better off than most. This was due to the fact that László's father was a "needed person" because of his training and education as a mechanical engineer. Engineers were in high demand to rebuild the devastated country and to make the Soviet-style "five-year plan" a working reality.

László was named very traditionally, the first born son was given the same Christian or first name as his father. Sharing the same first name was a common tradition in many European countries. Interesting to note the meaning of the name. It means "to rule with glory".

In theory, László was to start school at age 6, in September 1959, but, due to some idiotic age restriction, on September 1, he was not exactly 6 years old, four days short, and he had to be exactly six years old or older.

László's father was quite stern, especially as László became older and this started to drive them apart. He was disciplined quite often, and received lots of face slapping, spanking, and strapping with a belt, despite his mother's protest against them.

In 1962 his parents separated and Rose, László's mother wanted a divorce. Rose had had enough of the womanizing, gambling, cigarette smoking, and the debt that her husband had accumulated. She moved out with her son from the spacious apartment, back home to her mother's apartment, located on one of the sections of the Grand Boulevard of Budapest in the 8th district, that forms a semicircle connecting route between two bridges of the Danube, Margaret Bridge on the north and Petőfi Bridge on the south.

In school, László was occupied by making new friends and started to get interested in girls in his class. László was an average student without much interest in the mandatory subjects except for art, and history. He had a sweet girlfriend Zsuzsi, she was one year younger than László was. He really liked Zsuzsi, but not as much as Anne. He had a secret crush on a much older girl, Anne, who worked at the ice cream parlour only a few doors away from his home on Grand Boulevard.

Anne was around 18, had a very nice figure, blue eyes shoulder length golden blonde hair, cherry red lips, and a warm smile. She noticed that the almost 12 old László always stared at her amorously for a long time when he went to buy ice cream. She enjoyed his attention when László came to the parlour for ice cream. She made sure that she was the one to serve him.

“What flavour would you like today?” asking with a sly smile,

“Peach, raspberry and cherry” was László's standard reply as he imagined Anne naked, covered with those delicious flavours for him to lick off!

Anne always gave him, at no charge, two or three extra scoops of ice cream on his cone. And, if the store manager was in the backroom a playful kiss on his cheek.

Even at a young age, László was thinking of pleasurable and naughty ways to spend time with a female companion. László was quite aware of the sexual differences from a very young age, having played doctor in kindergarten with girls of his age as their curiosity was sparked. He had a very active, fertile imagination when it came to girls. He already knew that the stork didn't bring babies and that babies were the result of sexual intercourse. Girls, sex, and sexuality were fascinating subjects that made him more and more curious as he grew older. Interestingly enough when László was in his twenties he liked sexual liaisons with older more experienced women. But, he would never marry a woman who was older than him.

His mother had married a visiting Canadian in the late spring of 1965. András, (Andrew) a friend of her younger brother, Joe, who had left Hungary after the 1956 uprising and settled down in Canada. This marriage was certainly not based on love on Rose's part, but it was a way to get out of

Communist Hungary. In fact, apart from escaping, this was the only legal way possible. His mother was getting concerned about László and his future. She hated the Soviet-styled system and for good reasons. She could see that her son was getting too rebellious when it came to anything to do with Russians and Communism. She certainly did not want him to be conscripted into the Communist Armed Forces, and she spoke heart-to-heart to László's father about the situation. He also understood, that while he had a lot of connections, it was best if László left for the West. He gave his written approval. He was concerned too that his son might do something regrettable, or become more curious about the family's roots.

The elder László had the chance to leave Hungary after the 1956 uprising, with the family unit as a whole, like several friends of his did. With his education, experience, and knowledge of German, he could have had a good position in Germany, or even in America. He had relatives, his aunt, and several cousins who had left after WWII for America and were willing to sponsor him and the family. However, he stated that he was born in Hungary and would die in Hungary, (he did) and did not leave.

Later on in life when László visited Hungary and they talked about this, his father still maintained this point of view. However, it was obvious that he regretted staying. All his friends had become very successful in Germany. While he had a reasonably good standard of living, it would have been so much better.

On Tuesday, October 5, 1965, early in the morning, László, and his mother took a taxi to the airport. His father was there waiting for them. They said their goodbyes to him and some of Mother's friends who had come to the airport. They stepped into the transit area where their tickets, passports, and exit documentation were checked by the Customs personnel. Soon they boarded a KLM Lockheed L-188 Electra for their flight from Budapest to Amsterdam. László sat by the window and watched as Budapest's airport disappeared quickly beneath them.

Upon arrival at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport, it was clear that this event was life-changing. They would be faced with difficulties since everything was foreign to them. Even the airport was so much more cheerful, people dressed much better and were more helpful than back in Budapest. Rose spoke a few words in German, that helped them find their way after deboarding the aircraft and then they found their way to the proper gate for their flight to Montréal's Dorval Airport.

After finding the gate, they waited for a short time and boarded a bus which took where the KLM Boeing 707 jet was parked. Wow! Their first, (of many later in life), transatlantic flight and their first time on a jet aircraft! That was a real thrill for both of them. László's mother loved to fly. In her youth she went several times gliding, as a passenger with her girlfriends and her younger brother Joe. And now, they were off to the new world. For some

unknown reason, she had always dreamed about traveling to Canada. In her youth, she had read a lot and read some books about the natural beauty of Canada. She was also a bit apprehensive. Just what was truly waiting for them in Montréal? Would it be as good as Andrew said, or would it be a nightmare?

The flight was an interesting experience. Flying during the mid-sixties was still a pleasure, unlike the torture it is now. Even in the regular economy class, food and drinks were served on plates, cups, glasses, and with real cutlery by good-looking stewardesses in sexy uniforms; all with great smiles! While there was no onboard video entertainment, there were plenty of magazines to read (to look at in László's case), free postcards, and stationary to write to friends, which at the end of the flight were collected and mailed by the airline at no charge!

The hours passed by quickly, and soon they landed at Dorval. Going through immigration and customs was a daunting yet interesting experience. All of their papers were in order. After getting their luggage, 20 kg per person, they emerged through the gates and were met by Andrew, dressed in a worn-out dark leather jacket and a hat. He greeted them and ushered them toward the parking lot. Andrew turned out to be a liar and a devastating disappointment for both. However, now they have escaped the communist stifling grip around their necks, and while they faced extreme hardships László and his mother Rose made it down to Toronto from Montréal in the spring, of 1966, and with the help of Uncle Joe, and some other's established a new life.

Rose and László were relieved that Andrew was now just a bad memory. They were very hopeful that things would only get better from here on. For Rose, English was hard. She was not surrounded by people always talking in English, which is a key requirement when learning any language, and due to her lack of language skills it was difficult to find work that paid enough to be on her own with László, but eventually, she did when she was introduced to his Protestant (Presbyterian) Reverend, at the Hungarian Presbyterian Church in downtown Toronto.

Rose and László moved to an affluent neighbourhood Forest Hill. For Rose it was important that László would receive a good education from the neighbouring schools, and they would live in a crime free area. She did not want László to get mixed up with friends of questionable character. While she could only afford a tiny apartment, for her the quality of the location was more important than the size of their apartment. Their apartment was located in a nice residential neighbourhood with several mid-rise buildings, a large park, several schools and very nice single homes. The building was built around the late 1950s, so it wasn't that old, and it was well kept. The apartment itself was a small bachelor unit, just one room to live in, with a small kitchen with an electric stove and fridge, a four piece bathroom, and

had limited closet space. However, it was enough for Rose and her son for the time being. The view was not the best, it faced east, looking partially at a more luxurious apartment at 630 Roselawn Avenue. Finally their own space! It was a big relief after what they had faced since leaving Budapest.

For the next couple of years, they lived here, until the rent went up so much that they no longer could afford it, even though Rose now had a much better job at the head office of a large Canadian bank.

For the first time in Canada, László actually enjoyed going to school. László's report cards were good too for a change, along with perfect attendance. It was easy to get good grades for László. He was good in every subject except for English, but with time it improved. His European education was clearly superior to what was taught in the Canadian Public School System. He became friends with some of the boys in his class, one of them was Peter and the other was Gabor.

While László preferred his friend Peter more, but he was involved more in sports such as hockey, playing in a league, and other activities, that László either had no interest in or could not participate in due to their finances. They remained friends, but drifted apart. Consequently, László and Gabor became closer friends much to Rose's dismay. She did not like Gabor, as she sensed that he was a bit devious and cunning and she thought he would be a bad influence on László. Her feelings were correct. They were very mischievous together, and got into a lot of trouble. Rose found out about some things, but she never knew all they'd gotten into.

The summer of 1968 was a pleasant surprise for Rose and was quite interesting for László too. Rose received a notification that was sent to her brother's address, that Andrew had filed for divorce in Hungary; the Court had approved the divorce. This was great news for her. Andrew now was just a very unpleasant short memory for her and László.

Martha, Rose's friend, invited László to spend a month at her farm near Lake Erie. This was a good opportunity to get away from the city as soon as the school term was over. Martha's son Steve, drove László down to the farm, in his dark green Ford Mustang. Steve even took László's bike with him, and he enjoyed his stay at the farm.

At the farm, he met two younger kids, a boy Joe, and a girl Anikó, whose parents visited Martha. He really liked Anikó she reminded him of his first girlfriend Zsuzsi in Budapest. László was invited to spend one or two weeks with them at their homes in Fort Erie, and Niagara Falls. Rose via phone only approved his visit with Joe. Joe's parents came back to pick up László a week later. He stayed for two weeks as their guest in Fort Erie.

Upon his return to Toronto in mid-July, László almost got killed in a car-bicycle accident. He was going through an intersection at Yonge and St.

Clair Streets, with the green light with Gabor. A driver who had a red light, turned into László, pushing him under a large truck, between the front and rear wheels.

Luckily, the truck driver slammed on his brakes, stopping the truck only inches from of László's neck. László was shaken, and bruised but alive. He should have stayed on the ground had an ambulance take him to the nearest hospital's emergency and the police should have been called. However, he did not. He climbed out from under the truck. The truck driver wrote down the information from the car driver and gave a copy to László, along with his name and phone number just in case he would need a witness as to what had happened. The car driver gave László, \$30 to have his bike repaired, as it had some damage to it, and drove off. László was slightly dizzy but felt strong enough to limp to his family doctor's office. He was diagnosed with a whiplash, and bruising of a couple of his vertebrae in his neck, one of them was slightly cracked.

László went to physical therapy for months. László started a lawsuit, actually an older friend of legal age did in László's name, since László could not as a minor. A year later, the Court settled in László's favour for \$8000. László learned a good lesson about the importance of having a good lawyer. The money he received was placed in a Trust, supervised by Office of the Public Guardian and Trustee until he would turn 18. The amount was not large by today's standards but then it was three times of an office clerks yearly salary. He was able to get some money out for necessities if he applied to the Trustee to a yearly maximum of \$1000.

The next couple of years went by quickly, with several moves to affordable housing projects as Rose was unable to pay the higher rent in the Forest Hill area anymore, and new schools for László in Toronto. László overall had attended 11 different schools to complete his eight grades of primary and four years of secondary school education in two different countries and two provinces.

He remained friends with Gabor, and saw Peter, occasionally. His interest in the girls for a while was subdued, due to the fact that he didn't like living in public housing, and worked part-time a lot at the bank where Rose worked, on the weekends and during the summer breaks.

László's schooling was going quite well; excelling in drafting, history, geography, and art, except for French which he barely passed at mid-term, but was failing the subject toward the end of the school year. He knew that if he did not pass his final French exam, he would have to repeat the entire year.

László took a very calculated risk. Knowing that his French teacher was very careless, he noticed during the year that she sometimes misplaced the written test results of other students in the class. His plan was to dupe her into thinking that she had lost his final exam and that she would not

admit that she had lost it, and thereby she would just give him a passing mark.

On the day of the exam, László walked coolly into the exam room, signed his name on the attendance form, and sat at the designated desk with the other students. They had to sit with one desk left empty between them so they could not copy each other's answers. He pretended to write on the blank form on which they had to write their name and class number and answers to the questions. They had to place their answer sheet inside the question form and hand it in when done. The teacher always had a few extra test forms which had a blank sheet inside for name and answers. Once all the questions were answered the students could leave. He waited until the time was up and several of his other classmates walked up at the same time to the teacher's desk to hand in the forms.

She did not check, as noted before during the year she was very careless, that the answer paper was inside the form with the name of the student who handed it in. So he handed his to her with a smile and walked out. When she would check and mark the answers, she would think that she mixed up the forms, and lost his. She had to check and mark four other grade nine test results, plus four grade ten classes too. All László needed was a 50 percent or better to pass French. It worked, as he was given a passing mark of 51 percent.

While working at the bank in the summer and on the weekends throughout the year László got interested in computers.

Although computer programming wasn't offered as a regular subject, he signed up for an after-school extracurricular activity which was once a week, to the members of the Junior Computer Club. The activity was quite basic, they had to mark punch cards with a black pencil and to ensure the cards were in the correct sequence. Occasionally they could get a limited amount of time on an IBM keypunch machine, otherwise, the cards were sent out to the University of Toronto to their data card reader. Then it was compiled by their mainframe, and the printouts were sent back to the school.

In September, László started grade eleven and turned 18. In theory, he should have been in Grade 12 or even Grade 13. But, László lost a year in Hungary due to their weird age laws, and he lost another year due to his lack of English when he immigrated to Canada. When he entered grade six he had an option to skip a year to grade seven to catch up, but he elected not to, to learn English at his tempo.

László bought a controversial item: a Remington .308 rifle with a scope. At the time, it was a simple process to buy a rifle or shotgun at any sporting goods store that carried hunting equipment. No license, or red tape, all one had to be was 18. He was, so he bought a rifle, and took it home in a

taxi. He was interested in hunting with Attila (Peter's father) in the fall for deer, black bears, or even moose.

Rose was very upset about the rifle, as she hated weapons. However, to get a hunting license, László had to take a gun handling course. The problem was that it wasn't offered in central Toronto, but a smaller township just north of the city in Maple. With the help of his friend, Attila, he learned how to handle the rifle properly, and practised the test questions. When László was ready, Attila drove him to Maple. László passed the written, and oral examination and actual physical handling of the rifle. Although László could not go hunting in autumn, as he was attending grade eleven, Attila did and got a black bear that year.

László started to think a bit more seriously too about his future. He was still interested in becoming an aeronautical engineer, so he checked into ways to achieve this. The only way he could, due to his economic situation, attending university was way too expensive, was to join the Officer's Training Program with the Canadian Forces. If accepted, they would train him at the Military College in Kingston, and he would be required to sign on for five additional years after his graduation as a Second Lieutenant. He would essentially get a free education and have guaranteed employment.

He went to the local recruitment office in Toronto, just as he started grade eleven. He spoke to the recruiting officer about his plans. Everything looked fine. All he had to do was complete grade twelve, pass everything, and provide proof of Canadian Citizenship, at that time. Oops! He wasn't, but he could get it, as he had lived in Canada as a legal immigrant and spent more than the required years to get one.

He proceeded down to the nearest Citizenship Office to apply. Providence was cruel to him once again! There was a fly in the ointment! He could not apply on his own, as he was under the age of maturity federally, he had to be 21. He asked his mother to apply for herself, and for him. She did right away. They filled in all the paperwork, provided the immigration documents, current photos for the ID cards, etc. Within a couple of weeks, they received a letter, indicating that for Rose there were no issues, and she would be granted citizenship. However, for László, she had to provide custody papers from her original divorce from László's father, before they would grant him Citizenship.

Rose and László went to the Citizenship office to provide a written consent agreement signed by László's father that László could move to Canada with his mother. That was not accepted. Citizenship wanted a document from the Divorce Court in Hungary. This was impossible to provide, as the Court in Hungary did not issue such papers. Rose would get her Citizenship in March 1972, and László would be granted Citizenship when he turned 21, the age of maturity in the eyes of the Federal

Government. This meant he would miss the age range requirement for the Officer's Training at the military college.

László's dream was done. Even if he would ace through grade thirteen, László and Rose would never be able to afford the university fees. While he might be able to get a student loan, incurring such debt was not the answer without a guaranteed job. László was totally devastated.

There was a grief-stricken event for Rose and László, in April 1972. Uncle Joe's car got rear-ended by a drunk driver without any insurance. Joe had to be hospitalized with serious back injuries. It took him several months to recuperate, but he could not return to his former job in the body shop. His insurance replaced his car and paid for some of the hospitalization. Unfortunately, he could not sue the driver for compensation as the driver had no insurance or any assets. Joe enrolled in a government-sponsored program for Graphic Arts, as he was exceptionally good with drawing and painting. Rose also received her Canadian Citizenship on March 29, 1972.

1973 started with a tragedy. Uncle Joe died on January 3rd, from an apparent heart attack, a blood clot that was a result of his car accident. László was very close to his beloved uncle, a lot closer than to his own father, in fact, he had played the father figure in his Canadian life.

After working all summer in the bank at the dispatch department, and being disillusioned now several times about his future plans, and confused as to what career to study for, his mind was just not on the subject. To him, it was pointless to continue with his education. He had his Grade Twelve Diploma, and to continue for another year for him it was not necessary.

He looked around at what work he could do. He was qualified for a mechanical drafting job. That was a good way to sidestep living in the public housing that László hated so much. And more importantly, get involved with females, without being ashamed of where he lived. It took him less than a month to find a drafting position with an engineering agency, Renco Design, that provided technical contract people to manufacturers and fabricators.

II. Jobs, automobiles, and girls

Renco Design sent László to an interview with a structural steel builder and metal fabricator: J.T. Hepburn Ltd. Hepburn's head office was on Dupont Street, Toronto, and it has been defunct since the early 1990s. He was interviewed by the personnel manager. László was asked to fill out a psychological profile test form. Very similar to the ones he filled out in school for \$10 cash per test. It was a piece of cake for him to pass it.

He was hired and sent out to their St. Clair, fabrication plant location, where his tasks were with many other draftsmen to draw full-size templates to cut from plate steel for cranes. The Engineering office was like a military operation, with strict protocols one had to follow. It was boring, but it was his first full-time job. He used public transit to get to and back from work, which took about 45 minutes each way. He was paid \$2.65 per hour by the agency, but he figured that the agency charged a minimum double for his services.

After several months he started to look around, and with another agency, he found a better job at a muffler plant that paid him 25 cents more per hour. The only issue was that the plant was located near the airport, and to use public transit was an adventure that lasted about one and a half hours each way.

He started working at the a muffler plant in January. In the mornings, it was not a big deal to get there by public transit apart from the time, but going home was not. What made it worse was that the bus was scheduled to run once every half hour on that route. When he missed the bus he had to wait half an hour for the next one. He missed the bus a lot, as he had to stay until 5:00 p.m. Which was the same time when the bus was scheduled to arrive. The only time he caught the bus was when it was behind schedule. It was not much fun to wait in the cold winter months.

László wanted to buy a car to resolve the transportation issues he faced. He got his learners permit to drive and signed up for a driving course in January 1974. He needed a car to practice and hone his skills. His friend Attila, who now tried to fill in as the surrogate father figure, after Uncle Joe's death, went with László to practice drives. László drove Attila's blue 1972 Plymouth Fury Station wagon. László aced his written and road tests in late February. He had his licence!

Unfortunately for László, Uncle Joe wasn't around to give good advice about buying his first car. He wanted to buy a new two-door sports car. He was thinking of a Camaro Z28 or a Mustang GT. Attila, who didn't know anything about cars, but was a nice but very frugal person talked him out of it getting a new car. He recommended that he should buy a used one, as he would save a lot of money. Furthermore, he should consider a smaller less powerful vehicle. László listened to Attila, and he compromised on a used red 1969 Datsun 240Z in mid-March. It was about \$1800 less than the Camaro

Z28, or a Mustang GT that he had looked at initially. They were automatic, and the 240Z was a five-speed manual.

The 1969 Datsun 240Z turned out to be junk, not only a mechanical lemon but one with a rusted-out floor. László was taken by the salesman at the dealership. He overpaid, but the vehicle should not have been sold in that condition! When he complained about the issues to the dealer about the condition of the car he was reminded of the phrase: Caveat emptor “Buyer Beware!”

Lesson learned about deceptive car salesmen, and about used cars. László not only had to learn real quick how to drive a five-speed but also had to borrow money to have his car repaired. His mother Rose was not thrilled. For the time being it solved his transportation issues, but only temporarily.

At Easter, Peter, Attila’s son, and László decided to drive up to Attila’s new cottage near Algonquin Park together. The night before they went to see Zordaz, with Sean Connery, a 1974 science fiction/fantasy film. László stayed overnight at Attila’s home, as he and his wife Eva had already left for the cottage.

Early Saturday morning, László and Peter left in a blizzard. Peter smoked a lot of pot in the car, with rock music blaring on the radio, while László was going fast 80+ mph, ignoring the icy conditions, trusting his Michelin tires. Everything was fine until they hit a patch of black ice near a slight turn on the divided multilane highway.

The car spun out of control, hitting the guardrails at about 80 mph, and started to spin and bounce between the left and right guardrails, like a ping-pong ball. The Datsun made at least two complete 360-degree turns before it stopped facing the highway in the proper direction. The front end on both sides and the back side on the driver’s side was smashed up. Several cars stopped and the drivers ran to see if they were alright. Surprisingly, they were not hurt, not even a strand of hair bent.

The 240Z was drivable, and they drove it all the way up to the cottage. Must have been divine intervention; it wasn’t László’s time. When they arrived, at a slightly slower pace to the cottage, both got heavily reprimanded by Attila and Eva.

On Tuesday, first thing in the morning László, had his car at a body shop to have it appraised for damage and the 240Z fixed. He was insured all he had to pay was his deductible of \$250. To the adjustor stated that the car hit black ice and spun out, thus the damage, omitting the high-speed driving. Since over the Easter holiday, there was lots of snow, and freezing conditions with plenty of accidents, it was accepted. Two weeks later he had his car back. For the next several months he drove within the speed limits.

To László’s big surprise, one day just before summer, his Canadian Citizenship card arrived in the mail. The age of majority was lowered to 18.

A bit too late for László! He was no longer in the correct age range to enter the military college.

In the summer he finally got around to visit one of his relatives, now that he could enter the USA as a Canadian Citizen. László's second aunt from his father's side, in Poughkeepsie, New York State. It was an interesting visit, to drive down with his mother, but for László, it was more about the driving. After their return, during the summer László often drove his mother to Attila's cottage to see Eva, her friend, who stayed up there all summer. Eva no longer worked at the bank, where Rose still worked.

On one of the occasions, on the winding road to the cottage that was being repaired, someone forgot to place warning signs or orange markers to indicate that there was a gap four feet deep by twenty-four inches wide across the width of the pavement. The 240Z was a low car, by the time László saw the gap and braked heavily locking up his front brakes, the car went in and out quickly with a large bang. The bang was the broken suspension struts in the front and the bent front roll bar! Another expensive repair bill and another loan.

By this time, not counting the accident deductible, László paid more money in total with the original price and repair bills than the price of a new Corvette! Never mind a new Camaro Z28 or a Mustang GT! But this wasn't over, the aluminum head on the engine cracked a month later on the Datsun 240Z. László could not believe his bad luck with this car. He vowed that he would never buy another Japanese piece of junk!

A couple of days after picking up his car from the repair shop, Gabor came down to his apartment and wanted to test László's Dolby noise reduction unit at his place with his Sony 850 tape deck. They took László's Sony 650, the Dolby unit and his Pioneer receiver up as Gabor had some testing equipment that would indicate the actual RMS output of the receiver. On the way up, they stopped at a restaurant to celebrate László's 21st birthday. While they were having a steak, László's car was stolen with all his sound equipment.

Three days later the police found the car dumped on a side street not too far from the restaurant, with the sound equipment missing, and some minor damage to the lock and passenger window. The car was towed to a repair place by the insurance. During the night the car was stolen again, and located burned out on an empty field on the eastern boundary of Metro Toronto near a new subdivision.

László was raked over by the police, due to the suspicious nature of the theft of his car, despite the obvious alibi for both occasions. He could not have stolen the 240Z while at the restaurant, nor stolen the 240Z again from the repair shop and burned it while sleeping at home, as verified by his mother. Apart from these minor details, why would he pay all those repair bills, just weeks before the theft? If he wanted to burn the car, he would have saved the \$1300 and the loan he had to have for the repairs to the 240Z.

After several weeks of haggling with the insurance about the value of the car and his stereo equipment the insurance paid partially for the 240Z and his stereo equipment. Although the combined payout was less than what he owed on the repair loans. It took him another five months to pay it out. During this time he asked his agency to move him to another company, as going to work at the muffler company without a car was time-consuming over one and a half hours each way. The agency refused, so he quit as soon as he paid off the loan.

László was more or less still considered to work as a part-timer at the bank. He started to work again every day, on a part-time basis on the night shift. László was offered a full-time position, after several weeks, as the HR Manager liked his performance, but he passed on it. He knew he could make more money by being a mechanical draftsman and perhaps advance, versus working at the bank as a clerical staff, essentially a dead-end job. During the days, he visited several employment agencies. The days when agencies actually had positions to fill, and were willing to work with people looking for a job. Real humans to talk with and look at all the possibilities and potential of the person seeking employment. Unlike today, when all the resumes are scanned and checked by artificial (not so) intelligence for keywords, and not what a person brings to the job.

There was an opening at a “tank” fabricator. It was not the army type of tank, but a pressure vessel fabricator for the petrochemical industry in the east end of Toronto, Allen Tank Ltd.

He went for the interview, and he landed the job as a junior mechanical draftsman, at \$3.25 per hour and if he passed his three-month probation he would get another 25 cents additional per hour, for a total of \$3.50 per hour and benefits. This was better than the \$3.00 per hour rate offered as a full-time clerk at the bank, and he finally left the bank for good.

First and foremost, László wanted to get out of the social housing, this was his top priority. He started to look at accommodations at regular rental units in the city. There was a brand new apartment complex nearby, at the corner of Huntley and Bloor streets, close to the same subway stop, that had a shopping plaza underneath it. That was one potential. While he could not afford the two-bedroom unit, the one-bedroom would have been sufficient, importantly, when combined with what Rose was paying at the social housing, he could easily make up the difference from one week’s salary. Rose would get the bedroom, and László would sleep in the living room. However, he liked the one on Duplex Avenue just north of Eglinton Avenue, it was only \$10 a month more than at Huntley Street.

The apartment at Duplex Avenue was bigger, with a shopping plaza underneath, a large park only three minutes from it, and right on the subway

line. In fact, one could take the elevator down to the plaza and walk underground to the subway or bus connections. Rose liked it too as it was close to the library, and it was in a good neighbourhood, which she preferred herself, if and when she could afford it. She always told László “it is better to live in a smaller place in a better neighbourhood than a larger one in a bad neighbourhood!”

Meanwhile, his new job was going well, and soon László passed his probation period and got an additional raise. It was a bit cumbersome to get to work via public transit. Gabor his long-time friend, being the good boy that he was, had just lost his driver’s licence due to going over his demerit points, and had other legal issues too. Gabor was about to lose his white 1974 Dodge Charger SE Brougham, 440 V8. Gabor asked László if he would buy the car from him? László indicated that he was willing to take over the monthly payments if Gabor’s finance company agreed to it. But he was not willing to pay Gabor any additional dollars for it.

He knew the history of the car, Gabor had bought it brand new, but he drove it fast and hard, thus the resale value was questionable, even as the Dodge was just a couple of months old. They went to the finance office, who were willing to approve the transfer of the \$120 monthly payments, as long as the ownership was transferred properly to László, and if László, signed the original loan payments. Gabor started to haggle, wanting at least \$800 in cash, but László stood his ground. He refused to pay Gabor anything and did not sign the finance papers.

In May, he and Rose moved to 411 Duplex Avenue, to a one-bedroom unit, initially on the ground floor, as apartments on a higher floor were not available, until later on in the summer. Then they moved to the fifteenth floor facing west, with a huge balcony. László bought a large Zenith solid-state TV. The top-of-the-line colour TV was available at the time with a 25-inch screen quite expensive, with excellent colours. This was his first colour TV, which lasted him nearly twenty years.

A few months after their move László bought a used sunfire yellow 1972 Oldsmobile 98, four-door hardtop, with a 455 cu in (7.5 L) Rocket V8, that was more to his liking, a luxury car, that was very comfortable, yet it had lots of speed due to the big engine. This time László inspected his new vehicle to ensure he was not getting a lemon, including having the car hoisted up for a chassis and rust inspection. The Olds had a medium green interior with a medium green vinyl top, fully loaded with options. Unfortunately, just after László purchased the car, Rose had an emotional meltdown/nervous breakdown. All the past events she had gone through while in Canada finally caught up with her. She had to be hospitalized and went on sick leave for several months. Luckily, the bank’s benefits covered this period.

László bought a German Shepherd puppy while she was in the hospital. This was László's first dog. The dog's name was Duchess. László also received another raise and was making over four dollars per hour, he had a chance to work overtime, a lot, making a huge difference in his pay cheques. He bought a pair of very high-quality Cornwall speakers made by Klipsch, for which he got a loan, as soon as he paid it off, he also purchased a reel-to-reel 1/2 track Sony 850 tape deck with 10.5" reels, a Thorens TD-125 MK II turntable, a Marantz 112 tuner along with a Nakamichi 500 cassette deck to complement his McIntosh MC 2505 solid-state power amplifier, and McIntosh C-26 pre-amplifier. These quality high fidelity equipment lasted for several decades.

While Rose was recuperating at home, László's relatives from Poughkeepsie came for a weekend visit, staying overnight at a nearby hotel.

Rose returned to work in August, and she wanted to set up László with a girl, she thought would be suitable for him. She invited Effie over, a young Greek woman from the bank, who had known László when he had worked at the bank. She was about László's age, and while he liked her while working at the bank, and sometimes they joked together, she smoked and that turned him off. She was also a natural redhead, although very pretty, she just was not his type. Although Rose really liked her, László was just not interested. Rose had a tough time understanding her son's choices, in her mind Effie would have been a good match, and she could have quit smoking.

Instead of Effie, László chose to go out with Rosina, for a while. She was an attractive young lady, being the sister-in-law of László's boss. They got introduced when László bought the dog, Duchess, from him. She was Canadian, two years younger than László, with long brown hair, blue eyes, and slim, but she smoked too. She actually fell in love with László, but due to her smoking, he was not really interested, and he wasn't interested in marrying just to have sex with her. She was a nice girl but a very vanilla type. László liked European girls better, they were more open-minded and had a more adventurous attitude to experiment. When they broke up Rosina became quite depressed and shortly got married to the first guy who came along. Her marriage did not last long as she committed suicide in a matter of months.

In the fall, Rose and László were invited to a wedding to which he did not want to go. It was the marriage of Martha's daughter: Baba.

Baba was actually her nickname, which meant a baby in Hungarian. All her friends knew her by this name. Baba lived nearby, and László spent some time at her mother's farm in the summer of 1968. By this time Martha had sold the farm, moved to Niagara Falls to a small house, and retired. She supplemented her retirement by being a seamstress. László drove his mother to Niagara Falls for visits a few times plus Rose used her services to adjust

some of her dresses. László bumped into Baba several times while walking Duchess in the early evenings, at the nearby park, as she lived across from the park.

László, used the excuse that he doesn't have a tuxedo to wear at the wedding, and he doesn't have a date. Such poor excuses did not stop Baba. She rented one for László and set him up with one of her bridesmaids, and also as part of the groomsmen or ushers. Rose explained to László that it was an honour to be selected, and would be an insult not to go and he had to go.

It was a nice wedding held at the Hungarian Catholic Church in Toronto, with a nice reception at an upscale Hungarian Restaurant, the Wooden Plate, on Bloor Street, near Yorkville. A chic and pricey area of downtown Toronto. That can be compared to New York City's Fifth Avenue area with expensive boutiques.

Baba, indeed came through with a nice girl too for László, but he just wasn't interested in her. László was mesmerized by someone else. An attractive girl (in László's eyes) about 18 who was there as a guest with someone else. Something was drawing him to her. But since she was with a date he didn't bother to introduce himself, and just let it go.

December was approaching, and as usual, Allen Tank closed down between Christmas and New Year. A nice week-long paid holiday. In the fall, two Swiss girls were hired in the drafting department to help with the growing workload; Prisca, and Ruth.

László liked Prisca a lot, as did everyone else. She was slim, had long light brown hair, had a pretty smile, a good sense of humour, and was single. All the guys wanted to shag her, including László. However, László knew better, not wise to get involved with co-workers sexually, as that always led to messy situations.

Ruth was a bit frumpy, not as good-looking, and had an interesting accent. Both smoked, although Ruth smoked more. László was thinking of going down to Florida for the week and jokingly asked the girls if they wanted to tag along, splitting the costs, and since they liked to travel, it would be fun. Prisca said she had already made other plans, otherwise, she would love to. Ruth said yes, and wanted to join him for the trip. László, made one condition to which Ruth had to agree: *no smoking in the car!*

On December 24, 1976, Friday after work, László drove Prisca and Ruth home, to pick up her luggage from the apartment she shared with Prisca, and drove home with Ruth. Rose made dinner and after dinner, they left for Florida.

Crossing the border at Windsor they got on Interstate 75, a direct route to Orlando, to visit Walt Disney World, Cape Canaveral, and Key West. At the border crossing, László just showed his driver's licence, which is all a

Canadian citizen has to do and stated that he was Canadian. Ruth's entrance was more complex as she was a Swiss citizen. She had to fill out all kinds of paperwork, but after about an hour's delay, they were on their way. After filling up the 25 US gallon tank of the Olds with premium (approx. \$0.65/gallon) near Detroit, László drove, stopping for gas and going to the washroom, until they reached Knoxville, Tennessee, where they had breakfast and rested for a few hours.

The Olds was very comfortable, the perfect car for such a trip, and with cruise control, it was effortless to drive. They switched and Ruth drove while László slept in the back seat until they passed Macon, Georgia, again stopping for gasoline. Here they ate, and after that László took over driving again. While Ruth drove she had the cruise control at the legal speed limit of 55 mph, while László was zooming at 90 to 95 mph whenever he could, and in a few places well over 100 mph. For the record, the Olds could reach about 125 mph, flat-out. Time was of the essence.

By Saturday midnight they crossed the Florida state border. Ruth took over driving again until it was time to leave I-75 for the Florida Turnpike. Here they switched again on their way to Orlando. Upon arrival in Orlando on Sunday just before dawn, they stopped at the Holiday Inn parking lot and slept in the car.

The trip took 30 hours from Toronto, including all the stops. In the morning, they went into the hotel had breakfast, and refreshed themselves in the washrooms. They booked a room, for Sunday night, and left for Disney World. This was László's first and only visit. Spending the rest of the day there. In the evening dead tired, they returned and crashed in the room. While they shared the costs 50-50 they did not share a bed. This was after all just a friendly trip, they were not in a relationship. Ruth wasn't László's type and László wasn't hers either.

On Monday, after checking out of the Holiday Inn, they drove to the Space Center at Cape Canaveral. While the weather was a bit overcast and windy, László wore his leather jacket and a turtleneck, it was certainly a lot warmer than back in Toronto. They had dinner early in the evening and they set off for Key West just around 9 p.m., on I-95. It was quite an interesting drive once they arrived at the Keys, crossing all the bridges during the night, some seemed like they would go on forever. They arrived at around 4 a.m., on Tuesday, December 28. László parked the Olds at the nearest hotel parking lot off State Highway 1 and went to sleep behind the wheel, while Ruth slept in the back.

At around 7 a.m., both woke up and looked for a place to eat breakfast and to find a hotel for a couple of nights. They figured if they spent the New Year celebration in Key West and head back to Toronto Saturday morning and if they both drove non-stop, they should be able to make it back by Sunday night. The Distance was close to 2100 miles between Key West and

Toronto the way they came, After looking at the map there was a slightly shorter route toward Buffalo, taking I-95, I-77, I-79, and I-90 in the USA, and the QEW to Toronto once in Canada that was about 1800 miles. They found an economical hotel. Enjoyed Key West on rented bicycles, and sampled many seafood restaurants. The weather was warmer too.

New Year's Eve came by quick, Ruth stayed at the hotel's bar enjoying the party quite late, while László went to bed shortly after midnight. He was never into partying much, besides he would have to drive just about all the way above the speed limit to get back in time. They had to be back at work by 9:00 a.m., Monday.

Ruth didn't wake up until about 9 a.m., on Saturday, January 1, 1977. After a quick shower, they checked out quickly. Had a hearty breakfast, tanked up the Olds, and László let loose the 455 cubic inch, four-barrel Rocket V-8. It was a long and very tiring drive, stopping for gas, washrooms, and very quick bites to eat. Ruth only drove for about four hours in total during the return trip, while László was passed out in the backseat. They made it back from Key West to Toronto without any tickets in twenty hours, using the shorter route, with an average speed of eighty-five miles per hour, (35 mph over the legal limit) that included all stops including the border crossing, which was very quick at Buffalo to Fort Erie.

III. Anikó

1977 was a very interesting year for László. It started in Key West with a long drive. The winter went by fast. He spent some weekends with Attila, at their cottage snowmobiling. Spring came and in late April, Rose, László, and Duchess went to visit his mother's friend Martha, in Niagara Falls. This were he met his Femme Fatale, Anikó, for the third time.

László met Anikó for the first time in 1968 at a family friend's farm where he spent a few weeks in the summer. Anikó and her parents visited Martha, the owner of the farm, for a day. He really like the girl, who was 6 and a half years younger then he was. She reminded of a girl he was very found of, back in Hungary. Ironically both had the same name Anikó.

The second time at a wedding in 1976. Rose (his mother) and László were invited to a wedding, but he did not want to go. It was the marriage of Martha's daughter Baba.

In April, 1977, Rose, László, and the Duchess visited Martha in Niagara Falls. Their first visit since her daughter's wedding. Martha wondered what had happened between László and the girl he was with. László replied nothing; he was not interested in her, but he was in another girl there and described her.

"If you really want to meet her, she just lives around the block from here," Martha continued, "you may be surprised, but she asked me just a couple of weeks ago, who you were? I've told her your first and last names and that you lived in Toronto." After hesitating for several seconds, Martha asked "I can call her over if you would like?"

Ten minutes later, Anikó, with her mother, pulled up in a silver 1972 Cadillac Eldorado and parked it behind the 1972 Oldsmobile 98 on the driveway. After the short introduction, László, Anikó, and Mary (her mother) met in 1968 at the farm! Anikó was the young girl and her father who had invited László. A lot has changed since then. And not always for the better. A lot of water has fallen over Niagara Falls. Anikó had just turned 17 in March, although she looked over 18, and the Eldorado was hers. She had received it for her 16th birthday! It wasn't new but a very well kept low mileage car previously owned by a local Cadillac dealer.

Anikó was five feet, four inches tall, had a feminine figure but was not skinny by any means, had long dark brown hair in a ponytail, warm brown eyes with a sexy twinkle, and a great smile. She had little make-up, nicely kept pink nails on her hands that matched her lipstick, a blue mini-skirt, a strapless white top that nicely fit her firm breasts, and high-heeled casual

fabric sandals. She looked a bit exotic, like a Spanish flamenco dancer. Maybe because her mother had gypsy blood in her veins. She was young, sexy, and desirable.

Anikó and László clearly hit it off! They went outside with Duchess to talk. Walking the dog was a good excuse while the mothers and Martha chatted inside. It was a long walk down to the Falls and back.

They talked about their lives and heartbreaks, and both were very sympathetic toward each other. It turned out that Anikó's father had left her and her mother behind one day in 1970. He was declared dead a couple of years later, and her mother remarried. Now, she had a different last name than hers. Coincidentally, László had a different last name than her mother due to her marriage to Andrews that changed her last name. To have it changed back to her former name to match László's last name, was complex, not to mention expensive. When they showed up at Martha's house, Mary, Rose, and Martha were waiting beside the Cadillac, wondering where they disappeared. Anikó and László decided next Saturday to meet again around 11 a.m., next Saturday. László would drive down to Niagara Falls to see her on a date. Anikó got behind the wheel of the Eldorado and left with Mary, waving at László!

Martha warned László and Rose that Anikó was not the right girl for him. As Rose mentioned to Martha, Anikó and László would be an excellent match for each other. Since both had Hungarian roots, while Anikó was born in Canada, she spoke perfect Hungarian, which was highly admirable. Martha warned again indeed Anikó and László looked very suitable for each other. Mary, her mother, kept a snug control over Anikó. Mary would not make a good mother-in-law, as her background was not stellar and certainly not the type for someone with a last name like László. That was all she would say on the subject, and if László wanted to pursue Anikó, he should be on his guard, and she would not stand in the way. László thanked Martha for inviting Anikó over and for her warning. However, he will be back next Saturday. Martha mentioned to László, that he should bring Rose down too! At least they could chat while he was with Anikó. They soon parted, and László and Rose drove back to Toronto.

The week flew by, and on Saturday, László, Rose, and Duchess arrived at around 10 a.m., in the morning. László was looking forward to spending time alone with Anikó. To find out why Martha warned him about her and especially Mary. So, while they did not have the same aristocratic heritage as he had, it made no difference now: it was not the 19th century! Far from that, it was not about their background that László judged others, but how they acted toward him. Maybe he was a bit naïve and overlooked the facts because he was infatuated with Anikó, who was almost six and a half years younger. Or perhaps because of the values that Rose taught him not to judge others by

their background. Whatever the case, he never had feelings for other girls like this before, not even for the ice cream parlour girl, Anne, his secret flame. Who just happened to have the same first name! Coincidentally or not. Anikó is an endearing nickname in Hungarian for Anne or Anna. While László had friendships with girls and dated now and then, he was not that interested in any of them.

Anikó is an endearing nick name in Hungarian, of Anne, or Anna. While László had friendship with girls, and dated now and then, he wasn't truly interested in any of them seriously.

Rose was worried a bit that he could be, God forbid, oriented to the same sex or gender, in other words, a homosexual. Which, of course, László wasn't. Apart from the fact that he was just very selective about whom he would call a girlfriend or would consider a committed intimate relationship with, He was also ashamed of living in public housing and the stigma that many attached to those who lived in it. It wasn't that László was not interested in intimacy or sex with females. Ever since László could remember, he was interested in the differences between male and female anatomy. With interesting thoughts, often very naughty. He just suppressed his feelings while he lived in an environment where he felt uncomfortable. Now that he lived in a decent area and that Anikó perked up László's interests, Rose was much relieved.

Martha called Anikó on the phone soon after they arrived, and it didn't take Anikó long to show up in her Eldorado. She parked it, jumped out, and hugged Rose first and then László. Anikó was very casual, with blue jeans, a blue strapless top, no bra, and a white loosely fitting shirt unbuttoned. She offered to show László around Niagara Falls in her car and eventually showed him where she lived. She gave him her phone number so their next date could call her directly and go to her house. There is no need for László to wait for her. It was very obvious to Martha and Rose that she liked László, which was 100 percent true. In fact, over the weeks, she did fall in love with him and László with her. But let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Anikó drove László to several sights in and around Niagara Falls, not just typical tourist traps but to some alluring hidden gems, such as parks hidden from the beaten path. While driving, she talked a lot, not just about the sights but about herself. László was more interested in her. Eventually, they parked at the Lotus Grove Park just on the north outskirts of Niagara Falls (aka the Lotus Grove picnic area). Which is hardly ever used by the locals or tourists. They embraced and kissed each other deeply on the lips. After a long, passionate first real kiss, they talked more about themselves and their hopes for their future. Anikó was in grade eleven at a private school in St. Catherines. She mentioned her mother was very controlling and often wished she could run away from home. While she was in many ways raised

as a “princess” and liked luxurious and quality items, she was not necessarily the type, and deep down, she was more of a romantic with some wild urges for fun and adventure.

For example, she liked car racing and driving fast, and she admitted to László that she liked drag racing too, sometimes on the street with other cars. Her Cadillac was a heavy car. It had a 500 cubic inch engine with lots of torque, and she knew that fast acceleration was more about torque than just horsepower. László was quite impressed by her knowledge of cars and shared many common feelings, such as the quality of items and how she came across to people. She had a presence, not just because she looked attractive and fashionable but because she was also intelligent. Anikó spoke French fluently; her Hungarian was so perfect that one would have thought Anikó had just landed from Budapest. She had excellent marks in school. Her mother assured her of that, as she was very strict with her.

It was evident to László that Mary wanted her daughter to have a good education, just as much as she wanted to be eye candy to a wealthy suitor. By talking with Anikó about many things, it was also evident that, deep down, she had some resentment about the unpleasantness she received from her mother. Perhaps this was what Martha was hinting at?

There was only one way to find out. There is a funny Hungarian idiom that loosely translates to “*look and learn about the mother before you shag the daughter,*” meaning the very obvious. László wanted to know them better, especially Anikó, and learn how she felt about her mother. That would give some insight into Mary and make up his mind about her. Mary was not ugly or overly plump; she looked like someone with some gypsy blood and smoked like a chimney, while Anikó did not. And that was a positive thing!

Anikó and László shared so many things in common that it was a bit uncanny, bordering on the supernatural, or maybe they were just true soul mates meant for each other. They both disliked cigarette smoke, for starters. Anikó loved dogs, but her mother loved cats, so they had several Siamese cats. She especially loved Dobermans and German Shepherds, as both were very intelligent and medium to large types. She was not too keen on lapdogs, such as poodles and spaniels, just like László.

They both liked the same types of music; she loved art, notably paintings that depicted landscapes and flowers; she was fascinated by European history; she loved going to discos to dance; she was interested in photography; and the list was just endless of what they mutually liked or even what they did not.

Both could be very cynical, sarcastic, or tender and loving. Anikó had to be genuine; this was not an act, and there was no way she could learn so much about László and his likes and dislikes in such a short time. This was the real Anikó, the girl for him! Time flew by really quickly. It was getting near 6 p.m., and it was time to go back. On the way back, László asked Anikó since she had mentioned that she loved the type, if she could look after a

German Shepherd, would she? Anikó said sure; she would love to have a German Shepherd. László gallantly gave the Duchess to Anikó! It was not just a romantic gesture. László loved his dog but realized she was more suitable for someone who lived in a house. Anikó was thrilled and accepted Duchess. She gave him a very close, warm hug and a deep kiss, telling László that she could not wait to see him next week, and parted with Duchess after giving a hug to Rose and saying bye to Martha. Rose was not surprised by his generosity and hoped Duchess would get used to her new home. They had a light dinner with Martha before they drove back to Toronto.

On their drive back to Toronto, Rose mentioned that she learned a bit about Mary and Anikó from Martha and their backgrounds. The guy she was with at the wedding was her fiancée. Soon after Baba's wedding, they broke up. There were rumours that Mary was trying to use her own daughter to get ahead financially, looking for old money and telling Anikó who to date. This was quite shocking if true, but the joke would be on them, as László was not a financial catch. He did not have any assets apart from his aristocratic last name. Apart from that, László did not come across as someone with real or old money. He just worked as a mechanical draftsman. Thus, it did not make much sense to Martha why Anikó was interested and was mesmerizing László, or perhaps she truly liked him. But if she did, Mary would step in sooner or later. More than likely, why Martha indicated that Anikó was not the right girl for László! Shortly after they got home, Anikó called and once again thanked László for a lovely time and for the dog. Mary was not too thrilled, but she would live with the dog. During the week, László called Anikó every day to find out how things were and to hear her voice.

Everything was fine until Friday. When the dog got out of the fenced-in yard, Mary and Anikó had difficulty trying to catch her. Mary was furious, as she ended up late for an important meeting.

László calmed Mary down slightly and mentioned that running after the dog and screaming her name would not get Duchess back. She liked to run freely in the park near his apartment, off-leash, and she returned promptly if her name was called with an authoritative, firm voice, but not by yelling and screaming at her. She was easy to control; one had to know how, and she should not be physically punished. Mary asked László if he was coming and around what time on Saturday, and calmed down when he said yes and first thing in the morning by 9:30 a.m., at the latest. As he promised on Saturday morning at 9:20 a.m., the Olds pulled up to the curb in front of their house. Duchess was outside, barking at a squirrel. When she saw László, she stopped barking and ran up to him, her tail wagging from excitement. She was happy to see her former Master. Anikó came out to the little front porch and greeted László with a warm and tight embrace, really close, pushing her firm breasts onto his chest. She had a couple of teardrops

in her eyes and stated that Mary had enough of the dog, that Duchess had barked all night, and that she had to return with László today. László said all right, not an issue. He greeted Mary and Joe, her husband. Then he asked Mary if it would be all right to take Anikó up to Toronto while he took the dog back, and they would return around seven in the evening. Mary said yes, take the dog back, please. She looked grumpy and tired.

László called his mother on Mary's phone, saying they would be there by noon with the dog. They said goodbye to Mary and Joe and drove back to Toronto with Anikó and the dog. On the way to Toronto, he asked Anikó for clarifications about her ex. Anikó was not offended; she wanted to tell László about her ex-boyfriend to clear up some rumours perhaps he had heard. The matter of fact was that he was the son of a car dealership owner with money. Yes, her mother dictated who she could date. However, for some strange reason, she felt something with László that she had never felt about others: inner peace, warm feelings, and being attracted to him, almost like knowing him all her life and that she did not have to be pretentious.

László was surprised by her honesty. He put his right arm around her, pulling her close to him. She gently kissed him on his right cheek. Anikó started to cry a bit and said she was so happy to get away from home, and she wished she would never have to return, but she had to. Anikó was still underage, and she wanted to finish her schooling. She wanted to be a doctor, to heal people. To settle down after that and have two or more children, she did not want just one. It was better for children if they had a brother or sister. She did not care what László did for work as long as he would wait for her. She wanted this relationship to work; she was very lonely and missed her father. László reminded her of her father by his kindness and caring attitude towards her. She was in this hypnotic and melancholy daze, talking during the trip, showing her real emotional side.

László parked the Olds in the underground parking lot. When they exited the car, László pulled her close and kissed her tears away from her cheeks. She thanked László for listening, snuggled up to him, pressing her breasts into him, gave him a deep kiss, and snapped out of her daze. Now Anikó was all smiles again. She quickly adjusted her lipstick and had her game face back on. Duchess was happy returning to her known surroundings and greeted Rose with an enormous slobbery doggy kiss. Rose and Anikó hugged, too. Anikó looked around the apartment and saw the paintings on the wall. She could not believe her eyes when she saw his name signed on the paintings. Yes, they talked about oil paintings, about landscapes and flowers, but László never mentioned to her that he painted such. WOW! Anikó's eyes sparkled; this was noticed by Rose. Just how happy Anikó was that László had such talent and talked intently about the paintings. Rose prayed that this budding friendship would progress into a caring and loving relationship

for both. Finally, Karma, or whatever one wanted to call it, would be in their favour. They spent some time listening to music while Rose was preparing lunch. Anikó offered to help her, but she refused; she wanted them to enjoy their time together.

After lunch, they explored the neighbourhood and took Duchess to the nearby park. Anikó snuggled up to László, putting her left arm around his waist as they walked and sat down on a bench in the park, letting Duchess run around while they talked.

She kept telling László how surprised she impressed was by his paintings. Wondered if László had any other surprises for her, pleasant or not. Anikó genuinely wanted to know László. With every minute they spent together, she felt closer to him. László reassured her that there were no unpleasant surprises, and he felt the same about her. He would be thrilled to have Anikó as his steady girlfriend, and maybe when she turned legal age, she could even marry him. While he could not pay for her education, Mary could consider it if she loved her daughter. The University of Toronto had an excellent reputation, and many good doctors graduated from U of T.

Anikó pulled László closer to her, kissed him deeply, and told him that she would love to be his steady girlfriend, and she was thrilled that they had found each other. It just felt so ideal for her, and László concurred. Yes, it felt good, and he was delighted.

Around 4 p.m., they walked back with the dog to the apartment, and Anikó hugged Rose, kissed each other, and said their goodbyes. It was time to drive Anikó back to Niagara Falls. On the way, they chatted about plans for several weeks to come. She would be doing her year-end exams, so she needed to concentrate on those to get high marks on the upcoming weekend. But the following weekend after she was done, she would like to spend as much time with László as possible, preferably in Toronto, away from home. László mentioned that while it was alright with him, Mary would have to agree as Anikó was still underage. She could sleep in the same room as his mother or even with him, but not to upset Mary, she could not tell her that. Rose would not say a thing about it as long as they were both happy. But László would not have sex with her until she was of legal age. Anikó snickered about the no-sex part a bit. Alternatively, he would be willing to sleep in her house, in the living room on the sofa, if approved by Mary. This, of course, will be a challenging proposition to put to Mary. This would be a good test of what Mary was after. Money or the happiness of her daughter.

Mary wasn't home when they arrived, only Joe. Anikó was not close to her stepfather, cared about his feelings, or allowed him to make decisions about her. As far as she was concerned, he was just a submissive wimp to her mother. Which exactly Joe was. László could never understand why they were married, as he was so much older than Mary, apart from perhaps that

he had some money. László was curious how Mary was able to afford to have two Cadillacs (Anikó's Eldorado and her 1969 Sedan De Ville) and Joe's 1970 Chevy Malibu have a paid house, sending Anikó to an expensive private school and not working. Eventually, he figured he would find out!

Anikó and László hugged, she pressing, embossing her body into his, kissing him deeply, thanking him for understanding her, and reassuring him that she was his girl. She would talk to her mother about the plans after her school year. She called László later in the evening, stating that Mary had said yes, she could stay up in Toronto for Saturday night once in a while. László could sleep in the living room sometimes to spend more time together. This was very unusual for her mother to agree without much convincing.

László was over the moon and told Rose what was happening. Rose was very optimistic and thought Anikó had a much nicer personality than others stated. But he should not fall for her charms so quickly because he could get hurt emotionally. She felt that Mary still had not played all her cards yet, and she may have something up her sleeve.

In the meantime, László asked Prisca at work if she could lend her driver's license to him for a weekend. She was about the same height and weight as Anikó. Anikó was over 17 but not quite 18 but easily passed as 22. He wanted to take his girlfriend dancing at the Zodiac Night Club. Prisca knew very well everyone had to be over eighteen to get in. With makeup, she could look 22, the same age as Prisca. It was an upscale restaurant with a large dance floor with live acts and disco dancing. All the office staff at Allen Tank had had their annual Christmas party there the previous year. Prisca agreed. He was thrilled!

László told Anikó that he would have a great surprise for her in a couple of days. She was excited that László was so cheerful about it. Anikó was very curious about the surprise. Finally, Saturday came, and he picked Anikó up in the late morning with a small overnight bag, and she looked stunningly sexy as usual. While driving towards Toronto, László handed a small envelope to Anikó and asked her to open it. She did. She had a very puzzled look on her face when she read Prisca's name on the license. László casually said, "For tonight, that is your name, Anikó; memorize it well, especially the birth date, as we're going to the Zodiac!"

Anikó screamed with delight and jumped up and down on her seat as much as the seatbelt let her! She unbuckled the seatbelt, moved the armrest into the folded-up position, and started kissing László on his right cheek, snuggling so close to him that László had to slow down while driving. After calming down slightly, she asked László how he managed to do this and whether it was a genuine licence. László reassured her that it was a genuine license and she had to be careful with it because he would have to give it back to Prisca on Monday.

He had a dinner reservation made for 8:00 p.m., and after, they could

dance as long as Anikó wanted. They had a glass of French burgundy wine with their steak dinner, sat back, enjoyed the live act, and danced to a live band and disco tunes. Anikó was a great dancer, and she looked so sexy in her short black skirt, white strapless silk top, a nice gold chain with a cross around her neck, small diamond stud earrings, and black stilettos. And she danced up a storm. She hated platform shoes, according to her, they were very unfeminine. She sprayed her favourite perfume, Bal a Versailles by Jean Desprez, onto strategic places. Many guys and even couples were looking at her with envious eyes. László felt awesome. They arrived late, around 1 a.m., and Rose was worried until they returned. Both showered quickly, he decided that Anikó would sleep in László's fold-out bedroom in the living room, and László would sleep on the living room sofa.

In the morning, Anikó was surprised that László kept his word and had not tried to get between her legs during the night, which she would have enjoyed more than László would have imagined. Although it was very tempting, László did keep his word. A trait that Anikó started to admire more and more. Her trust in and her love for László grew every minute. After a typical morning of refreshing in the bathroom, she put on blue jeans and a short-sleeved t-shirt without a bra. Her perky nipples pushed through the cotton fabric. They had breakfast and took Duchess to the park to do her business. After returning with her, they left for downtown Toronto. Walking around, window shopping, and talking about their fun at Zodiac. Grabbing some junk food for lunch, they returned to László's apartment early in the afternoon. Anikó thanked Rose for the hospitality; they hugged and kissed, and it was time to drive her home. On their way to Niagara Falls, she snuggled up to László with his right arm around her.

She was singing along to Fleetwood Mack's songs that played on the eighth track: "Never Going Back Again, Go Your Own Way, Don't Stop, Dreams, and You Make Loving Fun." She especially loved the last song and played it several times over. She was again quite emotional. For the following weekend, they planned to go to the ZZ-Top concert across the Falls on the USA side, and she would get tickets for them. The Olds stopped in front of her house, and she sat in the car for a while, hugging László. Unfortunately, the weekend was over, and neither wanted this to be over.

On Monday, László returned the license to Prisca with a small box of chocolates. The work week was going slow. Ruth was smoking more and more in the office, and László started to complain to his boss that he was choking on the fumes. He suggested László open the window more; his drafting table was next to the window, but he could not do much. László started to fight fire with fire, in this case, smoke with smoke.

On Tuesday, he brought some smaller, wine-tipped cigars that came in a six-pack with him to work. Every time Ruth finished her cigarette, he lit up a small cigar. The smell of the fumes was quite overwhelming. Now Ruth asked what was going on: why was László smoking cigars? László mentioned that he would be from now on; if she could smoke, so could he. If she was willing to cut back on her smoking, he was willing to cut back on the cigars. It worked; Ruth cut back to one cigarette in the morning and one after lunch. At lunch, she went outside to the parking lot to smoke. This arrangement worked for a while.

Friday came, and László drove to Niagara Falls directly from work. He had his change of clothes with him in the car. Rose looked after the dog. She had stopped working again at the bank due to issues with her hands from rheumatoid arthritis. She was put on a short-term disability that eventually became long-term. This was the last time she actually worked at the bank. László arrived just before supper time and was warmly greeted by all. Mary wondered how her daughter had ended up in a nightclub when she was underage. Mary was not upset, just very curious. László said they did not check her ID, which was the case; she had looked old enough. They conveniently forgot to tell her they had a backup plan with a borrowed over-the-age driver's license. Anikó had an ear-to-ear smile and showed the ZZ Top tickets she had obtained for Saturday. She and László walked down to the falls after dinner and returned after the lights were turned on in the evening. The falls looked very pretty in the evening with the lights on. She retired to her bedroom, and Mary made his bed on the living room sofa.

After taking a shower and breakfast the morning, Anikó and László drove around a bit. She was showing a shortcut from the highway to her house. They went to another property in Niagara Falls and saw Mary there. It was a large house containing about eight apartments or rooms. This was how they made a living. Anikó explained, "The income from the rooming house plus what Joe got on his pension. And mother soon would be renting out the basement in her home too." She continued, "Keep it a secret that they did not pay any taxes on the income made. The house was registered in the former name of Mary, the same last name as hers. While the house they lived in was registered to Mary in her current married name, as soon as she turned 18, it would be transferred to her under Anikó's name." Now László could understand why sometimes her mother had to rush out and take care of issues. László thanked Anikó for her trust in him and enlightenment.

László started to trust her more and more. Doubts about her sincerity vanished as she revealed something she would not if she was not serious with him. He had fallen in love with Anikó and asked her to go to Lotus Grove Park, where they first kissed. She did, and they parked. He hugged Anikó and said with all sincerity that he loved her! She had a couple of teardrops as he had become emotional, slowly flowing down her blushed cheeks, shining

like brilliant little diamonds, and she said that she loved him too! She kissed László deeply and pressed herself against his body. László felt her firm nipples and breasts as she pushed herself vigorously against his body. László felt a bulge in his pants that Anikó felt also. László just grabbed her behind and massaged the area between her cheeks from behind. However, she was still underage, and that was where they had to stop; she was jailed.

The last thing László wanted was to ruin the relationship by doing something both wanted so badly. Self-control was not an easy thing to do when a sexy, young, attractive woman clung to someone and said that she was in love with him. But by exercising self-control, he also showed her he was emotionally sound. They returned to the house to eat something before crossing the border for the concert.

Anikó wanted to take her car; it was alright with László. She would be occupied by driving which was a good thing, and she knew where to drive. Crossing the border was easy; they just showed their driver's license and told the officer they were heading to the ZZ Top concert. ZZ Top was great! The song Tush was their favourite, with the simple lyrics: "I have been up, I have been down. Take my word, my way around. I ain't asking' for much. I said, Lord, take me downtown; I'm just lookin' for some tush."

Coming back to Canada should have been as simple as entering the US. But the Canadian border guards were being difficult. After declaring that they just went to the ZZ Top concert and didn't buy anything, apart from filling up the tank, as the premium was less, on the US side, the Canadian Customs searched the vehicle for drugs and alcohol. They wondered how a 17-year-old girl owned a Cadillac Eldorado. However, the joke was on them: no booze, drugs, not even a cigarette! Anikó was quite furious, and rightly so; it was not their concern that she owned such an expensive car. Anikó had the ownership and insurance papers in her name; that was the bottom line. Not how she acquired her Cadillac, a gift, or otherwise!

After a few minutes, László calmed her down and noted that it could have been worse; they could have been strip-searched! Anikó started to laugh out loud. They stopped near the falls to see the illumination from the lights. They walked a bit, hand in hand, and kissed. Overall, it was a good day for both of them. Then they slowly walked back to the car, and she drove home, back to reality.

László stayed once again overnight. On Sunday, after breakfast, which Anikó made for him, they hugged warmly, kissed passionately, and said their byes until the next weekend. The plan was to stay more or less in the Niagara region again.

Actually, László wanted to take her to the Club 747 disco in Buffalo, which had the look of the interior of a Boeing 747 airplane, in the Executive Resort Hotel. László had been there with Gabor and Les, another friend of his, about a year before Anikó. It was a fun place to meet girls, and one had

even liked László quite a lot, as she corresponded with him and had invited him to visit her. László actually drove to meet Laurie, a girl with a Polish background. A lot of people with Polish backgrounds lived in the Buffalo area. But it was a bit far for László to get involved with Laurie. Laurie, 20 years later, worked at one of the local Buffalo TV stations as a journalist, reading the evening news.

László asked Prisca if he could borrow her license again for the weekend, and she obliged. But she mentioned to László that she would be leaving for her summer vacation after that, so she needed it back by Sunday night. László told Rose what he had found out about Mary and her rooming house. She made about \$2,000 a month without paying taxes, which was a lot of money (at the time). The only thing Mary paid was the property tax, water, and hydro. Which was not even 10 percent of her intake. László was planning to visit Hungary later in the month, as this would be his first trip back, and it was already planned and paid for. He mentioned this to Anikó, and she noted she wished she could go with him, but it was not possible.

The weekend would be their last for a while that they could spend together until he returned in about a month. He really wanted this one to be special. When he arrived to see Anikó on Friday evening, he had a dozen red roses for her. This wasn't the first time he had brought roses for her, but usually just three. Mary commented that László was spoiling Anikó way too much. Anikó liked flowers, after all, she was a girlie girl. László really liked her femininity. He also wanted her to be happy because making her happy made him happy and satisfied. After dinner, he joked with Anikó that he would race her in the Eldorado against his Oldsmobile 98. Knowing that she liked to drag race with her Eldorado against big cars, but not against a Z28 Camaro or Mustang GT, would blow her doors off, which was a very unfair competition. They had the same horsepower as her Eldorado but weighed about 1500 lb less. Whoever lost would have to make breakfast.

Anikó was on, and they disappeared without telling Mary their true intentions. Mary could not understand why they needed two cars. She did not know about Anikó's drag racing with others. They went to find an empty street at the edge of town that was hardly ever used by others, lined up side by side, and on the count of three, put the pedal to the metal. Well, not exactly. László also put his foot on the brake for a good second to give Anikó a slight head start, then took off with smoke billowing from his rear tires. Anikó, of course, won without realizing that László allowed her. The Olds was lighter than her Cadillac Eldorado by about 600 lbs, and more importantly, it had more horsepower. In reality, the Olds would have won. They zoomed down to the main street, and at one of the traffic lights, they lined side by side. She floored hers again, and once again, László let her win. Anikó was smiling ear-to-ear. Her smile was worth it for László.

Upon their return, Mary was very probing. All Anikó said to her

mother was that they just wanted to park their cars side by side near the Falls. Mary just threw her hands up, mumbled something, placed the bed sheet, pillow, and blanket on the sofa for László, and went to her bedroom. Anikó hugged László for several minutes very close to her and made the bed for László, and they kissed good night. She went to her bedroom, which was located above the garage.

On Saturday, upon waking up, László shaved and took a quick shower. Anikó quickly made breakfast for him while he was in the bathroom. It was a pleasant surprise for László since it was his task to do since he had lost the race. Mary and Joe had left for the market. They were all alone. Anikó sat in his lap, and how they ate their breakfast. She also put a little package on the table before eating. Once finished eating, she asked László to open it. It was a bottle, a medium-sized Aramis aftershave or cologne. She said that she loved the aroma of it and he should try it on for her. To see if he liked it or not. Yes, he did, and that made Anikó smile again. Everything was going well so far. Now, all they had to do was sell the idea to Mary that they would be late returning, as László wanted to take Anikó to the 747 Disco in Buffalo. This would be hard to sell.

Both Anikó and László were shocked that Mary so far had not objected to anything. Despite coming across at first as controlling and what Anikó had told László about her mother. Maybe Mary actually liked László? Stopped being so controlling; this was so hard to figure out. László asked Anikó, Just what did she tell her mother about him? Anikó smiled at him and said that was her secret. Mary and Joe arrived with some fresh vegetables and cherries. László mentioned that they would like to go down to Buffalo to a disco, and how late could they stay out? Mary said they had to be back by 11 p.m., at the very latest. It was a deal.

After a late lunch, Anikó and László changed their clothing. She wore the same outfit as when they went to the Zodiac. László wore black slacks, a dark burgundy Pierre Cardin shirt with a black leather Pierre Cardin belt, and comfortable black dress boots. They took the Caddy, as Anikó preferred the silver colour of her Eldorado with the electric sunroof. On the way, she opened the sunroof slightly to let the fresh air in.

They took the scenic route along the Niagara Parkway to Fort Erie, stopping at a few places for a bit of kissing and close hugging. Although László was slim and not very muscular, she loved to be hugged by him. She loved talking about her future as a doctor and starting a family with László; she told him just how good she felt being with him. And just how much she cared for and loved him. As if a ton of weight was lifted off her chest every time they were alone together. László could not understand this for the time being, but he soon learned what she meant by what this meant all along. He believed her and reassured her everything would work out as long as they loved each other, no worries. It took them almost three hours to make the 45-

minute-long trip, they were not in any hurry. They crossed the Peace Bridge to the USA and slowly drove to the location of the 747 Disco, just across from the airport.

Anikó was still a bit melancholy; she got into a trance when she spoke about her future aspirations and dreams as if she knew that was all they would be. They just sat in the car; László pulled her close to him, and she pressed her body into his so hard that it hurt, but he said nothing; he just held her, not wanting to let her go. He felt her heartbeat as if it were his own, her nipples firm, excited, and pressing, penetrating into his chest and into his soul. After some time, Anikó said that she was ready to go in. She adjusted her makeup and lipstick, carefully cleaning off her lipstick from László's lips. She had her game face back on and her smile. Once again, she was not asked for ID she looked old enough and stunning.

She loved the inside of the club; it was just like being inside a 747, just much wider, with aircraft seats and the waitresses dressed as stewardesses. The music was loud, with the latest disco songs blaring out from many speakers. Including the latest hit "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," a 1977 disco rearrangement by Santa Esmeralda of an Animals song from 1965. Anikó said this is how she felt about her life: whatever happens, remember this and hugged László. It was time to go. Time to go back where she did not want to go: home. She smiled and thanked László for the excellent time that she had.

This time, there were no issues at the border crossing back to Canada, and she just took the QEW to make it back by 11 p.m. She did not want to make her mother mad. She truly wanted and needed this relationship with László to keep her sane. Mary was up and waiting, and when they opened the door to get in, it was a few minutes to 11 p.m. All she said was goodnight, and she went to her bedroom. Anikó set the sofa for László, kissed him with passion, and she retired to her bedroom.

László woke up early to some commotion in the living room. Mary and Joe were going back and forth, carrying something out to the Chevy. László went to the bathroom to shave and take a quick shower. In the meantime, Anikó got up too. She made breakfast for László again while he was in the bathroom. Then she took a shower, etc., and ate her breakfast. Soon, Mary and Joe left. Anikó was a bit grumpy; she mentioned something about her period and went over to the little bar section in the living room, where the stereo was put on some music and started to sing along. The living room was decorated in Spanish bordello style, with heavy, dark furniture and plenty of deep reds. It was not László's style; he liked the French provincial style or modern Danish teak style. Time flew quickly, and after noon, Mary and Joe returned to the house. László thanked Mary for her hospitality, gave her a hug, and said his goodbyes!

Anikó walked him out to his Olds. She hugged him passionately and

wished László a safe trip back to Toronto and his upcoming trip to Hungary. She mentioned to László that she would be going away with her mother to New York City to visit a friend of her mother. But she would be in touch after they both returned. She from NYC and him from Budapest. She then kissed him deeply and said that she loved him so much. László started up the Olds and drove away as she waved goodbye until his car turned to the street that led to the highway back to Toronto. László was spiritless; he felt something was just not right. Anyhow, he would find out soon when they saw each other in a month. Now, he just wanted to get back to Toronto and deliver Prisca's license back to her.

When László returned home, Rose sensed that something was just not right with Anikó. He mentioned, more or less, what had happened. They had had a lovely time, but Anikó was saying some strange things to him, and he could not understand what she meant by them. Rose mentioned that Mary must have clamped down on Anikó, as she perhaps felt that her daughter was not ready for a steady relationship. Rose suggested he give Anikó space and time, and she would come around. Anyhow, he should concentrate on his trip to Budapest.

On Monday, back at work, László's boss was not around, and Jack, the general manager of Allen Tank, called László to his office. He said that he would have to let him go, as Ruth had complained that he was rude to her and made a mockery of her smoking by starting to smoke cigars himself. László mentioned that this was not exactly fair. He had been with the company for several years, his work was always excellent, and he had worked on Saturdays almost every weekend overtime before Ruth and Prisca were hired. He was the one who had actually complained that Ruth smoked too much, which bothered him, to his boss. Nothing was done, and he had only smoked for a couple of days to show Ruth just how unpleasant it was for him to inhale and choke on her fumes.

Jack did agree with him, but it was a tough choice for him to make. If he let Ruth go, Prisca would go too, as they shared a car and apartment. He could not afford to lose two experienced draftsmen. He could afford to let one go, as the orders had slowed down for the summer, but not let two go. Unfortunately, it had to be him. What he would do was pay László until the end of the month, plus two weeks of holidays and another week of severance pay for every year he had worked. Sorry, he was no longer employed, and here was the check for the amount he'd discussed. László took the cheque, turned around, walked to his drafting table, picked up his mechanical pencils and other drafting instruments that belonged to him, and left without saying another word to anyone.

He drove home and told Rose what had happened. Rose, was just as devastated as he was. This could not have happened at a worse time, as László had just signed a renewal lease for a year. László went to his bank,

deposited his final paycheque and checked his balance. He could pay the rent and all the other necessities for three months.

László knew that he could get another drafting job relatively fast. There were plenty of jobs available, and he had a needed skill. László called up a friend, Karl, for whom László had worked once. He ran a job-finding agency but was now working on his own. Karl said he could start at Lummus Engineering the next day on contract. László told Karl that he had to realize he was going to Budapest in two weeks. The only way he would take it is if he could go for his holidays. He already paid for the airfare and he can not get a refund. Karl advised him to take the contract for two weeks. And see what happens when he returns.

After that call, he called Anikó. Mary picked up the phone and told him that Anikó was not available. László should realize that after what he had done, she would no longer allow her to see him. Anikó was no longer interested in him, and he should not call her again.

László, could not believe his ears. László asked Mary to tell him what he had done that brought this decision on so suddenly. Mary told László that a friend had seen Anikó and him racing on Friday night, jeopardizing her life. László was flabbergasted and told Mary she was out of her mind. Anikó was never in danger. Mary was using this just as an excuse to break them up. Mary should admit to the real reason: he was not wealthy while he had the coveted aristocratic last name she was after, but there was no old money behind it. Mary was shuffling off Anikó to New York City to a higher bidder! She should stop selling and prostituting her own daughter! He knew this because Anikó had told him (indirectly, she actually had, and now, her behaviour and what she was saying all made sense!) Mary started to scream into the phone: enough. Anikó was leaving for New York today, and they were done!

Rose overheard all this and tried to calm László down. László was truly hurt and in a rage! Being fired from his job was one thing, and being forced to break up with Anikó on the same day was devastating. To prevent László from driving to Niagara Falls, and doing something stupid, Rose took his car keys away and told him he would get the keys back when he calmed down and realized this was not the end of the world!

Martha knew Mary well and all her dirty secrets. And that was why she told László that Anikó was not the girl for him! Even though Anikó could have been if only Mary had not been so deviously treacherous and full of spite.

László had learned from his mother and from his second aunt in Poughkeepsie that way back in history, his surname had come with prestige, influence, and wealth. All those were lost between the two world wars. This was now confirmed by his father and his grandmother, so it was not just a myth. László's last name could be spelled two ways. A common form or of the

aristocratic way. After WWII, it was best to spell it the ordinary way, to remove all aristocratic indications under communism, and to stifle the past.

In some ways, it was for the better there was no point crying over lost wealth and properties that were now gone for good and destroyed. Sometimes, it is best to accept the present and make the most of it rather than dwell on the past and what might have been. Of course, some traits come through genes and develop into certain mannerisms that divulge or hint at something different that is not common or average. As László was growing up, these traits were noticed by his mother and by his father, even from a distance.

László's father faced something similar when he got involved with his first wife, with a slight difference. His father's father, László's paternal grandfather, forbade his son to marry Rosalie when he asked his permission to marry. His father told him she was from the wrong side of town. "He may be a pauper titled aristocrat, but even then, he should not pick a wife from the garbage pile!" László's father married her despite not getting permission by forging his father's signature. When his father found out about the marriage, he wanted to charge his son with forgery. But his mother appealed to him, and he disowned him for a lifetime. He died shortly after that. What László learned from all the events and his family history is that it was not the assets or money that made the person, but how they were and their characteristics, good and bad. How they handled themselves and their actions spoke more than any words ever could. Not just when things were good but in the face of adversity. No one was perfect, and Karma was certainly a mean bitch with an odd sense of humour!

Once back in Toronto, he was still heartbroken and could not get over Anikó. He gathered all of her images that he had taken of her with his little Canon 110ED cassette camera, tore them up, and put the pieces in an envelope with a small note writing she was just a heartless lying bitch, and mailed it to her in Niagara Falls. He was trying to erase all the physical traces that reminded him of her, trying to erase all the memories (which, of course, he could not; they were burned into his mind forever). Through these actions, he was hoping to get over Anikó. He also called up Martha, told her what had happened, and told her she was right! Martha wasn't surprised and told László that Anikó was indeed in New York with Mary, and something immoral was happening. Forget Anikó she would never marry him due to her mother's influence.

He started to hang around with his old friends, like Gabor and Les, more frequently. His friends wondered what had happened to him for four or five months. László, without going into details, mentioned that he had met a girl, but now it was over. Gabor, Les, and László were not quite the three musketeers. They went out together sometimes to try to pick up girls at

discos and similar places. That was how they ended up in the 747 Disco in Buffalo, and László knew about it.

László started to look for a new drafting position. He called up Lummus Engineering, but as they told him, the full-time position was filled. He saw an advertisement in the local paper and applied. He was called in for the interview. They looked at his sample drawings and asked how much he knew about electrical schematics. He said that while he could prepare electrical schematics, he was not an electrical designer. He was a mechanical draftsman, and that was what they were advertising for. He got the job.

The salary was \$11,000 per year plus benefits, which included two weeks of vacation after a year. This was \$2,000 less than László had made just a couple of months ago at Allen Tank. Gasoline prices were rising, and he would have to move closer to his new employer. Which was located in the northeast section of the city. While it would be possible to use public transit, it would take about two hours each way using two subway lines and a bus.

It was time to look for an apartment closer to work, preferably as close as possible. László was in luck. There were several not far, in fact, he could even walk to work from a couple. However, they were far from the conveniences and luxury of his present apartment building. There was no indoor pool, TV camera at the entry, supervised parking, shopping plaza underneath, which included a grocery store and no subway. However, he could get a two-bedroom unit for less than he paid for a one-bedroom. Since he was making less money, some things had to be sacrificed. Now, he had to get out of the lease, and getting out of one was not always easy.

Rose did not have to go to work. She was on a disability pension, but the dog was becoming a liability. He liked dogs and liked Duchess. She was a good dog, did not chew on the furniture, and only barked when necessary. Rose had issues with the dog, although the dog was a good companion for her. She spoiled the dog, and because of that, Duchess did not always listen to her. Walking the dog was a challenge for her aching hands. Duchess was ninety pounds, a good size for a female, and was very strong. Sometimes, she would pull her, and Rose even slipped once or twice and fell. Luckily, nothing broke, but next time, she could break her arm, leg, or even a hip. On top of everything else, the Duchess became ill. He had to take her to the vet, and while turning into the underground parking spot, she started to jump around and throw up. László took his eyes off for a second to glance just where the barf had landed, and he bashed the right rear section of the Olds into a concrete pillar. He was not thrilled! He stopped, looked at the damage, and cleaned up the mess. Luckily, the dog threw up on the floor mat.

The veterinarian bill was \$90, and the repair estimate was \$400, as the car required to be partially repainted. He just left the damage as is. He

no longer cared what his car looked like. He just wanted to move to the new apartment and get on with life.

By now, he had been totally disillusioned. 1977 was, in many ways, worse than 1965 for him. He wiggled out of the lease by telling the landlord the truth. He had lost his job, and he no longer could pay the rent. Yes, it had cost him his last month's rent, but they let him out. At least, that was a positive step. He hired a moving company, as relying on his buddies to help him move would be more headache than it was worth. At the end of August, on a moving day, it rained heavily. He got the keys from the building superintendent and proceeded to sign off on the apartment's inspection.

The apartment was on the top floor, with water pouring through the ceiling. He could not move into that unit in such a condition! Quickly, the superintendent called the rental office to see what else was available in the building in the same rental price range. Luckily for him, another two-bedroom unit was empty, almost the same size, two floors below, on the 9th floor. Quickly, they checked the unit, and it didn't leak, so he accepted the new unit. This cost him an additional hour with the movers. After the move, he went to the rental office and had the hour's expenses deducted from his upcoming rent.

His new employer manufactured chilling systems for injection moulding machines for the plastic industry. It was quite different, but in many ways, it related to pressure vessels for the petrochemical industry, where László produced fabrication and assembly drawings and bills of materials. It wasn't a large operation, and László quickly got to know the staff in the office and the fabrication shop. He swiftly became friends with Joe, who was handling technical support, but eventually moved to sales. Joe had a very Hungarian last name, but he was not born in Canada and only spoke a few words. He was about the same age as László. It was quite funny that both of them had just broken up with their girlfriends, with the difference being that Joe's was a Canadian Italian and László's was a Canadian Hungarian. They could relate to each other's heartaches, how they felt, and what they were going through. Misery loved company! This was a good thing, and soon they just joked about being dumped. Joe had a .308 rifle too. Several times, they drove to Bolton to a gun shooting range to practice their aim at targets. László imagined Mary's head on the bullseye; it worked fine, and he did not miss a shot.

Attila, who knew about László's misfortune, invited them to his cottage for a weekend. László, Rose, Duchess, and Joe went up for a weekend. It was fun. They went canoeing, and of course, Joe had never been in a canoe. They flipped it in the middle of the deep lake while László took photos with his camera. Luckily for them, both wore a floatation device around their hips. Duchess joined by jumping from the shore into the water to rescue her

master. Although she hated water, it was quite interesting to see her loyalty, despite her fear of water. The end result was quite comical, as now László was trying to overturn the canoe with one hand and, with Joe's help, keep the camera out of the water with the other. As they flipped the canoe right side up, handing the camera over to Joe, he grabbed Duchess by the scruff of her neck, keeping her head above the water until they made it to the shore. The rescuer is being rescued. Well, at least they had fun and now had something else to laugh about! Despite the duchess' bravery, her days were numbered. Rose had difficulties handling the dog and gave László an ultimatum: her or the dog! For László, if the dog could cook, it would have been an easier choice. While he loved his mother, she was becoming a hindrance when it came to his friends and any potential new girlfriends. Telling any potential one that he resides in the same apartment would indicate that he was a mama's boy. László wasn't, of course.

He found a place for Duchess at a car repair shop-junkyard nearby. While it was not the best for the dog, that was all he could do. She was good company and loyal, but he loved his mother more and understood her problems with her hands. Rose was sad, but she could not take the dog for walks when László was at work. She required a minimum of three walks daily to do her business; once early in the morning, László handled that, noon, which was done by Rose and by László in the evening.

Just at the time when László gave Duchess away, he received a call from Martha. Anikó was begging her to get hold of László. Even Mary was begging Martha to get in touch with him. They both really wanted to talk to László. She was getting tired of them coming every day and asking her. László was puzzled, and so was Martha! After all, Mary had told him just months ago that it was over. Leave Anikó alone.

László decided to call Anikó and Mary to find out why they wanted to talk to him so badly. Mary picked up the phone, and he asked for Anikó. Mary gave the phone to Anikó, and they spoke for about an hour. She profusely apologized; her mother had misunderstood the whole thing, and both were very sorry for hurting his feelings. She had tried to call, but his phone line was disconnected. Then they drove up to Toronto, but he no longer lived at the apartment on Duplex Avenue. When Mary told her she could not see him anymore, she broke down and told her mother she refused to continue her education, even if Mary killed her, she loved him and only him. Could he overlook what had happened?

If she could admit that they were wrong, if László truly loved her, would he forgive both of them? Anikó was sobbing, real or not, she knew that László would forgive her.

Anikó was correct. He agreed to go down to Niagara Falls on Saturday for a candid talk, and he would bring his mother along because she had a few things to say to Anikó and Mary.

On Saturday, just after lunch, László and Rose arrived. Anikó ran out to greet them both when she saw the Olds pull to the curb in front of the house. Anikó also noticed the damage on the right side and wondered, with a concerned look, if László had been in an accident. She behaved as if there was no animosity between them. László gave her a hug but not a kiss. He informed her that he was not in a car accident, just a parking mishap.

Everyone went inside and sat by the dining room table where Mary was sitting. Anikó stood up, stepped toward László, hugged him, and verbally greeted Rose warmly. The silence was deafening for about two minutes. Everyone just sat quietly and looked at each other. Since it was up to László what he would do, he finally directed his dialogue toward Mary and looked straight into her eyes. He was not questioning her. László just stated the obvious to Mary, his displeasure in Hungarian for all to understand.

“If you love your daughter, you want the best for her. You support her in her choices, especially when she is just about to reach legal age, and especially if it brought happiness to her, and it is not something that she or you should be ashamed of. You do not deliberately break her heart or the hearts of others who care for, respect, and love her. I have not done anything to her that would jeopardize her safety or well-being, and I never would. All I did was fall in love with Anikó and try to make her happy within my limited means. I do not have any ulterior motives. I do not care about your social status or how much or little money you may have. You know that I do not have any hidden financial resources, and I may have a rich family heritage, but that is just my heritage. I work for a living, and sometimes times can be tough. I know I am far from perfect, and I can accept that neither are you perfect. I am not looking for perfection, but I expect honesty, open communication, and mutual understanding from here. Yes, I do love Anikó. That is why I am here. If any of you have an issue with that, tell me now. Otherwise, accept that fact and let our relationship grow and develop at our own pace.”

Mary took it all in without any interruption. Anikó was looking at her mother. It was hard to tell what was going on. Mary sat silently for a minute, looked at Anikó, then at László, and began speaking

“You are quite right. Maybe I jumped to the wrong conclusion. If you love my daughter, I leave it up to her. I do want what is best for her. If she wants to marry you once she has finished her schooling, that will be up to her. I will not stand in your way, my son.”

The last two words sent shivers down László’s spine and made the hair stand on the nape of his neck! Yuk! He thought to himself “I am not your son, even if I marry Anikó, and I become your son-in-law, do not ever call me that!”

Anikó looked at László and smiled, eyes sparkling, reached toward him with her hands across the table, wanting to touch László’s hands, and spoke in Hungarian:

“László, I do love you very much. I want us to share our dreams together. I do want to marry you when I finish my studies. If you can wait, please accept my hand.”

László touched her hands, indicating yes, but said nothing. Rose spoke while looking at Anikó, but it was also directed toward Mary.

“Your words show repentance, but actions speak louder than words. I know László loves Anikó very much. I also know he was committed to her and was not here to play games. As for myself, I do not hold any malice toward any of you. Anikó, if you love each other, I will love you as my own.”

“Did it sound like we just got engaged or what?” László asked with a surprise.

“YES!” Anikó shouted out with joy! “Will you accept me as your future wife?”

Mary jumped up quickly from the table, went to the fridge in the kitchen, took out a bottle of French champagne, put it on the table, got four glasses, popped the cork, and poured champagne for everyone. Before László would change his mind! They toast to the new beginning and happiness for all! Joe, her husband, was mysteriously missing. It was clear that while he was her husband, she was in charge, and affairs about Anikó were not any of his business or had anything to do with him.

László grabbed Anikó’s hands and started to walk with her outside, as he wanted to speak to her in privacy, leaving the two mothers to chat with each other. They embraced each other each other firmly. Anikó pressed her breast into him, but she had a bra on, so he could not feel her nipples against his chest. He asked her if she was sure about this, as he was not playing games with her. She said yes; she was positive. Anikó went on about how badly she felt when he left, as her mother told her, as far as she was concerned, it was over. Mary would not allow her to see him again.

“László was a bad influence on her, and he was spoiling her. All men say the same things, and he would cheat on her look, what your father did to her, to them!” She cried over this all night, but her mother got a leather belt and beat her with it. While Anikó spoke, she took László’s right hand and guided it inside her jeans and inside her pants that she wore, to the scar on her left buttock, as proof she was on the level. She also confirmed that she beat her until she submitted to her demands, and she hated living at home. Anikó continued about her mother, and she was ready to kill her. Mary was yelling at her “I made you, and I can kill you! You will obey!”

László grabbed her left buttock with his hand, firmly slipped his other hand into her pants, and grabbed the other cheek too with the same firmness. He pulled Anikó very close to him, indicating that she belonged to him, and reassured her that he would be loyal to her as long as she was to him. László tenderly massaged her pussy lips, feeling the warmth and moistness and silkiness of her pussy hair for about a minute, as Anikó felt the bulge in his pants and stopped. Anikó let out some soft sighs and asked why he had

stopped. László mentioned that this was not the time or the place. Pulling his hands out, he took a quick whiff of his fingers that had a slight muskiness intermixed with Bal de Versailles. He whispered into her left ear that her scent was heavenly.

Anikó smiled and noted that he must have some Aramis left. They went for a long walk, discussing his bad luck after the breakup. She did not talk much about New York (it was clear that Mary's plan did not work as planned) except, she got more interested in photography and had travelled a few times on the subway with an undercover detective, who took pictures on the subway with his Minolta 35mm camera. It was incredible that he didn't have to use flash, and still, the images came out well. She also mentioned that she hoped László had not destroyed the image negatives and that she would like to replace them at her own expense! He indicated to her, No, they were not cut up. He had torn up the photos to express to her how he felt, torn to pieces, emotionally worn out. As they walked and he listened to her voice, thoughts flashed through his brain at the speed of light. In his mind, László was still skeptical about what had just happened. Anikó was either for real or a convincing liar, and her mother was a scheming, deceitful gypsy witch! Perhaps the combination of all the above. He remembered one of his favourite sayings: "Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me!" or maybe he was fooling himself.

He wanted to believe in Anikó because he loved her and knew that she made him happy when they were alone together. But she was so different with her mother around! If only he would have money to run away with Anikó and disappear for good. He also knew that was not in his cards. There had to be another way to free her soul to get the old piranha off her back that tore into her flesh and soul.

Could his love for her help Anikó not only to repent but to break out and free herself to truly pursue her dreams? Empathy was something he rarely had for others; for him, this was a sign of weakness, and now he would need it in spades. Would he be strong enough? Would it make any difference? Or was she just damaged goods that could never be rehabilitated? His logic said no! His heart said yes! There are millions of questions with no clear answers. There was just one burning feeling in him: his love for Anikó. Love would not kill him; it could only make him stronger. Anikó needed a stronger person than her mother. Someone who would stand up to her mother, hoping that one day Anikó would realize what kind of monster she was. There was only one way, full speed ahead, fuck the consequences!

He stopped suddenly at the gate to her front yard, Anikó, wondered what had happened. He pulled her close and whispered in her ear that he loved her. Anikó confirmed that she felt his aura, his love for her, and when they were together she felt so different, re-energized, his aura feeding hers. He just had to understand that for her, these were very different steps, not her usual ones. She found it ever so difficult to stand up to her mother, but

for him, she would continue. She had already, otherwise they would not be together right now. She did want him to be happy and never to regret that he loved her. She knew he had doubts, but he just had to believe in her. His love for her was an admirable strength that she needed and wanted.

Nice words, he thought, but we would see in a month, in two months, in three, would it last to the New Year, to her 18th birthday and beyond? They went inside, Rose and Mary were still having a friendly chat. László looked at his watch; it was getting late, and he was emotionally drained. They should be heading back to Toronto soon, he told all of them. Mary and Anikó looked at László with a puzzled look, like, "What are your plans now?"

László sat down, and Anikó sat on his lap and put her arms around him. This was the first time she had sat like that in front of her mother and asked, "When will I see you again?"

László tried to be diplomatic and fair to Anikó and all concerned. He reassured her that he would not interfere in her education. He mentioned that her final year at her college was coming up. To get into a university, she would need good grades. He would like her to get good grades. That way, Anikó could get a scholarship to continue. They could get married after graduation early next summer if that would suit them all. She could then move in with them (as Rose would have to live with them) and attend U of T.

In the meantime, she was welcome to come to Toronto on the weekends. She could sleep in his room alone, as now they had a two-bedroom apartment. He would sleep on the living room couch. He could come to Niagara Falls on the weekends, but not like he used to. He was making much less now, but he was optimistic that would change. It would be superb if Anikó, and he could spend his 24th birthday together on September 4th, a week from tomorrow.

Now that they were engaged, shortly, betrothal her officially. These plans were just his, but he would like a consensus; he was tired of misunderstandings and wanted to avoid future ones. He loved Anikó very much, and he felt that she loved him. All he truly desired was that all of them support their mutual feelings, and give their blessings for them to be happy. Anikó kissed him and expressed verbally that she agreed absolutely with her future husband's plans. Emphasizing "her future husband's" part.

Mary said that they have her blessing and would strive for that. Rose, pretty well said the same and she added that she loved them both very much. After mutual hugs and kisses, László and Rose left. Anikó walked out to the car with them and opened the door for Rose, when László lowered his window, bent over, kissed him on his lips, and asked him to drive carefully, she waived with her hand as the Olds turned onto the street that led to the highway to Toronto.

On the way back to Toronto, László just shook his head, with a bit of sarcasm mentioned, that was an interesting melodrama! He loved Anikó and knew she felt the same about him, but he could not trust the old witch. Rose said those were her feelings too, after talking with Mary. On the surface, she played along, but deep down, she would not let go of total control of Anikó. Mary just wanted Anikó to continue her education, and perhaps that was why she had given her some slack for now. He should be careful, as he was playing with fire, and he might get hurt again. She was correct about playing with fire but wrong about hurt.

László was never hurt again, emotionally, by Anikó. He never allowed her to penetrate that invisible defence field he could wrap around his emotions and soul. He loved Anikó deeply and would for the rest of his life, but it was different than he felt before, the trust was gone. Several times, he got disillusioned yet fascinated by Anikó's and her mother's ability for depravity! Just how far could they sink? As time passed over the years, he realized she was beyond any rehabilitation. She could never change for the better; he just accepted her as she was for those few precious moments when she allowed herself to be in a different space: their shared dreams

The next couple of days went by quickly for László. He mentioned to Joe at work that he had just gotten engaged to Anikó suddenly. He called up Martha and told her the incredible story; it was hard to believe what happened and she was shocked. Gabor called László, he had just bought a Corvette. He told him he just got engaged! Gabor congratulated them and wondered if Anikó was for real. It doesn't matter, László informed him. Whatever happens will happen.

Labour Day weekend was just around the corner. Anikó informed László she had made a reservation at a French restaurant in Yorkville for Saturday evening. She is driving up in the morning by herself to take her fiancée out for his birthday! László looked forward to seeing her. When Anikó was by herself, she was enchanting, attentive, loving, confident, assured, intelligent, beautiful, feminine young woman that László loved and imagined the woman he would marry. She had set a high standard for these characteristics that László admired and wanted later in his life. Very few females in his future life would even come close to, never mind surpass, her positive traits. Yet, at the same time, Anikó, with the influence of Mary, her mother, had set the example for the lows that he tried to avoid, like the plague.

Such a sad tragedy for Anikó, and in time, falling so far away from the dreams she had shared with László once. But we are just getting way ahead of the Anikó saga.

Anikó arrived in a very stylish white tailored suit. The beautiful jacket closely fitted her body, with a nice skirt, a silk blouse in a burgundy colour with a floral print (oriental-looking), a black belt, burgundy high heels, and a small, expensive-looking burgundy shoulder bag. Her long hair was up in a bun. Her hands were nicely manicured, with a small gold-coloured watch on her right wrist, light pink nail polish on her nails, and matching lipstick on her shimmering lips. A small diamond and white gold stud in her sexy earlobes, completed by her mesmerizing smile. Just stunning, elegant, oozing confidence, and understated sexuality! She was the femme fatale! She parked her Cadillac in the visitors' parking lot. Took the elevator to his apartment. She was warmly greeted by Rose, who complimented her appearance and kissed her on the cheeks. Anikó turned toward László, flinging her arms out to hug him and pulling him close in a deep embrace, kissing him deeply and smearing her lipstick on his lips. After the long kiss, she wished a happy birthday to László!

Yes, László was happy to see her and to feel her presence in his arms, holding her body close. Inhaling her supple skin's aroma set off by Bal a Versailles perfume, this exotic, intoxicating living flower of his! His drug of love, which he had gotten hooked on, addicted to, and at times like this, made him forget all the pain and anguish that he had faced in the past or would endure. Remembering his own pledge that he had made to himself "Full speed ahead, fuck the consequences!"

In just seven more months, she would be of legal age, and things would be different. Providence indeed made it different. After their warm embrace, Anikó took off her jacket, cleaned off László's lips tenderly with her fingers, and, as he kissed them gently, started to look around the apartment. Just a typical two-bedroom apartment, nothing fancy. The same furniture that she had seen before, but a couple of more paintings hung on the wall by László. She asked László, Would you paint something for me one of these days? He replied, of course, with some flowers for you and ourselves, you, my love in the nude, for our bedroom! Anikó blushed and smiled.

Anikó liked it when László, through his demeanour and words, adulated her. She knew that it was not a fake flatter to get into her pants; he had meant it. Just how much Anikó wished for that moment that he would actually get into her pants. She needed to be controlled, taken, and ravished! László was always such a gentleman toward her. Caring and so romantic with her, she loved her prince charming; she just wished he would not wait until they were married. Anikó did not know how to express this to László. She was not a virgin anymore. She was actually afraid to tell László that. He might reject and dump her; she did not like being dumped. She was the one who dumped others! However, she understood that László did not want to be charged with having sex with someone underage in case Mary found out that they had sex. Even if it were consensual, Mary probably would have him charged to get him out of her life!

Anikó knew that her mother, Mary, did not like László. Mary was very afraid, she sensed that László could be more dominating and influential in Anikó's life than she was. She sensed that Anikó was captivated by László as much as he was by her. Yet, he did not dominate her by being rough, or mean to her, but by the exact opposite by kindness, tenderness and being loving. Dominant persons sense dominant traits in others, and rarely do they get along in their private lives.

They left for dinner. They walked around Yorkville, window shopping a bit, and he took photos of Anikó by some shop windows and entered the restaurant. The food was excellent, starting with escargot in a garlic sauce, followed by soupe à l'oignon, and Chateaubriand for two. Dessert was, of course, crepes stuffed with berries and a heavy cream sauce—no alcohol but some Perrier with a slice of lime. They enjoyed dining together, as several times before, not necessarily at expensive places; just being together was more important. Anikó was also a good cook and could make nice meals. She asked for the bill; after all, it was her treat! The bill was just over \$70. That was a lot of money in 1977 for a dinner. She looked for her wallet. Oops! She only had a twenty-dollar bill in it. She was embarrassed. László asked her if she was ready to do the dishes, as he only had \$20 in his wallet too. Luckily, he had his Visa card with him, and although it was charged up to its limit, he hoped it would float for one more transaction. It did. However, he was not pleased. Anikó explained that she had left the money home in haste to drive to Toronto. He said, Fine, and accepted the excuse. It was true, as he found out later.

After dinner, they walked around a bit, with arms around each other. Then to the parking lot. Anikó paid for the parking, and instead of driving him home, she headed towards Niagara Falls. László was puzzled, but she explained to him that she was going to show him that she had left the money on the dining room table.

She squeezed his hand firmly and told László, "I love you; please start trusting me. I want to be your wife. You are important to me, and I know you have doubts after what happened earlier this year. Trust me!"

László kissed her hand gently several times. Anikó was driving faster than the speed limit, and it was dark already. László asked her to slow down a bit. The traffic was light, and they got to Niagara Falls in about an hour. Normally, from downtown Toronto to her house in Niagara Falls was about 80 minutes. They pulled up to her driveway and entered the house.

Mary was home and was surprised to see them. After their mutual greetings, Anikó walked to the dining room table, picked up the four \$20 bills, sat by the edge, and handed them to László. Mary was asking her just what was going on? Anikó told her mother that she had forgotten the money for their dinner. It was now quite late for another return trip. László called Rose on the phone and told her that he would be going home tomorrow. He would sleep at Anikó's home so she would not worry about what had

happened to them. Mary said good night and went to her bedroom.

Anikó took off her high heels and jacket, got the bed sheet, pillow, and blanket, and prepared the couch for him. László sat on it. She came close to his legs, pulling up her skirt, exposing her wet pants, and sat in his lap facing him, with her legs straddling him, wrapping her arms around him. I was hoping that March was coming up soon. Indicating that she would be of legal age, as she felt the bulge in László's pants. She started to squeeze her breasts into his, and László tenderly massaged her lower back. And he slipped his hands inside her pants from the rear. She squeezed her cheeks firmly for a while they kissed. It was tough to stop for László.

In the morning, Anikó drove him back. It was at a leisurely pace. They talked about her upcoming school, and László asked her to get the ring size she needed for her ring finger. He wanted to get the engagement ceremony over with. Not that it would make much difference, it was not an enforceable legal contract for marriage, just a commitment that some took seriously, while others did not so much. He just hoped by doing this Anikó would remain true to their mutual dream, and would give her a bit more strength to stand up against her mother.

He would have to sell his car and an additional possession, such as his .308 rifle. Going to and back from Niagara Falls would not be an issue; there was a train. Anikó could pick him up at the station. She could also drive up once in a while. He also told her that in October he was going to Mosport Park to see the F1 race with Joe, a friend of his. Soon they reached the apartment complex and parked. She went up with him and was greeted warmly by Rose. She loved Anikó and prayed that she had changed from her old ways, but mostly that she would make her son happy. It took about an hour to find the negatives and select the ones for reprinting. László hadn't unpacked several of the moving boxes. They were just stacked inside his closet. After that, Rose and Anikó hugged, kissed, and said their goodbyes. László and Anikó left for the parking lot. László escorted her to her Eldorado and opened the door for her. They kissed passionately. He told her that he loved her and to drive safely. He waved as she pulled out of the parking lot. Anikó called László to let him know that she had gotten home safely.

Work and other matters took up the next couple of weeks for László. Anikó started her final year and signed up for the Ridley College Girls Rowing Team. This was his last trip with the Olds. László drove it down to see her row and take some photos. He noticed that the Cadillac's front tires were at the low tread mark. László suggested to Anikó to have his two Michelin radials with lots of thread installed on her car from the Olds, her old ones placed on his rims, and installed back on the Olds; after all, they were the same size. He was selling his car to Gabor. It would not make any difference. A noble gesture that Anikó noticed.

The Grand Prix was good at Mosport and was the last one held there. Joe drove his Buick. While at the race, he bought a Jaguar Racing T-shirt for

Anikó. She liked Jaguars. The Olds were sold to Gabor, as was his rifle. Rose was happy about the latter.

László ordered a custom diamond engagement set from Barney, the friend of his deceased uncle. He was a jewellery maker and would give him a discounted price, he wanted the best he could get for his money. It wasn't a one-carat ring that he knew Anikó dreamed about, but an 18K white gold ring with a half-carat centre stone and some smaller diamonds around it. His wholesale cost was \$800, and the ring had a \$2500 appraised value. (He eventually sold it for \$200 later on to Pawn Shop in February 1998) He had to also get a two-week advance on his paycheque to buy it.

In November, he took the train to see Anikó; she picked him up at the station, and they stayed in the Falls area. They stopped at Lotus Grove Park for a while, enjoying their private time, including setting the betrothal date for December 16, 1977. Later, they went window shopping in downtown Niagara Falls and picked up the reprints from the camera store. Anikó was showing him Minolta cameras, and the one she pined for was a black Minolta SRT 202 35mm camera with a 50mm f1.4 lens. She was thinking about buying one in the spring to use in the summer for their wedding photos. After staying overnight, he took the train back to Toronto.

In early December, László looked around the local camera shops for the Minolta 202 in black with a 50mm f/1.4 lens. Nobody had it in stock; it was a special order and was very expensive. One of the salespeople suggested that he get the camera with the 50mm 1.7 lens. It was significantly less. It was still more than he thought it would cost. He compared the prices at several camera stores and found one which gave him 25 percent off the list price. He ordered the camera and charged it to his Visa. He had a chance to lower the debt when he sold his Olds and received a refund on his remaining car insurance. Thus, he could float the amount on it. He had also bought a Shure unidirectional (cardioid) professional microphone. As Anikó loved singing at home, she had a cheap microphone that she plugged into her stereo. This would improve how she sounded, and he knew she would be ecstatic. The camera and the microphone were his Christmas presents for Anikó.

It was Friday, December 16, 1977, and László got off work early. Mary and Anikó were to arrive around 4 p.m. Rose and László would join them at the Csárdás, the best Hungarian restaurant in Toronto at the time, for a dinner to celebrate Anikó's and László's engagement. They arrived on time and came up to the apartment. They were greeted warmly, with the usual hugs and kisses to everyone. Anikó wore a stunning silk white dress with large pearls around her neck. László took out the ring from the little box, got down on one knee, and asked Anikó,

“Anikó, I love you, will you marry me?”

“Yes! I will!”

Anikó replied quickly and without hesitation. She had a great smile on her face, with eyes sparkling with happiness. László then stood up, hugged and kissed, and continued,

“Let’s do it in June next year after you graduate. That will give everyone time to plan and get ready. Let’s keep it small and private if we can.”

Anikó, looked at Mary quickly, as to seek her approval, and asked “Mother is that fine with you?”

“Mary replied It was a simple yet tender event. Anikó and László posed for a couple of photos taken by Rose with his small Canon camera. Then they left for dinner. After dinner, all returned to the apartment to chat, and then Anikó and Mary drove back to Niagara Falls. The next time they would see each other would be in a week for Christmas. László would take the train down, stay for a couple of days, and then take the train back.

László spent the evening of December 24th at home with Rose, the usual time for them to celebrate Christmas. He was slightly apprehensive and curious about what the next day would bring!

In the morning, he took public transit down to Union train station, and he was off to Niagara Falls. Anikó arrived just in time; he had a shopping bag with him that contained his overnight change of clothes, Anikó’s presents, and a bottle of champagne for Mary and Joe. After a warm hug and plenty of gentle kisses, he noticed that she wore his ring, and she drove him to her home. Inside her home by the bar, a pine Christmas tree stood, nicely decorated. Personally, László did not like the long-needed look, although many preferred it in Canada, as their needles did not shed when they dried, providing excellent needle retention. He preferred the more traditional short-needed fir or spruce type. Mary and Joe were not around.

Anikó was very excited. She took László to the tree and showed him a nicely wrapped box with his name on it. She asked him to open it. It was not a large box; it was shaped like a brick, maybe two inches thick. László unwrapped it quickly and saw it was an orange-coloured Hermes box. He opened the lid, and there was a very classy silk men’s scarf in it, perfect for the winter. Anything from Hermes was expensive, being a French luxury product maker. He gave her a warm embrace and thanked her. A useful gift, he noted in his mind, better than some chocolates.

By now, Anikó had to be a bit apprehensive about what she was about to receive from him. László knew her by this time and had her figured out in great detail. A lot more than Anikó thought. He knew her methods of slight hints, indirect manipulation, planting seeds into his mind, about the camera she liked, apart from the obvious one in the camera store when they had picked up the prints. He bought the camera, not because it was planted in his brain. He bought the camera because he enjoyed photography as well and perhaps knew more about photography than she did. Although he did not have a 35mm camera at this time. He figured that going out and taking

photos together and sharing something special between them would help her to break those invisible chains Mary held onto, link by link, one step at a time. He was hoping that Anikó would realize that she could count on him to nurture and prune her so she could bloom into the woman she always talked about wanting to be. The woman he wanted was his soul mate. Naïve, maybe, but he was going for it.

László reached into his shopping bag and pulled out the champagne. It was Pol Roger, Brut, in a green and satin gold gift box; he had not bothered to wrap it. He smiled and said this to Mary and Joe. And he gave the bottle to Anikó. She took it to the dining room table and placed the bottle on it. When she turned around, László had the box with the microphone in his hands and told her this was for her. As the box was wrapped and very heavy, it could have been anything. Looking at Anikó's face, it was easy to see she was disappointed, as it was too small to hold the camera.

When she opened the box saw immediately that it was a top-of-the-line professional Shure microphone, she started to scream with joy! Right away, she plugged it into her stereo to test it out. It sounded so much better than her old, no-name one. László sat down to watch her clowning around and impersonating a singer. Her act lasted about five minutes, and he clapped when she finished. László asked Anikó if this was what she was hoping for. He knew well that it wasn't! Anikó replied that this was the last thing on her mind, and when she saw the box, she was surprised at this thoughtful and great gift!

László then reached into the bag and pulled out two more boxes. One held the camera, and the other held the lens. Anikó rushed over to him, and by looking at the boxes, she instantly figured out, by their size, that it had to be a camera and a lens. She opened that bigger one fast. When she saw the printing on the box that it was a Minolta SRT 202, a black model, she started to scream with joy. "Thank you, László, thank you!"

She then continued with the smaller box, it was the lens. She quickly mounted the lens on the camera body, looking through the viewfinder toward László, pressing the shutter, advancing it, and pressing it again. Listening to the fine click the camera made. László reached into his pocket, pulled out a small yellow Kodak film box, and threw it toward Anikó. Maybe this would help! She caught it and immediately proceeded to put the film in it. By opening the back of the Minolta, placing the film cassette in the correct location, threading the take-up sprocket, closing the back, and advancing the film, just like a pro! She pointed the camera again toward László, adjusted the focus and exposure, and pressed the shutter. Then she put the camera down and rushed over to him, hugged him in her usual fashion, and kissed him deeply! Anikó was jubilant, and that made László feel the same. Giving could be so much more joyful than receiving if deserved. László was still

skeptical, with doubts about her complete turnaround. Only time will tell. But for this moment, she was happy and genuine. And to László those moments were priceless. Anikó returned to the tree, picked up a small box with Rose's name on it, and gave it to László. "This was for your mother from me." That was a nice thought. He thanked Anikó in his mother's name and placed it in his shopping bag.

Soon, Mary and Joe showed up. László greeted them and gave Mary the bottle that sat on the table. She thanked him and put it in the kitchen. Anikó was bouncing up and down with the camera strap around her neck, like a five-year-old kid, showing it off to Mary and snapping photos. Mary said to Anikó that László was spoiling her, and she headed toward her bedroom. It was about 2 p.m., and László was getting hungry and said so to Anikó. She went over to the fridge, opened it, and called him to see what he would like. There were several choices; he picked the Schnitzel, they were large and thin, so it had to be from veal, with mini potatoes fried with parsley. Anikó got them out, placed some in a pan, and put them in the oven to warm up. She also picked enough out for herself. He asked, What about Joe and Mary? Aren't they going to eat with them? She said not now; we would have dinner together.

While the food was heating up, she set the table, across from each other, and placed a bottle of cold mineral water on the table for them to drink. She was chatting about the Minolta camera, how good it was, and how happy she was getting such a great camera. She finally got around to the lens, the topic László was waiting for, noting that the lens was only a f1.7 and not a f1.4. László mentioned to her that the f1.7 was just as sharp as the f1.4, or maybe even sharper; furthermore, the f1.4, when focused close, would have less depth of field and a slight increase in the bokeh (the blurred background) but apart from that, it had a vastly increased price tag. In reality, it would not make any difference, apart from the ability to say that you have an f1.4 lens. He had to make a choice: just the camera body alone and no lens or the body with this lens. He opted for something she could use right away.

The food was ready, and she served László first, then herself. Neither of them liked to talk much while eating. Anikó asked if the food was warm enough for him, and he liked it. László replied yes, on both counts. László stopped for a minute and poured some water on both of them. After they ate, she collected the plates and glasses and washed them quickly in the kitchen while László played with the camera a bit. After drying her hands, Anikó wanted to go out and take some photos by the falls. They dressed, got into her car, and drove to the Falls for photos. They drove around, looking at the winter scenery. Soon, she had filled up the 36-exposure film. Anikó finally drove to László's favourite park, Lotus Grove.

There was plenty of snow, and they stopped at the farthest spot they could find from the road to be on site. Not that many drove in that area, anyhow, and it was getting dark. Anikó popped the trunk open, jumped out,

took out a small bottle of champagne and two plastic cups, and smiled.

“I wanted to surprise you and drink on our first Christmas together in private!” and ran about ten yards away from the car with the champagne stuck the bottle in the snow to the cork. László followed her and, on the way, made a snowball and threw it at her. They started a snowball fight, both of them laughing and just horsing around. Hugging each other and rolling around the snow, just having fun, like young lovers do. Yes, they were in love, and Anikó was enchanted again.

After fooling around for 30-40 minutes, Anikó checked on the champagne. It was nice and cold while they warmed up from the activity with their rosy cheeks as if they were blushing. She popped the cork that flew about ten feet and poured the bubbly into the cups. They wrapped their arms around each other to drink from each other's cups. Then they kissed deeply. There was a bit of champagne left, so they split the remaining and toasted each other for their first Christmas, with many more to come. It was fun and romantic. She went to look for the cork but could not find it in the dark; instead, they took the empty bottle and the cups, placed them all into a plastic bag, and went back into the trunk.

They sat back in the car with arms around each other, and Anikó started to get into her dreamy haze trance state and talk about her dreams. László gently put his hand over her mouth and whispered to her that he loved her very much, and the last time she was like this, they had broken up, and he was hoping that this was not the case. She gently kissed his fingers, nibbling on his fingers playfully, trying to reassure László that she was not about to break up, and she was not the one who had initiated what had happened in the past. László explained he wanted Anikó sexually, and that he was tempted by her so many times. He just did not want to fuck her! He wants to make love to her as her husband on their wedding night. Maybe naïve or just romantic, but apart from that, he did not want to be charged, consensual or not, with having sex with a minor, especially by Mary. He had explained this before, and she had to believe that he was very loyal to her. Anikó replied that this was very honourable, and she understood.

Unfortunately, what she did not do was confide in László about her real desires. She just played the virgin and the innocent. What she truly needed was László to take her, right there in the snow bank or in the car, to be in charge, to dominate her, and not care about her feelings as much! Time flew by really fast! Oops, they were going to be late for dinner; it was after 6:30 p.m., and that may make Mary upset! So she drove toward home. Mary wasn't too pleased; she was about to serve dinner to Joe and herself. The table was set for four of them.

Mary called Anikó to the kitchen and harped at her quietly. It was evident that she was very dissatisfied that they stayed out too long without telling her where they had gone or when they would be back. When they

emerged from the kitchen, László saw that Anikó's happiness had disappeared quickly. Anikó served dinner; it was a Hungarian-style beef broth soup with fine noodles (similar in thickness to angel hair pasta, just very short), followed by Schnitzel, like László had for lunch, with more mini potatoes fried with parsley. Before they ate, Mary said grace and thanked God for the food. László thought to himself, what a pretentious and phony old witch, as she could not have believed in God, otherwise she would not have raised her daughter this way! After dinner, Mary thanked László for the gifts and emphasized that he was spoiling her, and by that, he was setting a bad example! László thought, "Yeah, I bought her the Cadillac Eldorado too! Never mind morally corrupting her and using her to avenge men! Right on, you miserable old witch! You're losing your grip! I know now you want to stop her again! I could see what was coming!"

László tried to be very diplomatic. He first looked at Mary and thanked her for the nice dinner, Then he turned back toward Anikó, sitting across from him, looking at Anikó's eyes.

"I understand where you're coming from, Mary, and you are correct; I am spoiling her. However, she is my fiancé, and this is our first Christmas together, and I just wanted to make it very special for her."

He could see once again Anikó's eyes sparkled and saw her expression change to a slight smile as he spoke, standing up and defending her! He continued,

"I love Anikó very much, and for me, it is very important that she feels good about herself, and when she feels good about herself, she will be a more positive and wholesome person overall. Sorry for being almost late for dinner; you can blame me for it; it was my idea to go and take photos, and we just got carried away! It is Christmas, after all. It's a time for joy and happiness, so why don't we do that? Let Anikó sing a bit with her new microphone."

Anikó jumped up and ran to the stereo.

"I will do that. Mother, you have got to listen to the quality of this microphone. This is a professional mike, the same quality and type that singers use!"

Mary had a puzzled look but nodded and said to Anikó, Let's hear you sing! Anikó searched her LP records for a minute and grabbed Patti LaBelle's disco hit "Lady Marmalade." It was perhaps not the best choice, but she loved this, just as László did, knew the song by heart, and more importantly, it had an upbeat tempo that would break the icy atmosphere by the dining room table. She started to play the record and belted the song out through the microphone. She sounded great, as she danced around during the song. Everyone started to laugh!

Mary and Joe soon retired and asked Anikó to turn it down. Anikó and László listened to a few more tunes, and they just sat on the couch with arms around each other. She looked happy but told László that she would be paying for this shortly. Whispering her wish again that it would be best if she

and he would go out the door, get into her car, and drive as far as they could disappear. László pulled her closer, hugging her. He just had that inner feeling that, once again, they would be separated soon. They both remained silent; Anikó knew it too and sensed this would be messy! She prepared the couch for László, kissed him good night, and retired to her bedroom. László didn't sleep much.

Around 8 a.m., he heard Mary arguing with Anikó in her room, but it was muddled, and he could not make out what it was about. But he had an idea, as Anikó warned him last night that she will have to pay for this. He got up, shaved, and took a quick shower in the bathroom. When he emerged, Mary was in the kitchen, making breakfast for all. Anikó emerged from her room in a bathrobe and ran straight into her bathroom. László wished a good morning to Mary, and asked if anything was wrong? Her reply was just a mother-daughter thing; you would not understand! He sat down by the dining room table and stayed quiet.

After a few minutes, Anikó emerged in her bathrobe with her hair dryer, asking László if he had used it this morning. László replied yes, he had dried his hair quickly after a shower. Anikó replied, you must have broken it, as now it does not work! He got up and examined the hair dryer. It was still warm. He noted that sometimes if they are used on the hottest setting, as the setting slider switch indicated, they cut out, just let it cool down, and it should work. Anikó huffed and puffed, now she had to dry her hair with a towel and walked to her room. Mary yelled to her that breakfast was ready and to come eat. She yelled back, saying she would, after her hair was dry, eat without her.

This was very abnormal behaviour for Anikó, László thought to himself. Joe came to the table and sat down, and everyone ate without saying a word. The silence was deafening, and the atmosphere was tense. It was broken by the phone ringing around 9 a.m. Mary picked it up and did not say much apart from saying she would be there in 30 minutes. She returned to the table to finish her breakfast, put on her winter boots and coat, grabbed her handbag, and took off in Joe's Chevy. Shortly, Anikó emerged dressed in a blue denim shirt and blue jeans without saying a word. Without makeup, in a bitchy mood and without her engagement ring on her finger. She ate cold scrambled eggs with some toast and drank her tea. László asked if anything was wrong. There was no reply from her. László knew there was something wrong, something huge. She was clearly upset. There was no reason for her to be like this unless he thought, Well, here we go again; we are about to break up! OK, then, let's get it on!

"Is there a reason, Anikó, why you are not talking to me? Come on, sweetie, tell me what is wrong."

She slammed her fork and knife down on the plate and said in an angry voice,

"I am not your sweetie!"

“No, you’re more than that. You are my fiancée, remember?” László replied calmly and continued, “I can see that you forgot it already, oh, so very quickly, by not wearing your engagement ring this morning!”

“In your dreams, you cheap bastard! You insulted me with your ring. I am not a half-virgin! I am a whole virgin. I deserve a whole-carat ring, not a half-one!” She harped at him! Knowing that this was a lie, she was not a virgin anymore.

László remained calm and said, “Well, if you do not appreciate the ring and what it represents, you are free to return it. I didn’t force it on you! It was your choice. As for me being a cheap bastard, you’ll be lucky to find someone half as generous to you as I am, under the circumstances! And as far... “

Anikó wasn’t phased and interrupted him now very cynically.

“You are a cheap bastard; you only got the f1.7 lens and not the f1.4 I wanted!”

She continued, mocking his generosity, trying to hurt him deeply and humiliate him. Not realizing that she could not succeed.

“Your cheap ring will just go into my ring collection, along with the other half dozen engagement rings I’ve got! Do you not think you were the only one who wanted to fuck me?”

László was about to lose it, but very calmly replied.

“I see, then you are not a wholesome virgin after all! I suspected that for some time. As you do not appreciate the ring, its value is in the meaning that it stands for. Just give it back since you, by having this shitfit, just broke our engagement. You have no right to keep it! Martha was right all along about you!”

“Never!” Anikó snapped back.

László controlled his emotions, but now he was cold and distant. He had entered another realm, a space he referred to as his dark side. Inside the dark side, he remained calm, calculating, and dangerous. He was now devious, mean, full of vengeance, without mercy, with a take no prisoners attitude.

“You will not keep it! I guarantee it!” he smiled with confidence.

The telephone rang, and Joe answered it. He called Anikó to the phone, “Mary wants to talk to you!” and gave the handset over to her. Anikó listened to her mother’s voice, then said, “I’ll be there in a little while.”

She hung up, put on her winter boots and her fur coat, grabbed her purse, and stormed out the door without saying a word to anyone. She jumped into her car and took off. It was just before 10 a.m.

Joe remained silent, returned to the table and continued drinking his coffee. László poured himself another cup of tea from the teapot and sipped it slowly. He looked at his watch. His train would leave in about an hour to

Toronto. László looked at Joe and asked him if he would give him a lift. He said quietly, no, he could not, Mary had taken his car, and he was not allowed to drive her Cadillac or have a key to it. He suggested László call a taxi.

László put his things together. He was debating in his mind to leave Anikó's gift he had gotten from her and the unopened little box with Rose's name on it. László said to himself – fuck it. He'll take them home. He called for a taxi and left for the train station.

This was László's first and only engagement. (Only Mary and Anikó knew how many previous ones she had. How many more to come?) And their only Christmas together.

László arrived home, emotionally tired and very disappointed with Anikó. But he was not hurting, just scheming how he would get even with them. He told Rose entirely what had occurred, how Mary, Anikó and that spineless Joe had behaved. It was clear to him that Mary was pulling the strings, and she had retaken total control of Anikó again.

The commotion in the morning with Anikó in her room was when Mary must have told Anikó,

“You have to get rid of László! Your feelings for him do not matter. Time to move on to find a wealthier fool, to hoodwink as many assets and valuables out of them as they could get.”

Anikó delivered her performance, even if it was detrimental to her real feelings, as those feelings were not allowed to get hold of her psyche. The feelings of love and self-worth had to be eradicated from her mind, conscious and unconscious.

Mary had no scruples. She was just a conniving and dominating gypsy full of deceit and depravity. Mary wanted her own daughter to be her instrument of revenge against men. It was shameful how she had raised and destroyed the innocence and the love of her own child.

László understood the reality of the situation. He was not angry with Anikó. If anything, László felt pity for her. Both of them were so morally corrupt there was no point in him even trying to rescue Anikó and help her see just how wrong it was what her mother had forced upon her.

The only way he could help Anikó was what she had suggested to László many times. To take her and go away to another part of the world. Somewhere, so far from her mother, where she could never find her again, vanished like her father had. It was more clear to him now, why he had left. Anikó had such wonderful qualities she was bright, but she submitted totally to her mother's evil will when she was around her. Unfortunately, László did not had the means to do so.

Rose was very upset about how they had misled her and László once again. She could not believe the level of deceit they were capable of. László

calmed her down and mentioned to her that he had a plan, a simple and efficient one. There was a car rental place not too far from where they lived. He would rent a car, go down tomorrow, and he would take the ring back and the camera too if he could. He didn't have to go to work it was boxing day, so they had to act quick. But to do this, Rose had to call Mary and demand that she wanted to see her and Anikó tomorrow in the afternoon. He knew that Mary and Anikó would not be around to avoid verbal wrath from Rose or László when they arrived. All that László had to do was find the ring and take it back with him. He would sell the ring for whatever he could get for it and pay it towards his Visa balance.

Rose picked up the phone and called. Mary picked up the phone, and was surprised that Rose called, she thought if anyone would call it would be László. Rose very firmly insisted that she wanted to talk to both of them in person and that she would be there tomorrow in the afternoon, and hung up. The trap was set.

László rented a car and took Rose as a decoy. Of course, Mary and Anikó were not around to avoid facing Rose's wrath, only Joe. He let them in, and they sat by the dining room table. The empty camera and lens boxes were around the pine tree, but László could not see the camera. They waited about half an hour, and László stood up and said he had to go to the bathroom. This was the clue that Rose had to talk to Joe to draw his attention away. Instead of going to the bathroom László darted to Anikó's bedroom. The small dark blue ring box was on the top of her dresser, along with the camera. He put the ring box in his pocket and picked up the camera. Since Joe was not around when he gave the camera to Anikó, he would not know whose camera it was. When he appeared in the dining room, he faked a surprise.

"Oh, this is where my camera was! I left it here yesterday by accident, and I will take it home now. Joe, please tell Mary and Anikó that we waited for them, but now we have to return to Toronto."

And they left. He kept his promise to Anikó, and since the camera was bought for his fiancée, and she was no longer his fiancée, he felt justified to take it back. He did not care about the microphone.

Rose was apprehensive about what they would do now? Call the police on them for theft? László reassured Rose they would not do anything as they had no legal grounds. He had the bills for the camera and lens in his name, which proved ownership. As for the ring, by tradition, if the bride broke the engagement, she had to return the ring. It was not him who had broken the engagement, but Mary had forced Anikó. Oh, they would be upset, would curse both of them, give Joe shit, how could he be so stupid etc, but they would realize that they have been upended.

Now Anikó would remember his last words were to her “You will not keep it! I guarantee it!”

Anikó would realize that she could fuck with a lot of people, but not with everyone. He was one of the exceptions! She could be prostituted by Mary as much as she wanted. To László, it made no difference to him anymore.

László, of course, was correct. Rose told Martha what had happened between them. Martha was shocked, but she did say I told you so! She also mentioned that Anikó was engaged several times since she had turned 16. She knew of at least two others besides László. One of them was a car dealer's son, and the other tried to commit suicide by jumping into the Niagara Gorge but survived.

Weeks passed fast, and László was busy at work. In March, Anikó turned 18, and not that he cared, but after her birthday, she called him on the phone because she wanted to see him.

He asked about it, and Anikó said it had to be face-to-face; it was crucial. László finally agreed to see her after work on Friday. László rented a 1978 Dodge Monaco that, by luck, had a 440 cubic inch V-8 with a four-barrel Carter carburetor and a top speed of 127 mph.

He arrived at Anikó's house around 7 p.m., only she was home. Anikó still looked good, but it was not the same for him. She was over 18 years old, legal for sex and an adult. Anikó looked much older than she actually was, worn and burned out. The sparkle in her eyes was missing.

They sat by the dining room table facing each other. The air was charged with emotions, tense and ready to erupt. László asked what she wanted from him that was so important.

Anikó said she needed to speak to him face-to-face. She was very sorry that it had to end the way it had, and he had to know she loved him and still does. If she could change the past, she would. She was under her mother's control as she was a minor. Mary was behind all the unfortunate events, as he had suspected and was saying all along. She was underage, nothing she could do. Now that she was of legal age, she owed him clarification in person. Can he forgive her? And one more essential revelation, she was no longer a virgin; she had gotten married in January. László was stunned by her revelations, but he still did not know why she was saying all this to him. He was curious about where this was going.

Anikó continued that her marriage was now over and filed for divorce. She realized how wrong she had been and how right he was. László now interrupted her and asked why she was doing this. Was she trying to punish or humiliate him? It was not working. He asked her if she remembered what he told her before she stormed out on boxing day?

He had kept his word; she had made a drastic mistake by not believing in him and abusing his trust and love for her. The only reason why he was here was to tell her he had forgiven her, but he could never forget the past. He had learned to live without her; now she was free to collect more rings, and he hoped she got the full-carat ring for losing her virginity and hoped it was worth it for her.

He knew deep down that he was tearing into her psyche, and it was hurting her. Anikó deserved it, and she deserved much worse, but he suddenly stopped. László's empathy took over, still loved her despite all that had happened. Anikó was his first love and everything he wanted in a girl. Suddenly, he had a couple of teardrops in his eyes. He felt sorry for Anikó and the pain she went through due to her mother. László said that he was mournful that this was how it all ended. He had so much hope for her and wanted to share her real dreams. He could not take her away from here to a place that would give them a chance. Toronto was just not far enough. He did not have the financial means for that. She ruined her life, not him. He regretted that his best was not enough.

Anikó looked at him deeply, and she knew that he still loved her. She also knew that while he had no animosity toward her, it was certainly not the case for her mother. The architect of her doom in his eyes. All he had for her mother was utter repugnance! While she was now of legal age, in László's eyes, the chains that tied her to her mother were clearly visible. She could not break those chains; she was too weak, and László was not willing to break those chains anymore. It was over.

When László left, it was dark already, which matched his mood. In his soul, he was in turmoil. Anikó stirred up suppressed feelings. He missed those precious moments they shared, and he knew that while he may have relationships with others and would love them, nobody would replace his first true love, his soul mate.

At times like this, he just wanted to be alone, and one of the best ways he could refresh his brain and thoughts was to concentrate on something else he loved: driving fast! Not just a few miles over the limit but in triple digits if a car was capable.

He pulled on the QEW, the limit was 60 mph, at the time. It was dark by now when he flew by a parked OPP cruiser, that was hiding on the soft shoulder just north of Thorold Stone Road and south of Mountain Road where the highway takes a gentle bend, with his radar on. He saw the cruiser when he passed it. And that was when he glanced at the Monaco's speedometer, the needle hovering over 95 mph.

As soon as he passed the cruiser, the cop turned on his lights and floored it. Now he had to make a quick decision, get pulled over, lose several points on his license, get a huge fine, and listen to the cop's condescending lecturing for driving fast, or just fuck it and outrun the cop! He floored it! The

big four-barrel Carter opened up all four ventures with a roar, sucking gas and air. The Monaco surged ahead, and the speedometer needle started to climb fast to over 100 mph, almost instantly to 110 mph, to 120 mph within a few seconds.

The officer realized he was about to stop and turned on his siren. László looked in the rearview mirror and adjusted it. To concentrate on the cop properly, glancing at it rapidly, turned off the radio and turned the blower fan down. The distance between the cars was constant. Both were moving at about the same speed. The cruiser was not any faster than his Monaco. The traffic was not too heavy to pass cars. He had to flash his high beams on/off to clear them off from in front of him or go around them and snake through the traffic. Because of the darkness and his speed, the cop could not read his license plate; all he had on him was that it was a four-door sedan, maybe a Dodge or Plymouth, dark in colour. He also used the semi-trailers to block the cop's view. He was assured that the cop radioed ahead, so he had to be extra careful at the entrance ramps not to be cut off by any additional OPP cruisers. He passed the bridge over the Welland Canal in St. Catharines, and just after Grimsby, he saw another cruiser entering the limited-access QEW with sirens blaring and lights flashing! This distance between the new cop car was a bit closer but still too far away for the cop to catch him. The Dodge's 440 V-8 still had a bit left in the engine, and he was pushing it as far as it would go. The needle was now buried at the 120 mph mark, but he was still accelerating. From the Charger days, he knew cars, with the 440 V-8 and big Carter carburetors, were good for at least 127 mph. Soon, László was on the Burlington Bay bridge. Soon, he was at the sharp turn to the east, where he had to be extra careful by breaking heavy to slow down slightly to negotiate the turn designed for 55 mph and certainly not for doing 120+ mph.

By stepping on and off rapidly and pumping the brakes to avoid brake lockup and slowed down to nearly 100 mph. The two pursuers had to slow down too in the turn to continue toward Toronto. He could see two sets of flashing lights in his rearview mirror, unable to catch up but not giving up! Luckily, he had half a tank of fuel left as he floored it again. Rapidly increasing speed, his speedometer was buried. László only worried about the mushy feeling that Goodyear radials on the Dodge had. He was used to the better gripping Michelins on his previous car, the Olds 98.

Oakville was flashing by with the two OPP cruisers still on his tail. One was now a bit closer, but soon he was able to cross between several large trucks, and those braked heavily, slowed the cop down, and the cop lost a bit of ground. He planned to get off from QEW at Mississauga Road, which turned to double back before it turned north toward Dundas Street West. He had to do some fast and fancy manoeuvring between cars and the large semi-

trailers to block the view of the cops as he turned to the right at the exit and immediately turned off his headlights.

He entered the exit at a very high speed, over 100 mph, and stood on the brakes. Smoke from the tires and brakes filled the car with a burning rubber smell. He let go of the brakes for a second, stood on the brakes again while he yanked the steering wheel hard to the left, counter-steered his skid down the ramp, and let go of the brakes as the car straightened out and slowed down to about 50 mph. Now, he was going in the opposite direction he had just come from, and he could see and hear the OPP cruisers with red flashing lights and sirens sail by. Yes! He had lost them!

The car smelled of burned rubber, and he opened his window to let some cool, fresh air in. He looked at his watch. It had only taken him 30 minutes to get to this distance. At the speed limit, it would have been one hour. He continued at the posted speed limit to Dundas Street, then turned onto Highway 427 and 401 East to get home. Another adventure was under his belt. He returned the car on Saturday, all tanked up, to the rental agency. He did not mention the car chase to Rose, only that, for sure, Anikó was history!

He was back to work. A convention was about to start in which his company was participating. He took part in the week-long event. After the convention, everyone went out to celebrate all the new orders with a nice dinner and a lot of drinks, all paid for by the general manager.

László got inebriated for the third time in his life. This time, László only had one type of drink, not mixed with other types, but too much rum and coke took a toll on him. He had to be taken home by Joe, his friend from the office, as he passed out in the car. He was hung over for two days, and everyone at the office laughed it off!

It was May now and getting close to summer. He booked another flight to Budapest in August. His father's first wife, Rosalie, wanted to fix him up with a very nice-looking Hungarian girl named Julie, who worked in her office and was friends with his older niece.

At the end of May, László had received a call at home, from Mary He had to come down to see Anikó; she had been in a car accident, and she might die. She really wanted to see him. He told Mary, Well, if that was the case, give me the number for the hospital for him to check this out because he did not believe a word Mary was saying to him. And furthermore, he does not have a car; he sold it to buy her the ring, remember?

He was skeptical but called the hospital, and yes, she was in the hospital at St. Catherines. So he called Mary back. OK, so you did not lie this time. But I do not have a car to go down, and I have to work. I can only go

down after work on Friday by train, and you have to pick me up at the station and take me back when done. Mary agreed.

On Friday, he arrived after work by train. Mary was waiting by the station with the Eldorado. They drove to the hospital right away, and on the way, she explained that it was Joe's car that she was driving when she had gotten rear-ended. Anikó was in bad shape, with a severe back injury; she would have to be operated on, but she did not want to go under the knife until she had spoken to him. This is why Mary was in such a panic.

When László arrived in her room, Anikó started to cry, held onto László's hand, and, with a very faint voice, asked László to forgive her. She said she loved him despite all that had gone down between them. László said that he had forgiven her. László knew she was not faking her feelings about him. Anikó spoke from her heart and soul. She loved him, perhaps the only person she ever loved besides her father. He hoped and prayed for her that Anikó would recover after the operation. She must have had the operation. Otherwise, she would not recover. Reassure Anikó most of all, he still loved her! Anikó asked László, despite all the hurt she and her mother had caused, how could he still love her? In front of her mother, she admitted just how much her mother was guilty of! László said he did not care for her mother; she had to live with all she had done. He only cared about Anikó and still did. She would have to get better. She was way too young to die this way, but she could still make a positive impact on her own life. It was never too late to change. She promised that she would change because it was a miracle that he had come to see her. László replied that God works in mysterious ways! She asked him when he would see her again. He said it would be tough as he did not have a car. Anikó told him,

“László, take my car and use it, just come see me, please! I need you!”

On their way back to Niagara Falls, László told Mary that God worked in mysterious ways. Did she ever think that Anikó's car accident was not just an accident but a warning from God? Out of retribution, out of vengeance for all the deceit and evil they had done! Maybe Mary should try to live righteously rather than in sin. He continued without holding back. Between them, they had committed so much sin and hurt. So many innocent lives to get the assets of others and to pay back men because Anikó's father had left them, which was not the way to live. Mary nodded her head and started to speak.

“You are correct. I will try to make it up to Anikó and you, László. Please stay overnight; you can sleep in Anikó's bed. Please visit her tomorrow. I will give you the keys to her car and pay for the gas. Please visit her every day! I do not want her to die. She needs you to give her the incentive to get through this. I was so wrong with you. Please forgive me.”

It was a difficult decision, but László's compassion came through, and he gave in. He phoned Rose from Mary's home. He would be back tomorrow

after visiting Anikó in the hospital again. He slept in Anikó's room, in her bed. He also read some pages from Anikó's diary, which was on her dresser, that gave him a better image of what she thought of her affairs, and she had plenty. It was clear that Anikó was just a puppet. She was manipulated by Mary all the time.

After visiting Anikó on Saturday morning, he drove the Cadillac to Toronto. Mary rode with him to the hospital and gave him \$60 for gasoline, enough for two full tanks, with more to come as required. Mary was taken home by one of her girlfriends.

On the way home, he stopped at Simpson's at the flagship downtown store. It had an extensive china, glass, and porcelain department. He was looking for a Dobermann porcelain figurine for Anikó. He found one and bought it. She loved Dobermanns. They were intelligent and sleek-looking dogs. She could not keep dogs; as he learned when he gave Duchess to her, this one would not bark!

When he arrived home, Rose was concerned about what had happened to Anikó. She called Martha, and Martha told her that she had gotten rear-ended and was taken to the hospital by ambulance. Anikó was in terrible condition. She would have to be operated on for her back, and she could end up in a wheelchair. A bad situation for anyone, especially someone so young! Not even she or Mary deserved such a catastrophic situation. She wanted to visit her, and László decided that he would take her down on Sunday to see Anikó. Anikó was happy to see Rose. She was thrilled by László's thoughtful gift of her favourite dog!

She was operated on, and László visited her every day while she was in the hospital, driving straight from work and back every night in her car. He wanted to be an incentive for Anikó to heal and show her that he did love her. As soon as Anikó was back at home, Mary went back on her word and ended their relationship again, but this time with no drama. László felt he was used by the old witch as an incentive for Anikó to get better, giving her false hopes that things will change for the better and she be free to live with him. It was just an evil ploy by Mary.

László just sent Anikó a postcard saying that she was just a bitch, with a several other nasty words and it now it was over. He was off to Hungary to see another girl. Good luck to her!

Anikó had more issues with her back and moved to Arizona. The dry climate helped her. She attended the University of Arizona in Tucson, studying nursing.

In the meantime, during the autumn of 1978, László moved on to another company. He had to relocate to Guelph, Ontario. It was paid for by the company. Rose moved with him also. He rented a very nice two-bedroom unit. László worked for ITT Fluid Products in Guelph, Ontario, an American

conglomerate. Ironically, ITT had an assembly plant in Glendale in the Phoenix area, and he could have asked for a transfer to move down there. It was possible to get admitted into the USA that way. He could have been with Anikó if she truly would have wanted to be with him.

In 1979 and 1980, Anikó contacted László several times. They got together when she returned to Niagara Falls during the summers. Spent a few days, even a week together, at his place or up north in Attila's cottage. It was no more separate beds. Anikó was of legal age, and certainly, she was no virgin. They slept together during those visits and had a warm intimacy.

Anikó had called László her Rock of Gibraltar. Strong, steady, and dependable. Anikó always felt re-energized by being with László. She loved him in despite the devious ways Mary controlled her, loved the way he was with her, never being violent towards her, always caring, supportive, the intimate moments they shared. Even when he jokingly László had even called her a flat-footed Lucifer to her face several times, as every time her mother appeared, she became her devil puppet. Anikó admitted to László,

“I fuck, when she tells me to fuck, whoever she tells me to fuck! I will not marry you because I am not allowed to marry you! But I do love you, and I will always love you! I always look forward to being together with you when I can, I do not fuck, but I make love to you, and it is because I want to be with you and not because I am told.”

László didn't care anymore and had known this for years. There were no more secrets. László knew he could not have any expectations. László lost trust and faith in her yet he loved her regardless.

In 1980, he had even been willing to fly down to Tucson, to look for a job to be with her. László had spoken several times with the Human Resource manager at ITT, who was willing to help him transfer to one of their manufacturing places in the area. Working at ITT was a benefit. But as usual, Mary prevented their union. László made a reservation for a return flight, and could not get a refund. This truly pissed off László, and he got even with the old witch once and for all.

He contacted Canada's Revenue Income Tax Department. He gave them detailed information about Mary's rooming house operation, for which she had never paid any taxes. The Tax office investigated, and fined her so much that it cost Mary the rooming house. He had his vengeance.

“...I will render vengeance to My enemies, And repay those who hate Me.” – Deuteronomy 32:41.

Instead of going down to Tucson, László moved back to Toronto to the company that once had fired him, as their Chief Estimator. For almost two

years László did not hear from Anikó, and he thought for sure he never would, but in 1982 she surfaced once again.

Anikó through Martha found out that he had moved to Toronto, and now had a good position and salary. She contacted him in May of 1982. She found him by checking with the telephone directory service. She got lucky, his name was listed as his last name was unique. She wrote letters and postcards and called him on the phone. She was very proud of his achievements, but most of all, she needed to be with him.

On July 9th, she arrived in Niagara Falls from Tucson, by driving her Cadillac. László went down to see her and took her back to Toronto for a few days in his 1975 Olds 98 Regency, with a highly modified 455 Rocket V-8. She loved his Regency, it was so fast! They had a lovely time as always when she was by herself.

László saw Anikó for the last time on July 13, 1982, when he drove her back to Niagara Falls. He gave her one last chance to marry him. László was willing to forget all the bygones, and deceit, to give her at least some of her dreams. Which they talked about in their earlier years. He had a good position and salary as a Chief Estimator at Allen Tank. He wanted to marry her that week in a civil ceremony. No more games, no more interference from Mary. László wanted her to reply by the 17th when she indicated that she would come to Toronto to visit him.

He was ready to go with her anywhere in the world. He had a good skill set and experience in the pressure vessel field. He had continued his education and now had a diploma in Business Administration. László did not had to worry about his mother Rose. She had her own little apartment nearby, with all kinds of connivances in the building and pension. Finally she had a pleasant life now.

Anikó never showed up on the 17th or even bothered to call him on the phone, "I cannot make it today."

For László, this was the end of his shattered dreams with the girl he first said "I love you" to, his soulmate that could have been and was, in so many ways. He loved Anikó with all his heart. His on-and-off six-year-old relationship with Anikó was over for good. He was disappointed but not upset. He understood that Anikó was very honest and warned him in 1980, realizing what Anikó said was from her heart about herself and her mother...

"I fuck, when she tells me to fuck, whoever she tells me to fuck! I will not marry you because I am not allowed to marry you! But I do love you, and I will always love you! I always look forward to being together with you when I can, I do not fuck, but I make love to you, and it is because I want to be with you and not because I am told."

Anikó was too weak to break her mother's chains and was beyond redemption. László's love and forgiveness for her sins were just not enough! It was very tragic to see such a lovely person destroyed over the years by her own evil mother.

On the 19th, Anikó called Rose on the telephone. She said to Rose that she would be coming to Toronto from Niagara Falls on the 24th and to tell László that she was ready to give him the reply. Rose knew about her son's deadline. Told Anikó that she had missed his deadline and László would be out of town. When Anikó and Mary arrived on the 24th to Toronto, László was in Honey Harbour. They drove to László's apartment, but there was no answer. They proceeded to Rose's apartment, about 60 yards east of his. Rose told them through the intercom what she had told Anikó when she had called earlier on the phone. László was out of town. They insisted on talking to her and asked her to let them in, but she refused to see them.

Anikó, with Mary in tow, still did not give up as they went to see László's friends, Eva and Attila, in whose cottage she and László stayed. Anikó tried to convince them to talk to László. She knew that they were very close to László, and he perhaps would listen to them. Attila was not home. Only Eva was, and she was shocked by them. Eva said it was up to László, and they did not want to get involved in their affairs. Eva called László when he returned from Honey Harbour what a miserable witch Mary was. Eva felt sorry for Anikó, and László should be happy that he was done with them for good.

László never heard from Anikó again but did miss her. She set a standard in many ways. He always wished her well...

László got married in 1994, and his wife in 1995 decided to rip out and destroy all his photos of Anikó and others out of jealousy. Despite having no images of Anikó, apart from their engagement photo, the rest of her images were burned into his memory bank for eternity. He heard from Martha rumours she had married to an elder person she was looking after as a nurse and later to a drug dealer. When he lived in Arizona in the early 2000s, László tried to look her up. He did not succeed.

In 2024, László did an internet search of Anikó out of curiosity to see whatever happened to his first love. Anikó attended the University of Arizona from January 1980 to 1988 and received several degrees in Nursing and General Biology. She had several different last names, indicating several marriages. She had two grown children. She got married again in July 2024. Only God knows how many times. She partially fulfilled her dream they talked about in 1976 at Niagara Falls without László. But at what moral cost?

Anikó was a lifetime ago, in another universe and was purged from his soul forever. That is what he tried to convince himself. He also knew he would never forget his first love...

IV. Exploring needs and defining wants

In the summer of 1978, just as he had indicated to Anikó, he had flown to his hometown, Budapest, Hungary, to meet a girl. Julie was taller and slimmer than Anikó and was not as self-centred. He liked her, and they went out a couple of times. There was one minor issue, Julie's mother had a high position within the State Secret Police, and after meeting with László, she explained she could not let her daughter move to the West, and that was that. Hungary was still under the Soviet-style Communism. László was not interested in moving back to Hungary.

Upon his return, Gabor told him he had just blown the engine in his Corvette while racing somebody on the street. He needed his help since he had no money to buy a new engine to replace. But, if the car just happened to disappear, he could report it stolen, and if just happened to burn, then he would get the insured value, and he could buy another one.

"If I help you, what is in it for me?"

"What do you want?" Gabor replied.

László thought about it for a minute. He had the Minolta 35mm camera he could use a wide-angle lens for the camera. "OK, a Minolta 35mm or 28mm wide angle lens."

Gabor agreed to it. The plan was hatched. Gabor would hook up the broken-down Corvette with a tow chain to his van, and he would drive the van. László would have to sit in the Corvette to steer it and to brake as required during the tow, which was not as easy. The chain had to have constant tension for towing and break carefully so as not to run into the van. The best place would be up north at Algonquin Park. There were many abandoned trails one could drive into, no people around, perfect to make the car disappear.

On Friday evening, it was a relatively clear night without much wind, and they drove up north from Gabor's home. The trip was slow due to the towing, with the four-way hazard flashers going on both cars. Around midnight, they made it up to the park.

Highway 60 goes through the park on the southern side and is always open to traffic. Gabor finally selected the trail, and they turned off and continued quite deep in, perhaps for about ten minutes. At a wide clearing about fifty yards wide, they found a good spot. He turned the van around, facing the direction they had just come from and stopped. Turned off the lights, and they stood there silently in the dark, listening for any traffic and making sure that nobody had followed them. There was some overcast, and one could see a lot of stars and no wind. They waited for about 30 minutes, which was a good thing. If they would have burned the car right away, they would have been in real trouble. László stepped away to have a leak. As he was urinating, he saw some lights flickering in the distance through the trees as if they were coming on the same trail they had just driven. He yelled to

Gabor that someone was coming and not to do anything. The tow chain was still attached to the 'vette. Just as László was done, a park ranger truck approached and stopped in front of Gabor's van.

The ranger did not believe him and asked for ID and ownership. Gabor produced them. He looked at them, stepped into his truck, and called it in. It came back clear. He stepped out, gave back Gabor's ID and ownership, and continued.

"I will call you a tow truck, as that chain doesn't look safe."

The ranger sat inside his truck and called a tow truck that arrived about 45 minutes from a nearby town. While the ranger suspected that Gabor and László were up to no good, they had not committed any crime yet. He could not charge them with anything.

However, if they had torched the Corvette right away, they would have been caught as they would have been driving out from the trail while the Corvette was burning. The Corvette was hooked up properly, and Gabor and László followed the tow truck in his van. While driving back to Toronto, László told Gabor they had been very lucky.

The park ranger did not search the van with several red plastic gasoline containers inside filled up with gasoline, along with about an ounce of pot that Gabor had smoked. The tow bill was several hundred dollars that Gabor charged to his Visa.

It was time to come up with a different plan, a safer and less risky one, and László had an idea. Gabor was interested, of course, he would have to finance it. It was totally different. It would be done in daylight, foolproof, and technically even legal, although in reality, it was far from it. A week later they proceeded, and it worked, but the insurance only paid partially and he ended up keeping the wrecked car.

Gabor wasn't thrilled but it was his part during the execution of the plan that had failed, and he could only blame himself. László wanted his lens. Gabor went with him to buy the 28mm f3.5 wide angle lens for the Minolta, that he had originally bought for Anikó, and he repossessed after their break up. Soon he traded the Minolta SRT 202 in on a slightly used Minolta XK professional camera, which was the best 35mm Professional grade Japanese camera at the time. Better than Nikon or Canon pro cameras. While the Japanese still made crappy cars, their cameras and optics were first-class.

In mid-October, Gabor wondered if László wanted to go with him to the F1 Gran Prix, now held in Montréal. Toronto had a chance to host it, but the idiotic Mayor and City Councillors turned it down due to too much noise. By doing that, they also turned down the millions of dollars the race generated for the local economy.

Two nights before, Gabor had acquired another Corvette. Exactly the same colour inside and out. He worked all night in a rented garage to replace

the VIN number on the dash from the wreck, as well as the steering column lock and the ignition switch from his wreck. Gabor was very mechanically and electrically inclined. He also replaced the licence plates on the car with his own. When he acquired the car, he also found the previous owner's wallet in the glove box and his credit cards. This is why Gabor wanted to go to the F1. Gabor figured it would be good to have the impression that his newly "acquired" car was taken to Québec and disappeared there. On the way to Montréal, once they crossed the provincial borders, Gabor switched the rear plate back to the original and bought gas on the guy's credit card. At the same time, the service station attendant recorded the plate number on the slip. As soon as they exited, they pulled off to a side road, switched the plate back to his own, and threw the other in the ditch. Just in case they got stopped by the police, everything matched the VIN number, the licence and registration papers.

Once in Montréal, they stopped at a record store and bought some records on the guy's credit card, leaving more false trails about the whereabouts of the Corvette. Gabor also used the cards to buy a few things at the race. The race was good however, Mosport had much better viewing areas for the general ticket holders. Another adventure later, both had arrived safely.

Eventually, Gabor sold the parts from his old wreck, chopped up what he could not sell, and sold them as scrap metal. As far as the insurance company knew, he had rebuilt it, and all the registration papers had matched. A year later, he traded in on a new Corvette.

László had already accepted a drafting position in Guelph with a pump and heat exchanger manufacturer. Although he didn't own a car, he had to get one quick. His credit was not the best. His Visa was maxed out. He asked his aunt Margaret if she could loan him money or co-sign a loan. Rose could not, as she was on disability insurance. His aunt refused to help out financially. This upset Rose, considering how much she had helped her in the 1950s. They never spoke or met again, and neither did László. She and his cousin Tom were written off, just as if they had never existed.

Martha, Rose's friend from Niagara Falls, loaned him \$1000 to buy a used car. After some searching, he settled on a 1968 Buick Le Sabre, a two-door coupe. Yes, it was old, but the car was in pristine condition and had low mileage. It had a small block 350 cubic inch V-8 with a two-barrel carburetor that was good on gas when used on the highway. He commuted back and forth between the plant and his apartment every day. A drive of two and a half hours round trip, depending on the traffic. László waited until his lease was up and moved out at the end of October, just after his return from the Grand Prix. His move was paid for by the company, and other relocation expenses included a \$500 furniture allowance and a \$250 cash bonus.

At Christmas, he traded in his Minolta XK due to the limited lens selection available and his two lenses on a used Nikon F2AS body with a 50mmf1.4 Nikkor lens as well as on a new Nikon FE body with a 24mmf2.8 Nikkor wide-angle lens, and a flash, paying the difference in cash that he had received from his \$14,000 a year salary package deal that he got when he had accepted the position.

In the spring of 1979, he placed a personal ad in the local newspaper that he was looking for a girlfriend in the area. He hardly knew anyone in Guelph, and there was not much to do. There was only one movie theatre and a few bars. He was not into bar hopping, but he figured he could meet someone this way.

He received a good response to his personal ad. He selected a few that had attached photos and liked their appearance and what they had written. He met four or five of them and decided on an Italian Canadian. She was born in Milano, in northern Italy, and didn't really look like the typical Italians he knew. She was twenty years old, had dark blonde shoulder-length hair and hazel eyes, was about five feet five inches, and had a nice figure with 34C breasts. She worked in a bakery.

Her name was Simonetta, but he called her Simi for short. While she shared very few common interests with him like Anikó had. She was a pleasant girl, but not as intelligent. László was not interested in finding an Anikó clone. He was interested in forgetting her and enjoying a fun, vividly sexually stimulating long-term relationship. However, he was not interested in marriage unless the girl fit his ideals and plans. He liked Simi, but she smoked. She had mentioned this to him and that she was willing to quit. She also lived at home with her mother, but her mother was not Mary. Thank God for that.

They started to date, spending most of their free time together. They went to see a couple of films and tried to play tennis at the apartment's tennis court where László lived. The apartment complex had an outdoor pool and Jacuzzi rooms on several floors in the building. They got along well. She liked the same music László liked and often listened to his stereo in his bedroom, behind closed doors. László made it clear to Rose that when Simi was over at his place, never disturb them in his bedroom – his room was off limits! (While this worked with Simi, it didn't work well with Anikó. With Anikó, Rose could communicate in Hungarian and liked to barge in.)

It didn't take long, just a couple of days of dating, before Simi dropped her panties. They were sitting on a sofa (that unfolded into a bed for László to sleep on at night) with arms around each other, and she was interested in kissing. While László enjoyed kissing, kissing a smoker by someone who did not was like licking an ashtray. László only kissed her playfully on her lips

but never deeply. Simi wanted to know what was wrong with him, didn't he like kissing? László very diplomatically explained to Simi yes he liked her, but it took some time for her smoking to clear and leave no aftertaste. She had already stopped smoking in his presence. If she wanted deep kisses, she had to be motivated to cut back on her smoking while they were apart. She said that she would.

László pulled her closer and started to kiss her ear lobes while slipping his hands down into her jeans and panties and whispered into her ear, show me where else you like being kissed. She started to take off her shirt, bra, jeans and panties. She was now totally nude, sitting on the couch with her legs close to each other. László started to kiss and gently bite on her erect nipples, massaged her breasts, and squeezed them softly then firmly slid his mouth from one breast to the other while pinching her nipples with his fingers. Simi was moaning gently and quietly, spreading her legs, exposing her wet and trimmed pussy. He slid his mouth down and started to kiss her labia majora, slowly working toward her inner lips and to her clit. Kissing her clit gently and tonguing it, licking it for some time. By now, she was oozing in her wetness. László stopped for a second as he pulled his jeans down and his underpants exposing his erect penis that Simi gently grabbed and pulled toward her vaginal opening. She put his penis head inside her while moaning softly,

“Fuck me, baby, fuck me, baby!”

He pushed into her glistening, slippery, warm tight vagina all the way and then started slowly to pump in her, back and forth. He came in about three minutes. When he came and could feel that he had a good load of cum, he continued to pump his penis in her pleasure hole. Then when he withdrew his penis, she gripped his shaft and pulled it into her anticipating and trembling wide open lips, and closing her lips around the head, engulfed it completely. While stroking it with her left hand and licking off any of his cum, intermixed with her juices, she massaged and squeezed his fuzzy balls ever so gently with her right hand.

Then she pulled his penis out and smiled,

“How was that, better than a kiss?”

László smiled back and said to her

“I prefer this type of kissing! You taste very delicious!”

That was the first of many to be “kissing sessions” every time they got together.

László, when he drove her home only a couple of blocks from his apartment, mentioned to Simi that he was hoping that she was on the pill. The last thing he wanted was to get her pregnant in the immediate future. She swore that she was, and that was the last thing on her mind.

They did not always have their encounters at his place. Sometimes it was in the front seat of his car or sometimes in the back in a secluded section

of the nearby parks or country roads. There was plenty of real estate around that had lots of privacy.

Once in a while, she was bent over the hood or the trunk, and he would pull her panties down and enter her from the rear, fucking her hard with no foreplay. Simi was quite submissive, and she loved it when László took charge of her and had his way.

She had fallen in love with him, giving him a nice “Thank You, I Think of You and Love You” card, signed with her lips printed in red. He loved licking her pussy. It had a nice mix of sweetness and a salty taste. She had very nice inner lips, not overhanging, just short enough that he liked to suck, nibble on, and kiss. Her blonde pubic hair was clipped very short but not shaved. László one day told her to shave it, and she complied. Although she cut herself a bit with the razor, once or twice. After that, she remained shaved.

In mid-July, he heard again from Anikó, as noted earlier. She had become very jealous of Simi, and he stopped seeing her while Anikó drove from Niagara Falls to be with him. Anikó even called Simi on the phone and told her to stay away. László was hers!

When Anikó returned to Niagara Falls after spending nearly two weeks with László, she returned to Arizona without any resolution to make a permanent relationship work due to Mary’s interference: the fling was over again.

László called up Simi, and they were together again. Simi was not the jealous type, and she understood that his former fiancée wanted him back! To Simi, László was the guy she wanted. Everything was good, and by now, she had quit smoking entirely! While László liked being with her as a companion for kinky sex, he was absolutely not interested in being married to her. Simi just wasn’t that interesting. Yes, she was submissive in sex and was a good lay, but for László to marry someone, that was just not enough. She wasn’t a girlie girl, not stylish enough, and lacked the presence that he had gotten used to with Anikó. Not sophisticated, nor did they share anything cultural apart from being from Europe. She was in love with him, but he wasn’t with her. He never said to her that he loved her, only that he loved having sex with her. She was not interested in photography or cars, especially now that he had just bought another Oldsmobile 98, a top-of-the-line Regency model with all the options, apart from a sunroof.

It was during the fuel crunch. Everyone was dumping gas-thirsty cars with big engines, and the Olds had a 455 cubic inch V-8. He purchased the 1976 Oldsmobile Regency fully loaded only the sunroof option was missing, with only 20,000 miles for \$2400. Subtract the \$300 that he received for the Buick as a trade-in.

For László, the fuel mileage made no difference. He liked the smooth ride and the comfort. The price difference between a new smaller car and what he had paid for the Olds bought a lot of gallons of fuel for several years.

László got a very competitive car loan from the bank he dealt with, it was very affordable for him. He modified the engine by replacing the manifold, carburetor, changed the ignition system, had the transmission modified with a shit kit, and added an external transmission cooler. He removed all the smog-controlling junk, including the catalytic converter that choked the power from the engine. After this, the engine became a roaring rocket on regular fuel, which was much cheaper than unleaded. For a full-size luxury boat, more like a battleship in size, it was fast and powerful.

Simi eventually realized toward the beginning of winter that while László enjoyed her companionship and kinky sexual encounters, he would not marry her, and she broke off the relationship. Simi was heartbroken and flew off to Italy and stayed at her married brother's place, sending now and then a postcard writing that she missed László. László was not about to change his mind.

1980 rolled around, and László was getting bored in Guelph. He spent some of his free time in Toronto, sometimes with Gabor. Simi returned in the spring and contacted him. They continued to have a sexual relationship, and she became more submissive, yielding to every kink of his. Simi loved it when László dominated her. Simi's mother was not thrilled that she was having an intense sexual relationship and was not married. Summer was approaching, and Simi, again flew off to Milano, vowing not to return. László did not care as he flew off to visit his half-sister in Vienna.

He flew to Zurich with Air Canada, then took the train to Vienna through the Alps. He stayed with his half-sister for about a week, and while there, he bought a Cartier eighteen-karat gold watch that he had wanted for some time. To buy the watch, he had to sell his Nikon F2AS with the 50mmf1.4 lens to his brother-in-law. He then went to Budapest using the hydrofoil boat service on the Danube, stayed a few days with his father, and then took the hydrofoil boat back to Vienna. He visited Salzburg with his sister and brother-in-law and flew back from Vienna.

After that, he was back at work, and Anikó was back again for her summer visit to Niagara Falls. She contacted László, and once again, they got together while she was in Canada, their relationship fizzled just as she returned to Arizona. László had enough of Anikó and wanted change, and change he got.

László got a better position at his former employer, where there had been a management change. He had an option of being either the Chief Draftsman or the Chief Estimator. Estimating appealed to him more, and it was a better choice overall, with more income potential. He moved back to Toronto. Although he gave sufficient notice to move out from the apartment in Guelph, it became a hassle for several months after.

Before László moved back to Toronto, he made two resolutions; his

number one was to have privacy, meaning that his mother could not live with him anymore; his second was to find a female companion who was very bright, sophisticated, and submissive. Interested in S&M, D/s, and even better if in M/s, and lived by herself. He was not interested in a vanilla type of relationship at all.

Initially, when he moved from Guelph to Toronto, rented a very nice two-bedroom unit on the 25th floor in an upscale luxury building on the corner of Bloor and Jarvis Streets downtown until his mother, Rose, found a suitable place for herself. The amenities included air conditioning, all-inclusive water, electricity, cable TV, multi-level indoor parking, an indoor pool, a gym, a rooftop sundeck, and a secure entrance with a video camera.

While he loved Rose and cared very much about his mother, there were issues about his privacy. She had walked into his bedroom several times, despite the fact she had been told not to disturb him when he had company “Keep the music down etc, I can’t sleep!” When he was with Anikó, once with Simi, and recently when he was dating a local girl. That was enough for his new girlfriend and for László too! It was his apartment, and he paid the rent.

His mother had no consideration for his private life. He wanted to avoid being stereotyped,

“You’re kidding, you still live with your mother? Are you a mama’s boy?”

László always had issues with his girlfriend’s mothers. They were chained to their mothers, and by living with them, they were too much under their control, and the last thing he needed was his own mother interfering too. Simi could never stay overnight, for example, as her mother would have labelled her as a whore! Simi got enough flack by being with him and without getting engaged or even a hint of any upcoming nuptial. Essentially, he was just as badly off. He was chained to his mother, due to her being on disability.

Rose was offered a bachelor unit on the 18th floor at 77 Huntley Street. It was the same building László was looking at for a one-bedroom unit in 1976. Coincidentally, the building on Huntley Street was less than seventy meters from the building where László was living. Providence was kind to both of them.

For Rose, the building was perfect, as it had a shopping complex underneath it with a large grocery store chain, a bank, a pharmacy, a hair salon, and even a liquor store, and only another one hundred meters from the nearest subway station. Rose could do all her shopping and get her medication just by taking the elevator down she didn’t have to go out in the middle of cold winters. She could go to her doctors, the church, and a few girlfriends she had with public transit. László did not have to drive her everywhere, as he had had to when she lived in Guelph with him.

For László, she was close enough to visit or even to go over for a good home-cooked meal but far enough that she no longer could interfere in his private affairs behind closed doors. And a lot took place behind those closed doors later on. László had no problem in getting out of the two-bedroom lease, as he wanted to remain in the building, he just moved into a bachelor unit on the 10th floor from the 25th. He remained in the same building for 13 years.

Just as he moved to his own apartment, Simi got hold of him. She had returned from Italy and wanted to be with László badly. She was hoping that she could change herself more into what László wanted in a wife and was hoping that she could entice him once again. Simi knew one of László's friends in Guelph and had enquired what had happened to him, as he no longer lived in Guelph. His friend told her that he had moved to Toronto. She asked him for his phone number, and he gave it to her, as he knew had been friends before. She called László and came to Toronto to see László for some sexually intense weekends. She even stayed overnight for these escapades. Her mother called her a whore for doing it she did not care.

László enjoyed her submissiveness, and now he could get into kinkier activities, tying her up in different positions with her legs spread and tied to the legs of his fold-out bed, blindfolding her, playing with ice cubes over her nipples and labia, fucking her hard, putting a leash around her neck and walk her like a puppy naked inside the apartment on her hands and needs, yes, these were fun. But he realized that he also needed to be with her outside these activities, and that was going to be a difficult issue to overcome.

László still had a problem with her lack of interest in his. The ones she didn't like when he lived in Guelph. She had one (bad in László's eyes) hard limit of no photos of her, especially not while they played. She hated being photographed and did not care about his interest in photography. She did not share his enthusiasm either for painting with oils or to be a subject of one. While she tried dressing a bit more with a feminine flare, she just had not evolved enough for László's tastes.

Simi loved him. And certainly loved his intensity, but she was not right for him. He could never imagine himself as her husband and God forbid, being a father of her children. She also made one classic mistake, telling him just that "she would give birth to all the children he ever wanted." While László was willing to have children later on with someone he really cared for, she just wasn't that person. László, despite having an immensely vivid sexual relationship with Simi, told her that she could forget marriage. Even though both of them wanted to be married and have a family eventually, he would never marry her.

Simi was hurt once again and finally gave up. She moved back to Italy. Two years later, he received a card from her that she had gotten married and settled down there. He was happy for her.

He should have installed a revolving door to his apartment, as he had quite a few short-lasting relationships. He was not into the bar scene or cruising looking for females, like some of his friends, namely Gabor and Les.

To meet women, he placed personal ads in the largest newspaper in Toronto, including alternative papers. His mother tried to fix him up several times with Hungarian girls through friends. Even pointed out ads in the Hungarian papers for the ones in his age range. However, his needs could not be fulfilled easily. Some were very intelligent and attractive but were not submissive and kinky enough. Some were intelligent and kinky but not attractive, some were kinky enough and loved to fuck, but they were racially a no-go for him.

He wasn't prejudiced; white, yellow, brown, or black. Their pussy was pink inside. He fucked them all, but he could never imagine himself marrying anyone other than a white female. Apart from that, his mother and father would have killed him! He was raised in very traditional European values. You do not marry other than your kind, which means only white. He would also bring shame to his family and did not care much for his father, half-sister, etc., but he did value his mother's feelings in this respect. He would never cross the racial barrier when it came to marriage, but that never prevented him from exploring his needs and wants.

He had one longer-lasting relationship with a black woman, Leena, just after Anikó surfaced for the last time in 1982. Leena was 29, and so was he. She was an intern doctor. Thus, she was educated and intelligent. Leena was very kinky and loved to fuck and experiment with him, which was a good match. She was interested in his art and photography. In fact, that was how he got to meet Leena. She replied to his ad and sent her phone number.

He called Leena, and they talked for a while. The typical small chat about themselves. She wanted to know what he was doing. He said landscape with oil paints. Of course, she did not believe him and asked,

“OK, if I come over to see if you are on the level for our first date?” and continued, “But do not think that will lead to any kind of sex, we do not know each other.”

She was impressed everything he had said was on the level. He didn't even try to get on first base. He just kept on painting while they talked. Leena liked that, but as they chatted, she got turned on, more and more. It didn't take her long before she shed all of her clothes, was totally naked, and wanted to fuck László. Soon they were fucking like rabbits on their first date! Leena was very feminine, with a perfect body: firm 36C breasts, a nice flat stomach, small but very shapely firm arse, long slim smooth legs, gleaming dark onyx black skin, very closely trimmed, might as well she should have just shaved all off, on her wet, hot pussy.

Leena had a perfect body that runway models would have killed for!

She was everything that László wanted in a woman except for her skin colour. He was honest enough to tell Leena that after their first intercourse, while they could have a fling, that was all it would be.

He was diplomatic and did not mention it was because of Leena's skin colour. He just stated that he was not interested in a long-term committed relationship that would lead to marriage or even kids. Avoided the disclaimer, if you are not white, otherwise he was.

She was confident enough in her abilities that he would change his mind. Leena wanted to give it a go. Leena visited him when she had time from her schedule, submitted to any of his sexual kinks, and gratified him like no other. She loved his pinkish-coloured penis, a nice contrast to her onyx skin, that he had his foreskin that made it even more sensitive to her oral attention. Wrapping her lips around it, and like a Hoover at full suction, sucking him dry as often she could.

Leena had a foot fetish obsession. She loved licking his toes while he masturbated and came on her face, his warm cum dripping as she eagerly tried to lick it off with her tongue and cleaned her face with her fingers, sucking off any of his cum from her fingers. Leena just loved it!

She enjoyed pain, indicating that she had masochistic tendencies. Leena brought some sterilized needles so he could pierce her nipples and pussy lips with them. She loved taking baths with him, fucking him slowly in the hot water, then showering as she sucked and cleansed his penis. She loved to suck on his scrotum, sucking slowly each of his testicles, one by one. Leena also loved being verbally humiliated while she sucked on them, being called: "a cocksucker, a fucking whore, a cunt on two legs, bitch, a cum slut, that she was." It made her so wet that László could fist her, his fingers sliding into her dripping vagina, slowly engulfing his delicate fist. She would cum, with deep spasms, throughout her body and would scream from ecstasy!

After a month or so, Leena fell for him. She now told him in no uncertain terms. He was so special, Leena loved him, his intellect, his domination, and adored his cock. All she could think of was how to serve her Master when they were together. Leena totally gave the power over her body and will to him. She was his slave, under Total Power Exchange (TPE), doing as he wanted when they were together. While László loved this situation, he was concerned about her and was almost overwhelmed.

He had to end the relationship soon. Rose was getting suspicious of why he was so busy in the evenings and on the weekends. She had hardly seen him for over a month now. Rose knew that there had to be a girl involved. She was interested in meeting her. That was the last thing on László's mind! He said no, not for a while. She could meet his girlfriend only when he was serious about her, and he just wasn't. He reminded her he was

tired of her interference and constant nagging, “Why don’t you find someone and get married and have kids!”

He reminded her if she wanted to be married, she could go ahead and get married. She should not pressure him, especially about kids! If you are so desperate for a grandchild, adopt one! That shut Rose up for a while.

He then told Leena it was time to move on! You’re fun, but now the novelty has worn off. He lied. László could have been with such a female till eternity if only she was white. Who practiced TPE, who was intelligent, attractive, stylish, shared his art interest, single, had no kids, loved his kink, and had a great career to boot! He had to be mean and cold towards her. The meaner and colder he was, she loved it more and more. He finally refused to see her when she would come over, not letting her into the building. To stop Leena from calling, László changed his phone number to an unlisted one.

Shortly after his relationship ended with Leena, on a Sunday afternoon, coming back early from Gabor’s cottage, there was a large jam up on Highway 401, and he almost ran out of fuel. Somehow, managed to get off at the Avenue Road exit and continued south to the nearest gasoline station to fill up. Avenue Road started to jam up also, as many had gotten off from 401, and he had to use alternative routes to get to their destination.

After buying fuel, he decided to proceed on a side street and knew the area as the back of his hand. Grey Road was full of four-way stops. He proceeded through all of them until he was close to Lawrence Avenue. Grey Road had a stop sign as one had to yield for the main artery avenue. He was in his 1976 Olds 98 Regency, his battleship. Just as he was pulling close to the sign and about to break to stop, a 1982 Cadillac stretch limo made a turn-off from Lawrence onto Grey. The Cadillac made a wide turn, and it looked like the driver was inebriated. Otherwise, a stretch limo would not have entered his side of the road.

Suddenly, László had a choice, to avoid the accident and hit the curb, damaging his right wheel while braking hard. Or to hit the guy head-on with his battleship. He chose the latter, a large bang, breaking of the glass headlights, cracking and braking of the plastic fascia, and the sound of compressed metal making that unique screeching sound. His Olds 98 had destroyed a large portion of the Cadillac’s front end, although it was still drivable. The damage to his car was a broken left headlight, a slight bend in his front bumper, and a slight, hardly noticeable paint crackle on the lower body side panel.

He jumped out, and after examining his car, he started to yell at the drunken limo driver,

“You fucking moron, learn how to drive! I’ll call the cops to report you,

you drunken fucking bastard!”

The guy reeked of alcohol really badly, and that was the last thing he wanted, the police after he had swirled into the wrong lane. He could hardly stand on his legs, not because he was hurt, but that drunk. He pulled out five one hundred dollar bills from his pocket and gave it to László not to call the police. Saying that he would take care of the damage, as he had an account with Addison Cadillac in downtown Toronto. And, as long as László doesn't inform his insurance and the police. László agreed and insisted that he provide his phone number, driver's licence, and insurance info, just in case he doesn't honour the deal.

On Monday morning, he called Addison Cadillac to confirm the driver's account, called his own place of employment, and informed them that he would be late as he had gotten into a car accident. Yes, the drunk had an account at Addison. He drove to the dealer to get an estimate, and the dealer called the drunk and confirmed with him that he would be paying for the damage on the Olds. Yes, it would be charged to the guy's account. László also demanded a rental car to replace his Olds while being repaired and the front end repainted. It had a very sharp two-tone custom paint on his Olds; metallic dark blue, with a cream-white hood, and the sides of the doors were separated by dual pinstripes in gold paint, with his initials and a small crown above it on the driver's side. The same monogram design that his paternal grandfather had used on his stationary many decades ago.

The drunk was not too keen to provide a rental car similar type to his. László wanted a luxury rental fully loaded, just as his Olds was, and would not settle for a stripped-down Chevy. The drunk insisted that he would only pay for the Chevy he had already given him \$500, and it was going to cost him almost \$1500 to repair László's car due to the custom paint job and several thousand for his limo. He didn't even know how much yet as he was going to take his car in later in the morning. He would only pay for a Chevy. László stopped arguing with him. He believed absolutely in Mark Twain's quote, “Never argue with an idiot. They will drag you down to their level and beat you with experience.”

László rented a fully loaded 1982 Chrysler New Yorker, an equivalent car type, at \$60 per day with unlimited mileage, versus a \$20 a day for the Chevy, and drove off to work. His car would be ready by Friday. He would sue the drunk for the car rental fees. In the meantime at work, he started to look around for a lawyer. He found one that was willing to take his case. He made an appointment to see him on Tuesday after work.

The lawyer advised László that he should seek medical advice from practitioners. He would provide names to ensure László was not injured, not to contact the drunk driver any further, to pick up his car when done, return the rental, and send him the receipts for anything related. He would take care of the information that László had on the guy and contact his insurance.

László didn't have to pay anything to the lawyer. He would be compensated by the other driver's insurance. It was a clear-cut case of who had caused the accident. The question now was just how much compensation the insurance would have to pay.

The guy had hung himself by paying for László's car repair. One only does that when they are clearly at fault and do not want their insurance to know. Now, this accident would increase his insurance astronomically, or maybe he would lose his insurance depending on just how many accidents he had had! The drunk should not have been so short-sighted about the car replacement rental or to argue with László. He really picked the wrong guy to get into an argument with. László was about control, living up to the well-known saying, "He who laughs last, laughs best."

On Wednesday, László called in sick, saying that his neck was hurting and would be seeing his doctors. He visited the suggested neck surgeon, and the x-ray confirmed that he had issues with his neck. Well, yes, hello, he had almost broken his neck in the bicycle accident. He was told to take Flexeril (cyclobenzaprine), a muscle relaxant, wear a neck support, and stay home if it hurts. He was also to go for physiotherapy for his neck, consisting of massages and gentle neck stretching to free up any pinched nerves. Here is the address of the nearest physiotherapist, and do not worry about the cost it would be taken care of by his lawyer's office.

László wasn't stupid or ignorant of how accident lawyers work. He knew exactly just what was happening. Certainly, he would get his prescription, and yes, he would wear his neck brace, and of course, he would go to therapy twice a week.

He needed a good rest to clear his mind about many things, including Leena! Damn, if only she would have been a Caucasian! He told his mother not to worry, really he was alright, but his neck was a bit sore, that was all!

He returned to work after two weeks but continued for another four weeks with his physiotherapy. Soon after that, he had one meeting with the insurance company's lawyer at his lawyer's office, and they settled for his pain and suffering. Ten thousand dollars, tax-free, plus all his medical and lawyer's expenses. Not a bad payday. This was close to 40 percent of his salary after taxes.

In the meantime, he was contacted by a long-lost relative of his. His paternal grandfather's sister. She had come across his last name in a Hungarian paper and decided to write to him in case he was a relative. His father had contacted her when he had moved to Canada, but she had written to his address in Quebec. The letter came back as unknown. She wanted to fix him up with a pleasant Hungarian girl she knew. László gave the letter to Rose to talk to her if she wanted to. He was too busy putting his present life

together. He didn't need a crazy old woman, relative or not, to tell him whom to date or what to do.

Rose called her up. She really was a relative of his. Maybe she was a bit wacko, but she meant well. If nothing else, go down to see her. He was all alone, and if she died (Rose), he would be all alone. It would be good to have some family. After trying to lay down some guilt complex on him, which never really worked, he agreed. Not because the guilt complex had worked. But because it made some sense to at least meet his relatives, his great-aunt and her daughter, his first cousin once removed.

Several days after the accident, he had a short fling with Melinda, a Hungarian who had just come to Canada. She wasn't his type, but she was cute, and that would get his mother off his back, so he agreed to date her. Melinda was only about five feet tall, petite but shapely, a very conventional vanilla type when it came to sex. She was dull and lazy. He liked the more sophisticated and intelligent type with a kinky mind. She moved in with him, but he could not see any hope of a long-term relationship. She wanted to be married to get sponsorship to stay in Canada. He was not interested in sponsoring Melinda. Their affair only lasted for six weeks after she moved in with him.

László knew exactly why Rose wanted a Hungarian girl as his wife and had forgiven Anikó so many times. She could speak Hungarian and communicate with her. For Rose, this was one of her priorities. Of course, there were additional ones that made sense to a degree that might help to smooth the rocky road of marriage. Rose's English was none nonexistent. While she could understand most of what was said or spoken on TV, she never picked up enough English to do anything or have a simple conversation. After all, for anything important, he could speak and translate on her behalf. He was very tired of this. Of course, when he complained, he got the standard "Oh, you are just like your father" guilt complex treatment. His mother's way of trying to manipulate his feelings. But those jabs at him went in one ear and out the other! "Sorry, Mother, I am no longer tied to your apron, and you had better get used to it!"

In October, László drove Rose down to the Catskill Mountains in New York State to the small village of Fleischmanms. Erzsébet (Elizabeth), his great-aunt, had a cottage there. She was about eighty years old and kept her exact age a secret. The meeting of his great-aunt was quite uncanny. Erzsébet was quite delusional, perhaps due to her old age or perhaps due to some trauma. While she had old-world charm and mannerisms, she also lived in the past. The grandeur of the past, that for her and 99.9% of titled nobility from Hungary, was gone forever. Rose told László to be kind and show compassion when he mentioned that he found his great-aunt very strange.

Erzsébet had a tough time and had experienced growing up with wealth and then losing everything due to politics and the war that had swept over central Europe after WWI. Her marriage to a Colonel in the Army and then losing her husband during WWII, followed by fleeing as a refugee after the end of the war with her daughter, probably had a significant influence on her mental well-being. She reminded László how much hardship they had gone through coming to Canada. To show empathy toward her. Her daughter, his first cousin once removed, was more realistic. She had been married twice and had a daughter from her first marriage, who was now in college. The trip to Fleischman's had a dual purpose; first as a family reunion of lost relatives, and second, matchmaking by Erzsébet.

Erzsébet's matchmaking was far from successful. The potential candidate drove up to the Catskills cottage from Scarsdale, one of the wealthiest areas of New York with the highest median family income. She was attractive, tall, slim, with shoulder-length brown hair, a pretty face, of great Hungarian heritage, university educated, a non-smoker, and one year older than László. To László, one or two years older made no difference. However, he preferred women several years younger. Her name was Anikó, and a strike against her, although not her fault. Which would have probably made no difference in the long run. She was working as a sales agent for a high-scale perfume manufacturer, in a good position with a good income, and was a divorcee. There were possibilities, except for one, she had a seven-year-old son. And that was where the whole matchmaking came to a very quick halt. NO!

Absolutely no way was László interested in such a relationship. No matter how suitable the woman was or how much she would like him, having a child was a deal breaker to László. Having someone else's child in a relationship meant losing his independence. The child's father, unless dead, was a third party in his bed. Now, he didn't mind threesomes as long as both were women. The child's father would interfere with moving to another city, state, or country if he wanted to. He would interfere in all of his family life's activities, one way or another, sooner or later. No, no matter how intelligent or attractive she was or how kinky she would be behind closed doors. No. László was open-minded a lot when it came to relationships. He would even move to a different city or country, such as the USA, England, or even Germany, but a child was a deal breaker. No!

Life was hard and complicated enough, but to add additional complications that he could not control was not for him. He made it clear to all when Anikó left. Surprisingly, all understood and had never thought of it that way, but still, she would have been good for him! László got a bit upset and stated that only he would be the judge of what was good for him, and they were free to marry Anikó and live with her, but he would not!

Erzsébet and her daughter were disappointed that their matchmaking had failed, but the daughter knew of someone else. She was single, without

any kids, and had a Hungarian heritage. But Anikó, from Scarsdale, was much more intelligent, attractive, and much better off financially.

When they spoke to Rose and asked her what László liked in a woman, they tried to match as close to her and not his ideal as possible. László thanked them but perhaps he was the best to ask what he liked or not and to judge for himself, not what Rose, his mother, would want in a potential daughter-in-law! They were not living in the 19th century, where marriages were arranged between nobility to keep the family wealthy or to acquire more. László personally didn't truly care how much money anyone had, and maybe he was naïve in this. He cared more about how they got along in and out of the bedroom and how many interests they had in common. He required intellectual as well as physical stimulation for harmony. László thanked them for their hospitality, and with that out of the way, Rose and László returned to Toronto.

At the end of November, the company's management was shaken up, as the present general manager, who had hired László back as a chief estimator, was let go, as well as the sales manager. Those two made too many financial mistakes. To everyone's surprise, the new general manager and sales manager positions were combined, and László's old nemesis, Jack, returned. Jack was the one who had let László go because of Ruth's smoking. It was funny that Ruth still worked there, as the chief draftsman, but she smoked a lot less. Apart from that, László had his own office, so it didn't affect him. Jack was surprised a bit. He called László into his office, and they chatted about letting their past be that, the past. László agreed. He was working on standardizing the estimating process, simplifying and refining it to be more accurate, by conducting a work and time measurement study on the shop floor. Jack was impressed that he wanted to enter all the data onto the mainframe computer linked to their head office used by accounting.

This was years before personal computers were in the mainstream in fact, it was just after the introduction of the Commodore 64. László was always very innovative and looked at different and more efficient ways to do things and to make his work more accurate and nothing else, easier for himself.

During his winter break between Christmas and New Year, he spent time with his friends at Gabor's cottage in Honey Harbour. The past year for László was very eventful, having met several interesting but not extremely stimulating women. He looked forward to 1983 with an open mind.

In the spring of 1983, in March, he and Rose once again drove to see his first cousin once removed in the USA. From her place, they travelled together to Connecticut for his introduction to the potential candidate number two in their matchmaking game.

This was a miserable failure, an even worse selection. She was not

exactly a feminine creature, far from it. She was a First Lieutenant in the National Guard. Females can still be attractive and feminine outside their military uniforms, but she was neither. To László, this was an utter waste of time. Her mother looked better to László and was 50 years old! Excluding the visual, which was a no-go, they had nothing in common, besides being on the same planet and breathing air. It did not matter that they lived on a ten-acre property and their custom-built house was worth over a million dollars. (\$3.3 million in 2024). László could not wait to get the hell out of there and drive back to Toronto. László was enraged at his relatives and wanted nothing to do with them or their matchmaking. He never saw them again.

After that matchmaking fiasco, László flew off to Freeport, Bahamas, for a week of rest and to enjoy the sunshine. He had to use up his accumulated holidays so as not to lose them at work. The holidays were based on everyone's date of hire. When he got hired back, he had negotiated three weeks per year. It wasn't much of a rest. Actually, turned out to be quite painful, as he got burned badly in the sun on his first day there on the beachfront. It was expensive, \$2,500, for a week, as he went alone and had to pay extra for his single supplement. But it was fun, and he flew over to Nassau on a small chartered plane for a day and then flew back.

After his return from the Bahamas in mid-April, his friend and former chief draftsman, who had become the plant manager when he returned to be the chief estimator, warned him that he had heard from reliable sources that Jack was planning to cut back their secondary plant in London, Ontario.

László had just about completed his estimating program with a very accurate time study. Jack may even cut his position. Jack figured he could do the estimating himself and László job might be eliminated. László was warned by the plant manager, as he was thinking of replacing his 1976 Olds 98, he should not get a loan and sit back for a while. Within a week of his friend's warning, the London plant was closed, and the people were let go. The plant manager's warning was very sound advice.

The Oldsmobile 98 Regency, by now, had high mileage and was only getting approximately 12 mpg in the city, and not much better on the highway. Driving it above 90 mph, it was only 10 mpg. He was thinking of replacing it with a smaller sporty coupe, as gasoline prices kept rising. He listened to his friend, and instead of getting a bank loan, he went to his worker's credit union. It had much better rates, plus it was run by the parent company, which Allen Tank was a subsidiary of. László told them it needed repairs, borrowed as much as he could, partly \$2000, and used his paid-off Olds as collateral.

He took the cash and gave it to his mother to keep at home, just as he had given some cash money for her to keep from his accident settlement. He was thinking ahead. The writing was on the wall.

The Petrochemical industry as a whole was slowing down big time. The plant's primary source of income was derived from fabricating pressure vessels used in oil refineries and the occasional chemical industry which required such equipment. The plant might survive, fabricating other equipment, brewery tanks, chillers, heat exchangers, or structural steel projects. But then again it might depend on the head office's decision. Suddenly, László's good-paying position, for which he worked very hard, and his future was again in jeopardy.

He became ill with a nasty influenza just as Jack needed to bid on some valuable projects. Jack was not too sympathetic and called him on the phone on Monday. László told him that he was really sick but to bring the engineering specs over to his apartment. He would try to do the estimates from home. Then Jack could pick them up when done. Alternatively, he would take them to work once he came up with the costs and the bills of material to be purchased if the bid was successful. It was a compromise, and Jack agreed. László did the work while sick at home. By Thursday evening, he felt a little better and finished the estimate. On Friday morning, after missing four days from work but still doing the work at home, he returned. After handing the estimate to Jack and his doctor's note that he had been ill, on May 13, 1983, Jack fired him. Ironically, the estimates were successful, and the bid was accepted. Jack used the excuse that László was absent way too much. Which was not the case at all.

László left. He didn't even clean out his desk. He drove straight over to his lawyer's office and was able to speak to him. He sued for Wrongful Termination. He was fired for being sick, a clear violation of his legal rights. The notification of the pending action against Jack and the company was delivered on Tuesday in front of him and the attendees during a management meeting. Jack was very shocked and flabbergasted. He did not see that coming. László got even with Jack for firing him twice from the same firm he worked for!

László made a half-hearted attempt to find a similar position. He had worked as the second-largest pressure vessel fabricator in Canada. There was only one larger, and that was located in Toronto too. They faced the same situation from the pending slowdown and recession in the petrochemical field. He could have landed a job at smaller fabricators with a much smaller salary, but he wasn't interested. László knew he would win. His lawyer had told him it was a clear-cut case again. He took the cash and gave it to his mother to keep at home, just as he had given some cash money for her to keep from his accident settlement.

He decided to go bankrupt. He owed several thousand on his credit cards. A loan on his car. More importantly, wanted to get even with the company's credit union and American Express. Especially American Express. He had charged his last airfare to Hungary on his Amex card. When the bill came in, he paid it in full, as it was not a credit card, at the time. He was credited for it, and his bill had zero balance. The following month, American Express credited him the total amount again. Now, he had a positive balance. He called them up, noting the error. Two weeks later, he received a letter from them to spend his positive balance, as they did not like to keep positive balances on their accounts, and he would not get any interest on it. He called them, there was a mistake. Amex insisted he had a positive balance it was not a mistake.

Then, László went and spent the amount. Two months later, Amex contacted him they had made a mistake and wanted him to pay it back. László told them he had a letter from them indicating that he had a positive balance and had to spend it. If they could not keep track of the account, that was their problem, not his. He cut his card in half mailed it back to them, and refused to pay the balance. They had been after him for about six months and had threatened legal action. By going bankrupt, he would avoid any legal action.

László calculated the outcome, the consequences, and the pros and cons of going bankrupt. He would lose all his credit cards, which was no big deal. Cash was always king (This was before all the electronic integration of credit cards and banking services, under the current situation, would not be advisable.) He would lose his credit at the very most for seven years. He was not about to buy anything major, therefore, it did not matter. He had enough money stashed away to buy a car, but then that would be seized. He could buy a car for his mother. She had a different last name, and while she didn't have a driver's licence, one could own a car as long as it was insured and was driven by someone with a licence. The car problem was solved. All he had to do was end the bankruptcy before settling his lawsuit.

He would lose his current car, the Olds, as it was collateral for the credit union and would try to sell it. He solved the problem by getting rid of the Olds before they repossessed it. He was not working. It was an old car with over 145,000 miles on it. He sold it to buy food! Yes, he was on unemployment insurance, but that barely paid his rent. Perfect. The old faithful and reliable battleship his beloved Olds 98 Regency would go, be crushed at a junkyard in front of his eyes.

The plan was set. László got even with Jack and the parent company Allen Tank, American Express, rid of all his debts on his MasterCard and Visa.

V. Like water off his back...

László was now on unemployment insurance. He had paid into it since he was 14 years old, working for \$1.00 per hour. He felt entitled to his claim and payments. He certainly didn't quit and was fired for being ill. He was put into this situation. It was time for him to find his way out of it. He was obligated to look for and find a similar position and had to send his report cards every second week to the Unemployment Insurance Commission.

He continued with his plan. He bought a car that he always fancied it was a 1969 Lincoln Continental MK III. A personal luxury car produced by Ford Motor Company. While he liked the Cadillac Eldorado, he preferred the shape of the MK III much better, and it was rear wheel drive.

The car's body and interior were in good shape and mechanically sound, apart from a flywheel with a broken cog for the electric starter. However, the chassis was rusted out badly. He had to have the chassis reinforced with new steel, welded, and a new flywheel installed. It was expensive, but regardless, he liked the car it was a dream car. He had registered it in his mother's name and had obtained insurance. All were paid in cash from the money he had stashed away. A friend drove his Olds 98 to a metal scrap yard, and he followed in the MK III. The tires from the Olds were removed at the junkyard to be installed on the MK III later. The Olds had almost new tires. He sold the rest of the car for \$200 after the workers emptied the gasoline tank and let the oil flow out of the engine. In front of his eyes, his reliable battleship was crunched up and compacted by a large machine. If he could not drive his car, nobody else could either. He then reported it to the credit union, it broke down, and he sold it for scrap metal. Here is the bill and the \$200. Put it toward his loan. He would pay the rest when he could, but not from his UIC payments.

The next day, he went to the trustee who handled the bankruptcy applications and applied. His financial obligations all disappeared. He could not obtain credits or apply for a loan until discharged. For first-time bankrupts, and unemployed like László was, he could be discharged within six months.

This was just about the time his 26-week-long unemployment insurance would run out. Since that was his income, he would not have to pay anything toward his debt. He was entitled to keep his furniture, TV, and stereo. He had no other assets or expensive jewellery, apart from his 18K Cartier gold watch, which he didn't wear when he attended the meetings and hearings at his trustee's office. He spent the rest of the summer at his friend's place, which had a swimming pool. There were no similar job openings. He took it easy and enjoyed his break, waiting for the outcome of his lawsuit.

In September, he must have made an excellent impression on the parents of the National Guard girl he had met in Connecticut. They contacted him and wondered how he was doing. He told them at present, he was

unemployed and was terminated without cause, and he had sued his former employer.

“Come down for a couple of weeks. We know a lot of people, maybe they can help you to find a job. We would love to have you here.”

László accepted the invitation. Coincidentally, László became aware that Jack had laid off the purchasing agent at the beginning of September. The purchasing agent contacted László and asked for his lawyer's phone number. He would also be taking legal action against Jack and the company for wrongful termination. He gave him the contact information, and Jack received another lawsuit.

László was always open to ideas: nothing ventured, nothing gained! László told Rose that he was going to Connecticut. He packed some clothing, his resume, and samples of his work. In the event, he would actually land an interview. Although he knew he would have to get a work visa, which would be far from easy. Of course, if he married an American Citizen, she could sponsor him. But their daughter was just not his type, and he would never agree to marry her no matter what, and more than likely, she would not be interested either. Anikó from Scarsdale had the kid. That was a no-go, but maybe he would meet someone else while he was there. He left for Connecticut.

His hosts were amazing to László and introduced him to several people who could help him. László landed an interview at a large steel fabrication plant within a week. They had an opening for an estimator who had ASME Section VIII experience (he had) near Bridgeport. The General and the Plant Manager interviewed him and looked at his samples. Allen Tank had a reputation for quality work, and they lost some work to them. The pay rate was about \$5000 more than he had earned at Allen Tank and in US dollars. They were interested in hiring him if he could obtain a work Visa or permit. That was not easy to get. Immediately, he acquired all the paperwork. However, this also depended on the plant to take steps. They would have to advertise the opening for a set time and prove to Immigration that there were no suitable experienced persons. This would take several months. The plant required someone at the very latest in a month. While the ASME Section VIII experience was not exactly a common one, it was not impossible to find someone. That was that. It did not work out.

His hosts even explored the weird notion of adopting him to see if that might work to get him into the USA with a Green Card or a work permit. As they found out, no, that was not possible. The only way he could was to marry a US Citizen and get his sponsorship through her.

László was not disappointed at all. He liked living in Canada, to move while it might be possible, but to marry someone he would only do if the right woman would come along that met all the checkmarks on his list of must-haves. The list was long. His previous relationships shaped what he liked and enjoyed. The task was not impossible, just unlikely to find that woman.

Upon his return from the US, he talked with a job training counsellor at the local unemployment office to see what else he could do. It was evident the pressure vessel business was dead. He was offered to take a test to see what he was suitable for, either in computer programming or for air traffic control training. The first one appealed to László more, based on less stress overall, while the latter would be better paying and more secure in the long run. László took the test for both. He was told that they would get back to him.

In November, he placed another ad in the personals section. He met more females and enjoyed his kinky sexual adventures, not just in the 20s to mid-30s age range but with a much older. One of them was Margaret. She was in her early 50s but had a natural body that would have put many 20-year-olds to shame. She lived in Oakville in her own house and was financially well off. Margaret rotated between her home and László's apartment, spending sexually intense weekends. The term "Cougar" was not invented at the time for such a relationship that was based entirely on sexual gratification by an older woman with a younger man.

November was good for László, as the bankruptcy trustee informed him that his discharge would be at the end of the month. As of December 1st, all his debts were written off completely, and he would no longer be considered bankrupt. László could slowly start rebuilding his credit rating, although it would be noted on his credit report for seven years.

He also heard from his lawyer that he had received an offer to settle from his previous employer of six months back pay but advised László not to accept it. He would have all the UIC payments which he had received deducted from it, and that would not leave him much. László accepted his wise advice. 1983 for László was a roller coaster ride, emotionally, physically as well as financially, reaching new heights and lows. However, like a duck, he shook the water off his back. Kept on swimming in the murky waters of life toward the goals that he had set for himself for 1984.

In mid-January, his unemployment insurance ran out, and he looked at some odd part-time jobs that paid just above minimum wage. One was working at Sears' head office in Toronto, doing some clerical work in the procurement department through an agency, and it paid better than he had expected. He asked the personnel manager at Sears if anything in that department would come up, to keep him in mind, as all the people he had worked with were very satisfied with his precise work.

In late March, he heard from his lawyer again. Now he had another offer; nine months of back pay plus his lawyer's costs. After paying back the UIC, he would net just above \$10,000. While they could go to Court and press on for a year's wage, that could drag on for another six months, and if he was not awarded anymore, he would have to pay for the Court costs. In his opinion, it was a good offer. László took it.

László also applied for a plant manager's position with a recreational product manufacturer, building Jacuzzi-style hot tubs, stand-alone or replacement jetted tubs, swimming pool products, and in-ground swimming pools. The interview was bizarre. The sales manager came up to his apartment for the interview. There was another interview at the company with the other owner.

László was offered the position with a salary of \$22,000, plus benefits and three weeks of vacation. It was significantly less than he had made previously, but it was better than average. The plant location was just by the north-western edge of the city. By car, his daily travel would be about thirty to forty minutes each way and about two hours each way by public transit. László put a lot of effort into speeding up the production of the hot tubs by putting in an assembly line. Several components were assembled by workers and then moved to the next station for additional component installation and then for testing versus building them individually, one at a time. By using his revised method, they were able to make an additional stand-alone hot tub unit every day with the same amount of workforce, increasing from three units to four or six jetted tubs versus four.

In August, he finally heard back from his testing for a computer programming course and also for the air traffic controller. He qualified for both, but for the air traffic controller, he would have to take and learn French, not his favourite subject, so he declined that one. However, he also knew that working at a recreational manufacturer was seasonal work, and he would probably end up being laid off, so he indicated that he would take the programming course.

He was correct, as he was informed toward the end of September that he would be laid off. At the end of August, he resigned to start the Computer Science and Programming course at George Brown College, at their downtown Toronto campus. Essentially, it was a two-year diploma course crammed into just one year, wholly funded by the Government of Canada. He would get the same UIC rate László received earlier, \$260 per week to go to school plus an additional eight weeks to find employment upon graduation. His rent was just under \$400 per month, and using public transit would take him 30 minutes one way. It was a great option to get an additional education.

Being at college was a good thing, although sometimes it felt almost like a prison with the attendance so closely monitored, as it was government-sponsored. The course outline and the subjects varied from very useful to questionable. While he understood that the training was primarily set for new Canadians with limited English skills, only about half of the class were new Canadians, with a very diverse ethnic and age cross-section ranging from 21 to 50+, with both males and females. He noticed the extent of cheating, especially with the programming assignments.

The programming was hands-on in several computer labs. Everyone sat behind a monochrome (green text) monitor and keyboard, all hooked up to the

college's mainframe. The actual hard copy was a printout that had to be picked up in another room where several large printers printed out miles of printouts daily for all the students in the college. The printouts were separated by the class and student ID numbers and were placed in pigeonholes. Sometimes, his assignments disappeared, and he had to make a duplicate printout. The printout showed the actual coding and the results. Often there were several possibilities with the coding, as everyone's logic was different.

The programming instructor soon noticed that some of the other students coding matched László's, yet during written tests their coding was substandard when it was not possible to cheat by copying the coding. The cheaters failed the tests and dropped out by the first term, and as the term passed, there were fewer and fewer students.

To pass the course, one had to devote a considerable amount of time at the college from 8 a.m., to 8 p.m., or even longer, to type the coding for the programs. There were a limited number of workstations available for the main frame, and the same applied for PCs the XT, IBM model 5160, with its 5.25 inch 360K floppy-based configuration or the newer AT, IBM model 5170, that had an internal 20MB hard disk storage, all running under DOS. Purchasing a PC to do the coding at home was extremely expensive and out of reach for most, including László. While in college, he refrained from his sexual escapades. Although there was one female student (not in his class) who had caught his eye, he put learning before pleasure. László finished with honours. In all his subjects, he had an over 80 percent average.

In May 1986, he started to look for a programming position. It was very tough going. Even with excellent grades, but without experience, he could not land one. One of his classmates landed a job at an insurance company because he had a friend working there. His friend was the only one he knew who ended up with a full-time job out of his class of 26. He took a drafting position with a store fixture manufacturer. And he kept on applying to the construction field. Skills in drafting, estimating, procurement, and coordinating background with real experience, were transferable. Being familiar with reading engineering specifications and understanding them, he eventually landed a job with a general contractor as a construction project coordinator.

His starting salary was \$27,000. After completing his first three months of probation, his salary would rise to \$30,000 with several benefits. Finally, he was making a similar salary that he was used to three years earlier as the chief estimator. It was time again to find himself a girlfriend.

By now, László had perfected as much as possible to write short ads for the personal column in the papers. He had also mellowed it down a bit on his must-have requirements but not on being white, feminine, single, and without kids. He still preferred someone who was very open-minded when it came to sexual pleasure and preferably on the submissive side who enjoyed

kinkiness. For him, vanilla was boring, and he liked lots of ink.

He hooked up with another “cougar” very stylish and extremely well-off. He wasn’t looking for a sugar mama, but if she was one, that was just a bonus. She was a vice president of a financial company, dominating at work and a ball buster type. In privacy, behind closed doors, she was a submissive pussy cat that purred.

She lived in a very exclusive and expensive waterfront condo in Toronto, where most of the condo owners were millionaires. She wanted to be married to a younger man. László wasn’t interested in marrying someone 13 years older than him without regard to all the trinkets which were dangled in front of him, such as a new Porsche 928 GTS. When they parted, she tried to arrange a relationship for László with one of her condo neighbours. She was in the same age range as László. Her friend was not László’s type, regardless of owning a luxurious condo.

Relationships were never based on money or assets, only on how László felt about the other. She had fit in his comfort zone. He knew the success of a long-term relationship meant both parties had to feel comfortable with each other under all conditions. He was very sensual, visual, erotic, passionate, romantic, charismatic, generous, and confident. Many wrongly assumed he was arrogant because he knew what he wanted.

The replies for his personal ads had to be placed in a sieve figuratively to filter out all the unwanted traits and phoniness of the applicants. Gold diggers and selfish people were eliminated very quickly, as were liars and people with chips on their shoulders or with inferiority complexes.

László was always amazed when he read the replies since this was years before the internet and online communication. The women at that time actually had to write and enclose a photo. They ranged from idiotic and hilarious to very sincere. One could tell a lot just by looking at the handwriting and the stationary or cards they used to reply. There was nothing like a good first impression. One could not make a second first impression!

Some sprayed their perfume inside their letters to give a romantic hint of their scent. One or two events went even further, enclosing a small clipping of their locks, and a couple were more adventurous by enclosing clippings of their pubic hair. The photos ranged from Polaroid instant photos and snapshots to professional portraits showing a bit of skin to full nudes.

László kept all the replies in a large shoe box. When the box was filled, emptied it and cut all the contents into small pieces; personal shredders were not in the mainstream then either, and disposed of them. Once in a while, he received a very well-written letter, an attractive photo with a phone number; the number turned out to be fake or out of service. He could never understand those: why bother?

There would never be another relationship where he was willing to sacrifice and overlook so much in the name of love and the compassion he showed to Anikó from Niagara Falls. (so he said to himself at the time, but situations can change) If he had to be ruthless or cold to get rid of someone who lingered on and saw in him the person they wanted, if he did not share those feelings, it was done and without regret. He learned the hard way about what love was, not just the sexual passion, but the intensity of feelings that could overcome so many obstacles during the darkest days would provide bright sunshine with a smile or a laugh.

He also learned to love intensely one had to know about sorrow, loss, and hatred. He had experience in these. He knew how deceit and betrayal felt and how much he wanted to avoid those, not just for himself. He was always straightforward with the women about what he was about without false promises, especially about marriage. He was not interested in just a one-night stand now that he was entering his thirties.

His preference was a mutual discovery over several weeks to see if they matched if not, it was time to part and not waste their time. This matter-of-fact approach often overwhelmed many, just as his honesty made them fall in love to their detriment. He never used the word marriage-minded in his personals until he would actually mean it.

VI. GT, did not mean Grand Touring

One of the replies was from a very conservative-looking female. Her reply was very cordial. Her enclosed photo was much worse than she looked in real life; she was blonde and blue-eyed with oversized glasses, five foot four inches, slim, and shapely. She was 19 years old, single, had no children, had a German Shepherd dog, was a non-smoker, and was studying healthcare to be a registered nurse (obviously intelligent). The way she signed her first name it was clear to László that she had a Hungarian background.

She lived in a nice upscale neighbourhood, as she generalized the approximate location of her residence in her letter of introduction. She had enclosed her phone number. Everything matched László's must-have list except for one item: she lived at home (a no-no). Her initials were GT, which usually stood for Grand Touring on cars. And she certainly lived up to being grand, but in a much different way.

László called GT. They had a delightful conversation on the telephone. Both discussed in detail what they were looking for. She certainly sounded pleasant on the phone and very articulate. For GT, László being older was a bonus as long as he was single. She did not like boys. GT loved sex with experienced males, as they knew what they wanted. László sensed it right away that she was submissive by how she spoke. She liked someone in charge. She also loved oral sex and wanted to know the size of his penis, as she was fond of a larger-than-average but certainly nothing over eight inches, as she hated the feeling of choking.

GT also revealed that she had been sexually active since she was fourteen with much older males. She had just recently ended a short tryst that had lasted several months with a married man because his wife found out. It was important for her that he had a place of his own for their sexual encounters. GT was on the pill, and she was willing to provide a doctor's report that she was clean of any sexually transmitted diseases (STD), and she wanted one in return. She hated condoms, GT liked the feeling of bare skin-to-skin in her vulva and the taste of cum in her mouth. While she was not shaved, as she lived at home and her mother saw her naked sometimes, she thought that shaving her pubic hair off was repulsive. GT was extremely close-trimmed and was to shave it off if she would be living alone or with someone.

She didn't like pubic hair on men as she hated choking on hair strands and asked if László would not mind shaving off his pubic hair from his scrotum and around his penis? GT also preferred men with very little body or facial hair. She could live with a small moustache though.

László felt that he had just won the lottery: the first prize! GT certainly was in his comfort zone. László had a very recent blood test that confirmed that he had no STDs, and he did not have any sexual contact since then. GT

had been tested, and her results would be back soon. She would come to his place to check him out on a weekday late afternoon after László returned from work.

She took his phone number and address and promised to call him as soon as she had the results. Two days later when László got home from work, he had a message on his answering machine from GT. Her results were back and she would come by 6 p.m., if he was home. She would come up, she was in the downtown area right now. Otherwise, he could only call her during the day when her parents were not home.

Just a few minutes after six, GT buzzed the intercom, and her image appeared on László's TV. She was let in the front entrance. A minute later, she knocked at the door. László opened the door to his small but very comfortable and well-furnished apartment. GT stepped in and took her shoes off. She had a raincoat on as the weather was dark and overcast, but it hadn't rained. László greeted her with a hug. She took off her raincoat. He hung it in the closet in the hallway, and she stepped into his main room; the living/bedroom/dining were all in one. GT wore a grey skirt and a white blouse. Her legs were slim, and she wore sheer pantyhose. She had a nice smile, augmented by medium red lipstick but no other makeup. Her fingernails, with no hint of any colour, looked very short, chewed off more than likely. László was casual in appearance; in blue jeans, a blue and green plaid shirt, and blue socks.

GT glanced around slowly, trying to learn about László as much as she could by observing his domain. One could tell a lot about a person's home. She noticed several original oil paintings on his wall, landscapes, and flowers. His 25" screen Zenith TV set in a heavy-looking wooden cabinet was flanked by two tall bookcases packed with several interesting-looking books, both in English and Hungarian, VHS movies, and CDs, the bookcases flanked by two giant floor-standing Klipsch speakers. On the top of the TV set was a VHS player/recorder.

Centred in front of the large window with white opaque curtains was a small elongated glass table with chrome legs that served as a writing table and held his phone. A bright yellow vinyl high back modern chromed steel framed armchair in front of the desk. Next to the table was a very nice French Provincial-styled black leather armchair. Adjacent to the right was a medium-sized teak console, housing his expensive-looking separate stereo components: a pre-amp, power amp with a dual large power meter, both all black with McIntosh written in an Old English font. On the top of the console, a black Sony digital tuner, a Sony CD player, and a Nakamichi LX-5 cassette recorder were stacked on each other, next to a Thorens TD-125 turntable. Adjacent to the right of the stereo system, across from the TV, was a foldout bed flanked by another bookshelf housing a glasses section holding some wine and shot glasses with a bottle of Grand Mariner, Courvoisier VSOP, and

Remy Martin VSOP cognac, and several bottles of Tokaji Aszú 5 Puttonyos, (an expensive Hungarian sweet wine that comes in 0.5 l bottle and sells for about \$40+ depending on vintage). There were a couple of photos on the wall and a Hungarian horsewhip similar used on the Plains of Hungary. It was the real thing, but he just used it for decorative purposes. On the wooden floor was a large Persian-style area rug of dark burgundy with black shades.

His place was clean and compact, but extremely comfortable. The apartment had central air with a thermostat that could be turned down to bone-chilling Arctic cold, or in the winter up to Sahara hot. She had a satisfied smile on her face, showing her perfect teeth.

GT sat down on the sofa and made herself comfortable. She was very shapely, with ample C-cup breasts or even slightly more. She had a very refined bone structure, very much like László's, she was slim with a nice light flesh skin tone, just as GT had described herself in her reply to the advertisement and in her subsequent phone call. She took the report out from her purse and gave it to László to check out, and he picked up his that sat in the black leather armchair.

Both read the other's medical report and were satisfied with the results. She enquired about the advertisement, how many responses he received, etc. László mentioned that while he had received quite a lot, he liked hers because she was articulate, he had guessed that she had a Hungarian background. While that was not a prerequisite, having similar cultural backgrounds never impaired any relationship, as the partners could relate to each other so much better. For example, take ethnic foods, he would not have to explain to her what "Túrós Tészta" was!

She smiled and laughed, and asked if László, could he make it or not? Yes, he could, he had used that as an example that little and sometimes insignificant things could make a real difference in understanding each other. She smiled and indicated that perhaps it was true. However, László should not expect her to make any, as she was not here to cook.

László indicated no, she was not, they were here to enjoy their sexual desires and perhaps companionship. However, when it came to sex, he was not interested in sharing her with another male as he was after a monogamous relationship, and he was hopeful that GT wanted the same from him. She assured him that was what she wanted. GT continued that she would come to his place around this time, several times a week, and stay for a couple of hours before she had to return home.

GT further explained that her mother thought she was still a virgin, so she could never stay overnight. She might be able to spend a few hours once in a while here on Saturdays though, during the day. In time, if and when she felt comfortable with László, she would introduce him to her parents. Then she might be able to spend weekends with László, but not sleep over. GT was raised strictly and very old-fashioned, she was of legal age, but she lived at home, and had to live according to her parent's rules. She hoped that

László understood this since they did share a similar heritage. She had a married sister, and she had a tough time dating. GT had rebelled against her parents' wishes behind their backs way back in the private school she had attended. Discovering her own sexual pleasures was her secret. She would not want her parents to ever find out that she was not a virgin, not until she was married, and after that, they would not care about her sexual life.

Both of them were having very forthright discussions while they were feeling each other out about how the other reacted to their desires. Both liked that the other one was in complete agreement with the needs of the other and showed empathy, and a willingness to cooperate.

László asked if she would like something to drink; juice or mineral water. She got up and followed László into the small kitchen. He opened his fridge and asked her to pick whatever she wanted. GT saw some large mason jars filled with some jam. She wondered what the flavour was and who had made them. László replied they were homemade strawberry jam made last year by him. Asked her if she would like to taste it, and opened the lid on one and pulled a spoon out from the drawer.

GT tasted it and was surprised it was excellent. She also had a glass of mineral water. She wanted to see his bathroom and wondered where it was. László opened the door to the bathroom. She stepped in and looked around. It was small and clean, and she liked that. GT mentioned that she would have to shower every time before she returned home after sex to wash off the scent of sex from her skin, as her mother would be able to smell it. László indicated that was not a problem. They could take these showers together. GT smiled and nodded in agreement.

They walked back to the main room. Before she was about to sit down, László hugged GT from behind and pulled her very close to him with his hands on her breasts and her shapely rump touching his bulge in his blue jeans. She didn't protest as László unbuttoned her shirt, taking it off quickly, unsnapping her white bra, and letting it fall to the rug without saying a word. Feeling and massaging her warm and supple breasts, pinching her nipples and feeling them getting erect just as his penis was more and more in his pants that GT felt. She started to moan softly, and she reached around with her hands to unzip her skirt, which floated gently on top of her bra and covered her feet. Stepping forward slightly, took off her glasses and placed them on the table with her left hand. László now slid his hands along her rib cage slowly to her hips and pulled on her pantyhose; he crouched as he pulled the shimmering pantyhose down all the way with her panties at the same time. He softly kissed her bare cheeks and took in the aroma of her bare skin. She stepped out of the pantyhose one leg at a time and turned around stark naked and beautiful.

She reached toward László's belt, unbuckled it, unbuttoned the metal button, and pulled his fly zipper down while she smiled and pulled his pants

down so he could step out of them one foot at a time. Then she pulled his white briefs down, freeing up his bulge, seeing his full erection, and noted its perfect size for her. GT got down on her knees, grabbed his fully erect penis in her right hand, and with her left hand, pulled back his foreskin to expose the head all the way. She then gently and very eagerly inserted him into her mouth and started to wrap her lips around it, just like it was the most natural thing for her to suckle on.

She expertly stroked and pumped with her right hand as she drew his penis deeper into her throat, with her left hand, massaged his scrotum. Then she pulled his dripping penis from her mouth and tongued the underside of his penis. She reached for his fuzzy balls to suck on them while she stroked his erect shaft firmly but gently. László was in ecstasy as he moaned and told GT that he was about to cum. She quickly snapped her mouth around the head of his penis and felt László's spasms as he ejaculated heavily. She swallowed his warm cum. She just kept pumping on the shaft with her right hand and squeezing his testicles gently with her left, sucking, pumping every tiny droplet she could.

That was László's best blow job to that date, and very few would surpass it in the future. It was not just the act of getting head, but the visual effect of her beautiful young, firm, slim body, blonde hair, and beautiful blue eyes that emerged in total pleasure and submission to please him wantonly that stayed with him.

After he pulled his penis out of her mouth László, indicated to GT to sit on the couch as she did, lean back a bit. He grabbed her legs spread them wide apart, and got down on his knees to lick her drenched lips, tasting, savouring, and smelling the aroma of her very beautifully shaped inner lips. He stuck his tongue into her vagina as deeply as he could, felt its moistness and her warmth, and the slightly salty yet sweet secretion.

He was like a hummingbird that fed on its favourite flower. Indeed, this was his favourite flower, the vulva of a beautiful, healthy woman. The unfolding petals, the lips, and the wetness exuded from the vagina. The honey he loved so much! GT was cuming herself, László felt her body contract several times in rhythmic spasms, and he could hear her loud moans. As she came, László rested his head between her legs and kissed her vulva lips several times. Both were breathing intensely fast, with hearts racing into overdrive.

In a few minutes, GT begged for more. László reached for his semi-erect penis and guided it toward her wet glimmering opening, and pushed into her as far as he could. He felt her from the inside and looked at her smiling face with her slightly parted lips, he felt his erection coming back and kept on pumping, thrusting his pelvis back and forth as his penis moved faster and faster in a rhythmic movement as she pushed with her hips at the same speed, fucking gloriously hard.

He was firm and erect in her slippery and torrid hot vulva. It took him

a long time to cum again, but GT's moans, squeals of ecstasy were worth every stroke, every minute he was inside her. A place he could be in for hours, days, weeks, months, and years to come. He withdrew from her heavenly dripping vulva, reached for her head, and told GT to cleanse the head of his cock with her tongue. She obliged. Tasting her salty yet sweet fluids intermixed with László's cum, licked for what seemed like an hour, stroking and massaging his cock, feeling him going semi-flaccid and working to regain his firmness.

GT glanced quickly at László's watch and stopped. It was nearly 9 p.m., she had to go. She jumped up and took a quick shower with László, and they dried each other off. He drove her in his MK III to the nearest bus stop to her home. She didn't want her parents to see that she had gotten a lift from him, that would raise too many questions.

On the way, she mentioned that their first date was very gratifying. Would like to repeat these dates as frequently as she could. She would call him tomorrow and would leave a message as to when. They kissed, and she walked down the street to her home.

The torrid dates were repeated several times in the next two weeks. Then László gave GT a key to his apartment. Just come over, and when he got home, she would be there. That gave them at least another hour of bliss. GT really liked his trust in her, and she took advantage of being there. By the time he got home, she was freshly showered.

"Honey, I'm home" now had a fascinating theme. As soon he stepped in and closed the apartment door behind him, GT was waiting for him in her birthday suit, with a fantastic, sexy smile and enticing red lipstick. She would crawl to him on her hands and knees, open his zipper and free his erect penis, suck on it for a while, and try to ensure that he would not cum. That was hard for László to avoid, and sometimes she ended up with her favourite treat sooner. Next, GT would undress him, and he would take a shower. While he did, she made him something to eat, usually a simple sandwich cut into small pieces.

When László emerged nice and clean, refreshed and dry, she lay on the couch on a towel and placed some pieces of the sandwich onto or into strategic places on her body. She was a human plate. László ate off the sandwich pieces, sometimes with her juices soaked into the bread, for an extra and unique flavour to them.

After he was done, GT got up, and it was time for dessert. She would walk to the kitchen, grab a can of whip cream, and give it to László to spray wherever he wanted on her body, so he could lick it off, and she would spray it on his penis head for her to lick off too!

The dessert part had several variations, with fruit, strawberries, cherries, and bananas that were inserted into her vulva, honey dripped, or strawberry jam generously spread all over her nipples and vulva, and on

László's penis for her dessert, that they both enjoyed. After some rest, they had oral sex; he cuming into her quivering mouth and anticipating tongue, then he fucked her in different positions for hours. They would quickly jump into the shower for a clean-up and for László to be touched up by her shaving his hair off of his pubic area and scrotum.

Soon László after was introduced to her parents as someone she had met at the Main Reference Library. The library was only five minutes from László's apartment. She could have if both would have gone there. Of course, GT's parents, first thing they wondered about was his last name. They were both born in Hungary and had gotten out in 1956. They were also very educated and worked in the healthcare sector; he was in the private sector, and she was in education.

Her mother traveled to a lot of conferences. László hit it off with GT's father very well, while her mother was controlling, but not in the same way as Mary had been with Anikó. She was a bit concerned that László was 11 years older (this was very hilarious to László considering that her virginal daughter had lost it when she was only 14 to a guy who was twice her age!) She had issues with László working in construction as a coordinator. While the position was not a bad one and paid a respectable salary, he was not a doctor or lawyer. That would have been more suitable for GT. Regardless, he was more or less accepted as the boyfriend. Although she had warned him that GT was a very respectable and conservative girl and not the type who had sex before marriage!

It was extremely difficult for László to keep a straight face. He indicated that he respected GT's old-fashioned and honourable views. She would keep an eye on him to ensure that he would not corrupt her precious virgin daughter! László promised that he would not take her virginity if that made her feel better! This was an absolute guarantee he could keep: he could not take her virginity since she wasn't!

GT's mother was correct at least on one count; being conservative but only in public. She did not like photos of herself in public and did not think of herself as attractive, which was quite the opposite: GT was stunning. All she had to do was get rid of those ugly large glasses and let her hair grow back like she had when she had graduated high school to a nice shoulder length. She had a body to kill for, slim legs, a shapely and firm arse, a tiny waist, luscious bouncy breasts and very nice nipples. Perfect teeth and a killer smile. All she had to do was to be a bit more feminine in her appearance and not chew her nails. She looked so much better than Anikó in the nude.

But Anikó had a feminine presence and attitude. GT did not, but it was possible to develop her slowly but surely. Once she stepped into László's apartment, she changed completely. While she was still a bit unsure of herself, she was pleasing, willing to explore, and submitted to just about any kink László introduced her to. GT never said no, and she even accepted that

she had become László's model for his obsession with photography, posing in any position in the nude, and performing all kinds of sex acts. In fact, she had begun to love it, but only inside his apartment.

On their dates, she was not thrilled to be photographed in public, although she was getting better. Sex was getting better, as GT had become more trusting and relaxed, and let her feelings rise that she had suppressed when she was with her married ex. She started to have close feelings for László and hoped even for a possible future with him that would slowly emerge to be his wife. GT started to love him, sexually passionately and emotionally as well. She now spent all her free time with him.

They shared several common interests, from music, the arts, nature, and the love of animals, especially dogs and large cats. It was not a perfect harmony on all fronts. She was liberal in her political views and embraced the different races more. Anikó, just like László, was very conservative and had a different view of races, and none of them supported mixed marriages. She was more frugal than László (which by itself wasn't a bad thing) but was not as quality-conscious as László was.

In September, she returned to college to pursue her nursing education. The course was intensive, and she used László's apartment to study. After her courses, GT would go over, get undressed, shower, and study in the nude until he got home. After that, they had their personal time, which included a lot of kinky sex. He would drive her home to her doorstep, usually around 9 p.m. GT's father was happy that GT was radiating from happiness. Her mother still had many reservations about László's motives. But he was legit. She had checked into his background. László worked where László said he did and had a good family history, so maybe László was slightly older and didn't have any visible vices. Not into drugs or smoking, he consumed very little alcohol, and she relaxed a bit more.

Even László started to believe that GT was for him. He wanted to introduce GT to his mother, Rose. She was curious about this new girlfriend, especially since GT could speak Hungarian. GT was still a bit shy about meeting with her. She would when she was ready.

GT wanted to do this when she had actually made a commitment to László, and she had engaged herself to him. The topic of getting married surfaced a bit more often. They even went to a couple of jewellery stores and looked at rings. As László was once burned, twice shy, László was not pushing her. No need to.

She pleased him physically, exceptionally well, almost as well as the Italian woman who got him into the Master and slave relationship in the first place. GT yielded with a smile, sexually wanting more kink, serving him more and more in any way that he wanted. GT was almost as intelligent as Anikó, but GT had better manners and had a superior background to hers.

One thing GT lacked, and he missed, was the femme fatale look. She was modest in her appearance. GT was not a gold digger. In fact, she could

not understand why her parents had such a huge house. She wasn't interested in getting pregnant either or had the desperate attitude of "marry me, and I will give birth to your children," or needed confirmation that she was a woman only if she gave birth. She was a woman physically, and she had her period every month, which was enough for her for the time being.

In late October, accidentally on a weekday, they overstayed a bit. They were late. GT got home around 10:30 p.m., instead of 9 to 9:15 p.m. The following Saturday, GT's mother had an old-fashioned shit fit when László came to pick up GT.

She laid into László, "You are corrupting GT, just what were they doing so late? The library closed at 8:00 p.m., so where was she studying?"

László was not arguing with her, he tried to calm her down and said to GT's mother,

"She was over at my place, we had dinner, watched a movie, and dozed off, no big deal. Anyhow, I love your daughter, and I would not take her virginity from her. She can save it for her marriage, but please understand that she is an adult. If she wants to stay out later, perhaps you should let her. If she is with me, you have nothing to worry about."

That calmed her down a bit. She came up with a new curfew, where she had to be home before 10 p.m., on weekdays and Sundays while attending school. On Fridays, by 11 p.m. Before midnight on Saturday nights. If they did not abide by that, GT would not be allowed to see him again, as he was a bad influence on her. GT said to her mother that he was not a bad influence, and if she stayed out, she was old enough to do so but would try to live accordingly.

Following Saturday, László drove off with GT in his company truck. A week earlier, on his Lincoln MK III, the A-arm on the left front suspension broke while driving home from work, as the left front wheel fell off. He had it with his MK III. He liked the style of the car, but to keep it on the road, this antique vehicle cost too much in repair bills. It was time to part with it. He wrote it off by calling a towing company, "It is yours, just take it."

He had a GMC pickup truck that he used for work. He was permitted to drive it 24/7. GT and László went to his home, went out for lunch, looked at rings again, and talked about sharing a life. Later on that afternoon, they returned to his place, took a shower together, and it was time to enjoy each other.

By this time, it was more than just fucking for their physical pleasure, it was also an emotional and psychological connection. They popped open a bottle of Tokaji Aszú 5 Puttonyos and celebrated their closeness. GT hugged him so closely that sometimes he had problems breathing, pressing her wonderful breasts with her erect and excited nipples into him like two little darts. She rode him, with his penis engulfed down to the base of his shaft, in

her extremely wet and hot vulva, grinding herself into bliss, cuming repeatedly, while László came inside her. She collapsed, exhausted in his arms, then he turned her over, withdrew his soaking penis from her vulva, and told her to open her mouth, to lick and suck him clean. She lovingly did. He then tied her arms to her feet, with her legs spread open while she was on her back. He took some photos of her. Then he got a vibrator and spread lots of water-soluble lubrication on it, placing himself over her body between her spread and tied legs, his face toward her vulva with his cock in her mouth. It was similar to the sixty-nine position; he proceeded to deep throat her while he used the vibrator on her anus until László felt GT's body trembling like Jell-O from cuming again and again, her juices from her hot and swollen vulva oozing out onto his hand as he worked the vibrator and exploded in her mouth. He then untied her, and both took a shower, dried each other off, and returned to bed.

GT mentioned that they should make a video of their lovemaking for themselves. He thought it would be a great idea, but first, he would need a video camera. Video cameras were not exactly cheap. She would love to see how they looked on the TV in action, and it would be such a turn-on for both of them. With that thought in mind, they turned into the sixty-nine position, he being on top once again, tasting each other. Neither of them could ever get enough.

GT was very fixated on his penis and loved taking his shaft deeply in her throat, especially in this position, since he pushed himself down to the base of his balls as László licked her beautiful vulva lips and delicious juices, felt her warm vagina, his flower of delight, inserting his tongue deeply and licked her inside, and her inner lips. Alternating sucking and gently biting on her clit. He was thinking of getting her a clit ring, and she was fine with it, the only thing that stopped them was what her mother would say!

Probably break them apart! That would be the proof of his corruption of GT, which her mother was saying all along! Time flew, and it was around 11 p.m., and László urged GT to take a quick shower to wash off their scent to get back before the curfew. GT didn't want to go. She just wanted to fall asleep suckling on his penis, tasting and savouring it, feeling it as it went limp and slowly became erect. When László told her that her mother would have another shit fit and would be difficult, GT indicated she didn't care!

"Just an hour or two, please!" she begged László.

She fell asleep and slept serenely. László enjoyed every delightful second of having his penis in her sexy mouth, looking and caressing her with his hands, her silky smooth and luscious body. He also knew that there would be hell to pay for this.

At 2:00 a.m., he woke GT finally, she listened and took a quick shower alone. He wanted her scent on him to linger after he had driven her home. It was 2:45 a.m., when they pulled into her driveway. The lights were on, and

her mother was sitting on the doorstep. She was livid at both of them. She didn't want to disturb the neighbourhood by yelling at them,

"I will talk to you later!" told László, with an angry tone.

László drove home and went to bed he slept well, as he was exhausted. László woke up late on Sunday and called GT. Her mother answered the phone, yelling at him how irresponsible he was. He took it but mentioned that GT had fallen asleep after they had a bit of wine with their dinner, which was essentially true, and he took her home when she came to. Give them a break. GT was nearly twenty years old, not fourteen. He asked for GT, but her mother told László not to call her anymore. She had had enough of his corruption and hung up. Later that day, GT called him do not worry will see him on Monday after school.

On Monday, when László got home, GT wasn't there, but soon she showed up. GT mentioned that she had to go after her classes with her mother. She wasn't specific about where, and she could not stay long as her mother would pick her up from the library in an hour. She was sorry about yesterday, but it had felt so good. She asked László not to call her for a week or two until the dust settled. GT would continue to meet with him when she could, but it would take some time as her mother was planning to drive her home daily for a while, as her classes were near her workplace. They hugged and kissed deeply, and she left and returned to the library.

About two weeks later, in November, she had an opportunity to visit László on the day that he broke a bone in his right foot at work. It hurt like hell. Every time he put his weight on it, he saw stars and felt a sharp pain. But László could not take time off from work, he was still too new, and he did not want his injury to jeopardize his future.

She arrived just a few minutes later than László did. She looked very disenchanted. GT told László that her mother didn't want them to be friends anymore. While she loved him, to her surprise, their relationship had started just as a sexual one, and now it was emotional. László had to understand that while her mother was paying for her education, she had to obey and went on for a while. László was in pain anyhow due to his foot and said OK, if that was how she felt, and asked GT, are you sure this was what she truly wanted? If yes, leave the key on your way out. She took his key off her key chain and placed it on his table.

Before leaving, GT told him that she had already ordered something for him for Christmas, it was a special order, and he would be getting it, and she hoped that he would enjoy it. She left László's apartment. Unknown to László, that would be her last visit. He was not surprised by any actions from anyone when it came to relationships, but still felt betrayed and somewhat heartbroken. Christmas was coming, and he had already bought a small token for GT a week before their infamous long night. That broke them apart. It was a white gold fourteen-karat heart pendant with ten small diamonds

and ten small blue sapphires hanging on a white gold fourteen-karat chain. He was thinking of returning it, but instead had it couriered to her attention for Christmas. Just before Christmas, he also received the mysterious gift.

He didn't open it for several weeks. Christmas came and went. So did the New Year. He hoped that GT would come around and they could open it together. By the middle of January 1987, it was clear she would not return to him. He finally opened the box, which contained a plate. He had some nice ceramic plates on the walls of his kitchen that he picked up in Hungary. He smashed GT's plate to pieces with a hammer. Placed back the pieces in the box and wrote a small note: "This is how you made me feel, GT my heart is broken! Your love and words were false." He placed the note inside the box and taped the box up. He then delivered the box to her house and left it on the doorstep. As far as he was concerned, it was over with GT. The months he had spent with GT were very gratifying for sexual kinks, it also had left him emotionally burned out.

He promised never to get involved with someone who lived at home and tried not to get emotionally involved. For his next relationship, he wanted a more submissive person who would adhere to his needs, caring less for her feelings. This would be a true Master/slave relationship. No more being a caring dominant.

Interestingly enough, GT got very sick shortly after receiving the broken plate, which lasted for several months, and she was unable to complete her nursing courses. Several years later, she got even more sick. GT almost died and also suffered amnesia. The medication changed her physical appearance from slim and sexy to portly and unappealing.

Two decades later, she saw his website by accident (or not?). GT contacted him in Arizona. They met when he was visiting Toronto to plan his move back from Arizona for a light dinner. She wore his diamond and sapphire pendant. He asked if she remembered who gave her the pendant. She indicated that it was him. László mentioned his former feelings that he had once had for her. She noted that she just remembered him as a cruel, violent person who had broken a gift plate of hers. László reassured her that she was wrong. The broken plate symbolized how he felt in his heart, shattered into a thousand pieces by her not standing up for their love. He was not the one to end their relationship. It was GT and her mother. GT had allowed her mother to direct her life. She should blame her mother and herself for whatever happened to their relationship. However, he had nothing to do with it. He was sorry that she became so ill. In his mind, he noted, that he was much better off without her.

In conclusion, Karma or providence again stepped in, and GT paid the price for being cruel to him. Yes, life had so many twists and turns.

VII. Saga of Gillian

1986 was a year in which he accomplished quite a lot in retrospect; he received his computer science diploma and landed a job in construction management that had a future. He also had a very passionate and kinky relationship that brought him a lot of bliss, yet he felt betrayed. So close and yet so far away from what he wanted. GT was just about there. But now it was 1987. What would the new year bring? László wondered who was in charge of his life, he or was it Providence?

He wasn't any worse off. In fact, he was better off. He realized his own weaknesses and his strengths. GT was a vehicle that had taken him from point A to B and just confirmed more of his true desires. With this in mind, he wrote a very controversial ad that was very to the point, with risqué language describing exactly what he was after.

Resembling the Story of "O" in many ways but not quite as strict, with a bit of latitude. He could not place it in the regular papers due to the content: only one alternative paper was willing to run it. The replies had to be sent to a Post Office Box. He knew that he would not be bombarded with responses. He knew by running it for several weeks continuously, and even for months if necessary, he would get a few interested females who understood what he wanted and would play no games.

László, at the same time, set off on his new quest and changed employers. His boss, the project manager, had left for a much larger company due to internal issues. He felt that his new job was too menial for him. Out of revenge for his former employer, he recommended László and contacted him.

"There was a much better opportunity for you which would give you more income, experience, and prestige. Call this number and set a time for an interview."

László did just that because he liked his former project manager. László had learned a lot from him, and now he had to do his former job on the site. He asked for more money. He was promised that he would get a new office and another 10 percent increase in salary as long as he site-managed the project. He received the office. And he was on site 99 percent of the time, but he never got the pay increase. He asked again and was told it would be on his next pay cheque. It wasn't.

He went for the interview, and he started in two weeks. He timed it so that he would get his last pay, cash it in the bank, and quit. No notice was given, and he left the company truck on the site. He had no loyalty to swindlers and liars: they had deceived him, and it was time to pay them back! He was fucked: so he fucked back!

As his friend Attila had once said, “Be very careful don’t make the moose angry. He will charge at you!” When driving up to Attila’s cottage, a male moose blocked their path. László became that moose with antlers down at full charge, looking to do damage! László liked moose. The moose became his favourite animal ever since he saw a male moose with full antlers. He also adopted it as his nickname: “Mr. Moose.”

Daily, after work, he checked his post office mailbox. He received a couple of replies from gays! They were interested in being his bitch! But that was not something he ever could or ever would consider! He was not gay or interested in males! He received a couple of replies from females. But they were either too old, overweight, or wrong in their ethnicity. He had to laugh. Obviously, they could not read or understand what “a white slim single female” meant.

Weeks passed by, a month, six weeks, then finally, the letter he was waiting for showed up in June. A well-written letter in which the applicant, Gillian, understood clearly what he wanted. She was submissive, articulate, well-educated, working in a professional job, willing to be his bitch in heat, be dominated. She was in her early thirties and lived in the area, not living at home, was divorced, was a non-smoker, slim, five foot five inches, sexy light brown shoulder-length hair, was interested in photography, and the arts, loved to travel, and had a driver’s licence. Everything checked! Especially her photo, a full nude with her face partially hidden to protect her identity. She played it safe. She did not enclose her phone number, only her reply box address, which was at a forwarding service nearby.

He responded with candour and sincerity, just like she had penned hers. He attached a photo of himself, but not nude, and instead of mailing it, he took it down himself and hoped he might bump into her by accident. He waited eagerly for a reply. He received another letter from Gillian in his post office box. A very favourable in her response. She was thrilled that he had taken the time to reply with such eloquence. She felt the music in her soul and saw the images that every word of his described. She felt them inside her body. She had a long list of questions, and she would like to have him respond with the same honesty. For Gillian to submit, she had to feel that her safety would be respected.

Gillian noted that she was real, not playing games, and she was on the same level, and hopefully, they could meet in person when she felt assured. Again, her letter was well crafted and showed maturity and respect toward him. Not questioning why he wanted a bitch in heat to serve him, and why he wanted to dominate her sexually and otherwise, or why he wanted a Master and slave relationship. She did not ask about his experience; it was clear he was from what and how he wrote it.

László replied with clarity and detail to her questions. He did not disclose to Gillian that she was what he had wanted precisely now for a long

time. Ever since Anikó, or maybe he'd wanted this even before her. He noted that there had to be a fly in the ointment. Maybe she was not real, or perhaps someone he knew was having fun at his expense? However, nobody could figure it out from the ad that he placed, and he would never talk to anyone about this particular one. She was either very real or a very good liar.

The only way to find out was by being patient, which was not always his best trait. He had a poster on his wall while being the chief estimator that read: "Patience my arse, I'm going to kill something!" that one vulture was saying to another while sitting on a high tree branch above a desert landscape. Which very much summarized his patience in general. Or with people that he didn't care for. Not that he didn't have any patience. He had plenty when it came to painting, photography, and many other time-consuming interests. All were very detail-oriented and required patience. He also could be very patient with someone, but only with whom he connected emotionally and psychologically! Those connections were rare. He was extremely patient with Anikó. He tried with GT, but his patience had limitations.

László took the letter down in person. A reply was in his mailbox within days. The response was intense and sexual, and she wondered how he would taste. Gillian wrote that she had masturbated while she read his response, as his letter had turned her on. Gillian had a little cotton pad in her reply that she rubbed into her drenched pussy, to give László an idea about her scent!

She had some additional questions. Would he be willing to give his last name and the name of his employer for her to verify to see if he worked there? László would not normally do such until he met the girl, and even then, he would not tell them exactly where he worked unless he felt it might lead to a longer relationship. However, he took a calculated gamble and gave the information in his letter to Gillian, delivering it in person to her mail forwarding service.

Three days later, there were two letters in his post office mailbox from Gillian and one from another woman. He read the other response first. It was courteous, but nothing captured his interest since he was interested in Gillian. László put it inside his pocket, in the case as a backup. He tore Gillian's letter open as he rode in the elevator up to the tenth floor. It was long and ardent. He walked to his door, opened and locked it, walked to his black leather chair and sat down to read it carefully.

Gillian indicated that she had contacted his office, and yes, he was working there. She had a photo of him even going to his office and walked by a few times as people exited, but she could not see him. Then she went

downstairs and called the office, wanting to be transferred to his phone number. They indicated they could not, as he was on site. Unless it is business-related, and do not give out numbers. And which company was she calling from? Gillian hung up. She was disappointed as she had wanted to hear his voice, yet at the same time, she was happy that he was legit about his work. Would he be trusting enough to give her his number and she would call soon.

This was before the call display. He would not know her number, but he was now very curious about her. Her letter was wholehearted. László replied with a “Thank You” card, wrote his phone number down and noted she could call between 8-10 p.m., only and ASAP! He sealed it and took it down to her mail forwarding service, which was open 24/7. He wondered if and when she would call.

He didn’t have to wait long. The following evening, after returning from his supper at his mother’s place, just after 8 p.m., his phone rang. He let it ring several times so as not to appear in too much haste, in case it was Gillian. He then picked it up. It was the voice of a female, and she asked if he was László. He identified himself, and the woman on the other end mentioned her name and continued to introduce herself a bit.

Gillian’s voice resonated with a bit of sultry overtones that were very feminine yet not too squeaky or deep it was the warm, alluring type that László could listen to all day and night without being hypnotized. She spoke very eloquently, indicating an excellent command of English, reflecting intelligence and a good education. She had a Master’s degree in a particular field that required excellent communication abilities and a great deal of knowledge about languages and the arts. This was a bonus for László, who was always attracted psychologically to intellectual females with superior communicative skills. He was never intimidated by their intelligence, nor did he ever feel inferior.

He learned from Gillian that she was born in Canada. Her mother was from England and had come to Canada as a war bride. Gillian was not from Toronto, but she had lived in the city for a long time. She received her Master’s from the University of Toronto.

Gillian had also spent some time in Europe. She knew exactly how to pronounce his last name and knew he had to be from Europe. She was attracted to Europeans, as they had a much different outlook, were more worldly about life, and generally were more cultured. While in Germany, she had picked a bit of Germany. While she was not fluent, could get by.

It was a very informative conversation, both discussing revealing facts about their personalities and desires and, at the same time, confirming what they had written about. Soon, the sexual aspect surfaced, as well as submission, domination, and alternative lifestyles. Moreover, the privacy entailed to both of them seemed an exceptionally high priority. It was nobody’s concern how they enjoyed their free time or conducted themselves in

their private lives. However, it was essential that neither of their employers or families would ever be aware or could find out.

Both worked in highly visible positions dealing with hundreds of people and the connotation of certain ways, if it had become public, would not necessarily be accepted. It could jeopardize their careers or, at the very least, be looked down upon as immoral or worse, and could be embarrassing. Therefore, certain symbolisms, aspects, and demeanours, especially in public, would have to be curtailed, regardless of the factual reality of their relationship.

Gillian and László shared a deep understanding, not just about the type of relationship they were about to enter. Sharing parallel values so far in everything they talked and wrote about and were in complete agreement. The only thing now was to set their first meeting.

They lived in the general neighbourhood, using the major intersections as their guide. Their first meeting would not be just a date. It would be her submission, in which she would be tested in her ability to follow commands and in her pleasing him sexually. It made sense to conduct this at home and to keep Gillian's privacy, in case she was not suitable, to meet at László's place. Before her submission, she would not be willing to provide additional details such as her address, workplace, or phone number. László accepted these conditions. Gillian said she would contact him again by phone; her schedule was busy, but it would be soon. And no, she was reassuring him, it was not another male, only her work. They thanked each other for the fascinating conversation and hung up.

László was pleased. Gillian was for real so far. His wants matched. He was very optimistic, but he still had a bit of apprehension and was a realist. This was not his first date by any means. He had met so many females in his life. Had everything from one-night stands to lingering, sometimes for too long, relationships, so he knew better to be cautious than be overjoyed too soon.

A few days passed, and when he came home from work, Gillian left a message on his answering machine. Friday night to Saturday mid-day, she was free and available. Gillian would come to his address. She would call later, after 9 p.m., for his address. With much anticipation, he looked forward to her call and their first meeting.

Gillian called with the same engaging and wonderful voice. They did not talk as much, being slightly reserved for the unknown. There were a lot of unknowns, from his perspective, that could affect his acceptance of her submission, ranging from her actual demeanour in person to unacceptable body odour and everything in between. It was not about getting laid or getting a blowjob, it was about establishing a long-term Master/slave relationship. László was conscious that Gillian had to feel comfortable in her submission to him, and she might decide not to, although he was very confident that she would.

He was a good judge of what was written between the lines, how words were phrased, and their nuances. By talking with her on the phone, many of those nuances reflected her values, needs, and desires. László gave her his address and the entry code. The time was set for 7 p.m. He had his name removed from the apartment directory after his breakup with Leena. He would have sufficient time after he got home to clean up his apartment, have a home-cooked meal over at his mother's place, and take a shower.

Friday, exactly at 7 p.m., his phone rang with a distinguishable tone that indicated that it was the entry buzzer. He flicked his TV channel over to see if it was Gillian. Yes, a woman stood at the building's door, and he let her in.

In about a minute, which seemed more like a day in length, there was a knock at his apartment door. He walked to the door to open it and had to suppress any anxiety and joy. He had to look calm on the outside regardless of his true feelings. Once, he opened the door, and she stepped over the threshold and into the unknown.

Gillian must have felt the same way. He opened the door, and there she was, in real life, a stylish, sexy woman, attractive and with a presence. Not the killer femme fatale like Anikó had been in her younger years, but a very refined-looking woman, reflecting class and understated beauty! She had a small black leather handbag that could hold her needed makeup, purse, keys, and little else. Her leather medium-high classic pumps matched her handbag. She stepped over the threshold, and as the door closed behind her, she could hear a distinguishable thud of the heavy door and the clicking metallic sound of the lockset latch penetrating the strike plate of the door frame, locking it shut.

"I'm Gillian!" She said with a nervous smile as she looked at his face.

"Hello Gillian, come on in," László, indicated to proceed into his world, pointing toward his only room from the hallway. As she advanced through the hallway, she noticed several oil paintings in the hallway. In the living area, Gillian saw the white opaque curtains covering the windows. Directly across from her and in front of the windows was his 25" Zenith TV. Sitting on the TV was a dark brown ceramic lamp with a brown wicker shade and a VCR. The TV set was flanked on the left by a floor-standing plant and by one of his giant Klipsch speakers, and to the right, the other speaker with a dark framed canvas print of Prince Francis II Rákóczi that he received from his father, above the speaker. Between the TV and the speaker was a large Zero Halliburton aluminum camera case. Adjacent to the right speaker was a cream-coloured puffy armchair that was inviting and comfortable, with several prints above it. The prints were framed in wide antique gold frames depicting battle scenes. The top one shows one of his distant relatives

defending the castle of Szolnok and subsequent capture by the Ottoman Turks in 1552.

Right off the chair was a console with sliding doors that held the McIntosh amp and preamp and some drawers. On top of the console to the left was a trio of additional pieces of sound equipment; his cassette recorder, a Sony CD player, a Sony digital tuner, and on the top of the tuner sat a 1:18 scale model of a Ferrari Formula I car. On the right side of the equipment was a custom-made Grand Marnier lamp on a solid and heavy brass base with a parchment lampshade. Next to it sat his Thorens turntable.

Adjacent to the console was a tall bookcase holding books, CDs, a few LPs (László had sold most of his records, as he was switching to CDs exclusively), VHS movies, his phone, and an answering machine. Adjacent to the bookcase was the kitchen entrance, then another bookcase filled with books and another large-scale model Ferrari on the shelf, a horse whip hung from the wall just above the bookcase. Then the hallway, and adjacent on its other side was another bookcase, along with a narrow glass table where he could write or work. Sitting on the glass table was his Nikon F3 camera with a 50mm f1.4 lens attached to a Metz handheld flash and a small electric typewriter.

Additional oil paintings were on the wall, and a large print of a tiger painting nicely framed behind non-reflecting glass hung centred above the table. In front of the table was an expensive black leather armchair. At a ninety-degree angle to the console was a sofa bed with a grey/tan burlap-like fabric, although much softer, with medium olive green and dark golden brown stripes on it, that faced the TV.

She placed her handbag on his table and sat on the cream-coloured armchair, legs closely pressed together but not crossing them. She was aware that crossing her legs was never acceptable in front of László, one of many rules that she would have to live with if she chose to submit.

She had a very pretty face, a bit roundish but very European-looking cheekbones, with a few tiny freckles just around either side of her refined-looking fine nose. She wore medium-sized glasses, round ones with very thin turtle shell frames. She had a nice skin tone, her green eyes sparkled, and she had a hint of eye shadow to emphasize her eyes. She had a very nice shade of red on her lovely lips. Her hair was a medium brown, without any highlights, shiny, clean, and down to her shoulders.

Gillian wore a cream coloured with a tiny small gold circle print silk blouse, a dark navy mid-thigh length skirt, and a bamboo-coloured silk jacket. She wore medium-sized shell-shaped earrings. Her hands looked refined. Looking at someone's hands could tell a lot about them, not just their type of work. On her ring finger, she wore a narrow ring with some gemstones. Her nicely manicured, short real nails shown that matched her lipstick. On her left hand, she had a small Baume et Mercier stainless steel ladies' watch. On her right hand, three silver bangles, one about an inch and

the other two about one-third of an inch in width. Her legs were covered with black silk thigh-high stockings.

She was a very attractive woman in her prime, just about perfect for László to be with. While she was two years older than he was, she didn't look her age. She could have said without any problems that she was in her mid-20s. For László this was a feast for his eyes, a much-welcome one. Someone who had grace in her movements and looked very feminine. László, took a couple of photos of her to see how she responded to photography. It was one of those requirements: able to take photos of her, with or without clothes on.

László offered her something to drink, from mineral water, juice, and Pepsi to beer or wine. Gillian said mineral water would be fine. László walked over quickly to his kitchen and got two medium-sized tulip-shaped wine glasses, reached into his fridge for a bottle of Perrier, and poured for both of them.

László was dressed in a dark burgundy Pierre Cardin long-sleeved shirt. No tie and the neck was unbuttoned. He wore dark grey light wool dress pants with a black Pierre Cardin dress belt, grey dress socks, and comfortable black loafers.

László hated his heavy construction boots, which he had to wear on site, and they were kept in his car. Although he worked close to downtown, he had to spend quite a lot of time in a warehouse on the northern outskirts of the city, by chance just across from where he had once worked with the hot tub manufacturer, sorting out imported granite from Italy, that was used in the curtain walls of the building. He had worked as the project coordinator. He and one or two workers had spent a lot of time there.

He had to buy a car to commute, so he got a used 1976 Oldsmobile Cutlass four-door sedan for \$1,500 cash that mechanically was in good working order. He bought a set of new Pirelli all-weather performance tires for another three hundred bucks, installed. He liked working up there as at lunchtime, he could go to the nearby strip club to watch pussy while he ate lunch! Not a bad combination.

Gillian got up and reached for her glass, slightly touching his glass with hers as they made the high-frequency clink sound to toast their getting together. She emptied the glass slowly and gave the empty glass back to László as he asked if she wanted any more. She indicated not for the time being, then stood and walked around looking at the paintings. She noted that his name was on the paintings, and they were quite good. She asked László if he had any formal training in painting with oils, and he replied no. He'd just sat down and painted them. Copying some from books or other paintings or taking a photo and using that as a reference for the painting. He had several more at his mother's place and had sold a few. Gillian was quite impressed, considering her background was in the arts.

She sat down again, but this time on the couch that folded into a bed. A bit more relaxed, as Gillian could substantiate that László had not lied in his replies or on the phone, at least everything matched so far to a tee. László sat down beside her and asked if she was satisfied so far and reassured her that she had nothing to be afraid of. He was not here to hurt her either emotionally, physically, or psychologically. He deliberately reiterated more or less what was in the ad, emphasizing certain words. Asked Gillian if this was what she wanted, and if it was, to let him know. He was not interested in why or how much or how little experience she had in submission. He was willing to train and invest time in her as long as she was a willing student and would not change her mind in a week or two. He had had enough of short-term relationships. He was looking for a long-term one, and that was why he actually preferred a more mature woman and was why he had replied to her.

Gillian wasn't like a foolish teenager, and it appeared to him by her being here: she was interested in the same type of relationship as he wanted. To be very frank, he was not looking to be married or to have kids in the immediate future or ever; he wanted a female who understood this.

Gillian smiled at him and continued telling him that she was interested. She had been recently divorced, and László would be the first man she had been with. She also mentioned that she didn't have any STDs and she could bring a blood test result to verify it. Gillian was on the level about what she wanted, and she was willing to be his bitch in heat and submit to his sexual kink or needs. She was willing to be trained to please him as his slave on the following conditions: she had to maintain her privacy and her look, would not dress in some weird outfits or be pulled along with a collar and leash in public, nor was she willing to participate in scat or blood play, and she was not a masochist!

If his main interest lies in dishing out pain and humiliation, she would not be his subject. If they were in accord, she would submit herself.

László replied to Gillian that they were in accord, then told her to stand up and get undressed. She took off her glasses and placed them on top of the TV set. She, then without any hesitation, started to undress, placing her clothing on the cream armchair. While she was getting undressed, he stepped into the kitchen and took out a rose he had kept cool in his fridge. It was a pink long-stemmed rose, gave it to Gillian. She liked his gesture very much.

She asked if he wanted her silk thigh-high stockings on or off, and he said to keep them on with her garter holding them up. Gillian had a very nice body, fine bone structure, and nice looking breasts, cup B, but the advantage of such breasts was that they would not sag as fast as larger ones would as she aged. She had a beaver bush that matched the hair on her head. She was not shaved. He told Gillian preferred the clean-shaven, smooth look. Her inner lips were a bit larger than he liked, certainly not as nice as GT's or

Anikó's, but he had seen worse.

He told Gillian to recline on the couch and smell the rose as he took several photos of her. She looked sexy in the nude, even with her bush, and László knew very well that not all females looked sexy, especially when nude. He had seen quite a few of them. László was testing and evaluating her responses to his commands to see if there were any hesitations.

László told Gillian to get in front of him, open his pants, and show how well she could orally please him. He wanted to see if there were any hesitations on her part, but there were none. She got on her knees, unbuckled his pants, unzipped his zipper, pulled down his pants to the carpet, and then his briefs all the way down, freeing his cock that was being restrained in its erection. He stepped out of his pants as Gillian gently pulled back his foreskin all the way, exposing the shimmering purple head that had some seminal fluid lubricating it, dripping from the urethral opening, and engulfed his erect cock eagerly and expertly with her lips and mouth. With her warm right hand, she stroked his shaft and with her left hand she gently massaged his testicles. It was clear that this was not her first time. When he felt himself cuming, she just kept stroking not missing a beat, and swallowed every drop of his warm exploding cum deep in her throat, massaging his testicles while pumping the shaft, milking every drop of his semen. She parted her lips and pulled his still-erect shaft out of her mouth. Her lipstick was smudged on her face and on László's penis. She looked up toward his face but remained silent as if she was asking him if she had passed or not while gripping his still erect penis now with both hands. He looked down into her eyes and calmly said, "Keep stroking it and lick and suck on my balls."

She obeyed instantly. Sliding closer to him, raising his penis upward to get better access with her mouth and tongue to his balls, licking, kissing, and wrapping her lips around each testicle, sucking on them one by one while stroking his erect shaft with her hands. She kept doing this for several minutes until László told her to stop.

"Stand up, turn toward the couch and bend over, spread your legs and expose your cunt!" He commanded.

She did without delay and bent over, reached for her large lips with her hands, pulled them apart, and exposed her wet and dripping vaginal opening, her cunt. László stepped over and rammed his erect penis hard, deep, all the way, penetrating her all the way to his balls, into her well-lubricated, slippery warm hole, and started to rhythmically fuck her while he grabbed her hips and asked her,

"Was this what you want bitch? To suck and fuck all night long to please your Master?"

"Sir, this is what this bitch wants to do, to fuck and suck you, Sir, all night long! To please her new Master!" Gillian replied while moaning.

"You are now my cunt to fuck whenever I want. You will ask for

permission to cum, and you may not cum until permission is granted. Is that clear bitch?"

László continued talking to her while ramming his cock down to his balls and withdrawing almost to the head of his penis, and penetrating all the way, bouncing his balls at a fast tempo.

"Sir, this bitch is here to obey and will follow your directions exactly!" Gillian was moaning heavily and somehow was able to reply. László was very close to cuming himself and asked Gillian,

"Are you ready to come bitch?"

"Sir, may this bitch cum?" she replied, intermixed with her heavy moans, her words almost garbled.

"Yes, you can!" as he exploded into her steaming hot cunt, which was drenched and dripping along with his shaft as he still moved in and out of her. He could feel her body tense up with several deep spasms that came in waves, both of them sweating, and the poignant scent of sex filled his domain.

"Cleanse me with your lips, bitch!" he had withdrawn his penis, which was covered in their juices.

She obliged without hesitation.

He took more photos of her and allowed her to relax. Both of them looked a bit exhausted and needed to catch their breath. He got more Perrier and poured some in both glasses. They both emptied their glasses rapidly, and he turned on his stereo and asked what music she would like to listen to while they rested a bit.

She picked Talking Heads, and he placed the CD into the player. According to Gillian, the CD sounded amazing on his stereo system, and they would. The cost of his stereo was about the same as a new compact car. They also talked a bit while he had turned the music down to a background level after they listened to a couple of songs. László suggested that they shower together to wash off their sweat, and then he would make the bed for the night. Quickly showered together, drying each other off, they returned to the couch and rapidly transformed into a bed.

They got into his bed. László hugged and kissed her and reassured Gillian that she had been good. He told Gillian that he liked her instant response to his commands, and she showed no hesitation. He asked if this was what she had in mind when she had responded to his ad? She mentioned to László that her former husband was dominant. He then asked her why had she divorced him. According to Gillian, it was complicated and essentially involved a younger woman. She had become jealous, they had argued a lot, and he had beat her. That was that.

She needed a man in her life who could take charge of her sexual life, and she was willing to let that overlap into their relationship to a point. However, she was not interested in being beaten up. His ad had pushed the right buttons for her. During their correspondence, she really liked how László had responded. While it showed that he would dominate her, his

letters gave an insight into her that he was an intelligent, romantic, and passionate person. For her, those traits were an additional turn-on. Not to mention the fact that she hadn't had sex for over 10 months, and she needed the feeling of, it might sound a bit crude: being fucked, and she needed to have a cock inside her!

While she was no nymphomaniac, for her it was an important necessity of a relationship. She had no taboos when it came to sex, apart from no animals or anyone under age. She was open to everything and anything, how kinky or mild and reinforced that it must not involve scat, blood, or pain.

As they talked with László lying partially on top while playing with her erect nipples, she massaged and fondled his balls and now erect penis. László asked about her preference for a hairy or a shaved pubic area on a male. She mentioned that hairy was fine, she liked the feel and the scent, but it was up to him. She would make no demand, just as she would not make any demands on just how many times they would fuck in a day, she just hoped it would be more than once.

László turned her over, told her to put her face down and push her arse up, and he penetrated her moist lips from the rear, thrusting faster and faster down to his balls, as deep as he could. He felt her hot and slippery vagina walls engulf his shaft while he grabbed her arse cheeks hard and squeezed them until she started to moan louder and louder and was soon asking for permission to cum. But this time, he denied it and told her she could not until he was ready. He continued to pound her hard and then gave Gillian permission to cum, as he exploded deep inside her. Gillian let out a few quick moans and a faint scream or two as her insides spasmed in orgasmic bliss. He felt it on his penis deep inside her as well as on her cheeks that he held. László was very satisfied and rejoiced from the mutual pleasure received from Gillian. And what he had given her in return. He collapsed on her raised arse and pushed himself down on the bed, Gillian on her back, and he slowly let his penis slip out as it had turned flaccid. Her spasms had faded, but her soft moans with her heavy breathing continued for some time. Both of them fell asleep in no time.

László woke up once in the middle of the night with a full erection. While Gillian was asleep on her back, her legs spread, he penetrated her, and as he fucked her, Gillian woke up. She instinctively had begun to move her hips in unison with his thrusts. He sucked on her nipples one by one and started to bite them quite hard with passion. She didn't protest as she was moaning and asked him to push his cock in deeper and faster into his bitch's cunt, to fill it up with his cum, so she could finger herself and lick his cum from her fingers!

When László came, he quickly pulled out his cock dripping with cum and shoved it into her wide-open receptive lips, to suck and lick it clean. When done, he rolled over to watch how she fingered herself more and licked

his cum intermixed with the juices from her fingers. He knew that Gillian was for real, and this would be the beginning of a very long relationship. He and Gillian dozed off...

Around eight in the morning, they woke up, and Gillian quickly leaned over to start to lick, kiss, and caress his semi-erect penis to bring it to a full erection. He told her that he wanted to cum on her face and see it drip off slowly onto her fingers and for her to cleanse her fingers with her tongue and off of her lips.

She moved down to get into a good position between his spread-out legs, laying flat on her stomach facing toward his cock. Gillian proceeded to lick the head, she pulled his foreskin back all the way, pumped with her hands, spitting on his shaft to lubricate it, and moved her luscious lips down licking, then kissing his balls, and gently sucked on them one by one. She moved her lips back to the head, trying to stick her tongue tip into his urethra, and licked around the head slowly, passionately, tasting and savouring his essence and inhaling his scent. Getting high on his pheromones, rubbing the head all over her face, her skin soaked up any preleased lubricating fluids, Gillian moved her left hand down to his balls, massaged them, spat again on the shaft for lubrication, and increased the pressure as she stroked, and pumped with her right hand. László, let her go wild in her delirium, in pleasing him, and he enjoyed seeing her pleasing him. László was ready to explode and warned her quickly that he was about to cum, and he wanted to cum on her face. She applied more pressure on his balls as she could feel them tighten up, and moved her face closer to the tip of his cock's head, pumped harder as he ejaculated several times, a good load of cum, hitting her on the right side of her nose and cheeks. She moaned with satisfaction, as László praised her excellent milking skills, getting every drop out of him and onto her beautiful face. She rubbed his cock head deeply into her cheeks. He could just about feel how it penetrated her skin's pores with his cock. Gillian licked his cock head clean, slowly but with a great deal of zeal. She twirled the tip of her tongue at the most sensitive part of him. She inhaled deeply his scent through her flaring nostrils. She was becoming intoxicated more and more.

Then letting go of his semi-erect penis and rubbing her fingers on the dripping cum, she lapped it up into her waiting lips, licked them off, and tried to skim off more from her cheeks. Gillian inserted several of her fingers that had traces of his cum deep into her mouth to suck and lick them dry. A few splatters of cum had dripped onto his pubic area, and she proceeded to lick those up too. When done, she started to kiss his now limp cock and around his pubic area, as she felt his hands pulling her head up closer to his face. He looked deeply into her green eyes and expressed his satisfaction with prais,

“You’ve done well my sexy bitch!”

She collapsed on his chest very emotional, a bit exhausted, and still in

her delirium of ecstasy, let several satisfied sighs out, and a few tear drops appeared around her eyes.

When asked why she was crying, she replied she was not. Those were tears from her joy, and he had felt satisfied with her. That was all she wanted, was to please her Master. He stroked her hair gently, and both dozed off for several minutes, coming down from the highs they had just reached together.

After cooling off a bit, it was getting close to ten. Both of them had to go to the bathroom. He told Gillian to pee first, and as she sat on the toilet, he told her to spread her legs more as she peed and slid back on the seat, leaving a bit of gap between herself and the toilet. He started to piss into the gap and moved his aim a bit higher to piss on her body just above her clit. His warm stream of urine hit her hairy bush and flowed into the toilet. When they finished, she flushed and stepped into the bathtub for a shower.

He told her to wash him, with soap and a natural sponge, except for his penis. From now on, when they were together, it was her duty to keep his cock clean by cleansing it with her mouth, tongue, and lips, even after urinating. She would have to accompany him when he had to go, while he was at home, to hold his penis while he urinated, and when he was done, to lick it clean. He might also at his whim, piss into her mouth and she would have to swallow it.

She dropped onto her knees in the bathtub and took his semi-erect penis into her mouth to cleanse it. Of course, it didn't take long for László to have a full-blown erection. He told Gillian to suck him dry as he held her head and moved his pelvis at the same time while they moved in unison, his cock deep-throating her until he had cum in her mouth while both of them were under the soothing warm shower. This was certainly much better than anything he had done with GT, and it reminded him of some of the fun he had had with Leena, but he enjoyed this so much better with his new slave of passion. Gillian managed to surpass them all when it came to sexual passion.

After they showered, they ate some cold cuts, and Gillian made tea. She liked tea, which was great as László rarely drank coffee. Another, and to some maybe, a trivial fact that matched and had in common. It was nearly noon, and Gillian got dressed, and she indicated that she had to leave. László asked what she had thought about last night and this morning.

"Sir, you have no idea just how much I enjoyed this and am looking forward to being with you as your slave!" She replied with a smile.

"May I have your phone number then?"

"Soon, Sir, soon as I buy an answering machine. I would give it to you then!" She smiled again and continued, "I come home at different times due to my work. I do not want to miss your calls!" and continued, "But, I have yours and will call. Please, be patient Sir, it will be soon!"

She felt that she had proved to him her sincerity and that she could not wait to make time for her Master.

“Can I offer you a lift?” László asked coyly he would find out just where she lived.

“It is not necessary Sir” she said softly and with a radiant smile, and left his apartment.

She kept her word. She called him several times in the evenings during the week. The next time they got together Gillian gave her home phone number to László. They repeated their intense rendezvous for the next three weekends at his place. She was only available from Friday night until Saturday noon. She explained there was still a lot she had to deal with; her ex, due to her recent divorce, etc. László didn't care much but did wonder what was truly going on.

On one of their passionate rendezvous, László injured himself. He had to go to the Emergency at the nearest hospital. Luckily one was nearby. Gillian drove him down, and she was very concerned. One of his testicles had swollen, turned almost black, and was hurting with intense pain after a deep rear entry fuck session. He had banged it hard against her firm buttocks as he penetrated deep, all the way down to his testicles.

He had fucked her hard, which she loved, but he had injured himself, which was a first for him and her too. The most embarrassing part was to tell the emergency doctor how he had got bruised. The doctor sent him for an ultrasound right away, and luckily, the damage was not severe enough to lose his testicle, he was warned that it was close. László was given some anti-inflammatory pills to take and told not to have any sex until the swelling went down completely and the colour returned to normal.

Gillian was with him in the room, miserable about what had happened, and blamed her passion. She was very supportive and drove him home. László also had to take two days off from work, as he was too sore to walk, and wearing pants was uncomfortable. During the evenings, Gillian made time for him and would come over for a bit, to take care of his injury by kissing and licking him gently.

He had a note from the Emergency that he was injured and needed two days off due to a groin injury! László was the subject of several jokes for weeks when he returned to work “Hope she kissed and made it feel better” was the one he heard the most! Well, the joke was on them: Gillian had!

Gillian suddenly had come over one weekday evening out of the blue, as she had to tell him something. László was very curious about what it could be, but he figured it had something to do with her divorce. Sat in front of him. Started to cry, real tears, not the crocodile type. She had to make a confession. She could not bear it anymore! Gillian didn't want to deceive László further. She understood that he might never want to see her again. Gillian would have to live with that punishment. But before she told him, László had to know why and that she had fallen in love with him. Not just because of the extraordinary kinky sex but because she had felt absolutely comfortable with him and wanted to serve him as his slave.

First and foremost, she was not pregnant, so he didn't have to worry about that! Secondly, while she does live on her own, not with her husband, she is not exactly divorced yet. The divorce was in front of the Courts and would hopefully go through in another month. After that, she would be totally free of her ex. So that should not make much difference in their relationship. However, she had a baby! Little Johnny was about one and a half years old now. She knew that would be the deal breaker for László. Gillian was not certain if László would accept the situation. If László didn't, she was thinking about giving up her child to her ex, and he would be happy about that. But she was not sure if she could go through with that. Her baby was the main reason she could only get away from Friday evening to Saturday morning once a week. And only when she could get an overnight babysitter.

On top of everything else, she was in debt. She had hired a full-time nanny while she worked while they were separated. Her ex didn't help out with anything when she moved out. He wasn't exactly happy when she got pregnant, and that was why he beat her a few times and got involved with another woman. She didn't know what to do and why she came over to confess.

This was a bomb that exploded. It was totally unexpected for László. Although he had suspected from day one that something was not quite one hundred percent. He could live with the not-quite-divorced part. That was no big deal in his eyes. A bit underhanded, but not severe enough to break up with Gillian. But the baby, well, that was different. László was literally speechless. Suddenly Gillian stripped down naked and got on her knee, bowed down in front of him, placed his right foot on her back, and begged for mercy while crying out,

"Beat me if you want! I deserved it! Take your whip off the wall and beat me to a pulp! I deserve it. Just get your anger out for betraying your trust. I love you László!"

László analyzed the situation in his mind. He was shocked more than angry. He was not going to beat her up out of anger. He never punished someone out of anger. What would that prove?

Apart from the fact that he had lost control of his emotions. Life was hard enough, providence could punish people sometimes more than he could. But what on earth to do. This was not something he could live with. He removed his foot from her back.

"Get dressed, Gillian! And go!" and continued, "Yes, I am very upset with you! I cannot deal with a kid. A kid is a hindrance in this kind of relationship. I understand your dilemma but you have to understand mine! This will not work, just go!"

He walked her to the door and shut it as Gillian stepped over the threshold to the apartment corridor. Gillian heard the distinguishable thud of the heavy door and the clicking metallic sound of the door's lockset latch

penetrating the strike plate of the door frame, locking it shut. Their world, with their common dreams, was over forever.

László was very disenchanted. The situation with Gillian was very complicated. He condemned what she did, yet he also understood why Gillian had done what she did. He had to contemplate whether to run another ad or make her pay a high price and if she would go through with it, what would be the emotional outcome of it. He was upset because Gillian was the woman that he had always wanted, not just recently but ever since he had his sexual awakening.

While with Anikó, it was, in the beginning, passionate, tender love, it was naïve at the same time. She had titillated his mind of what it could be with her, her dreams, and his. They had intersected and formed a union, yet it would never have worked in reality as long as her mother was around. He could not eliminate and terminate her. Both of them had shared something unattainable. It ended. Anikó was a vehicle where his emotional strength had been tested, and they had reached different boundaries. He learned that he could be forgiving and still be strong emotionally. Also, he could be full of vengeance, which satisfied him. Looking back, László also knew that sexually Anikó could never gratify him.

Simi was just a sexual fling. However, sexually, she was closer to what he required but lacked everything else. With GT, perhaps, he was getting closer. Leena sexually met all his needs and desires. There were two issues with Lena not being Caucasian, which was a factor in why it would never work and no emotional involvement. The rest was just fun all-around sex, in which he had honed his seductive skills but left a void in him emotionally in need of a full-time partner.

Gillian was an enigma to him. How to solve the unsolvable. Logically, walking away and trying to find someone else. But he knew his chances. To find such a woman was possible if he was more financially secure. He lacked financial security unless he won the lottery then he could buy an intelligent and “trophy” attractive, submissive bitch, her body, maybe even her soul. László wanted it all. He could not settle for someone who was not good-looking, sexy, intelligent, loyal, submissive, and kinky.

He had met a few masochistic bitches, but they lacked the physical beauty, femininity which was so important to him. He logically started to calculate different scenarios and their possible outcomes. For the immediate time being, he would run another ad. That led to numerous possibilities:

1. Gillian would not see the ad, and he may find a suitable person and the hell with Gillian.

2. Gillian would see the ad. She would become very jealous. Gillian would beg and be willing to give her son to his father. She would reunite with him.
3. Gillian would see the ad. She would become very jealous. She would beg, and she would try to talk him into accepting the kid, and she reunited with him. He might actually like the kid.
4. Gillian would see the ad. She would become very jealous. She would beg and try to talk him into accepting the kid and reuniting with him. He might, but they would break up sooner or later, which gave him additional time to find someone else until he could enjoy her as much as he could.
5. He would not find a suitable person, and Gillian would not talk to him again.

His preference was the first. The second, with the fourth most likely to occur. The third and fifth were the least feasible. He ran the ad and slightly modified it, emphasizing no kids. The ad was published a few days later. The day the paper came out, Gillian called late in the evening. He wasn't sure if Gillian had seen the ad as she did not mention it.

She had thought it over and would give up the kid if he took her back. He said he would consider it and let her know in a few days. László learned sometimes it pays to play hard to get. Let her sweat it out a bit more. László figured that Gillian was not thinking straight. Unlikely that she would go through with it.

Maybe this thinking was cruel, but she was the one who deceived him. He'd gotten a more or less worthy reply and set up to meet with the applicant in a restaurant. She did show up, but he did not find her attractive enough, nor did they have much in common intellectually. Gillian left a message for him while he was out with the applicant; she was serious. Would he forgive her? She would do whatever she had to do.

He called her back late in the evening. She picked up the phone. She cried and apologized profusely. She'd had thoughts about giving up her son before it would make her life easier, even before she had replied to his ad, yet at the same time, having a baby made her feel special, not a loser since her marriage failed. László showed a bit of sympathy towards her. However, in his mind, he knew that he would never be able to place his total trust in her. Unless she truly followed through this time. He would give her the chance, but now he wanted to see where she lived and know everything else she had held back. She agreed. The following evening, László drove over to her place just after nine. László, in the meantime, cancelled the ad.

Gillian lived in an old quadplex in a nice residential area, as she had indicated initially. Her unit was a two-bedroom; the left unit was on the ground floor. The apartment was clean, without any clutter, requiring a lot of renovation. The owner of the quadplex just did the absolutely essential work and usually delayed it as much as possible. She had a driveway to park her small gold Toyota Tercel two-door coupe. It was a basic model with a standard transmission and a radio. It was a budget model that she financed through her bank.

Her son Johnny was asleep in his bedroom. They had to be quiet in order not to wake him up. They sat in the living room and talked. László asked Gillian why she had done what she had and why couldn't she just be upfront with her situation.

Gillian explained more than likely, he would not have gotten involved. She had tried that with someone, had met a guy, and she had been upfront, and he had turned her down. Gillian needed a man in her life. His words had captured her soul of what he had written, had let her imagination soar, and she had realized many of her inner needs. She took a chance, and when he responded, she could really feel him. When she met him, she had melted away, and Gillian knew she was in love, perhaps for the first time. She had had boyfriends before. Gillian was far from a conservative prune. She was a liberated flower child.

She wanted their relationship to work. No more secrets would do what she had to keep their relationship alive. And if she had to give up little Johnny, then she would. It would take some time. László had to be patient with her.

She was, as she had mentioned, living in debt. She was working extra after hours as a researcher to supplement her income or even during her working hours if she could get away with it. It paid well, but since her husband, soon-to-be ex-husband, was not helping out with their baby, it was very tough.

The divorce was expensive, and he was delaying it to punish her. He was a very controlling dominant. László asked if he was such a controlling dominant, why was she looking for a relationship with another dominant? According to Gillian, László was so much different. He, László, was very demanding, but it also had a natural order to it, and yielding to somebody who had a wide outlook versus someone with a narrow mind was much easier for her. She liked that László had a strong intellect, was romantic at heart, and was very clear about what he liked, kink and all. Submitting to László was very natural for her, and she realized that she needed him emotionally, physically as well as psychologically. She asked László again to forgive her and to start with her again.

László mentioned that he had forgiven Gillian. However, he wanted her to give up Johnny to his father. If it could be before her divorce, that would be much preferable, or soon after. He would give her a time limit, it had to be

within nine months. The sooner she did it, while it would be hard on her for a while, he would be with her, and she would get over it sooner. Additionally, the smaller the child, the less attachment they would have, it would be easier for them to be used to others. At that age, they do not know just who is their father or mother. He was no monster. Even if she thought of his demand as such, she had to step out of her relationship and look in from the outside.

Look it this way, how would she explain it to Johnny if he would see his mother tied up on her knees while she was sucking on his penis or any other kinky scene? Never mind telling the other kids in kindergarten or later in school? How would that affect Johnny? Just because she had a baby, did that mean that for the rest of her life, she had to sacrifice her own life and her own needs?

She had gotten pregnant foolishly and hoped that would change her husband. Having a child with someone would not make them any closer or change their personalities was foolish, to say the least. In fact, more than likely it would result in additional resentment and strife. In Gillian's case, it certainly had. Now, she was torn apart but had to make one choice and stand by that without any regrets. If she accepted this condition, they could go on without any issues or drama from where they had left off.

Gillian started to weep quietly, holding back her tears, as a few started to roll down her beautiful face. It was sad to see her internal emotional turmoil. She let out several heavy sighs, got on her knees, and collapsed in front of László, holding onto his calves. Gillian was in an emotional meltdown. It clearly hurt her to think about giving up her son, yet she wanted to be with László. Gillian knew what he told her made sense. She had to make a choice, and she chose László. She muttered in a quiet, almost indistinct voice, "Forgive this bitch Master she submits to you forever!"

(This was not a lie. Even after their relationship ended, and László married another woman, she confessed she loved him. Gillian was in contact with him for years, wanting him back.)

László bent over and picked her up, gave her a very close hug, kissed her tears away gently, and held her for a while, stroking her slowly from her mid-back down to her cheeks.

"I love you!" and again, "I love you, Master!" She whispered into his ear as Gillian wrapped her arms around him, holding him intensely to her body.

László picked her up into his arms. She grabbed him around his neck and placed her on the olive green velour sofa in her living room. She pulled up her dress and pulled her panties off. She unbuckled his belt, unzipped his zipper, and pulled his pants off and his briefs; he stepped out of them and mounted her between her spread legs, into her waiting and drenched warmness slowly and tenderly, he made love to her for the first time.

This time, it wasn't about his satisfaction. He wanted to make Gillian feel better. It didn't take long for either of them to climax. They held each

other for a long time after, him slipping out slowly and Gillian reaching to cleanse off his semi-erect penis with those tender, loving, luscious lips of hers.

László wanted to know just how much she owed. It was about thirty-five thousand dollars, with her car bank loan and credit cards. That also included several thousand to László's favourite: American Express.

He told her the only way she could overcome her financial dilemma was by going bankrupt. No big deal, he had gone through it, and look, he even now had a credit card, once again. He had switched banks and had been with the Bank of Montréal, as he had once worked for them, but now he was with Royal.

He had applied for a Visa credit card with Royal after he was hired by his present construction company. He had been discharged last December, and Royal gave him a Visa based on his income. It was with a thousand-dollar limit, but it was sufficient for his current needs. Now, he pays his whole balance out every month. This would rebuild his credit, and in a year or two, he could get a higher limit.

The seven-year limit would pass fast, no big deal. He had no regrets. She should do the same but should wait for the divorce. That way, she could add her attorney fee to it. Then quit her job, sold the car, and paid whatever she could into her bank loan, which would look good at the trustee's office. "Look I've tried, but I have no other solution but bankruptcy, I have no job!"

She could start on a clean slate. She could work on the side, under his name, with her part-time research work. He could set up a company, the company could bill her clients, and he would give her the money. She would have enough money to live on, and once she and Johnny parted, she could move in with him. They could rent a larger apartment and live happily ever after. He was willing to marry her at that time. But only on the conditions that he had just outlined.

The kid would go to his father, and she would be him. It may not be the most moral, but life was not always what was the most moral for the majority. It was doing what they could for each other under difficult circumstances. He was pleased with her before he had found out the truth. Gillian was just about everything he had ever desired in a female, and hearing how she felt about him, it was safe to say that he was what Gillian desired. He never thought that this would continue this way, but life was strange, and one thing he had learned in life, sometimes you just had to say fuck it! I am going for my dreams!

Gillian got undressed, undressed László, dragged him toward her bedroom, and closed the door. She lay on the bed, spread her legs wide once again with a beautiful and happy smile on her face, and said,

“László, you’re my dreams, you are my Master, I am only here to please you any way you want, I will follow your commands!”

László had got up at 5:45 a.m., in the morning to drive home, shave, shower, and be on the job site at 7:00 a.m. He had hardly slept an hour or two, wrapped in her arms, legs, his face buried in her vulva, and had a sore penis. They had fucked, and she had sucked, licked his cock nonstop all night long. He was physically spent but satisfied. From that day onward, he and Gillian slept together at her place or when she could get away at his on the weekends.

Her divorce came through the courts. She was given full custody, and every second weekend, now her ex officially had their son for both days. He was also to pay child support payments, but he was smart. He was an artist who had declared only a small portion of his income, although his income was much higher. The costs were based on this pittance and were small compared to what he should have paid. Gillian wasn’t surprised and didn’t protest much as she had a different plan, her Master’s plan.

As soon as the divorce came through, she put up her car for sale, and with László’s help, she received top dollar for it. She paid it into the bank loan to pay off almost the entire balance on the Toyota.

László, directly from his work, visited her several times in her office just as the office closed. She would sometimes work late, so it was not out of the ordinary. He waited outside and watched for her by the window, that the coast was clear, and then went up to her. She showed him how she was doing searches on her PC at work that were interconnected through a modem with all the databases of libraries in Canada and in the USA. It was sluggish to get into these databases which required all kinds of passwords. But through her work, she had access to them.

It was interesting how research could be done this way, from a distance through something called the “internet”. This was several years before the general public had even heard of the Internet before it had become widespread. Throughout the 1980s, researchers and scientists used it to send files and data from one computer to another. Gillian learned that László had started to research his family’s background and history, and she had access to a tool that would help.

She offered to help László in this, and it was another thing among so many that they had or shared with each other than the greatest and kinkiest sex she had ever had. She felt wonderfully sexy, and was so much in love with László, who made her feel like the most beautiful woman on the planet!

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All she had to do was look at him, think about him, and she was wet, oozing with a deep desire for him, his penis, his cum, and to be used by him to give him all the pleasure that a woman ever could. Sometimes László just pulled her panties down, pushed her over her work desk, and entered her, fucking her hard in her office. On some days when she knew he would come up, she didn't even wear her bikini panties to be ready for him anytime.

László set up a sole proprietorship, GL Publishing, using the same PO Box address that they had used initially for their correspondence. The "G" was for Gillian, and the "L" for László. She talked with the people she worked for on the side to get more contracts and mentioned to them that now she was working with her "new husband" and to make the cheque payable to GL Publishing or her new last name.

She then signed it over to László, who deposited it into his own account after giving her money from her earnings to pay for rent and food the excess was kept in his account for her for later. As he had sole proprietorship of GL Publishing, he had to pay the tax on his tax return at the end of the year. However, they could write off their business expenses. It was now time for Gillian to quit. They were cutting staff at her office and she volunteered to be laid off. She could apply for UIC payments, and start her bankruptcy to move along with their plan. She did. Everything worked well, just as László had indicated that it would! Gillian was happy she had listened to him. She loved him more and more, and László was delighted with her. The only thing left was the fate of little Johnny.

László told Gillian never to tell her ex, Nick, that she was involved with him. Nick would retaliate, as his idea was to keep her miserable and be in charge of her invisible chain to tug as he wanted. Due to the power he had over her because of the kid. This didn't work as planned. Nick found out eventually that she was with somebody on those weekends when he was to be with his son. Little Johnny must have said there was a strange man with his mommy. Nick sometimes would come deliberately late, or instead of Friday by 8 p.m. he would show up on Saturday in the morning or in the afternoon, sometimes only on Sunday morning, on purpose.

Gillian complained to Nick, but he just laughed in her face. László got upset that Gillian was being jerked around and wanted to kick the shit out of the little fucking bastard. Nick was only about 5 feet 6 inches. Gillian begged László not to get involved, and she promised as soon as she was cleared from bankruptcy, she would deliver the kid to Nick's parents. Nick and his parents could take care of little Johnny. Then, she would be free and would disappear. Officially, Gillian was not working. By using László's last name, she could disappear without a trace. Just be patient: only six to seven months left to go. László calmed down a bit.

It was 1988, and the time flew by quickly. By now, László loved her, not just as a possession of his, like an object such as a book, but as a person, the woman he would consider marrying.

For their first anniversary, which was coming up soon, he had bought her a small multi-stoned eternity ring. It was 14K white gold with four ten-point diamonds and three ten-point emeralds. The emeralds symbolized her green eyes. It was not an engagement or marriage ring. Just a ring to symbolize her status to him, she was his slave and his possession for her, he owned her body, mind, and soul. Gillian was his slave, his possession, and his lover. Their interaction or ritual did not change. Gillian spoke when completely alone in his presence, only in the third person, as his bitch in heat, his cunt to use, and called him her Master. She got down daily in front of him to the ground with her hands in front of her, her head touching the floor, to submit, saying that as his slave she only existed to provide him pleasure. She never stepped out of line without any arguments

While they had differences in many things, she accepted his views and acted accordingly without any malice. László sometimes yielded on some little things, which to him didn't make much difference, to make her feel better. They had harmony, and outside of their relationship, none would ever have thought of the intensity or the actual reality of their relationship based upon a Master and slave. Everything was kept private.

Gillian was introduced to Rose and some of his friends. Everyone who met her was amazed at what an intelligent, beautiful, attractive, sexy woman she was. Gillian's eyes sparkled with a deep devotion whenever she rested her eyes on László.

Gillian made a very steamy recording on his answering machine that was full of sexual innuendo. It was so funny that when people heard it, they told their friends to call. László had to change his phone number soon after that. And a standard message was recorded. Gillian was never ashamed of their sexuality or of her sultriness when they were together.

In their privacy, she knew him well, his every movement, and anticipated his desires and needs. He didn't have to ask for a blowjob. She sensed it and gladly provided her mouth for his cum, her favourite daily treat. Gillian was pantiless in his presence in skirts, her legs were always spread, and now she was shaved. Even when she wore jeans, she was without panties. She only wore panties when she was in public without him. She was game and available for sexual acts, no matter how kinky or bizarre. They fucked in public at Toronto Island, at the Zoo, which was a blast to disappear behind the bushes for a quick one, in and top of his car, even in the elevator, she gave him a blow job, in a taxi, she loved the spontaneous interaction.

Never embarrassed about László's sexual demands, she was the facilitator, to make it happen, to please her reason to exist. If he wanted to see her pee or pee on command, she did. Nothing ever repulsed her, as she

trusted him unconditionally, and she knew that László respected her limits to scat, blood, and no physical pain.

Sometimes her nipples and clit hurt after sessions that lasted for many hours or all-nighters when he got carried away a bit with his mouth, biting or was sore from certain positions or from being tied up. László never struck her out of anger or with force. She knew that his cock hurt too, and sometimes went to work with only a few hours of sleep. He sometimes spanked her playfully on her arse cheeks but not with any force.

She loved that he was romantic, brought her flowers and European chocolates that she loved, that he wrote poems for her, and painted paintings for her. He bought her sexy yet not overstated quality clothing and sexy shoes. He took her out to eat. They even cooked together either at her or his place. She loved it when he poured Tokaji wine all over her and licked it off. She loved being his dessert! She was thrilled to belong to László, as his property, as his slave, as his woman, as his lover. It was out of this world and never had anyone like László in her life. She was extremely proud of her Master. Time flew, and now she was released from her bankruptcy. WOW! No more debt! But now she had to face one distressing decision: Johnny.

She tried, packed up his belongings, hers, and sold off a lot of her unneeded furniture. But on Friday, when she was to take her son to his grandparents, she could not do it. She went over to László's place. Gillian had a key like László had one for her place. She called him at work and asked him to go to his place after work. When he showed up, threw herself on the floor, in front of him crying. She said to László that she had failed him. She understood it was over, but he had to understand she could not do it; give up her son. She would never see him and would wonder whatever happened to him. She was devastated because she knew László well enough by now that when he made a promise and went through with it, he also expected others to keep their promises. And when that was not the case, he terminated the relationship.

László wasn't as upset as she thought he might have been. He loved Gillian, and he understood what she was going through, and deep down he also knew that she probably would never go through with it. But he also knew that now he would never marry her. The relationship shifted in a different direction, and the dynamics changed totally. She could remain his property as a sexually subservient concubine, and nothing else. He lifted her up and gave her a hug. He was upset a bit, but he wanted to calm her down. He explained it was always her choice to do it or not. If this was her decision, she would have to live with it. They could spend time together, but starting from this minute forward, the dynamics of their relationship would change forever on that dreadful day for both of them in 1988.

It will be a Master and slave relationship based upon her sexual

submission. If she doesn't like the change, she could put his key on the desk, and he could have her key back to her apartment. Then they will be through and will never see each other. Furthermore, he will no longer support her economically, and she could not use his name to earn money. She would have to find a job and had to do it all on her own. He had already helped her through bankruptcy in very creative ways. Some were questionable legally, but he did it as he had believed in her and the sincerity of their relationship.

He loved her, but if he supported her, he essentially bankrolled her ex-Nick, aiding the bastard in avoiding his parental responsibilities. He never paid his support payments on time despite he was well off. He figured that letting Gillian's new boyfriend pay, and he left because of him, would be a win-win for Nick. Nick still pulled the strings, and she would never be able to have a relationship with anyone. (Unfortunately, this was the case, and after László left the relationship, she had to face all kinds of difficulties alone). László calmly, without being upset, explained all this and more to Gillian.

Gillian understood what László was saying. Yes, it hurt her that she had disappointed László. The one person she never wanted to. She loved him and somehow wanted to be with him if they could find a way.

László once again calmly stated they could remain, Master and slave until he would find himself a suitable woman whom he wanted to marry. Only then would he leave her. He would never allow Nick and his antics to interfere in his life. Unfortunately, he knew by now that Nick would.

Gillian had to go to Court to fight her ex. To ask the Court to order Nick to pay his child support payments. Not only increased but to have it garnished if he didn't pay as required. László would not pay for someone else's child. He would take the leftover money she had made under his name from his account in cash and give it to her on the next banking day.

Gillian started to cry, as she did not want to lose László and knew she was in a bad situation: truly between a rock and a hard place. She had lost either way. The choices Gillian faced were between two unsatisfactory options. If she gave up little Johnny, that would haunt her perhaps for the rest of her life, and by giving up László, that would hurt as much, maybe not for a lifetime, but in so many ways, she would miss him. Nobody had ever made her feel as László had. He set such a high standard for her that no one could ever come close.

Gillian now understood so much better what László had gone through with Anikó when she had betrayed him the first time. And again, she was amazed that László had kept his cool and was not really upset with her. She understood that László cared for her very deeply. Gillian also understood that László had understood her reasoning, but now she had to deal with the consequences. László's actions were logical, and he had to do what he had.

She just hoped that in time, perhaps, get him to change his mind. But deep down, she also knew by now László would not change his mind. For her, it was worth the effort, a slight glimmer of hope, because he hadn't thrown her out right away.

László hugged her and tried to make her feel better, even to his detriment. László kept on hugging her, softly kissing her tears, then got up to get some Kleenex, helped her blow her sexy-looking nose with tenderness, and kept hugging her to calm her down. She looked like hell. Gillian was emotionally and physically spent.

He made some hot tea for her, and when she finished it, offered to drive her home and stay with her for the night to calm her down, as she was shaking uncontrollably from her emotional frenzy. She could not even walk. He carried her in his arms down to his car and drove her home. She had a babysitter there, and Johnny was already in bed. He told the sitter to go home; Gillian would take care of the bill the next day. The babysitter was used to the fact that sometimes she got paid the following day.

László made her a nice soothing bubble bath with her favourite fragrance. Then undressed and bathed her, dried her off slowly, and carried her to bed. He got undressed and laid down beside her as she fell asleep, totally exhausted in his arms. He dozed off. He awoke feeling and seeing Gillian sucking on his cock, and he looked at his watch. It was nearly five-thirty in the morning, and for a second, thought it was time to go to work, but realized it was Saturday.

Gillian stopped for a second and thanked her Master for having been so kind to her and had taken such good care of his property. He pushed her head back onto his erect cock, and tried to go back to sleep. He was very exhausted. Gillian got his cum, and licked his cock nonstop until he awoke again at around seven. The bedroom door was locked, but he heard Johnny trying to open it. He indicated quietly to Gillian to stop adoring his cock, and to look after him. Nick was to come around nine to pick Johnny up. He was hoping the bastard would come on time, once. Nick's black Mercedes pulled up to the curb late, at 9:30 a.m., and Johnny would be back by 6 p.m., on Sunday evening.

Gillian cleaned herself up and returned to her Master. She was refreshed and very grateful. László indicated now she would be punished, as a reminder that she would always only be his slave. She would be tattooed with his initials just above her vulva. It would hurt, but she would have to bear it. Considering what had happened, he should have whipped her senseless, ripping her back and buttocks open, and turned her into a bloody mess. She had deserved it. Gillian had broken her promise. How could she obey him and follow his order if she could not?

Yes, it was a tough choice. He was very disappointed by her choice. This affected all of their lives now forever. This was not about jealousy for

picking her son over him. It was about her word. She was the one who had initially offered to do it, and he had supported and helped her through everything. He had fallen in love with her. He was not sorry that he had helped or even fallen in love with her. They had both deserved some happiness.

He was regretful that they could not evolve into a bonding relationship, and she had failed by not taking her next step. How could they talk now of any future together when there was none. Nick would never change, would pull and rattle her chains to fit his sardonic ways, and she would never be free. This had been her only chance to free herself, to be what she always wanted. She now had to serve several people instead of one; Nick, her kid, and him. There was no point in discussing this and again giving up Johnny. Gillian would never break her ties she could not do it now while he was still very young

That would have been the best solution to this awful and tragic situation. Gillian might or might not believe it, but he understood and even supported instinctively her decision. However, he could not sacrifice his own wants and life because as much he had suppressed his own antagonism against that little fucking bastard Nick, one day he would lose it. She had better pray that nobody would be around when he did because he would kill the bastard! He really didn't want to go to jail because of Nick. Therefore, he could only be with her until László reached that stage. He could only be pushed so far, and the little fucker would destroy their relationship and make her life as miserable as he could. Gillian knew László was talking from his heart. He wasn't kidding. She snuggled up to him, her arms around him and calmed him down. She picked up his hands one by one and placed his right hand between her thighs, guiding him toward her moist inner lips, and pushed his fingers deep into her vagina, took his left hand placed it over her heart, and softly murmured in a barely audible voice.

“Master, this bitch loves and thanks you for understanding his weak bitch. She would wear his tattoo with pride as long as she lived. No one would ever own her. Her Master could be married, and this bitch would always be his to give him pleasure.”

Their relationship was not as close as it was before, László was different. He was still very supportive and romantic and Gillian was madly in love with him. It was just different, they had no future.

During the summer of 1989 Gillian and László travelled to Montréal to see the Formula 1 Grand Prix, and to the Hungarian F1, near Budapest. Furthermore, to visit some places in Slovakia and Austria to help László with his ancestry research. She had to cut short her European vacation the day before they left for Europe, as Nick had yanked her chains. Instead of Nick taking Johnny for three weeks, as had been arranged before the trip, he

renege. Now it was only for two weeks. László was livid, and Gillian had to hold him back so he would not harm Nick. It had cost László another three hundred dollars to change the airline tickets to suit the bastard. Nick, of course, had done it on purpose!

Nick wanted to get even with Gillian and László. He suspected László was behind Gillian's petition at the Court, and he eventually had to bring in revised financial records and tax papers. The Court ordered him to double his support payments.

Gillian got an excellent and secure position in her field. She helped László with his research and corrected his English grammar for the book he was working on. She bought a PC with an Intel 286 processor, 512K memory, a 20 MB hard drive, a floppy drive, an amber monochromatic monitor, and a Fujitsu dot-matrix printer. It was over at László's place, where he could work on his project in peace without being disturbed by Johnny.

In 1989 László, bought another car, a used 1982 black Buick Riviera with a sunroof, for cash and gave his reliable used Cutlass to Gillian to drive. She was driving it anyhow most of the time. He worked downtown on a large 40-plus-tall condominium building and did not require a car to go to work unless he had to go up to the warehouse where the granite was stored. He used a company truck when and if the need arose. His salary increased to \$36,000. He was promoted from construction coordinator to assistant superintendent, dealing with as many as one hundred tradesmen on site.

He was offered another position, making \$40,000 at the north end of the city. He used his Riviera to commute. He only worked there for three months, as he was offered another position for \$50,000 at an \$82 million dollar office and condo complex. To work here, he could walk to work again or take the subway. The bonus was that Gillian worked nearby. They could meet most days for lunch. They maintained the Master and slave relationship, but her love for László did not change.

In February 1990, on Valentine's Day, they spent time in New York together. Later in May, in Washington DC, it was a very pleasant trip for both of them, and it was their last one. Gillian knew that now he was actively looking for a wife. It broke her heart that it would never be her. In September, after his birthday get-together, she had offered to get pregnant and have a child with László to keep him out of her desperation. All she achieved by that was László never had intercourse with her again.

László went off on a different tangent altogether, which made Rose happy. He placed personal ads in the Hungarian newspapers in North America, as well as in Hungary, in the Women's Magazine. László had

hundreds of replies. Rose wanted, by now, for László at least to get married, even if he didn't want any kids.

Gillian also bought an apartment unit in a house with a friend. László helped with her moving and renovating the apartment. It took a while to get her credit back, but with an excellent position at work, she made good money. And by having lunch with László and dinners who always paid, she saved quite a few dollars toward her down payment. Additionally, Gillian's mother helped her out.

Rose loved Gillian very much and even liked Johnny, even though they had communication problems due to her lack of English. She loved Gillian because she felt Gillian's love for László, her son. Rose always told László to marry her. You will never find such a bright, loving woman. (This observation was correct once Rose died and László married a Hungarian girl, her prediction became true. No other women loved László as much as Gillian.)

Johnny was a jealous little brat, he hated László with a passion, but once in a while he liked László. László wholly understood why he was that way. László had shown a lot of tolerance toward him and tried to be pleasant. He even built him a nice Christmas present, a Castle one year for his Playmobile knights. For the next Christmas, László made Johnny a western set with a small lake and mountain for his Playmobile Indians and Cowboys. He even built him a slot car racing layout to play with.

László had grown up in a torn family himself and he could relate to him. That was also the reason why he could not be with Gillian. Ever since Gillian had offered to have a child with him, it made him think, what if she goes through with it behind his back, and stops taking the pill. She would get pregnant and would keep the baby. He was not into wearing rubbers and hated the feeling of latex versus the inside of a woman. For him, it was either bareback, or no sex.

László did not want any future child of his to have a stepbrother who would be dreadfully jealous and mean to his child. He explained this to Gillian several times. Of course, Gillian was biased, not her little angel Johnny! He was no angel. Johnny was a cunning and mean little kid who had learned to manipulate his mother with lots of help from his father, Nick. Gillian sometimes truly wished she would have given him up years ago, but now it was too late.

Gillian was amazed at the number of replies László got from Hungary. She looked through the replies and asked László to translate their contents. Gillian picked out the ones he should date or get involved with. She said it was her woman's intuition, knew László so well. Importantly desired to see

László happy despite her own misery! Of course, László did not agree with all her choices, but she was correct with one of them. László picked the one Gillian selected as her first choice and flew off in the summer of 1990 to Hungary to meet her and an alternative one.

Gillian picked him up at the airport and was happy when nothing had developed. László kept up correspondence with one and flew off to see her again the following year in 1991. However, just before he flew off, he was laid off from work. Construction in Toronto, especially office towers and condominiums, just stopped. The construction cycle crashed due to many reasons. The main one was the bickering of City Hall and the Municipal Board in issuing construction permits to developers. The bickering lasted for years and decimated many good companies.

László went to his lawyer and sued for wrongful termination. He had a letter of employment contract in which it was recognized that when he was invited over from another company to join this one, he was concerned about job layoffs. It stated that he would be reassigned to another project upon completion of the one he had worked on. Also, he was not given sufficient notice. It was given right before he left on vacation. He eventually settled for six months' pay, out of Court.

Again his UIC payments were deducted. Unfortunately, he also had to pay a portion of his lawyer's fees, as they would only pay fifty percent. Since construction city-wide was down, this was the best he could get. He ended up with \$10,000 in cash. That was better than the two weeks' pay that he had gotten initially. But the \$10,000 did not go as far as it had in 1983!

His 1991 search for a wife adventure in Hungary almost ended successfully with Enikő the girl Gillian had picked out as the best candidate. Unfortunately, due to his unemployment, he could not sponsor her for a visit, which was truly sad. She was single, in her mid-20s, extremely bright, and well-educated, in fact, she had even won a scholarship for two years in the USA, and she spoke perfect English. Enikő was very attractive and more importantly, submissive. But by the time László got a job that would have allowed him to sponsor her, she had gotten pregnant by somebody else, and that was that. Providence had not smiled on him.

By 1992, Gillian and László were very far apart. Since he wasn't even interested in being with her even as Master and slave, he had lost his sexual interest in her. They stopped having intercourse in September 1990, and after that oral sex a few times only, even though she wanted to be with him. Gillian then dated a real estate agent, but he never got into her pants. She was hoping that László would become jealous and return to her, but it did not work. László was not the jealous type, but he was very possessive and controlling. For some, it might be the same. For him jealousy was different.

Gillian then tried to lay a guilt trip on him that he was ruthless and he should be ashamed of himself as all he wanted was for her to dump her little angel, Johnny. She tried to justify to herself why their relationship failed. She forgot that László was done with her a long time ago, and he had told her back in 1988. Not to mention that she had offered to do that in the first place to hang onto László. In 1993 after László's mother died, she tried to warm up the relationship once again, but László was not interested. However, he helped her out with a cash donation of \$1,000 as he knew she had financial issues again.

They remained casual friends. László eventually got married in 1994. She was very optimistic that László would fail in his marriage and return to her. It was also very ironic when László sold his condominium and bought a house with his wife on the west end of the city, Gillian drove out to congratulate him about his house in September 1998. It was the last time they saw each other. Gillian came with Johnny to make sure there were no innuendos just in case his wife would be there, although she wasn't. Johnny, who was now just over 12, asked in front of Gillian, "László, why don't you marry my mom? She loves you very much! I don't mind, I'm more grown up now!"

Gillian blushed and told Johnny that László could not marry her. He was married to somebody else. László asked her briefly how she was doing? Gillian told him she was still working at the same place and would until she retired. However, she had lost her home. She had been audited by the Tax department. Gillian could not show adequate records for the research business that she ran on the side. Gillian had to sell it to pay off the fine. She lived now close to her workplace in an apartment. This time, László had nothing to do with the Tax Department.

After László moved back to Toronto from Phoenix in 2005, he would call her up on her birthdays at work for years, until her 65th when she retired. Wishing her all the best! Most of the time, his call went to her voicemail. Her sexy voice never changed, bringing back fond memories of her. Gillian made an unforgettable lifelong impression in his heart and soul. He kept her famous answering machine recording for sentimental reasons or because László could never forget his Gillian...

The story of Gillian concluded. It was tragic how two star-crossed lovers who were in sync so much could not find mutual happiness due to the actions of others.

VIII. Psycho bitches *Qu'est-ce que c'est?*

When László returned from Europe in 1991, he tried to get employment that would have given him enough income to make it possible to sponsor, Enikő his latest flame from Hungary. But that was not to be.

Rose could have helped, not by sponsoring, but by buying a ticket for her to come for a visit. Once here, she could have asked for refugee status, escaping from Hungary. She was well-educated and spoke fluent English. She was an English teacher at a University, this would have been possible. But Rose was still hung up on Gillian.

László got a job with a home builder and developer, owned by Hungarian Jews. He was hired as their Customer Service Manager at XX Development, to deal with homeowners warranty issues. He was familiar with construction and had handled all kinds of trades. In theory, it would have been a good job. Unfortunately, the owners had little scruples toward their customers who bought their homes, and even less toward their employees.

László would receive all the phone and written complaints, and his job was to schedule the trades to repair the deficiencies under the terms of the new home warranty. If the repairs were not made within a certain date, the homeowners had a chance to make formal complaints with the New Home Warranty Tribunal, which was run partially by the Provincial Government. The builder would receive a fine when enough fines accumulated, and they might lose their licence. However, all this was very toothless legislation at the time. Yes, they received paltry fines, not enough in László's opinion, to change the quality of the homes they built!

About half of the scheduled repairs were overruled by the company owners. Delayed for reasons such as the plumber could not visit the homeowner that day because he was doing an emergency repair at the owner's cousin's house! It was virtually impossible to have satisfactory repairs performed on time. People were cursing at László on the phone. Of course, they had every right to do so. They took time off from work and waited in vain, no repairman. While László understood their attitude, he didn't take it personally. He went out of his way to help some, but his biggest issue was with the President who had hired him. Everything was verbal. Eugene refused to put anything in writing about the terms of his employment.

Since László was desperate to get a reasonably paying job, he had accepted it. It was over \$300 less per week than László had made: from \$50,000 plus benefits, worked for \$36,000 with no benefits. However, when he received his first pay cheque, instead of \$692 gross per week, he only

received \$492 gross per week, \$200 less per week than what they had agreed upon, and in reality, he was only paid \$25,582 per year!

László went to Eugene, the President, and asked what was going on. Eugene told László it was an accounting mistake. Nothing to worry about, and he would take care of it. His next pay cheque would have the correct amount and his back pay. Of course, the old bastard was lying through his false teeth! When the next pay cheque was issued, it was still for the same amount, not for what he had agreed to work and no back pay. When he went to Eugene's office to complain, the old bastard was in Florida. He would be back in two weeks. Eugene had to approve when László complained to accounting that he was short-paid. Two weeks went by, and when the old slimy bastard returned, Eugene played innocent.

"I've told accounting to adjust your pay. Why didn't they do it? I will speak to them once again."

Two weeks passed, and the wrong amount was on his pay cheque. László could see that the old bastard was swindling him. Since László had no written confirmation of employment, he could not take legal action. Instead, he decided to get even with the bastard. Every time he got a complaint that the tradesmen didn't show up because he was diverted someplace else, he gave the old bastard's direct phone number. László told the homebuyers to yell at Eugene, and not say who had given them his direct number.

László sat back and watched the fireworks! The old bastard and his wife ran the place like a concentration camp and were overwhelmed with phone calls! It was hilarious to see the old bitch yelling to her husband in Hungarian,

"I cannot deal with all these calls. How in the hell have these fucking jerks (the homebuyers) got the number?"

Karma can be a bitch, mother fuckers!

When László received his next pay cheque, of course, it was short. He left the office to cash it in. He called Eugene on the phone, told him he quit, and hoped he would rot in hell! He screwed him out of over \$1,600 during his eight weeks of employment.

He applied for UIC and was accepted with eight weeks of penalty, only until September, because he had quit his job with the developer. In the meantime, László helped out his former boss, who had his own little general contractor business with smaller constriction projects for \$15 cash per hour.

He could do most of the paperwork from home on the computer he had bought. He had purchased an Intel 386 PC with 2MB memory, a 40MB hard drive, a 15" VGA monitor, and a laser printer. It was a very tough struggle to keep himself above water. His rent went up to \$950 per month for his little bachelor's apartment, but he managed to negotiate down to \$850 per month

since he was an old tenant. When his UIC ran out, it was almost impossible to pay his rent. He ended up working at Black's Camera as a salesperson. He knew a lot about 35mm cameras and photography. His wage was slightly above the minimum, with a two percent commission on whatever he sold. It was not exactly an incentive to sell a \$400 camera or lens combo for László to get an additional \$8 minus taxes! László quit that and worked at The Bay (a large department chain also known as The Hudson's Bay Company) at one of their counters, selling telephones and the latest fad, "cell phones" the brick-sized ones, that were very expensive.

He was paid a dollar more per hour than at Black's, with a slightly better commission. More but not enough, and he worked at Pizza Pizza, taking orders over the phone. He had to work from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. The only good thing was that the order center was less than sixty metres from his apartment. He worked through Christmas Eve as well as 1992 New Year's.

In early January 1992, he broke the same foot that he had when GT left him for good. He was able to go on worker's compensation for two months. It was during this time that he contacted Enikő, as he was hoping to see if they could try again. She would have been interested if she had not become pregnant, so that was that. The girl he liked a lot, but Rose refused to help him. His mother was punishing him for breaking up with Gillian. Now Rose felt sorry for him, but it was too late. She should have helped him with Enikő when he returned from Hungary in the summer of 1991.

Rose had a bit of money stashed away under her mattress. She was very frugal, plus while László was working in construction making good money, he always bought groceries since he ate there sometimes and gave her an additional hundred dollars a month to spend on whatever she wanted. She saved it, but László was unaware of this.

To make it up to László, she saw an ad in the Hungarian Women's Magazine that was available at Hungarian delicatessens in Toronto. She replied to it as she thought in her mind, the advertiser would be good for László. She invited the girl Mary and paid for her tickets. That was one huge mistake! As Mary was far from the ideal, Rose thought she would be. Mary was a gold-digging little whoring bitch. Of course, she had come, it was a free trip and she had been invited by Rose.

In the meantime, László's Buick was broken into. The thief noticed it sat in the garage a lot and didn't move much. The thief broke into the Buick to steal his expensive one thousand dollar Blaupunkt car stereo that he had received from Gillian when he had purchased the Buick. The radio was very well installed to get it out. The thief destroyed the Buick's dash. As it was an older car with so much damage, the insurance wrote the Buick off. It was the worst timing. László just got a position with a courier to pick up and deliver data to be processed. He needed a car. He only had \$600 to spend, as the insurance had taken their time: they had ninety days to settle. Rose could

have helped but did not. He ended up buying a little junk of a car for the time being, a 1985 Hyundai Excel, it was \$500, with a four-speed manual, and a paltry four-banger, but got good gas mileage. He transferred the insurance on it from the Buick.

Mary arrived just two weeks after he got the Hyundai Excel. Mary and László did not get along. She was a phoney, László saw through her right away. They had nothing in common, apart from the ability to communicate in Hungarian. She was about five feet three inches, and while she had blue eyes and was a natural blonde, she was far from attractive or even sexy. Her idea of sex was to spread her legs on her back, and that was it. She lay there like a turd. The only thing she did was shave her blonde fur off between her legs.

Everything in Toronto to her was boring. The Eaton Center, Toronto's prime shopping center was full of high-class boutiques and expensive stores at the time. In her opinion, they were second-rate to the one in her little town. She was a conniving whore without any appreciation for anything. László informed Rose that he was upset with her for having brought this bitch out and having spent nine hundred dollars for her ticket.

László had had enough. He went to Malév's Toronto office and changed her ticket to the next available flight to return her to Hungary. She was lazy and even refused to cook. László worked as a courier, all she did was watch TV and smoke. László hated smokers! She had also rummaged through his stuff and stole anything of quality that was small and would not be noticed right away. However, the day before she was about to return to Hungary, László got home early due to Providence. He had this feeling to rush home, something was not right! He noticed what was going on. Mary was away at the Post Office. She had mailed a package back to Hungary with items she had stolen from László. He called Rose and told her to get over there right away. Rose rushed over and could not believe it, but he showed her some evidence. Mary got back too. She was surprised and denied everything.

László then told her to open her luggage. Among her clothing were all kinds of items that belonged to László. László then opened her handbag that she had with her. There was a post office receipt for a ten-kilo package she had sent to Hungary with stamps ripped out of his stamp albums. László wanted to break her arms in his rage, but Rose held him down!

He turned upside down both of her suitcases, to separate his belongings from hers. The little bitch had stolen CDs, stamps from his treasured stamp collection, cars from his 1:43 scale model car collection, several bottles of Tokaji Aszú 5 Puttonyos, and even the rarer 6 Puttonyos that cost \$100 per bottle. In addition, she had stolen several of his expensive Ralph Lauren sweaters and a bottle of Cartier cologne from the box. Mary even tried to steal one of his unframed paintings. She had cut it down to fit her luggage. She took the bottles of wine out of their special gift packaging that they had originally come in, sealed the packages, and did the same with

the Cartier cologne that Gillian had bought him for his birthday. It was unbelievable just how much she had gathered. Several thousands of dollars worth of his belongings. Rose had to stay over and watch her because László would have gone medieval, he would have hurt her physically and would have broken every finger of hers with a hammer.

The next morning he escorted her to the Hyundai, drove her to the airport, threw her and her luggage on the terminal's sidewalk, and drove off. Rose was still in his apartment crying, emotionally stressed out. László was livid with her and told Rose that she was the one who had invited this whore out! When he had needed her help with Enikő she had refused! Enikő was a classy girl unlike this miserable cunt! Never again was she to meddle or interfere in his life!

Finally, the insurance settled on his Buick and they paid \$1300. László started to look for another car that was economical and of quality. He chose a new 1992 Saturn SL four-door sedan. It was the first year Saturn was available in Canada. He didn't have enough money to buy one outright instead leased one with the option to buy it from GMAC. He could write off most of the lease on his taxes since the car was used for business. The Saturn was his first new car. It had an AM-FM stereo radio with a cassette player. The only option he got was the four-speed automatic. He liked that it was comfortable, had good zip for its size, was cheap on gas, and had a three-year warranty!! He got tired of supporting his mechanic, who had repaired his previous cars. He even got \$200 for the Hyundai Excel. For the immediate future, all he wanted was to find a semi-decent job and be left alone.

Gillian still had some ideas that he would return to her. He had spent Thanksgiving at her place. She had invited him for dinner, and while he had slept over, she had wanted some of their former sexual passion again, a very tempting proposition, but he was not interested. As he was afraid she would get pregnant.

On Christmas Eve, he was with his mother, and on New Year's Eve. After that, he walked home. This was his last Christmas with Rose, but neither of them knew that at the time.

He had lined up a couple of interviews just after the new year but without much luck. In February, Gillian and László celebrated her birthday over a quiet dinner at his place. The following day, he got an interview with a foreign bank.

László was hired. Banks usually pay poorly for clerical-level staff. He knew this since he, his mother, and his friend Attila had worked for banks. However, banks had superior benefits, excellent dental, short and long-term disability coverage, and preferred rates for loans to buy a car or get a mortgage. László had a chance to work toward a Purchasing Manager's designation. He already had his computer sciences and business

administration papers and combined with purchasing, he might be able to advance.

László started on the first day of March of 1993. Numerically, 1 for the day and 3 for the month read as thirteen. His favourite number is just another coincidence. His salary of \$24,000 was a pittance compared to what he used to make in construction management. László was willing to start on the bottom to re-invent himself once again. He was intelligent, and he would rise. He rose while in fabrication when that collapsed. Next was construction, and when that collapsed, let's try the banking sector. Maybe Providence had stepped in. After working for three months, László qualified for all benefits. That was very good and just in time, as Rose became very seriously ill just after Easter.

She was glad László now had a good job and prospects for a better future. Her health turned worse. Rose didn't want to go to the hospital to find out what was wrong with her. She knew something was drastically wrong, but she wanted to die at home, in her comfortable little apartment where she had now lived for 13 years.

Her stubbornness to be diagnosed put a lot of pressure on László. Luckily, since he had to run around on behalf of the bank, he could check on his mother even during the day to help her as much as he could. Before he left work, he would go over; he helped her go to the bathroom and made something for her to eat, although she hardly did. At noon, he would go to see her, help her to the bathroom, feed her a bit of soup, and then after work, he went straight there to look after her. It was exhausting, helping his heavy mother and washing her with towels. He would cook something and try to feed her, do her laundry, and then stay with her to help her. He stayed late and usually went home to his apartment around 10 p.m., or later. He would take a shower and would collapse in his bed, only to do it all over again every day. He also had to perform his job well at the bank to pass his probation. He lost weight himself and looked half dead after two months.

No matter how much he begged his mother, Rose, to let him take her to the hospital, she refused. Finally, after another two weeks, she agreed. He took her to Central Hospital, where several Hungarian-speaking doctors and nurses worked. It was also the same hospital where his Uncle Joe had been operated on after his car accident many years earlier.

The diagnosis was terminal cancer of the pancreas. If they operated on Rose, maybe she would live for another three months, and she would then have to stay in a long-term facility.

Rose refused the operations; she wanted to die. She was in major pain and was sedated heavily, but once in a while, she would come out of her daze when László was there. She had told László to let her die. László was asked, as her next of kin, if he would approve the operations, as Rose was not herself. He told the doctor in charge that he supported his mother's wishes. Let her pass away in peace. Do not try to extend her days. He visited her

every day after work. One day, he received a call from the hospital; he needed to come immediately. He got excused from work and went directly to the hospital, but her mother's bed was empty. She had died in the morning. He picked up her few belongings and noted that from her purse, the twenty dollar bill he had left with her in case she needed something, she could buy it. It was missing. He went to the doctor and told him just how disappointed he was. First, they had called him late, and then someone stole the \$20! Furthermore, he wanted to see her dead body to say goodbye to her. He was taken down to the morgue in the basement. He wept when he saw her. He was now completely alone and very distraught. He had to make arrangements to have her body cremated. She had wanted to be buried in Hungary, and now he had taken her ashes there.

Luckily, at the time when he had taken his mother to the hospital, he had passed his three-month probation period. He was now entitled to all the benefits and in case of family death, three paid days off. He went in the following day and told his boss, the VP, that his mother had died and he had to take the three days off. He was granted the leave.

László now felt very much alone. He called up Gillian, and she rushed over with some flowers to show her condolences. She had liked Rose a lot and had high hopes that László would change his mind. Somehow, they could get their lives together again. László was extremely stressed out. This was not the time to think about reconciliation with her. However, she knew a psychiatrist who could help him in this time of stress. The psychiatrist could get a short-term disability for László to clear his mind and get over having to bury his mother in Hungary.

He made an appointment right away and told the doctor that it was urgent due to a death. He saw him the next day. He wrote László a letter to take him to work. He would be under treatment until further notice. The bank placed László on short-term disability with one hundred percent pay for three months. After that, his long-term disability kicked in at eighty percent.

László had a chance to make arrangements for the cremation and clear out his mother's apartment. When he had their last talk, she had told him to look into the big ceramic vase on her table and to check on all the lottery tickets she had purchased. Now he looked at this big vase why was it so important for Rose to say to him with her dying breath? This was where she had kept all the money that she saved for him, \$22,130, cash.

László also checked all the tickets piled up against a list of the winning numbers over the past year. None of them matched with the exception of one. She had matched five numbers, and the bonus for the draw was just after Easter. It wasn't first prize but the second prize, and could be worth up to \$250,000 or even more. He could not believe it. His mother had a winning ticket and never told him, except in her last moment. He went to the lottery office, validated the ticket, and was given a cheque for \$63,800.

The second prize was split between four winners, and he was one of the four. He filed for her life insurance that she had had with the bank. It was for \$10,000. He also filed for the death benefit of \$2,000 that the government paid to the next of kin.

The cremation cost him just over \$1,400. The funeral home staff tried to talk László into an expensive casket. But since they burned the body during cremation, He elected the least expensive, the same with the urn. László figured he would use the money toward a hefty down payment to buy a condo or house of his own. His mother had always wanted to buy one, and now he could fulfill her desire in her memory.

While he was no longer with Gillian, she was in a financial bind again. Having a child was an expensive hobby! Gillian co-owned a small house with a friend. She lived upstairs, and they lived downstairs. László drove over there with a \$1,000 bill and gave it to her. No strings attached. He still cared about Gillian, and he wanted to help her out. At first, she didn't want to accept it, but László insisted, take the money, there were no strings attached. Finally, she took it. Next was GMAC. He decided to buy his Saturn. He had to pay two months of his lease as a penalty, but now he owned it outright, and his insurance costs dropped as a result.

Interestingly enough, László was still getting letters now and then from his ad in the Women's Magazine that he had placed two years ago. The Magazine was in libraries and hair salons. Circulated to areas outside of Hungary with a Hungarian minority, including places that once were Hungarian territory. He received a warm and kind letter from Lisa, a young woman who was 26. She was average-looking, about 5 feet 2 inches, slim, a non-smoker, had no kids, and was interested in finding an intelligent husband.

László was emotionally down, and he replied to her. Otherwise, it would have been unlikely. He wrote to Lisa that he would be in Budapest to bury his mother in a month. He would stay at his godmother's place. It was up to her to meet him there. He was not promising anything. If they met and he found her suitable, perhaps he would buy her a ticket to travel with him to Toronto. Lisa had to understand that he was not looking for a typical wife but for someone who would submit to his kink and enjoy it. He was very upfront, and she should think about it. She needed a passport and as importantly, a medical report that she was not pregnant and that she didn't have AIDS or any sexual diseases and had to have been on the pill.

She wrote back to László right away that YES, she was interested. She had a passport, and it would be no big deal to leave Slovakia. She would take a bus and could meet him in Budapest. She would have her medical report. She was very submissive. She liked it when the male was in charge, and while she had little sexual experience, she was willing to do whatever he had in mind, no taboos. She was on the pill. She had no issues spending time

together, and she hoped she would please him!

He replied to Lisa with the date when he would be in Budapest. She needed to think about how she would submit to his needs. Writing about it and doing it were two different things. She should start by shaving off her pubic and all other hair, except her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair on her head. He liked his woman's body, hairless and smooth.

László flew off to Budapest with most of his mother's ashes. He kept some of her ashes in a small fine porcelain urn at home. He would not be going to Hungary often, if ever, after this.

He wanted a bit of his mother to stay with him. His father was dead, and now also his mother. While he had some cousins, etc., they were not exactly close, nor did he even know where several of them lived. His relationship with his half-sister was far from great. The last time he saw her was with Gillian when she was with him in Europe.

Now, back in Hungary, he had met with all the relatives he knew from his mother's side and his childhood friend Alex at the cemetery. The grave site held the remains of one of his uncles, maternal grandfather, grandmother, and his paternal grandfather. They lifted the lid off the grave, and he placed the plastic urn inside. The lid was placed back on the grave. Everyone there said their prayers while he took photos, and that was that. He then returned to his godmother's place. She had no longer lived in the brewery since the mid-1970s. Instead, in a three-bedroom apartment with a spacious living room in mid-town Budapest, right next to the Metro (subway).

László had a large separate room with a large double bed. He stayed at her apartment in this room, and she was used to seeing him with women. Gillian and Enikő had been among them when he had visited Budapest in the past years. He liked staying at her place as he had a lot of privacy.

The following day, he met Lisa at the bus station. She looked very close to the photos she had sent. They took a taxi to his godmother's place. Lisa was quite talkative with a friendly smile but was not a beauty. Once at his godmother, she was introduced to her, and he told his godmother that she would be staying with him for a while. László explained very clearly to Lisa, once again, but this time in his words, what he was all about and that she had to understand everything for him to get involved with her. The bathroom was connected to their room. He told Lisa to take a bath to freshen herself up, and then they would talk.

When she returned from the bathroom, she had a towel wrapped around her body that covered her smallish breasts and her vaginal area. She smiled and sat on the bed, her legs slightly apart. She wondered what was next. László sat next to her and asked for her medical screening results. She promptly stood up, went to her handbag, pulled some papers out, and found

the one she wanted and gave it to him. Then she sat down on the edge of the bed next to him. The report was in Slovak, but with help from her, he could decipher it. Her blood work was healthy. She was not pregnant and had no AIDS or any other sexual disease.

He asked Lisa to tell him in her own words that she understood what this was about her role and her sexual involvement. Lisa started by telling László that she had little sexual experience. She had had only one boyfriend with the same name as his, to whom she had lost her virginity when she was around 22. But they had broken up years ago. She also had to submit and have oral sex with her boss for her to get her clerical job. Although married, he wanted her to go to bed with him several times. She only had once, but he kept wanting more, and she quit her job. She lined up several interviews at other places, and to make herself the best for those interviews, she went to a hairdresser. While waiting, she read some magazines and saw his ad. She replied, and the rest was history.

Now, her future was up to László. She had no issues with being subservient to his sexual needs. She was a good cook and enjoyed domestic duties. She would marry if he wanted to marry her and dutifully have children if he wanted any. She wants to get out of dark communist Slovakia. It was not a good place to live if one had a Hungarian heritage.

László told her to stand in front of him and remove the towel. She did not hesitate to drop the towel to the floor to show that she had smooth, hairless skin. She was indeed shaved. Her breasts were small, somewhere between an A and B cup, with a slim waist and shapely hips that were not too skinny but not fat either. He reached out and told her to spread her legs wider and touched her between her labia. He inserted two of his fingers slowly, all the way up, and felt her warmth inside while he looked at her face to see if her expression changed. Her face winced for about a second as his fingers penetrated deeply, and her lips parted a bit, but she didn't make any sound as she lowered her eyes and stared at the floor. She looked very embarrassed.

László kept on fingering her a bit, stopped, pulled his fingers out, and told her to lick his fingers. She bent down and obediently licked his fingers until she was told to stop. Her nipples now rose slightly, but they were not fully erect. László then stood up with an obvious bulge in his pants and told her to undress him. She did.

He ordered Lisa to get on her knees and to please him orally. He would come in her mouth to see his cum on her tongue, and she had to swallow it when he told her to do so. She proceeded, very unsure of herself. It was obvious that she had lacked experience and needed a lot of instruction; how to manipulate his erect penis. She was not GT, Leena, or Gillian, who knew what to do.

She got the hang of it, and soon, she was sliding her lips back and forth around the head while holding the shaft and stroking it slowly with her hands. She made gurgling and choking sounds when he pushed his erect penis further into the back of her throat. He grabbed her head and moved her head with a slight force, faster, back and forth on his erection. Ignoring her gurgling sound, she will have to get used to this, to take his penis in all the way, and learn to breathe through her nose. When he was about to cum, he pulled his penis out and told her to open wide. He ejaculated into her mouth with some dripping off her upper lip. He told her to extend her tongue so he could see his cum, and then told her to swallow. Then she had to cleanse off the head and tip of his penis with her mouth by licking and sucking on it until he told her to stop. He had her suck and lick for a long time as his penis started getting soft.

When satisfied, he told her to get on the bed on her back with her head hanging over the edge. He stood over her, her head between his legs, and he told her to suck on his testicles one by one, gently. She obeyed and sucked each by taking them into her mouth slowly and carefully. After about a good twenty minutes, his erection returned.

When satisfied, he told her to get on the bed on her back with her head hanging over the edge. He stood over her, her head between his legs, and he told her to suck on his testicles one by one, gently. She obeyed and sucked each by taking them into her mouth slowly and carefully. After about a good twenty minutes, his erection returned.

He told her to stop and turn over. Lisa got on the bed face down and arse up. He got on his knees behind her and mounted her from behind. László pushed his shaft deep into her slippery, shimmering, drenched lubricant vagina. He started to thrust harder as he grabbed her by her hips and forced her to move in unison to his rhythm. Lisa needed to learn to fuck, to move her hips so he could ride her until he exploded deep inside her. She didn't have an orgasm, but he did not care. She was apprehensive and could not let go to relax and enjoy it.

If this had been Gillian or even Enikő, would have been much more enjoyable. Those moments now were only a distant memory. They flickered in his memory bank like an old worn-out celluloid film print that had faded and was scratched, yet still so vivid!

He pulled out his dripping penis and told Lisa to turn around and cleanse his head again with her mouth. He advised her that she was to from now on, without him saying to do it. Every time he withdrew his penis from her body; her mouth, her tongue, and lips served this purpose. She should also relax, go with the flow, and enjoy sexual passion. He was not interested in fucking a blow-up plastic doll! She could relax, he would continue testing her obedience in the morning. He laid back on the bed, placed his head on a pillow, and invited her to snuggle next to him. Lisa wondered if he was satisfied with her she felt very unsure of herself. László caressed her face

gently and said that it was a good start. She had a lot to learn, especially about passion. Soon, both fell asleep.

He woke early. He still wasn't used to the six-hour time difference. He looked at Lisa, who was still sleeping, and thought, could he wake up next to her every morning? László wasn't sure. There wasn't anything that captured his mind right away. She was not that attractive, nor had the presence, the sultry sexuality, or intellectual brilliance that he loved. She was just an ordinary girl. But now he was very lonely and distraught. Maybe she would do as a loyal and loving companion?

The only advantage when he compared her to anyone in Toronto was that she knew about Hungarian food. He wouldn't have to teach her about Hungarian cuisine. But was that worth it? He had to probe her emotions more to see how she was. Also, push her into areas that she was not experienced in. He wanted to see how she was during submission. He didn't want her if she could not yield.

He knew why Gillian was after him. They were great in bed and outside of it. For him, Gillian became the standard. She was the pinnacle in everything he desired in a woman, but Nick, that little bastard, had ruined it. László could almost put up with Johnny, but not with Nick pulling Gillian's chains. Since László was here now in Budapest, he had to push Lisa's boundaries, even if he would come across as mean, cruel, self-centred, cold bastard he could be, to see how she would progress.

He leaned over Lisa. She was still sleeping on her back, with the bedspread slipped halfway down the length of her body, which exposed her breasts and her belly button but covered her hips and legs. He pulled the bedspread down all the way. He was looking at her feet which were not the delicate type he liked. He liked pretty, delicate hands and feet, well kept by frequent manicures and pedicures.

He liked good hygiene. It was important to him that the female was clean, smelled good and appealing. To him, cleanliness, good hygiene, having soft tender skin, and looking after oneself were very sexy. It was a must.

He then looked at her vagina all looked different, the way the labia lips folded, their size and colour. He liked tiny inner lips, the labia minora when pinkish – the pink taco was one of his favourite foods. GT and Enikő had had beautiful ones. Small lips that opened up so nicely like fragile flowers, with a sweet fragrance and taste. Gillian had large inner lips that hung down. She always joked one day, she would fly off to Switzerland and come back with a designer vagina with small lips! Hers were somewhere between Enikő's and Gillian's, and it was pink. He didn't like darker shades. He moved his focus to her breasts and nipples. While they were small, at least she had a bit, and they did not sag. Her areola was about an inch and a half in diameter with tiny pinkish nipples, the type he liked. He hated the dark and large areola that some women had. That was a real turn-off for him, just like he could not

be with a Rubenesque, plump, just plain fat woman. As for large nipples, as far as he was concerned, they were only suitable for piercing. Looking at her face, it was just an ordinary face, nothing that would grab his attention. She had brown eyes. He liked blue, green, or hazel. She was not ugly. She was just plain. He reached over to spread her legs wider, to spread her outer and then her inner lips apart, looking for her clit, and started to rub it gently. He wanted to see what reaction he would get.

Lisa woke to the stimulation, opened her eyes, and muttered something that sounded like a good morning. She spread her legs wider and let out a couple of sighs. She certainly did not protest until he squeezed her clit hard and kept the pressure on it. Her breathing accelerated rapidly, and she let out a slight squeal sound that indicated pain and mentioned that it hurt.

László kept on squeezing harder. Now he felt her breathing getting quick, intermixed with moans of pain, and she even had a few teardrops sliding down her cheeks, but he kept squeezing. He wanted to see if she would grasp his hands and pull them away, but she didn't. She took it with her quiet moans. László told her to pinch her own nipples and pull them toward him to make them hard. Lisa followed his command, but she was in pain. Then he informed her, I will have you pierced, your nipples and clit. It will hurt, but you'll get used to it. He wanted to see her reaction or any type of protest against piercings, but there was none.

He could feel she was getting wet between her lips and kept the pressure on her clit. He was erect and let go of her clit, and entered her. She was well lubricated, and he rammed in all the way. He told her to let go of her nipples, to spread her legs wider and raise them so he could push her legs toward her breasts, press down on her to move her hips to his movement. He told her to relax, enjoy it, as he wanted to feel her cum. He would withdraw almost all the way to stimulate her vaginal opening more as he pushed his shaft back in with full force, telling her that she had to move faster. Finally, they were in sync, her moans started to get faster, and finally, he felt a slight spasm in her body. He kept fucking her harder and felt another slight spasm until he finally exploded in her. He pulled out his still-erect penis and moved toward her mouth. She gripped his erection and quickly pulled it inside her lips to suck and lick off his cum intermixed with her juices.

László informed Lisa that he would fuck her every morning before he went to work, during her menstruation cycle too. She would also be fucked at least once when he got home from work. So she would have been getting used to that, and he was telling her so she understood it now, while she could change her mind before they left for Toronto. He used the word "fuck" deliberately and not the words "making love to her." He didn't feel much fondness for her, nor had any thoughts that he could fall in love with her. If that were to happen, it would take a considerable amount of time.

Their relationship from day one was never based upon emotional or physical attraction. He understood Lisa wanted to get out of Slovakia, and for that, she was willing to be his subservient and sex toy. In Lisa's mind, it was better. At least, she would be in the West, perhaps a better life, even as his slave.

László wanted to test and see just how serious Lisa was about submitting and enduring humiliation, to see if she could tolerate it. Her level of submission would be the determining factor for László to take her back to Toronto. László told Lisa she would be tested in a very unusual way, it would be something totally different. For this, the bathtub would be necessary, and they proceeded to the bathroom. Lisa quietly indicated that she understood and appreciated that László was honest with her.

In the bathroom, he told her to get into the tub. Sit on the edge, face him, and pee in the tub. He asked Lisa if she ever peed in front of a man? She shook her head no.

She was embarrassed. He told her to spread her legs and spread her lips with her fingers so he could see her urethra and let it flow. She did, and her piss streamed out, hitting the inside bottom of the tub. It flowed slowly toward the drain of the tub. Once done, he told her to kneel in the tub and open her mouth wide. He stood close with his semi-erect penis in his hand and started to piss into her mouth.

She was very surprised and flinched a little bit. He commanded her to move her head closer and to swallow his urine as he was streaming into her mouth. She gulped some down while the access was flowing down from her mouth to her breasts and down to the rest of her body. He commanded her to swallow more. When he was done, he stepped closer and commanded her to suck and lick his penis until there were no more traces of his urine. He wanted to see how well she took humiliation, but he wasn't done yet.

He turned around, bent down a bit, and told her to spread his cheeks and start kissing his anus. He wanted to feel her lips and tongue and for her to insert her tongue into his anus, to rim it out. Lisa hesitated slightly but grabbed his cheeks and spread them to reveal his dark pink rosebud. She started to kiss and lick it with her tongue, inserting her tongue a bit, although not too deeply. He made her lick and kiss his anus for several minutes, which must have been an eternity for her.

By this time, he had a full erection. He stepped into the bathtub himself, grabbed the liquid soap bottle, and put some of the soap on his fingertips. Told her to turn around, facing away from him, bend over and grab her ankles. László reached for her arse cheeks, spread them, and lubricated her anus with the soap. He entered her anus very slowly, pushing in and out, slowly pumping her. She shrieked a bit, she had never had anal sex, and it hurt. He commanded her to be quiet and kept on until he came in her.

He pulled out and checked for any signs of blood or fecal matter. There was none. She had now been used in all of her three holes. Lisa had tears in her eyes and was about to cry, judging from her blushed face. He told her not to cry.

Now, both could wash themselves. Actually, she could wash him first, and then he would do the same. After using the warm water and the hand shower, both were clean. They stepped out and towelled each other off. They then went back to the bedroom and got dressed.

He asked Lisa how she felt. Lisa mentioned that she felt sore and embarrassed. She had never had anal sex, although she had heard from one of her girlfriends that it hurt, but it could be pleasurable in time. Lisa had never urinated in front of anybody, been urinated upon or swallowed any urine. She just hoped that it was not poisonous. László reassured her that it was not poisonous. She had never kissed or licked anybody's anus before. Between the three, she preferred to have anal sex. All were very humiliating, but she felt more humiliated licking his anus. Drinking his urine was in between, but she would rather do that than lick his anus. She had because she wanted to live up to his expectations.

László mentioned that she had basically passed his testing so far. All she had experienced last night and today would be part of her daily life. He had other kinks too: such as using ropes, handcuffs, and a riding crop. After breakfast, he would buy one, as he had seen a store in the neighbourhood where they sold riding gear, and he would demonstrate to her how. Now, he wanted an answer from her. Had she changed her mind, or could she accept his ways? Lisa looked at him, down toward the floor and quietly said, "Yes."

The day went by, and in the evening the riding crop was demonstrated on her bare arse, while she cried from the pain. It left a few crop marks. After the cropping, she pleased him orally and cleansed his penis without him telling her to do it. He asked after that if she still wanted the relationship. She said again, "Yes."

She would like to go with him to Toronto. After talking more about his kinks and about general life, Lisa concluded that it was worth a try. Since László had an open return ticket, he could match his to the one he would purchase for her. They went down to the airline office the next day, and he bought her a return ticket and had his adjusted for the same flight. They spent the next week in Budapest getting to know each other. The sex wasn't the greatest from László's perspective. She lacked experience, but she was willing to please, and when she lost some of her shyness, perhaps that would improve. They arrived in Toronto. She had never flown before. For Lisa, it was an interesting experience. So it was for him to explain to Immigration her visit. Immigration eventually let her into Canada after an hour-long questioning process, as she had a return ticket that could not be extended.

Lisa was a bit miffed with the Immigration people. According to her, she felt like she was in Slovakia, and they had tried to make her feel inferior with all kinds of questions. László made it very clear she was lucky that they had let her in. To let it go, that was their job.

They took a taxi to his apartment. She liked his apartment, and she felt at home instantly. The following day went shopping, and her eyes popped open at the available quantity, variety, and quality of food at the supermarket. It was certainly different from what she had been accustomed to in Slovakia. Upon their return, she cooked their meal quite well. At least she could cook better than fuck.

László liked Toronto, but she had preferred a smaller city or town. László mentioned to her this was it. He worked here, and he would be staying at this apartment for a while. He kept his plans about buying a house or a condo to himself.

László also reassured her that he had been a lot more meaner and was tougher on her in Budapest. He had wanted to test her will, and while he was kinky and could be humiliating, most of the time, a lot more relaxed and not as intense. He was not wild about anal, but the point was that she had to be prepared to do what and when he commanded. Their relationship was not conventional, and that was the reason why he had asked her so many times if she wanted to continue. It was important for her to obey and please him. For Lisa, that was the only way to get closer to László and make herself significant in his daily life. Lisa agreed and appreciated his honesty.

László took her to different spots in Toronto, from the islands where they had a quickie in public behind the bushes near the Gibraltar Point lighthouse., The CN tower and shopping centers give her an idea of what life would be like here. He was not as demanding to her as she thought he would be after Budapest. He wanted Lisa to be more relaxed, not so uptight. After about two weeks, she started to complain. Toronto was just too big and noisy and brought up the immigration people once again.

László sensed that Lisa had a serious inferiority complex due to her heritage. Being a Hungarian in Slovakia, she had faced a lot of discrimination. Most Slovaks didn't like Hungarians. They tried to decimate any Hungarian culture and heritage. Slovakia was a province of Hungary for over 1,000 years, and now they are trying to rewrite history.

He asked her why she felt so inferior? This was not Slovakia, and besides that, people could only make you feel inferior if she let them. She should be proud that she had a rich cultural heritage, unlike those who tried to rewrite history. Anyway, she had better cheer up and enjoy her opportunity as this was a rare once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to change her life. If she didn't work out, he was not playing around she would return. He would only be willing to take steps to sponsor her, only if he felt that she was

100 percent right for him and in all of his ways. And, at this point, he was not exactly convinced.

László knew and mentioned to Lisa, even back in Budapest, that he understood she was mostly doing this to get out of Slovakia. However, many wanted to get out. He was not interested in helping her or anyone as a good Samaritan: he wasn't one.

To sponsor her, he had to marry her and at least be married for five years. That was a huge commitment. Lisa would have to sign an irrevocable agreement in which she gave up all rights to his assets, nor would she seek compensation or maintenance fees if he divorced her for any reason. He wanted a female who was interested in being with him, appreciated, and cared about him while submitting to all of his kinks. While László didn't seek a doormat, regardless of how it might look to her, especially now. He preferred an independent thinker who understood her place and at the same time, could enhance both of their lives. It was not an easy role but far from an impossible one, as he had had that before. It depended if she wanted to be the person he needed. It was up to her to show him.

Lisa had an emotional meltdown. She had thrown herself on the floor, rolled on the carpet, and cried loudly, sobbing, like a four-year-old throwing a temper tantrum. Lisa hated Toronto. It was too big, too foreign, and she didn't know if she could ever learn English. It was all too hard. But she didn't want to go back to Slovakia. She would do anything, have his children, didn't care if he would beat her up into a bloody mess, piss on her, shit on her, get her pierced anywhere she didn't care, just to be kept here. She knew she was not that attractive, her clothing was not sexy, and she would try harder to be his bitch, his whore, whatever. He could cage her up, keep her nude all day, just do not send her back! She would bark for her food and eat from a dog bowl. Begged "Please do not send her back to Slovakia."

Now, László was shocked. This was a woman so distressed to get out from where she had been she would do anything, not for his pleasure or having feelings for him, but out of sheer desperation. The last thing he wanted was a psycho-bitch. He let her have her temper tantrum and cool down. He had seen a lot and certainly had done a lot up to now in his own life. But he didn't want any additional headaches. He only wanted to enjoy his life, not have it made crazier. Lisa was not for him. Only a few more days and she would fly back.

He told Lisa she would have to go back. He could not marry her today. To sponsor her legally, he had to go through the steps legally. She had to calm down and realize it. He had never told her she could stay here immediately. He would go to immigration with her to get the papers and could fill them out together. (He would never mail it, that he never mentioned. He had to calm her down to get her away from him in one piece!) She would fly back to Europe, and when her paper was approved, she could

fly back and stay forever. He remained calm, although he felt like cropping her arse raw,, for acting like a four-year-old. Instead, he told her to have a nice bath with him and did so together.

After the bath, Lisa apologized as she realized her meltdown was counterproductive. Lisa tried to make it up to him by having an intense sex-filled night with him but noticed that László only would cum once, and despite her efforts of sucking and licking all night, he remained semi-flaccid. He told her that was the way it was sometimes. Stress didn't help.

The rest of the week went by quickly. They picked up the papers and filled them out (but he never did mail them in). That relaxed her, and László felt better. He was counting down the minutes for her departure. The blessed day for László arrived. She had her only suitcase packed. He drove her to the airport and parked. He was with her as she checked in, walked her to the door to enter the transit zone, hugged her, and wished her a good flight! Lisa disappeared behind the frosted doors. He let out a large sigh.

He never saw Lisa again. She called László a week after her return to Slovakia, which must have cost a lot, just as he was leaving to visit some distant kinfolk in North Carolina. She had told him that on her flight, she had met a guy from the USA who owned a bar in St. Louis and was looking for European females to work there.

According to the guy, she was attractive and sexy. Too bad for him (László) that he never told her that. In a few weeks, she would fly back to the USA. She could work there, and she would have a great life. Didn't need to submit to his kink or sign any documents. László told her to be careful, sounded like she would end up as a hooker in a brothel. She dismissed that thinking that László was just jealous.

In the spring of 1994, Lisa called him once from St. Louis, begging and crying for László to come down and rescue her. László had been right all along. She was prostituted out to service black guys. She had to give all the money that she earned daily to the bar owner, or else she got beaten, starved, and injected with something. She could not run away. She didn't speak any English, and her passport was locked away. She was so sorry that she had offended László in Toronto and hadn't listened to him. She would rather be his slave. She gave him the name of the bar.

László told Lisa sorry could not go down and take time off from work. St. Louis was a two-day drive, one way to start. She probably was injected with heroin, and now she more than likely had drug addiction with all kinds of sexual diseases that would require expensive treatment. More importantly, she would not be let into Canada without a passport and a visa, even if he could pick her up. The only thing he would do for her was to notify her parents to see if they would contact the police and the Slovak Embassy for any help. That he did.

IX. Without sunglasses, thank you!

In mid-August, László drove to North Carolina to visit a very distant family relative. It was more like belonging to the same clan, in this case, members of a different branch somewhere in the Middle Ages, had originated from the same roots.

He had visited them before with another distant relative, Ivan, who was a bit closer to that particular lineage. László and Ivan had discovered their distant roots while László had lived in Guelph. Slowly, they became close friends. Ivan moved to Toronto, and so did László. Apart from sharing their last name, they also shared interests in photography and the arts. They had very similar personalities, with a few exceptions. Ivan liked to drink and smoke. He actually had a drinking issue, and when he got drunk, he was very belligerent and sarcastic. When he was sober, he was a gentleman.

László stayed in North Carolina for a week to clear his mind from the past several months of a continuous emotional whirlwind and to recharge his batteries. It was good for him to rethink and re-adjust his focus. He realized that he couldn't be a lone moose and maybe should get married to someone with whom he would get along.

Perhaps he even forgets his previous lifestyle choices and gets married, but not just to anyone. His future bride could not have any children or be a psycho-bitch. He has been there and done that. These were his musts and something that his mother had been very adamant about, but she never saw a Hungarian girl as his wife.

Visiting with his distant relative reinforced that having a common heritage in the long run helps. Of course, he had tried before, but those adventures were not only under different circumstances but with other priorities. He had met a lot of candidates over several years. One or two had been potentials, not counting Mary or Lisa, the psycho-bitches. He was very sorry about his all-time favourite Hungarian girl, Enikő.

He also wanted a secure home, either a house, which he preferred, or a condominium. He set this as his number one priority. He had sufficient money for a substantial down payment and could obtain a mortgage at a reduced rate. He took the complete summer off, but now it was time to get back to work.

When László cleared Rose's apartment, he had put some of the quality furniture aside for himself for his future home. László had kept some of the furniture in storage at Gabor's place.

He returned Rose's Sony TV to The Bay, although it was bought several years ago. He found the receipt. He had worked at The Bay and went through the training orientation where it was emphasized that their return policy was, "if the customer was not satisfied and brought back the

merchandise, they had to refund the cost of the merchandise,” even if it was several months later. Also, the refund policy was printed on every sales receipt, “Your satisfaction or your money refunded!”

He picked up the TV and returned it to The Bay, which was only five minutes away. From where the TV was bought originally about two years before Rose’s death. The salesperson had a good laugh and thought that he was insane! László calmly told the salesperson to call his manager, he wanted the money back. He had the sales receipt, and his name was on it. (He had purchased the TV for Rose on his credit card as a birthday gift for her.) The department manager showed up in a few minutes and wondered what was wrong with the TV. Was it malfunctioning? In that case, they could send it away for repairs at no charge, but he could not get his money back! László stated nothing was wrong, he was just not satisfied! He didn’t have to give them details as to why! László, who knew The Bay’s return policy, had the advantage. He knew that by being persistent and just sticking to their slogan, he would eventually get his money back. It had to be escalated higher and higher. László pointed to the sales receipt and what was printed on it! He read it out loud to the manager, and he said that he was not satisfied. That was it, and he wanted the money back!

The receipt did not have a conditional disclaimer or any fine print as to a time limit for the return. It could be a day, a week, a month, a year or more. Since the time limit was not stated, he wanted his money back! Call the Vice President or whomever he would not leave until he got his money back. The department manager called the store manager, who came over to find out what the problem was. He told the department manager to refund the cost of the TV, but as the original box was missing deducted 10 percent, and he hoped that László was satisfied by that.

He explained to the amazed department manager and salesperson that while this was a very unusual circumstance, László was entitled to it. If they refused, he could take legal action, and he would win in court, and that would cost László a lot more than the refund for The Bay and would be bad publicity! László got the money refunded in cash minus the 10 percent, as the credit card he had used had been cancelled some time ago.

A month later, after this situation, The Bay changed its refund policy to thirty days!

László started looking for a house. After all the dust had settled, he paid off the Saturn funeral expenses, including his travel to Hungary, his affair with Lisa, and other related expenses. László had \$85,000 to work with. He knew there would be other associated costs, closing and moving costs, which could be as much as \$10,000. The most he had was \$75,000 toward the down payment.

With his relatively small salary, the most he could borrow was limited to 35 percent of his gross monthly income, which would have to go toward his mortgage payments based upon the maximum length of 25 years. He had to work with this limit. His budget was \$220,000 for a house that included his \$75,000. House prices in Toronto were way above this for a single detached home. However, he could find a house in the suburbs. If he travelled slightly further north of the city, be even less. But then he would have to drive several hours a day, parking downtown was expensive, and add in gasoline expenses as well as the maintenance fees, this would be not the wisest move.

He started to work with a real estate agent, and they found a house in Scarborough, near the GO (local commuter train) station, that would perhaps be suitable. He could take the GO every day, just like his boss had at the bank. It was also possible to go to work by the city's public transit, but that could take over an hour one way or more. The type of house he looked for had to have a second apartment in the basement that could be rented and would help with the mortgage payments. He could then pay it off faster. The house had that, with tenants who paid \$700 a month, all-inclusive. He negotiated, and he got the price down to \$215,000 from the \$225,000 asking price.

The house had an in-ground pool in good condition, a nice feature in a warm climate, but not in Toronto. He enjoyed Ivan's pool, which he had used several times. Pools were liabilities, and the maintenance was expensive for something that only could be used for four months maximum in a year. It would be cheaper to have it filled in. He put ten grand in with the offer. This was the usual amount along with conditions: a house inspection with an independent contractor of his choosing, and some others, just in case he required an escape clause, in case he wanted to back out. Just because he had never purchased a property, he was not exactly naïve he had learned the buyer beware situation with his Datsun 240Z!

A house can be a great investment or a money trap, a deep black hole where the money disappears.

On the day of the inspection, László's independent contractor, who was a Professional Engineer and owned a construction company, arrived. The engineer was László's friend and former boss. László noticed something particular that was a red flag for him. The tenants were moving out, even though he was told when he put in the offer the rental apartment was rented out. The tenants would remain till at least spring when their yearly lease expired.

By Law, they could not terminate the lease just because of the change of ownership of the property. László had studied contract Law. When asked the owner about what was going on, they came up with a sorry-arsed excuse

that the young couple was concerned that he was single and might hit on the wife! What an utter crap!

For László, he needed to have tenants living there, and that was the basis for his offer. These people had tried to dupe him. He also noticed that some of the ceiling tiles in the basement bedrooms showed water stains, indicating plumbing issues. He had not noticed this when he was shown the house, as the door had been locked by the tenants in the bedrooms. They were not at home at the time, gee, how convenient was that!

He talked to his friend in private and mentioned he had to find deficiencies to get out of this offer. The water leak could be fixed and he was sure the owners would pay for that. Therefore, that would not be a way out. While the tenant's move was illegal, he didn't have the rental agreement contract, nor would the sellers cooperate and give him the contract, if one had existed. While he could argue this in Court, it would be expensive. Let's go after the dreaded black fungus.

It was a 30-year-old house, and with a water leak, it was not difficult to find mould. They looked around the living room, which had a wood-burning fireplace. The fireplace had a chimney, rain would fall in the chimney when it rained. Bingo. The engineer wanted to inspect the walls for black mould. For this, a portion of the living room drywall would have to be removed inside and several courses from the outside of the brickwork. The homeowners almost fainted and said NO!

This was exactly what László wanted to hear. Unknowingly, the sellers just cancelled the contract for the purchase of their house! He went to the real estate office and informed the sales agent and the manager no deal. The seller had refused the proper inspection. László wanted his deposit back.

The real estate manager stated that the seller would sue him, and he would keep the deposit, and they would sue him for the commission. László had hired someone who was not a home inspector. László mentioned you can talk to my lawyer about it. László contacted his lawyer.

His lawyer wrote to the real estate manager and the homeowner, as per the Law: there was no deal. The seller and the real estate agency had to return László's deposit. It was clearly spelled out in the conditional offer, end of story. László had hired a qualified independent inspector. Who was not only a professional civil engineer but a contractor who had built buildings and renovated houses. The seller refused to facilitate his inspection within the allocated time. László got his deposit back in a week. The letter cost him \$250. It was worth every penny!

László decided that while a house was a better deal, his purchase would be a condominium. He could only truly afford a house with a rental unit and with tenants, which was too much of a hassle to deal with when he had limited financial resources.

He started to look for condos. Condos, of course, were not such a good deal. It was a very lucrative market and for the builders, a good way to make fast money. László had worked in construction. He knew just exactly what was going on. He was familiar with how they were built and what to look for. Condos were not or ever would be a good investment. Generally, with condos, to make any money, it had to be in a very high-demand area and be very luxurious, which meant expensive! Location was the value. For him, it was out of his reach.

The Achilles' heel or the vulnerability with condominiums was and always would be the maintenance fees. This affected their resale value. A smaller building would have more maintenance costs per unit than a larger one. One thing about maintenance fees was that they rose as years went by and sooner or later reached a point where the unit could not be sold. A larger building also offered amenities such as a swimming pool, gym, etc. This, however, was not a factor for him.

The condo had to be within the city and near a transportation hub for him to commute to work, as driving was out of the question. It had to have parking for his Saturn and air conditioning. Many older units did not have it. The condo at least had to have one bedroom. A second or even a smaller solarium would be great, and a balcony would be a bonus. The size of the unit had to be at least 700 sq ft.

Furthermore, due to the maintenance and utility fees, his total spending limit went down considerably. The very most he could spend was \$120,000. Of course, for this amount, he could have bought a large three-bedroom 1200 sq ft condo in Guelph, but that would have been out of the question due to commuting, and he hated living in Guelph. He could buy a larger one or even two-bedroom unit in the suburbs, but the commuting time turned him off.

It was not an easy task to find a unit that he could actually afford. He was working with a new agent, and he located three possible units. (Luckily he never signed a contract with him – most agents refused to work with him unless he signed a 90-day contract).

One was in one downtown; 120,000 dollars asking price, close to where he worked. It was a one-bedroom loft. He liked it a lot, up on the sixteenth, the top, floor. It had a tiny bedroom with a terrace, a nice south-facing view toward Lake Ontario and downtown, had a wood-burning fireplace but it was only 600 sq ft in total area over two floors. That included the stairs upstairs, essentially two boxes stacked on each other. A 200 sq foot for the bedroom and bathroom above the 400 sq ft area for the kitchen and living room, with a terrace. A charming unit but way too small. The parking was under the building through a commercial operation with discounted monthly fees for

the owners. All his furniture would not fit, and the monthly parking fee was a turn-off.

The second unit was even closer. He could walk to work, and it was the largest building, over 36 stories high. It was \$125,000, 700 sq. ft., a bachelor unit with a solarium, facing south with a great view of Lake Ontario if one discounted the railroad tracks and the noise of the GO and other trains rolling by twenty-four seven, ten floors below. The solarium was used as a bedroom, and there was enough room to modify the apartment by putting up two walls and creating a small bedroom, but this would have cost at least five grand for the renovation. The building had great amenities but the parking was under the building and commercial like the first one.

The third unit was not quite in downtown or midtown. It was in the middle of the Annex area of Toronto. One bedroom with a small solarium, on the 5th floor (4th by European standards) largest at 720 sq ft and the least expensive, \$118,000 asking price, but lacked parking. It was the smallest building in a former church that had been modified with two additional wings for the units. It was the church where he had once attended a wedding and had seen Anikó from Niagara Falls. Now, a distant memory. Public transit stopped in front of the building, and he could walk to the nearest subway station in about fifteen minutes if necessary.

László liked the last unit, but the parking was an issue. After discussing the apartment with his agent and what he would recommend for an offer, the agent indicated he should put in an offer for \$115,00. László told him to check how many offers were on the property. None was his answer. László told him to get real. The agent was full of it. His agent hesitated, László could try \$110,000, but he knew this offer would not be accepted.

For László, his agent was very inept and inexperienced and had no negotiating skills whatsoever. While he was in the unit, László picked up the listing agent's business card. He called her up. He wanted more details, just how long the listing had been up on the condo and why the seller was selling. She told him 60 days, and they had already bought another house.

That was all László wanted to hear. He told her he would make an offer but through her only. This was a rare situation, but legal. The agent represents both the seller and the buyer. He offered \$100,000 even, with a parking spot, although the unit had no parking! They wanted out. Paying bridge financing was expensive, so László had the advantage. Regardless of what any agent would tell a prospective buyer, it was always a buyer's market!

He who had the cash was always the one in charge. The agent presented the offer to the seller, although she also mentioned that his offer

would unlikely be accepted. They had 48 hours to respond. László was given a counteroffer of \$105,000, and the seller would purchase the last remaining parking spot in the building, but it would not fit a full-size car, only a medium to small one, but he had to close in 30 days.

The Saturn was a small car, that would fit. László had not signed the lease at his current apartment, with a 60-day notice he could move out. He could use the extra 30 days to paint and renovate the place to his liking. He accepted the counteroffer.

He put \$55,000 down as a down payment, slightly over 57 percent. That left him with \$20,000 in the bank to pay for closing costs and sufficient dollars for renovations. In case he had to buy additional furniture and have some money in the bank as a reserve, that could be used to pay for a ticket for the future “wife.” Finally, he had his own place. His mother must have been smiling in heaven if there was such a thing. Providence perhaps was with him for once!

The Sellers moved out quickly, and after the 13th day, he had the key to his condominium. Now, he had to repaint it, rip up the carpeting in the hallway and solarium, and replace it with tiles. He was shopping around for tiles and was able to pick up some dark green tiles for the solarium on sale and terracotta Italian tiles for the hallway.

He started with the painting. He picked a nice sunny warm tone, Parisian melon (a nice warm sunny yellow shade). He used gallons and gallons to cover the pink bedroom wall, the blue living room and the kitchen colours. He painted all the baseboards bright white that matched the doors. He turned the bathroom into a tropical jungle paradise. Dark green walls are highlighted with tropical foliage patterned wallpaper. The ceiling was painted a very dark blue, almost black, with glowing stars. The bathroom light fixture was replaced with hi-intensity halogen lights with brightness control, and two waterproof speakers were installed in strategic places that played tropical jungle sounds. The shower curtain matched the tropical foliage patterned wallpaper. László had a large, almost life-sized ceramic cheetah in a sitting position that sat in one of the corners. It was a great place to relax in a tub full of warm water with the lights turned down and the music playing.

The renovation was a lot of work, but it did come together well. Once done, he had the living room carpet steam cleaned. Now, he was ready to move in some of the furniture stored at Gabor’s place. The dining room table was too big, so he sold that along with the chairs. He only kept the high-quality bedroom furniture and Rose’s high-back armchair. He bought a smaller table for four, with two French provincial-styled chairs and a hand-painted solid wood entertainment armoire. Even on sale, these items cost over \$3500, but they looked good and matched the style he had in mind. He bought a small antique handmade chandelier. He also purchased a small

light green sleeper sofa for the living room. These were delivered just a few days before his move. He hired a reputable mover and moved from his apartment, where he lived for thirteen years.

Now he could concentrate on his future wife. He contacted his aunt who had moved from Poughkeepsie, New York, first to Los Angeles, California, then when her husband died in Hungary during a visit, subsequently moved to Budapest. He asked her to place an ad in the Women's Magazine that he had penned. At first, she thought that he was insane for advertising. It was apparent she had never read these ads, she would have seen his from years ago, but eventually, she did place the ad.

He contacted her when he had bought his condo and had her use the new address for the ad. Within a few days of his move-in, his mailbox was flooded, just as he thought it would. He selected ten from the one hundred and eighty replies. He made sure there were none from Slovakia or Transylvania, now part of Romania, where they still had some Hungarian minorities living there. They had to be from Hungary and preferably from Budapest. The ones who had children were tossed straight into the garbage. No baggage of any kind, a friend had said to him — "No kids, no pets, no problems!"

László called up Gillian and asked her to come on over, see his new place, and help him select potential ones. After all, last time, she was correct about Enikő. Gillian had a good laugh and said why not. She was curious about his place. She was very impressed with the nicely decorated unit with many of his oil paintings hanging on the wall. It made her envious that he had a much nicer place than hers. Then she looked at the replies and his selection and indicated that he had made good choices and good luck. They hugged and kissed gently, and she left.

László started his correspondence with the selected ones. He knew from experience that several would change their minds after a few letters. There was no point getting too overly excited about anyone. It was essential to stack his odds in his favour. Once he found perhaps two in who he was interested in, and they showed mutual interest then he could select one. She would be invited over, and see what happens.

He also knew from his experience with Enikő that he could not let time be a factor ever again or for it to interfere. Out of sight is out of mind, then they get knocked up by someone else. Besides, whoever it might be, she had to see her potential home and living conditions. He has seen enough of Budapest and Hungary already. He had probably seen just about every major city, not to mention smaller towns or tiny villages and the majority of castle ruins over the years.

His initial reply was pretty well the same as all that he picked to reply to. All were handwritten in Hungarian, not typed, in which he thanked the applicant and mentioned a few things about why she had captured his interest, etc., a bit more about him and a photo of himself. His letters were courteous and friendly but still a bit neutral. He was a good letter writer and had an excellent command of the Hungarian language. Even if he was not too versed in the current slang. He wrote up the replies one at a time, addressed the envelopes, and put stamps on them.

By mistake, he intermixed the addressed envelopes with the replies on two envelopes, as he found out later. On the way to work, he mailed off his ten initial replies. The Hungarian post was quick, and within two weeks, he was getting replies along with more applicants in between. By now, the applicants numbered over two hundred and twenty. He selected one or two newer applicants for the potential pile. The rest went into a large shoe box.

He received an angry letter from one of the original ten, that her name was not Erica! Apart from that she would like another photo without his sunglasses and in colour and preferably a portrait at least a 15x10 cm in size! The applicant had spunk! He liked that. Obviously, he had mixed up the replies, and Erica got hers instead. Her name was Lily, and she lived in Budapest, near the airport, judging by her return address. Lily was only 20 years old, skinny, but had a pretty face. She was also very honest in her letter. She had worked in her own grocery store. At least that showed initiative and an enterprising attitude. A bonus. She did not list her excellent traits or qualities, which all who did, many of course, were false, but her not-so-good ones. In fact, her traits included more negative ones than good ones. She was a realist. László liked that.

Ninety-nine percent of the applicants overstated themselves, their good traits, and their domesticity! Some of them were hilarious, indicating that they literally could multitask, giving a blowjob while they cleaned the floor with a broomstick up their arse at the same time! So romantic, they must have written romantic novels for a living! Of course, all of them were excellent cooks! Their culinary skill sets probably stopped at ordering food at a restaurant or putting a tea bag into a cup of boiling water!

Instead of getting upset with Lily's angry letter, he complied with her request. Sent other photos in colour without any sunglasses on. He also explained to her what had happened when he had mixed up the replies and why. He received other replies to his initial one. However, they didn't capture his interest. They were the typical ones that he was used to. They were happy that he had written and found him handsome. Wanted to know what he did for a living, what kind of car he drove, whether had been married, and why he was looking for a girl from Hungary.

If they had to ask and could not figure it out from the ad. From his initial reply, they were obviously too stupid to understand Hungarian, ignorant or both. They ended up in the garbage. He picked up a couple more and wrote to them, but this time, he addressed the envelope after each letter so as not to make the same mistake.

He didn't have to wait long for Lily's reply in a much friendlier tone. He decided to correspond with her seriously. He also continued corresponding with another girl as a backup for a while, just in case. She was in her mid-20s, a bit taller than Lily, but sounded too perfect. No bad traits. Everyone had some including himself. The letters flew back and forth.

Lily didn't have a phone, having a phone was still an issue for many in Hungary, even in 1994. Cell phones were available but it was still quite expensive. He asked her to call collect from the post office. She did. Her voice was pleasant. Now the question was how to get her out and if she would. She said sure, she would come out but admitted later to László that she thought she was not on the level with her. László asked her: would she marry him if she felt good about her developing feelings? She replied — "Yes!"

She required an invitation. He could not send it as immigration would catch on. He asked his good friend Steve, from Guelph would he send an invitation letter to 'her second niece' for a 3-week visit. Steve and his wife had many visitors from Hungary. An invitation wasn't unusual and would not cast any suspicion. László informed Lily why etc. László wrote up a letter for Steve, and it was mailed from Guelph. The envelope had Steve's return address on it. László wrote Lily she had to keep this envelope. She would be asked for it at the Canadian Embassy to get her visitor's Visa. With the airline that showed had a return ticket. She had to have proof of employment and that she could take off for a three-week visit. She wrote one for herself. She was the owner and the sole worker in her store. László bought her a ticket with Air Canada. She would transfer to Zurich.

Lily received the notification. She could not believe László was on the level! She arrived in Toronto on August 18th, 1994. They got married at the City Hall on September 8th, 1994. His friend Steve and his wife were the witnesses. László did not invite any of his friends, especially Gabor. Lily could not stand how crude and tactless Gabor was after meeting him.

It was the best wedding László and Lily had ever attended until they attended another one in the USA. It was small, intimate, and funny. His friend Steve and his wife arrived from Guelph, already slightly inebriated, making all kinds of funny jokes, and he was the photographer at the same time, before and during the ceremony. Some of his images were not exactly centred, but regardless, a few turned out well. The reception was at the condo, where Steve got totally plastered from the Pol Roger champagne that

really went well with a deluxe pizza from one of the best pizza places nearby and a large cheesecake covered with fruit from Mövenpick, a Swiss and expensive restaurant take out dessert section.

After the wedding, the following business day, László and his wife went down to immigration to get the sponsorship documents. Lily had to ask to stay here, explain why in her own words, and indicate that she wanted to stay on humanitarian grounds. This time, László filled out all the documents, including income and asset details, to support her application.

At the same time, he had to apply for her Visa extension. In the meantime, Lily stayed, her ticket had now expired. Soon a letter arrived that her Visa was extended until the decision came down if Lily could stay or not. This was the only way for her or anyone to get into Canada, from continental Europe, through marriage. (Canada had a very different attitude toward educated people from continental Europe and the uneducated third-world countries. The latter were welcomed! In large cities such as Toronto, being white was a visible minority.)

The rest of 1994 flew by for László and Lily as Mr. and Mrs. She was 21 years old, and László was 41 when they married. Surprisingly, they got along very well despite the age difference. She was honest in her letters, and László knew what to expect. She had a good sense of humour, and their mutual heritage reflected a perfect mirror image of their beliefs about many things, including their matched sarcasm. She was a lot better looking than László expected from the initial photographs that she had sent. She was a bit naïve about life, but that soon wore off as she got used to a different life than in Budapest. She had a saying, “easy to get used to the good,” and she was happy to be with László.

László and Lily had a very conventional vanilla lifestyle, not the lifestyle he had been involved in for decades. László did not change. He put those feelings and needs away into a locked vault where only he knew the combination.

He continued to work at the bank, his salary had increased a bit, and due to being married, his deductions lessened. He received a bit more money overall. More of the banks’ purchasing responsibility was turned over to him.

Lily stayed home and tried to learn English. She watched television with closed captioning or subtitling that displayed text on the screen. It helped her when he bought CDs of illustrated children’s books for her to watch on László’s computer. She took English courses for New Canadians at a local library and the Hungarian House in Toronto. It was definitely a daunting process for her.

On the weekends, they visited nearby attractions, such as Niagara Falls, Fort Erie, and the Toronto Islands, among the places. Every week, László gave her pocket money, in case she needed something while he was at work, that she could go and buy. There were lots of small and large shops

nearby. She was not the type who liked to shop until you dropped. In fact, it was difficult for László to shop with her for clothing. Lily needed warm clothing for the winter. She was very cost-conscious, just like László's mother Rose had been. When László bought several pieces of clothing for her, Lily protested that he was spending too much on her, and he had to return some of them with her to the stores. Lily could not cook, but that was known from her letters. She tried and destroyed a few small kitchen appliances in the process. They concluded it was best if just László cooked. When the cold weather came, she was shocked at how cold it could get.

For their first Christmas, he bought a 7-foot tall blue spruce tree. They decorated it with some very nice old-fashioned wooden Santas. László bought Lily several educational CDs, perfume, and lingerie. She bought him a plush Moose about eighteen inches tall and some sweets. László and Lily made a very traditional Hungarian Christmas dinner together. It consisted of fish soup made from catfish and trout, and instead of fried fish, he substituted smoked salmon with homemade mashed potatoes and a store-bought poppy seed and walnut roll pastry. It was a very nice Christmas. They visited Attila and his wife Eva in Keswick at their house just after the holiday. New Year's Eve was spent at home watching the cityscape from the condo's south-facing windows. They provided a very spectacular view of downtown and of the CN Tower. They popped open a bottle of Pol Roger at midnight to welcome 1995.

1995 flew by quickly. Lily enjoyed her sexual freedom and started to experiment: she could be quite kinky and wanted László to be satisfied with her. She knew that László had toned himself down quite a lot. László insisted it was best if Lily didn't get into the submission. She would "open Pandora's box," it might seem small or innocent initially, but would have severe and far-reaching consequences. He was not interested in bringing her into such activities.

He loved Lily for what she was, an intelligent, spunky young woman who was funny and liked to clown around. He was not interested in changing her into something else. The only issue that surfaced later on, and perhaps it was related, was that one day, just after Easter, László noticed that his photo albums had been ransacked with many of his photos from previous relationships, and postcards had been torn out.

When László asked Lily what had happened and why she had done that? Her reply was that she was here as his wife. He didn't have to look at all those whores (meaning Gillian, Enikő and others) whom he had fucked in his past. László was furious. He had explained to her that those photos that she had torn out and destroyed were, first of all, none of her concern and were in his past, and they had held memories that were precious to him. She had no right to destroy his past, and nobody had asked her to look at his chronologically sorted photos and memorabilia. How would she feel if he were at her home in Budapest and went through her images and ripped up her

memories before her relationship with him? He was sure she would not like it and would protest. Those photos were not on display. Apart from that, he had never denied any of her questions about his past, and Lily was quite aware that he had had lots of relationships before he had married her. She was immature and had no reason to be jealous, especially of his past affairs. He did not appreciate her actions.

He would forgive her foolhardiness this time for having been naïve, if a similar thing ever happened again, she would be sent back to Budapest. László had had enough psycho-bitches in his life. The last thing that he needed was another or being married to one!

He spent his annual vacation at home with her, going out to parks; they walked a lot to show her the city. For her birthday, he cooked her a special dinner and bought a dozen red roses. Her arrival date László's birthdate and Wedding Anniversary, came right after each other. There were more flowers and fun in the bedroom or on the dining room table.

Lily was his wife for over a year without a word or a definite reply from immigration. This caused a bit of stress for both of them. Without being declared a landed immigrant, Lily could not work or be enrolled in the health care system. However, during this time, László's family doctor, the same one that GT and Gillian had used, saw Lily and gave her birth control pills at no charge or any other medication she required. The doctor received a lot of sample medication; it didn't cost her anything, and for her time, the doctor charged the health care as if László were the patient.

In October, László contacted his Member of Parliament and asked what was going on? Canada was accepting all kinds of unskilled immigrants from third-world countries left, right, and center, who required welfare and all kinds of social aid. While an educated European who was married to a Canadian Citizen was being ignored. He received a letter that the MP would look into the delay.

Just before Christmas, László sold several of his paintings, including the one Mary had tried to steal (which he had fixed) to get additional money. One thing he didn't want was to charge things to his credit card. Any extra dollars would come in handy.

Their second Christmas and New Year came and went. László had invited a recent friend, Gabor M, for the Christmas dinner. They had met Gabor M at the Hungarian House. Gabor M was in the same class to learn English as Lily. He was in Canada illegally. He had come as a visitor and had overstayed, working at odd jobs under the table. He was a great person and had become close friends with László.

Finally, in early January of 1996, Lily received a letter from Immigration that she had an appointment on January 26th. Her passport

was stamped as a landed immigrant, and she had filled out the paperwork for SIN. At last, she was legal and could start working. Lily was bored sitting at home all day while László was at work. The cost of living rose, including the maintenance fees for the condo. If she worked and made some additional money, even just a hundred dollars a week, that extra money certainly would make a difference.

Lily started to look for work. While she had an education and skills in merchandising and store management, due to her limited English knowledge, she would never get a job that she liked. Lily looked into babysitting, but that would be just now and then. She could get a counter helper job at one of the Hungarian Delicatessens nearby, part-time and at a minimum wage. It wasn't exactly appealing to her since she used to own her own store. Then Lily suggested to László that strippers made good money — that should work!

László could not believe his ears! He pointed out to Lily that strippers who made any real money had to work in the evenings most of the time, and it was all nude. Furthermore, it would interfere with their personal time together. Despite that, he was not about to stop her if that was what she wanted to do. Besides, how would she feel dancing on stage nude and doing lap dances with all kinds of males of questionable character, especially when she didn't like certain types. She should deeply think about it, but before she jumped into stripping, they should visit a few clubs. Then, she would have a much better idea. It was not an easy or even glamorous life. He certainly didn't want her to be hurt, physically or emotionally, by stripping. Lily indicated that she had to see for herself if she could. It was a wild idea but something to consider.

László agreed that on Saturday afternoon, he would take Lily to one. He had gone to once in a while for lunch when he had worked in construction if the place still operated. Lily gave him a hug and a nice kiss for even considering her idea. She wasn't sure if he would have even considered it.

Saturday afternoon, around 5 p.m., they drove to the club. It was still operating. They went in, and the doormen asked for ID to show she was over eighteen, as she looked underage. She showed her passport, which was the only ID she had. They sat near the stage. László ordered a beer for himself and a soda water for her. They watched the strippers for a while and talked about their performances. On stage, the dancers performed three dances each, about three to four minutes in length, as the music was cut by the DJ if it was too long. László also told Lily to look at the ones who performed the lap dances.

There were a lot of women of all types, ranging from ugly and overweight to slim and good-looking. Their ages ranged from 18 to over 40. When they entered the club, there were only a few customers. However, it was still early. The real action started after 8 p.m. and got busier toward

midnight. The bar was loud, rowdy and smoky, with a small non-smoking section. They left and had an interesting conversation on the way home. László was worried about her security.

On Sunday morning, their recent visit was the topic of the day. For Lily, it was slightly different than she had imagined since she had never been in a strip club. Lily felt she could do it as long as there was no touching. László told her he was not pressuring her, she was free to do it, and he would support her decision, but she should be absolutely sure. Now, all she had to do was find out how she could work.

The club opened at 5 p.m., hardly anyone would be there, and the manager would have time to talk with them. When they arrived, they asked for the manager, sat down, and he came over and asked what they wanted. László mentioned that his wife, Lily, was interested in working as a stripper; how did it work. He sent over the Entertainment Manager, Dave, and he would explain it.

Dave came over and introduced himself. He explained, and László translated when Lily required help. Her English was still very limited, but by now, she understood, at least more or less, the conversation.

The dancers were independent contractors. The dancers paid a set daily fee to the club and the DJ. The daily fee depended upon the shift schedule. Usually, there were three shifts: the day, evening and night. The dancers on the stage were either paid a shift fee, or they could avoid paying the club the charge if they went up the stage three times. To receive shift pay, they had to sign up every week, and that was limited. It was up to Dave who got on the list. The shift pay was \$45 at the club, and the dancers had to perform three times when the DJ called them. Otherwise, they could solicit the patrons for a dance but nothing else.

The dancers could not charge more than the rate established by the club. \$10 for a table dance and \$15 for a lap dance. They could keep any tips they received. A good dancer could make a Friday or Saturday night as much as \$500 a night or more with tips. On an average night, \$200 net was considered good pay. Easily, \$1,000 per week could be made, and if the dancer was pushy to get dances, she might earn \$2,000 a week.

The club fee was \$20 before 8 p.m., \$30 after it, and the DJ fee was \$10 per shift. No touching was allowed or any sexual activity. If a customer touched her while dancing, she would call Dave, the manager or one of the bouncers, and the customer was asked to leave. If patrons were belligerent, they would be barred from entering the club. She had to be over 18 and in theory, able to work in Canada. The dancers were required to have a Burlesque Entertainer licence from the City. However, she could dance without one. The club rarely had inspectors come in, and if they did, the dancers were told to go to the dressing room until they left. There was a code word, which the DJ would announce. Lily could try it out and see what

happened. They agreed that Lily would try it next Saturday. She had to get a bikini or outfit first. Lily and László spent another hour or so observing after talking with Dave and then left.

László asked his friend, Gabor M, to come along with them. He was 6 ft 1 inches, 200lbs all muscles, and was formerly in the Hungarian Army. Gabor M had hand-to-hand combat training; he could provide security if needed. Dave told them to arrive around 4 p.m., on Saturday. Lily could get on stage to practice a bit before the bar opened.

It was Lily's first time on a stage. She felt awkward at first but got the jest of it quickly. She even made \$140 that night after she paid for the club and DJ fees and worked from 5 to 11 p.m. László bought beer for Gabor M and himself. When taking all that expense into account, it was \$120. Dave came over and enquired if she was interested in working next week. She could start on the day shift and stay on later without paying any additional fees. Lily said, sure, why not.

The issue was how to get Lily to the club during the day. It was possible by public transit but far from easy, and it would take at least one hour or more. Gabor M lived close by and worked in the afternoon. Lily would pay him \$20 cash every day upon delivery. Gabor M had a Hungarian and International driver's licence which was valid to drive. If they got stopped, the car was insured, no big deal. Gabor M would have to get to his apartment, buzz Lily, she would let him in, and drive her to the club. Then he would return the car to the garage and park it, put the key in the ashtray and leave.

Gabor M said yes, and it worked out well. Lily called home for László to pick her up when she was ready in the evening. She and László agreed that she would initially work from Tuesday to Saturday. Sunday was their time together. She could not work later than 11 p.m., on weekday evenings. On Fridays and Saturdays, Lily could stay as late as she wanted, as László would pick her up. The club closed at 2 a.m. Her career was launched in 1996.

László, on Friday and Saturday evenings, went with Gabor M, as late at night, some of the patrons were not only drunk but aggressive. She had a few of them ejected for touching. Thus it was necessary to have Gabor M around. Lily made a net of \$800-\$900 weekly after deducting all the related expenses. Club fees, gasoline, and Gabor M. Gabor M was happy it was his easiest \$20 he made four days a week. Gabor M also had a good friend in the same situation as him. On the days he could not drive Lily, his friend stepped in to fill his place. The money that Lily made went into a shoe box, it was her money. She took some out and gave it to László for additional groceries and expenses as needed. Lily was saving up the money for several things. First, a breast enhancement. She had always wanted bigger breasts. She had nice B cups, which László liked much better than huge D+ cups. Secondly, a visit to

Budapest together, essentially their delayed honeymoon. Thirdly, toward another condo with a balcony or a house.

Lily had a lengthy talk with László about children. She had come to the conclusion that she didn't want any. Lily agreed with his mother's saying, "It is best for those who are never born!" that Rose had told László in the last years of her life. Lily was very impressed with the mother-in-law, whom she had never met. Lily felt that her husband had been close to his mother, and he had cared for her a lot, although it hadn't been easy for him the last few months. She liked that. If a guy respected his mother, they tended to respect their wife. Lily knew that László loved, respected and protected her very much.

Lily also knew his negative experience with "Johnny" and wanted to be sure whether he wanted children. It was not just an emotional but a financial decision that both had to make. If they wanted a child, then it was time to have one, but if not, then she wanted herself sterilized by having her fallopian tubes cauterized. The procedure of tubal ligation was considered a type of permanent sterilization. With such an operation, there were no more pills to worry about. The question was, would László support her in this and then who would perform such a procedure at such a young age.

László, after some soul-searching, decided to go along with Lily. Eventually, they found a gynaecologist who performed after Lily had a psychological report that she was not insane. László was required to sign a consent form. After all, she was 23 years old. It was a short one-day procedure, in the morning and out by the evening. It was covered by the Provincial Health Care, but after her procedure, a month later, the policy was changed. For anyone under 40, it was no longer covered.

In September, she switched clubs. A new one had opened north of the city, "Whiskey-a Go-Go." While it was further to drive, she didn't need a City licence. The club was larger, and she was paid to get on the stage. The dancers were paid \$20 per lap dance. She worked a day less and made more. The driving arrangement remained the same. She could also get there by public transit if worse came to worse, but she had to walk about five hundred meters from the bus stop to the club. Her English skills had improved a bit too.

By October, they had done a lot of research on breast implants, which included hands-on research. Lily asked László to go with her to other clubs and hire dancers with breast enhancements, and with their permission, to let him and her feel their breasts to see how natural or not they felt after the surgery and asked for the plastic surgeon's name.

In November, after they had searched for a good plastic surgeon, she went under the knife. The operation was slightly over \$5000. Lily was flat on

her back for almost two weeks. She required additional time for her nipples to heal. She grew from 34B to 34D, although László would have been happier if Lily had stayed at her 34B or the very most, only enhanced herself to a 34C. Lily learned that getting comfortable bras was more difficult to find in her size. However, she had wanted ample breasts, and she certainly had them now. In mid-December, Lily returned to work before Christmas. She made over \$1,100 in a day! That was her best day for some time. Their Christmas dinner was with Gábor M, who was invited over. Lily worked on New Year's Eve and made over \$1,000 that evening.

It was 1997, and László asked for an additional week off from work that was granted before the bank merged with another one. The other bank's employees moved over to the same office. This made several positions redundant, and unfortunately, László's boss, the VP in charge of general operations and the human resources manager were laid off who had been involved in hiring him.

László's position changed. He still reported to the president for special assignments and driving duties. He also reported to the new HR manager, Doreen. Doreen was a detestable mean bitch, who was the former secretary of the president and office manager of the smaller merged bank. In essence, László now did what his former boss had, but for less salary. His position was also reclassified as purchasing administrator, essentially in charge of all purchasing for all the Canadian offices of this international bank. László was also in charge of the bank's pool of cars as the fleet manager. If and when somebody wanted to borrow one of the several bank-owned cars, they had to see him first. His salary was slightly increased too.

Doreen could not cancel his paid three weeks of holidays. As it was already approved by the president. Although she wanted to if she could have. According to Doreen, László was not entitled to three weeks of vacation because he worked for less than 5 years.

Doreen's and László's work relationship was never a smooth one. She had wanted to be in total charge of László, and she could not accomplish that. The president liked László too much, and he detested Doreen. Doreen was infuriated, but there was not much she could do about it. Although she tried to later on.

László continued to report to the president, especially when it came to overtime (generously adjusted for extra hours by the president) or any time off he signed his requests and time sheets, and Doreen could not object. László just smiled when he handed the approved time sheets to her.

For László, the merger had worked out well. He spent very little time in the office between nine and noon, and every day went fast. While he'd had a cell phone even before the merger, he was the only one in the bank with one, apart from the President and Executive VP, his electronic leash, as he called it. In case something he would have to do an emergency high-value

courier pick up or to drive the president on official business someplace that was unscheduled.

In the morning, he looked after the fleet of cars, taking them to maintenance and repairs as required. Fuelled and drove them to a carwash. Sometimes, László picked up something for the president or even drove his wife once in a while. He also tried to give the bank's full-time messenger, David, a ride whenever he could to cut down on his miles of walking, especially in the winter. László spent his afternoons ordering and accepting supplies, arranging for deliveries of banking records for storage, or even witnessing the destruction of old records. He also supervised the mailroom.

In June, Lily and László flew off to Budapest. They rented a car and visited Slovakia and Austria. They visited castles of interest for László for the continued research of his family history while having a grand time with Lily at these desolate places, having sex and taking rolls and rolls of sexy nude images of her. It was their best time in Hungary, never to be repeated with such intense fun. Upon their return, Lily wanted a dog, and László agreed to buy one in late July.

Lily changed clubs once again. She no longer required chauffeuring to work, only to be picked up by László after her shift. Lily now worked at the most prestigious club downtown. First, on the day shift as a regular, she was paid to be on the stage, but on Fridays and Saturdays, she stayed until closing. The club's fees were a bit more, but it was closer by public transit, thirty minutes from the condo. Lily no longer required a driver, and she again made more.

She now also had the proper entertainer license. On Friday and Saturday nights, the crowds were very rowdy near closing. As Gabor M, could not always come with László to pick her up, László figured if Lily wanted a dog, it had to be a guard dog. She didn't like Rottweilers as they slobbered a lot, German Shepherds shed too much hair, Dobermanns had short hair, and had the psychological fear factor advantage. After looking into some breeders nearby, they bought their first black and tan puppy for \$1,500, which came with a satisfaction guarantee. If she developed any health issues, she would be exchanged for another puppy within the first year.

Her name was Snoopy, but not after the beagle cartoon character, but after the rapper Snoop Doggy Dogg. She was a highly intelligent dog but also a very rambunctious one. Snoopy had a vicious and deep growl that frightened everybody, but she was easy to train. Unfortunately, she developed the pee syndrome. When she got scared by something, she would pee herself. When she was about nine months old, she was returned to the breeder just before one year old in exchange for a male puppy.

In mid-August 1997, the white 1992 Saturn SL was traded in for a dark blue 1996 Saturn SW due to Snoopy. László almost ended up in a ditch when

the dog jumped into his lap from the back seat when she had gotten panic-stricken by something. To solve this, László was forced to buy a car, and he put in a dog partition. He had looked at a new 1997 Saturn Station wagon that was very much suitable. However, he did not like the price of a new one. He looked around and found a 1996 Certified model with a three-year or 60,000 kilometres extended warranty that covered everything except the tires. The car was called the “bitch mobile” after that! Another event that took place, László as a joke, filled in an application for the 1998 USA Visa lottery.

The new Dobermann’s name was Shadow and he followed László everywhere. The dog was his shadow. Shadow was a big boy, even as a puppy. He was not as intelligent as Snoopy, as female Dobermanns mentally matured quicker, but by no means was he dumb. He bonded with László very quickly, and eventually, that became an issue with Lily. She could not walk him properly. The puppy grew, and at nine months, he was 90 lbs. Shadow was a very intimidating Dobermann, not just because of his size but because of his bark. He didn’t growl much but barked very deep and loud. He showed his sharp teeth. While he was introduced to and socialized in the park nearby with other dogs, he didn’t like other dogs and was very aggressive toward them. As Shadow grew, László trained him in a play activity. That consisted of Shadow lunging toward an “attacker” grabbing the person by one of their arms, pulling them down to the ground, and not letting go until the command was given to stop play. At a full gallop, he could clear a five-foot-tall fence and could jump and reach a “target” held at 6 feet and 6 inches.

Essentially, he could bite anyone’s face off on command! However, Shadow’s nature was friendly. He would lick someone to death if the “play” commands were not given.

The problem with Shadow was his health. When he was just over a year old, one hundred pounds, he developed intestinal issues. Shadow racked up huge vet bills after several visits when totalled over \$5,000 with no relief in sight but an operation for another \$2,000 to \$4,000, and even that would not guarantee his health Lily had enough.

Shadow was taken back to the breeder. Complete with copies of bills and two vet reports, which indicated that he had congenital issues with his intestines. Shadow was left with them to deal with the dog. They were just fed up with that breeder.

It was the spring of 1998, and Doreen at the bank tried to get László into trouble and hopefully fired, but it didn’t work per her plan. Just before she left for a week-long vacation on a Friday to Las Vegas, she had accessed the petty cash box, which László controlled and locked in the HR vault. When László opened the petty cash box the following Monday to pay out from the petty cash to one of the employees, he noticed that slightly over two hundred

dollars was missing. Furthermore, the last page with the balances was torn out, but he had always kept a photocopy of the previous page on his desk. He reported the discrepancy right away to the president. Only Laszlo and Doreen had access to the petty cash box. It had to be her who had taken the cash box. The president called Mark, the operations manager, to his office, asked László to repeat what had happened and asked for Mark's opinion.

Mark suggested they look through the garbage, as all trash from the office was kept in a secured area for seven days, just in case something got thrown out accidentally. However, only he knew this, Doreen did not know of this security measure. Mark supervised László with two other employees from his department and spent all day Monday looking through the trash. They were able to recover \$195 from Friday's trash bags as well as the torn-out page from the journal. They were short by \$5.65. Mark and László reported this to the president. The president asked Mark to contact Doreen and asked her to return right away due to an emergency situation, but not to tell her the exact cause as to why.

This obviously was perpetrated directly by Doreen to set up László. He had either paid the \$200 from his pocket or would look like a thief and be fired. Either way, a payback to László! László had no reason to steal 200 dollars when he sat on over \$60,000 in cash at home. László's record keeping of the petty cash was pristine from the day it was assigned to him in 1994 after he had returned to work from his extended emotional stress break. The president asked László what security measures he thought would help him to avoid this from happening ever again.

László first suggested he should be the only one with access to it. Secondly, every time he paid out any money from the petty cash box and returned the petty cash box to the small vault by HR (there were several vaults) the balance was to be counted and verified by an additional person who initiated or stamped the journal book and would walk with him to the vault as they locked it together. Doreen's secretary would be a good person for this. That way there was 100 percent proof that the correct amount was in the petty cash box, and if possible, not lock the petty cash box in the HR vault, but in the Securities/Bond department's vault which individual locked boxes. The Securities/Bond department's vault had a video recording of who entered and what they took out. The President agreed that this would be the new procedure and would write a memo to all concerned.

Doreen returned on Wednesday, cutting short of her vacation. Doreen was furious before meeting the president behind closed doors. Even more when she came out. Doreen called László into a private meeting room and was screaming at him. What did he do?!

László remained very calm and said he had done nothing wrong. He and others had recovered \$195 from Friday's trash bags. The last time he had used the petty cash box was on Thursday. Therefore, it wasn't he who had thrown the money in the garbage. Furthermore, she no longer had access to the petty cash box. When he went on vacation, he would assign the petty cash box to Mark for that period. In addition to these changes, her secretary would be the one who verified the exact amount and would countersign the journal. If she had an issue with the procedures, László told her she was free to discuss it with the president. After that, Doreen despised László even more.

May 1998, as did the mother-in-law, who arrived and after a month, then she left. Even Lily had had enough of her mother's visit. She decided that for any future visits, Lily would go to Budapest instead of having her mom come to Canada. Lily could not go to work and had the pleasure of being with her mother all day. She was not informed that Lily danced for a living, only that she had worked in a bar as a waitress. After she left, the issues with Shadow surfaced, and he was returned to the breeder. Lily and László started to look for another home. One with an extra bedroom and a balcony. Unfortunately, László's good friend, Gabor M, had returned to Budapest permanently.

László got another puppy. He was lonely in the evenings since Lily worked a lot. This time, it was not from a breeder, but it still was a Dobermann. A blue male, the rarest colour of them all. The actual colour was a mixture of brown, grey and black. But under certain light, the dog's shade had a bluish cast.

The puppy's name was Attila. Just like Attila the Hun, the puppy was the scourge of God. A very active and bad boy at that. Since he spent most of his time with László, he had become a one-man dog. He would not listen to Lily, and Lily was not thrilled with him either. They tolerated each other as they had László in common, but in reality, they hated each other.

László took him down before he left for work in the morning for his business. When László left, Attila whined a lot, which drove Lily crazy. Attila eventually settled down. Lily took him out at noon and just before she left for work so he could do his business. When László got home, Attila would sit by the door, and when the door was opened, he "smiled" by raising his upper lip, showing his teeth, with his cropped tail moving in overdrive. When László left to pick up Lily with Attila in the car, he would whine. Attila protested that he didn't want her around!

Lily was a comfort buff, meaning forget cutting grass or shovelling snow. She preferred the condo lifestyle. However, after looking at several of them, she realized that maintenance fees were quite expensive, and that would increase the amount they could borrow. Their present maintenance fee was already high, and they had to pay utilities on top of that.

The search was on. Before they bought a house, their condo had to be sold. László listed it with an agent who was an old acquaintance, Karl. Karl used to own an employment agency. It was Karl who had gotten László into Lummus in the mid-1980s.

Karl was quite inept as an agent, and Lily didn't like him, and the feeling was mutual. The condo was listed for one \$129,900. It took about six weeks to sell for \$125,000, for a gross profit of \$20,000. After paying his commission, László made \$12,500 a fair return over four years. While they had lots of combined income, the mortgage had to be based on his salary alone. For a condo, he was approved to \$200,000 for a house, to \$260,000, with \$60,000 as a down payment. In addition, they could increase as necessary for the related closing fees with another forty thousand for renovations. The idea was to get something close to the GO (local commuter train service) on the west end of the city or even further west, the limit being the end of the greater metro region. Now they had 60 days to move and find a new house. They found a three-bedroom with an attached garage and a 1400 sq ft home with a partially finished basement. It was close to the GO station, and one could walk there in about fifteen minutes or take bus number 13, which stopped nearly in front of the house.

László could park at the GO station for free, but he had to be there before 8:10 a.m. and take the 8:15 a.m., train. After that, the lot was filled up. By taking the 8:15 a.m. train, he got downtown by 8:50 a.m. Which gave him plenty of time to get to his office by 9:00 a.m. The asking price was \$199,500. Unfortunately, Karl was a useless (downright stupid) agent. He failed to check what the comparables sold in the area. He should have indicated that \$175,000 to \$180,000 was the actual going rate for comparable homes. Lily and László paid \$187,500 for the house, with the conditional offer of a house inspection and for the owner to move out in 30 days. They overpaid by \$10,000 more than they should have if only they had been advised properly by Karl. They found this out later.

The house passed the routine inspection without any issues. Now, they owned the house as that condition was fulfilled. That made them happy until they got home and saw what was in their mailbox.

X. Be careful what you wish for

Upon returning from the house inspection, there was a lot of mail in their condo's mailbox. László didn't bother to look at the content until later that evening. In the meantime, Lily had gone off to work. László had received an oversized thick envelope from the USA. Providence had played a good joke on them. They were selected for the Green Card Lottery, and they had been approved! All he had to do was fill in the forms and return them in the enclosed envelope. He would be notified when to go to Montréal for their final interview and receive his Green Card. This was totally unexpected! When he picked up Lily late in the evening, he told her she thought László was joking, but he wasn't. She looked at the forms and was dumbfounded as László. What should they do? They had a lot to talk about.

Now, they owned the house and might as well move in and do the necessary renovations they had discussed. To sell the house there would be a better chance to sell it renovated, but it still wasn't 100 percent certain that they would get the Green Card, as they had to pass a personal interview.

In September, Lily was scheduled to go to Budapest as she had her flight already booked. They started to pack. Just about a week before their move, László received a phone call from his old friend Alex, who told him that his aunt, who was very old and was in the Baycrest Center, asked if he could stay at László's place in Toronto. He is coming to visit her before she dies. By the way, he would be in Toronto in two weeks!

László said to Alex he was in the middle of a move, and while he would be glad to see him, this was not a good time. But if he was desperate, he could sleep over at his house, but everything would be upside down. The best he could offer was an air mattress in the basement.

László took three weeks off from work for the move. And to have the renovations started. Doreen could not object. László was now entitled to three weeks vacation. His time off had been approved by the President first before he gave the time off request to Doreen. The move went well, and the renovations started.

László hired contractors he had known and had used for improvements and office renovations at the bank. They were Portuguese. He could trust them to do good work and pay them cash. He got good rates as he had to have the house rewired for 200AMP service, and they updated the main bathroom and the kitchen. Even this way, the work cost over \$20,000 which included a new fridge, stove, dishwasher, and a new washer and drier. In addition to the \$12,000 for a Jacuzzi tub, new toilet and vanity.

Alex arrived from Budapest right in the middle of all this. But he didn't come alone he had come with another relative of his aunt. Lily and

László were very outraged by this. Now they not only had to deal with the contractors but with Alex and his relative too. Luckily, they only stayed for two weeks. Lily and László were happy to see them go! While Lily was in Budapest, László had the basement renovation started by a Hungarian contractor. He was to install a proper laundry room with a second bathroom in the basement with a shower unit for another \$8,000.

László returned to work. He mentioned to the president that he might be moving to the USA, and could transfer to their USA operation in one of their branches. He promised to help László if he got his Green Card. He was notified by US Immigration that he would have to go to Montréal for the interview on October 17, 1998, and he and Lily had to go for medical screenings and have the results with him, X-rays, etc., for the interview and also the processing fee for both of them in cash.

On October 14th, László and Lily left for Montréal. They spent two days in downtown Montréal and enjoyed the sites and the good food. On Monday, October 17, 1998, in the morning, they were interviewed by the Visa Officer, and they received their Permanent Resident status. They returned to Toronto the same day.

On October 18th when he returned to work, he needed to pay something out of petty cash and could not believe his eyes. This time all the paper bills were missing, it was \$300, the amount he had received every time he replenished the petty cash box. The last time he had replenished it was on the 14th in the morning.

In the journal, it was noted, and counter-signed by the secretary, and they had locked it up together just like the procedure had established. This was not something he needed. He spoke to Mark and the secretary. He then notified Doreen, but could not talk to the president, as he was not in that day, but he would be back on the 19th of October.

Doreen accused him of stealing the three hundred dollars. (Like László needed the \$300?) She wanted a meeting with the President, Mark, the Securities Department Manager, László and her secretary, the next day. Both László and her secretary were accused of embezzlement and theft!

The president refused to attend a meeting, indicating he wanted a report with proven facts and would not be a party to an internal witch hunt against László. All other concerned parties appeared at the meeting. László was very furious. He was prepared for the meeting. He had a small tape recorder hidden in his jacket and recorded all the unfounded accusations by Doreen. She wanted László and her secretary to take a lie detector test, and if they refused to cooperate, both would be fired! Additionally, to call the Police in and charge them with theft! László was willing to cooperate. But refused, as well as the secretary for the lie detector. First, why would they steal three hundred dollars and split it between themselves to jeopardize their jobs?

Made no sense. Secondly, László wanted to see who had entered the vault on Friday after they had locked up the petty cash. It was on videotape for Friday and Monday. He wasn't even in the bank on Monday. He was in Montréal on private business. Mark got the tapes and reviewed them.

The video showed that László and the secretary had entered the vault at 10:15 a.m., on Friday and left within two minutes. Only the Securities Department staff had gone into the vault after 10:17 a.m., on Friday. However, the tape stopped recording as it was full by noon. Since apparently nobody had put in a new tape, it stopped recording. In fact, the recording tape wasn't exchanged until Monday noon, when it was noticed!

This evidence did not deter Doreen. She made up her mind and wanted László humiliated. According to her, László could have taken the money on Friday afternoon. László had enough. He stated that Doreen was trying to get rid of him because he only reported indirectly to her. The president was his boss. She had had issues with that from day one. He had cooperated as much as he would. He did not take the money or colluded with the secretary. Let Mark have a locksmith check if the locks had been tampered with, and let Mark handle the petty cash until this was resolved. Now, if they did not mind, he had other duties to look after.

László left and called up his lawyer, spoke to him, and indicated that he had a tape of him being accused in front of other members of the bank. His lawyer advised him not to say anything. His legal rights were walked all over by Doreen, and he could sue the bank. László called in sick the next day and then called his psychiatrist. He needed to see him immediately, was under stress and would require treatment.

László followed his lawyer's advice. He called in sick and left a message on Doreen's voicemail. He also faxed the note to make sure there was a trail of evidence and be back in a day or two. He then went to see his psychiatrist, who explained to him that he was under stress as now he had been falsely accused of theft. He felt suicidal and totally stressed out. He got a doctor's note that he would be under his doctor's treatment for an indefinite time due to stress. He returned to the bank only to photocopy the doctor's note and give it to Doreen.

Doreen turned white as if she had seen a ghost and almost fainted when she read the note. She didn't want to accept the note. László told Doreen he was not there to argue with her. She could call up his doctor if she had any questions. Do not call him at home to disturb him and leave him alone. That was the last time he ever saw Doreen, and left as an employee of the bank.

He further consulted with his lawyer. He had a case, and he would win. The bank would delay and delay, and would want to go to court, but

regardless he would win. They had no evidence that he took the money, and this was now the second occurrence. However, it would take several months, and since he wanted to move to the USA, he would have to return several times for meetings. The cost of that he could not recover. Realistically, he could settle for a year's wages plus his costs. But if he didn't move to the USA, he could stay on permanent disability due to stress as long as he wanted, even a lifetime. It was up to László to decide his direction. László spoke to his wife and asked what she thought of the whole thing. Lily advised him to stay on disability until they moved to the USA, and then hell with the bank, do not bother to sue. László took her advice.

László called several real estate agents, but not Karl, and put his house up for sale. The end of October was not the best time to list his home for sale, with the winter weather coming up quickly and the Christmas holidays too. He finally picked a realtor after he interviewed over a dozen. The new agent looked over the house and evaluated a price at \$220,000 with the renovations, based upon comparable houses sold in the neighbourhood. Even though it had cost Lily and László \$227,500 with all the renovations. When they asked why much less than it was when they had bought it, they found out that due to Karl's negligence, he let them overpay by \$10,000! They agreed to list the house at \$227,900, but realistically if they got \$220,000, they would be lucky, and the commission would come out of it, netting only two \$206,800. A loss of at least \$20,700. It was not a rosy picture. By the time they paid off the mortgage with the early pay-off penalty, potential storage and moving costs to the USA, it would be a loss of at least \$40,000. That was a huge amount to swallow.

Karl came to the house after it was listed and could not understand why he wasn't hired again until László told him he had let them overpay for the house. Karl hadn't done a diligent search. He was lucky that László did not sue him for negligence and "get the fuck out of his house!"

Their first and last Christmas and New Year in their first house was spent quietly. They asked the agent not to bring anyone between the holidays. January 1999 was colder than usual, with record snowfall in the area.

In the meantime, László sold most of the furniture, books, and most of his stereo equipment, including his McIntosh equipment. The McIntosh components were getting old, and although they still worked perfectly, they were heavy. He kept his Klipsch and B&W speakers. He had stored his belongings until they found a place in the USA. The storage was not that expensive, but the transportation was. It costs over a dollar per pound in US funds. They only kept the best furniture pieces and books that had sentimental value or that he wanted to keep. Selling off excess items raised another \$3000 that went toward their journey. László had only six months to move after October 17th to avoid paying any US duties, including his car. He

had to fill out all the proper US Customs forms. One of the interesting caveats of having received their Green Card was that they had to provide a US address. He used the address of his relative in the Catskills. He told her on the phone to inform the Post Office that his name had to be added to her address for any letters. His permanent Green Card will be mailed to her address. She assured him that she would take care of it. As it turned out, she did not, as they found out later, and his Green Card was sent back to US Immigration, creating an added expense and hassle when he had to re-apply for the card.

To speed up his Social Security Number card process, he had to cross the border, register at the nearest Immigration Office and apply in person. They did this in mid-November. The nearest Immigration Office was in Buffalo. They filled out the forms, and with that, he drove to the Niagara Falls Office of the Social Security Administration to apply for their cards. However, SSA would only mail to a US address. Now, he had to open a Post Office mailbox just for this. At the same time, they opened a US Bank account and deposited some money. The idea was that once the house was sold, they would transfer that amount into that account. Once they had settled down, they would open a bank account in that city and have the US Bank funds transferred. His salary, which was his disability payments, was directly deposited to his existing Canadian bank account every two weeks. László had his Visa set up so that full payment would be withdrawn automatically from that account at every due date. László had kept several thousand in cash for the trip as an emergency backup, and he would use his Visa credit card for all purchases.

Finally, the house was sold in early January for \$216,900 with a 45-day closing, depending on the house inspection. The inspection passed. Neither László nor Lily were happy. The real estate agent, to get them to sign the offer, reduced his commission by \$1,500. Furthermore, to negate their losses, László received \$600 back by cancelling the new appliances' extended warranty. If they had waited until late spring, they would have broken even, but time was of the essence.

Attila, László's last dog, was put to sleep. He was a true person's dog; he would not listen to anyone else; he was too hard to handle due to his size, too dangerous. This broke László's heart, but it was done in Attila's best interest. He went to sleep in his master's arms. Attila did not suffer any rejections or was beaten or starved into submission by anybody. Attila had a short but good life. László decided not to have any more dogs after Attila.

February 26th was the day of closing, and their belongings were moved to storage. After that, they went to pick up their net proceeds from their real estate lawyer after paying off the mortgage and all other fees., and deposited

them into their account. Then, they had it transferred to their US bank in Niagara Falls. Forty thousand US dollars was their seed money after everything was paid out, with another \$1,000 in their Canadian bank account and \$3,500 US dollars cash to take with them for their trip, just as they planned it earlier.

László and Lily stayed in a downtown Toronto motel for a day for Lily to say goodbye to a couple of her stripper friends, all from Hungary, who were in Canada with work visas. Lily didn't tell them before that she would be moving to the USA. until her last day of work. On the way to the USA, they stopped at Guelph for an overnight stay at Steve's condo on the 27th. Early in the morning, they said their goodbyes to Steve and his wife, Lily's "uncle and aunt," and thanked them for all their help, kindness and friendship.

On the 28th, Lily and László were on their way to Windsor to cross the border at Detroit, to the Land of the Free and the Brave, in their navy Saturn SW, packed with essentials for the trip.

XI. By the time I get to Phoenix

The weather was far from great. It was still winter at the end of February. After crossing the border, they headed south on I-75 to I-40 West. They had no idea just where to settle down yet.

László wanted to move to a warmer climate, and the cities they wanted to see included Phoenix, Las Vegas, Dallas, Atlanta and Miami. The idea was to go to the West Coast first and then work back toward the East Coast while stopping at a few interesting places, such as Roswell, New Mexico, where the Roswell UFO incident happened in the U.S. in June or July 1947. They were not in a hurry. Both of them liked the mid-west scenery of New Mexico. No wonder it was called the Enchanted State.

In the afternoon on March 3rd, they arrived in Phoenix after travelling 4597 kilometres (2856 miles) from Toronto. They checked into an extended-stay motel for two days near I-17. They figured it would give them enough time to quickly look around and continue to Las Vegas. They walked to the nearest plaza, bought food, returned to the motel, and unpacked most of their belongings from the Saturn. The car was locked and parked in front of their unit.

László woke several times to check on it, and it was there. The last time he checked was 4:00 a.m. in the morning. Around 5:30 a.m., he checked again, but the Saturn wasn't there! He woke Lily and told her their car got towed or someone stole it!

Both got dressed, quickly went to the motel's office, and asked the clerk, did you have their car towed away? He said no! The police were called around 6 a.m., but by the time the patrol car showed up, it was nearly 8 a.m. The police took down the details and gave László a copy of the report with a reference number.

László notified his insurance company while on vacation his car had been stolen. They offered to pay for a return ticket to Toronto, but László refused. He told them this would not ruin their vacation, and he was optimistic that his car would be recovered. The police told them they would have their Saturn back in a day or two, or it was already heading toward Mexico. According to the Phoenix police, there were too many illegal Mexicans and lots of gangs operating in the city. Phoenix had one of the highest rates of car thefts in the USA.

The insurance provided a small rental car and offered to replace his car with the same type in the same price range if the car was not found within 30 days. He was told over the phone to go out and buy one after the insurance company had spoken to the police as it was unlikely that it would be recovered. It sounded easy to buy a car, but one needed an address and insurance coverage. While he had insurance and an address, László had transferred his ownership, insurance, banking and mailing address to Steve's

place in Guelph as soon as he sold the house. However, he could not buy a car in Arizona with an address in Canada. Arizona DOT would not register the vehicle to a Canadian address.

Now, he had to look for a temporary place as a residence. Staying at the motel was not the answer, as it was almost double the cost of renting an apartment. He found a reasonable quality place inside a gated community that was available for monthly rental.

László paid for two months upfront in cash and asked the rental manager not to contact his employer, the bank. He explained that he was on vacation, and his car had gotten stolen, and now he was using up all his vacation time. The manager said no problem. However, she forgot to tell her clerk in the office. The clerk, as a routine, called up employers for reference. Obviously, that did not go down too well at the bank.

The bank sent a registered letter to his last place of residence, Steve's place. Steve faxed it down to the rental office. Essentially, the bank asked László what was going on, and they wanted him to return right away or to resign by the end of the month. László called up Mark and asked what was going on. Mark was cordial to László, and he explained that Doreen went straight to the president's office when the call came in from Phoenix. Mark did not know what happened during that meeting, but Doreen was unhappy. All he knew was that after László had gone on his disability, the president was livid with Doreen.

Doreen and Mark were called into a meeting. Doreen was asked, "What did she think she was doing by trying to accuse László and her secretary of the theft. She had no proof, just like she had none when it had happened the first time. If László took legal action against the bank for this, Doreen would be fired! Mark witnessed when they found the money in the garbage the first time. Obviously, László had not thrown it in the garbage. It was also clear to him that László had not taken the money the second time, as everything was done according to the procedure."

László thanked Mark for the info. Then faxed his resignation effective the end of March 1999. Several years later, László found out from Mark that Doreen had resigned from the bank herself within a few weeks after this occurred. Doreen had a choice: resign or get fired.

Now that László and Lily had an apartment, they decided to stay in Phoenix for a while and stop paying over \$300 a month for storage fees. Their belongings were delivered from Canada on March 23rd. While Phoenix was far from what they had thought of, it had warm weather all year. Now all they had to wait for was the replacement car payment by the insurance company. They had already purchased the replacement car and faxed a copy of the sales receipt to their insurance. By April 4th, they should get their cheque for the replacement amount. In the meantime, they visited Tucson and a few other places nearby.

On April 3rd, the police contacted László. The car had been found and towed to a holding yard. Now László had no choice but to call his insurance and tell them the good news, well for the insurance company, but not for him, because he was planning to get his money back. He had to spend an unnecessary amount of \$15,075.74 in cash for the replacement of Saturn. The insurance informed him that they would not pay for the replacement car. Instead, have his recovered car repaired, with a lifetime warranty on the repairs, including an anti-theft system. It would take about two weeks to get the car back.

This situation was not as bad as it had appeared at first. Phoenix had a poor public transportation system when compared to Toronto. Made Toronto look good, which was awful compared to any major European city, including Budapest. Lily would need a car, and so would László, to go to work once they found jobs.

It was no big deal for Lily. There were several strip clubs in Phoenix. Their quality and clientele were lower than she was used to in Toronto. Las Vegas wasn't that far. It was time to go and see what was available there and perhaps even to move there.

On April 8th, they drove to Las Vegas in the new Saturn. László liked this one much better than the station wagon. It was not as noisy, had a sunroof, and the dealer installed an antitheft system, just in case. Las Vegas was different and for the better than Phoenix as a city. It was fun to look around the hotels and attractions. They liked the buffets with affordable prices for all you could eat. They even gambled a bit and played with penny slot machines.

Finding work as a stripper was easy, but Lily did not want to work in sleazy clubs. Just because she danced, she was not a whore. They checked out one of the best-known establishments and spoke to the day manager. Lily was required to have a licence. To get one, she needed a state address. They opened up an acceptable PO Box. Lily got her licence. After visiting the club in the evening and talking to the evening manager, Lily got turned off. She was not about to compromise her standards of no touching or any sexual activities. After a couple of days, they returned to Phoenix.

Back in Phoenix, László and Lily had a heart-to-heart talk about what was going on between them. Who was a person named Duncan? László found Duncan's business card in Lily's items during packing and asked her about it. Why did she have his business card, an executive for a famous liquor company with a Bermuda address? Lily moved into her own bedroom as soon as they had bought the house, and László had wondered just what on earth was going on.

At first, she mumbled that she had never had a bedroom while growing up and wanted to see how it felt. László complained that their sexual life had

gone down the toilet ever since her mother had come. They had stopped having sex while she was there, as Lily had issues with sex when her mother was around, sleeping in the next room. László could understand that, so he didn't force the issue. But now, this behaviour of hers was something he was not willing to put up with much longer. He missed the intimacy and the closeness they had once! Then there were the house renovation issues, visitors, and the bullshit at the bank too, selling the house, etc., he could be understanding to a point with Lily, but to him, it was obvious that this Duncan had something to do with it. Now, he wanted answers, and if Duncan had anything to with anything, he would divorce her. She could then do whatever she wanted. She could take the Saturn SW, and since she had signed the prenuptial agreement before they were married, she could only get her share of what they had bought together. Which was essentially not much.

It was time to clear the air. Lily admitted, yes, Duncan was very interested in her. He was a good-looking guy and made lots of money. László and Lily decided to get a divorce. However, before they did, they would go to Hungary for a last visit together. László wanted to place another advertisement in the Women's Magazine and wanted to meet up with his friends Gabor M and Alex.

In May they flew off to Hungary for three weeks. While they stayed at Lily's home in Budapest, they had two different agendas. They spent only a few days together. One day shared a boat cruise to Visegrád on an old steamship. Visegrád is a small town named after an old castle ruin situated north of Budapest on the right bank of the Danube in the Danube Bend. László spent some of his time with Gabor M and Alex, both were surprised about the pending divorce and upset with Lily. Especially Gabor M, as he had known her for two years.

László was disappointed. But what could he do? She had picked someone with more money. He was not about to kill her. He had moved to Phoenix and started a new life, so he might as well commence totally new. He placed the ad in the Women's Magazine, and Lily and László flew back to Phoenix.

Upon their return, she had to get her driver's licence. She practiced a lot with László. She was very apprehensive as she had tried to get her driver's license in Toronto. She had even taken driver's courses. She aced the written part but failed the practical part of the driving test, namely parallel parking. She was stressed out about it, but she passed both the written and the practical tests. She had parallel parked on her first try. She now had a license and insurance for her car.

Now that Duncan was out in the open, she must have talked with him on the phone as she received flowers almost weekly. He had even flown down

to Phoenix to spend a weekend with Lily in a hotel. The divorce papers were filed at the District Court.

László received over 100 replies to his ad, and he selected a few potential ones. One was Sylvia, who was in London, UK, and the other was Timea. He flew off to Budapest to meet Timea. Unfortunately, his baggage got lost. It had proper identification tags both inside and out, and it was obvious that it had been stolen. At that time, a theft ring was busted operating in Toronto's airport, which was his transfer point. By not having anything apart from the clothes he had travelled and his camera around his neck, this turned out to be the vacation in hell. Although he had insurance, and all his essential purchases were covered, he had to spend a lot of time at the airline office, filling out forms and checking if they had found his luggage.

Timea was waiting for him at the airport with his friend Alex, and he then dropped them off at the rented apartment in Budapest László reserved for his visit. It was more economical to rent one for three weeks than a hotel. Timea wasn't exactly the person she had described in her letters. She was good-looking, with blonde hair and blue eyes, around 5 foot 6 inches, and slim. However, her personality lacked pleasantness, warmth and intelligence. She had no issues about sex and was pleasing enough in that department. However, she had the ugliest vulva, László had ever seen, with huge lips forming a bizarre shape, and while László's penis lacked eyes, he certainly did not. It was a major turn-off, and when combined with her lack of congeniality, did not set off any fireworks for László.

He returned to Phoenix and looked forward to meeting up with Sylvia. She was about to visit her friend in New York, and she was to fly down to meet László and stay with him for a week to get to know each other. Sylvia was Jewish, but he did not care about that. What he cared about and wanted was a woman with femininity, intelligence, and warmth who was pleasing to the eyes, naked and otherwise. Sylvia had that, she was blonde, blue eyes, 5 foot 7 inches tall, slim, very nice face, nice voice, as they had talked several times on the phone before he had left for Hungary.

She had excellent language skills and spoke English, French, Yiddish, and Hungarian. When László got back to Phoenix, she had called and asked if he had found someone. László indicated No! He did not! His trip was terrible. His luggage was lost or stolen. Sylvia then booked her flight to Phoenix to arrive a week later. A day before her flight, she called to cancel. Sylvia had to fly to Hungary due to a family emergency.

Sylvia called from Hungary and apologized for all the delays, especially now that she had to apply for another visitor visa, and the US Embassy had turned her down. Sylvia had to wait for a minimum of nine months. Sylvia suggested that László fly to Hungary instead. László said sorry, he was not

flying to Hungary, and that was that. On October 18, 1999, he was no longer married. His divorce was now official.

Shortly after his return to Phoenix, he called immigration about his Green Card and when going to receive his actual card versus just a stamp in his passport. He was told it had been mailed out to his address in Catskills in January and had been returned as unknown. Now, he had to reapply for a new set, and the cost was \$260 for processing per card or \$520 for the two cards.

He called up his relative and thanked her for the incompetence and stupidity, and he was furious. László told her he would never contact her again. And she should not try to contact him ever! That was the last time László ever spoke to her. One could not pick their relatives, only their friends!

Luckily, the closest Immigration District Office was in Phoenix. However, to get in to see an officer, he had to line up from 2 a.m., in the morning. On November 13th, 1999, he received new application forms to complete. He had to return with a new passport-sized photo for himself and Lily and pay the \$520 processing fee for the two cards.

While waiting for the new cards, immigration found the ones they had sent to the Catskills address and mailed them to his current address. He had gone through the exercise and had paid \$520 for nothing!

In the meantime, he had an interview with a local government agency. He aced the interview and was told he was hired and could start in two weeks. A day later, László was told it was a mistake.

Three weeks later, László was called in for another interview. He went and aced that one. He was informed they would get back to him. A week later, he received a form letter thanking him for his time, but the agency selected someone else.

A week before Christmas, he received another call from the agency. This time, László told them he was not interested in playing their childish games and would not interview them again. The person apologized, and this time, there was no interview he could start the next day. László accepted the position of Assistant Buyer. The pay was far from the greatest, at \$12 per hour (Arizona had low wages due to the low cost of living), but it had extensive benefits, and it was a secure job. László could not be laid off, only fired for embezzlement or gross incompetence (but nobody ever was for being useless, as otherwise, 75 percent of the people in the agency would have been out of a job). In addition, László could pick his hours to start between 7-9 a.m. He could work an extra eight-hour day out of ten in a two-week cycle and get a day off, either a Friday or a Monday, giving him a long weekend every second week. He picked Friday off. László also figured that once in, he should be able to get a raise quickly or apply for a different higher-paying position.

László got his first digital camera, a Nikon Coolpix 950 with a high-quality 2.1 MP sensor. On the personal front, he decided to build a website that would focus on finding a submissive woman. László had given up on the Hungarian Women's Magazine and other Hungarians. He had learned when it came to a relationship, being kind, supportive, understanding, and loving hadn't really worked well in his favour. Being dominant and demanding in a Master and slave relationship had given him a lot more pleasure and satisfaction. To keep his anonymity, he created the "Dark Prince" a pseudonym and the name of his website that took him in a different direction from the past 6 years.

1999 essentially was enigmatic it had held lots of disappointments, including a divorce from Lily, which was quite amiable, yet by Christmas, a pleasant surprise, a job. László looked forward to what 2000 would bring.

XII. Adventures on the dark side

Creating a website was a noteworthy idea. The internet phenomenon had taken off in the mid to late 1990s, and more and more people had access to it. Now, he had to figure out how to build a website and where to start. He bought a book about coding HTML, the coding behind the displayed images and text on the internet.

László had a Sony VAIO 808 laptop with Windows 95 OS and an HP 5MP LaserJet printer that he had brought from Canada. Soon, he realized that while it was a great little laptop, it had many limitations. He bought himself a Dell desktop with a more powerful Pentium II processor, CD drive and 20GB hard drive, a 15" Sony SVGA monitor, and an HP colour photo inkjet printer.

After trying MS FrontPage to code for a website, he moved to Macromedia's Dreamweaver software, which was superior and easier to use. His site "Dark Prince" received a good response from applicants interested in being his BDSM slave to religious zealots who complained about picking such a devilish-sounding name. The religious zealots thought that it referred to "Prince of Darkness" the Devil, or Satan. Therefore, he must be the agent of the Devil and represent all that was evil, antichrist, etc.

It was hilarious to read their stupidity just as much as some of the responses of the female applicants. Very few could be taken semi-seriously. Most way overstated their submissiveness in addition, many of them were overweight, not his type. He had to be careful that the applicants were not underage. As for the rest, he had met one or two applicants now and then for a bit of fun, but nothing worth exploring in the long term.

The origins of the "Dark Prince" moniker were based on historical facts. While it might have had dark connotations for some, the name was actually based upon the Medieval European history of his ancestry. The Dark part was the colour of the armour worn by a group of elite professional soldiers known as the Black Army circa 1458-1490. One had to be a member of the nobility (only the nobility had the right and privilege to bear arms), additionally disciplined, tough, and well-experienced in the art of combat. The armour the knights wore to battle was very dark it was also a physiological plot it made them look more dominating, powerful and even very ruthless. One such knight was in László's lineage which was traceable back to the 1200s.

The "Prince" part had a very similar factual background. Indirectly, some of his distant relatives during the 1600s-1700s were related to or had been married to individuals who bore the title of Prince. László was referred to by several of his past female acquaintances when it came to the romantic aspects of their relationship as being their "Prince Charming."

By the end of March 2000, László had passed his three-month probation and was fully vested in the agency's benefits and plans. Another significant benefit was that one could retire early after five years if their age and the number of years added up to 55 or more. That was a good plan. The retirement pay was a combination that he paid into at every pay cheque and was matched in contribution by the agency.

It was quickly noted by his immediate supervisor, the buyer, that he had more experience than she had. His work was noticed by the department head. It did not take long before he was in charge of procurement, as he managed to save thousands of dollars by changing the printer/photocopy paper supplier, going direct versus buying from a middleman. He also mentioned that the IT department could save thousands by going with a brand name supplier at deeply discounted prices and better warranties than buying mismatched computer components from smaller PC suppliers. Upgrading and interchangeability of parts would also save some dollars.

For László, it was easy to soar like an eagle, as he was surrounded by a bunch of lazy and inept turkeys. Many would not be able to function in the private sector, only in this safe and secure government bureaucracy.

László's life was actually quite interesting. although he and Lily were divorced, they still lived under the same roof. Duncan had bought Lily a computer for emailing, etc. She had her own bedroom and bathroom, as messy as ever. László had his own bedroom and bathroom too. The rent was shared, and so was the food bill. It was convenient. However, this arrangement did not stop László from his internet adventures.

During the summer of 2000, Lily had to visit her Uncle Steve, as she was registered there, due to some paperwork that had to be taken care of in person. László offered to drive her as he had corresponded and talked with a possible applicant from his website who lived in Milford, Connecticut. László took two weeks off as a vacation from work. If László liked the applicant, Jennifer, he would take her back to Phoenix while dropping Lily off in Guelph and continue back to Phoenix. Lily could fly back to Phoenix and eventually move in with Duncan, as he was transferred to the USA.

László and Lily drove east on I-40 toward Knoxville and then to I-81 northeast to Harrisburg, I-78 to New York City and I-95 to Milford. It took them three days to get to Jennifer's apartment building. He parked his Saturn, and Lily waited in the car. László went to her place, it was very messy, but she was ready with two suitcases. He asked what she was going to do with the rest?

She shrugged her shoulders and indicated she would leave it behind. She was far from slim but wasn't too chubby. With a bit of dieting and exercise, she would lose the excess flab. László wanted to know if Jennifer was willing to go through with this as he was not playing games. She then

dropped to her knees, unzipped his pants, and gave him a blowjob, swallowing his cum eagerly. When done, she said that she was ready to be his slave and would follow his orders and would serve him as he pleased.

She was a divorcee with two kids. She had lost custody of them. László said he will try and see what happens. He told her to pick up her luggage and proceeded to the car. She wore a black outfit with thigh-high stockings, without any underwear, and she was shaved. She sat in the back, in the middle side, her legs apart just enough that László could see her vulva in the rearview mirror.

Lily snickered quietly, she knew László well that this would not last long. László started to drive on I-95 toward Norwalk and turned north toward Danbury on Route 7. They connected to I-84 east to Route 17 at Middletown and headed north, eventually ending up in Binghamton, NY. It was getting late by the time they drove on Route 17 to stop at Liberty, NY.

They stayed at a small motel in separate rooms, Lily in one and László with Jennifer. László was tired from all he'd driven. Jennifer gave him another blowjob, but he wasn't interested in anything else except to sleep. But he could not. Jennifer snored like a pig, and he did not like people snoring at night, which disturbed his sleep. Jennifer totally got on his nerves. She was not to be his slave.

At 7 a.m., he knocked on Lily's room to wake her while Jennifer was still snoring. Lily opened the door, and even she was disturbed by Jennifer's snoring. László told her they were going to take her back. He'd already had enough of the bitch. Lily was not to say anything, she knew he would come up with an excuse.

László went back to his room, quickly shaved and showered, and by this time, Jennifer had woken up too. After he showered, László told Jennifer that he was looking for his passport that he needed to get into Canada, and it looked like he had forgotten it back in Phoenix.

László had to drive her back, as he would drive to New York, jump on a plane and fly to Phoenix while Lily stayed in a hotel, and when he returned, he would be in touch to pick her up. After a quick breakfast, he drove her back. By noon, he was rid of Jennifer.

Lily just sat back and smiled, satisfied she knew that Jennifer would not last long, and she had been absolutely correct. László drove Lily to Steve's place and wanted to find out how long the paperwork would take. Just a day, he was told. He decided to wait for Lily. While in Guelph, he called Jennifer and indicated he would not pick her up. She wasn't what he had wanted. László still had over a week left from his vacation. László asked Lily if she was interested in going down to Key West, and on the way home, they could also see Atlanta and Miami, which they had never had the chance to do together. She agreed.

They drove off for an extended sightseeing trip. Neither of them liked Atlanta; Miami was slightly better, but it was very humid during the summer; then they drove down to Key West. On the way, they stopped at a seafood restaurant just north of Key West. They had jumbo shrimps, and those were gigantic. They had never seen shrimps so large, and they were very delicious! They spent a half day in Key West, looked around and returned. On the way back from Key West, due to an inclement weather warning, they got stuck in a huge traffic jam at a three-way stop. It was obvious that many of those drivers didn't deserve to have a driver's licence.

Once back on the mainland, László took the scenic State Route 41 through the Everglades National Park, and they stayed in Naples. The following day, they drove on I-75 toward Tampa and onward to I-10 and turned west toward Houston. Next, to El Paso, Tucson, and ended back at Phoenix. It was one long and very scenic cruise.

On his next long weekend, László drove to Anaheim, California, to meet another potential candidate. Lily tagged along for the ride. But the potential chickened out at the last minute and called him on his cell phone. It was no big deal for László. He had enjoyed the trip. Instead of meeting someone, László and Lily drove over to Huntington Beach, Long Beach, and they visited Hollywood while they were there. It was only five hour's drive back to Phoenix depending on whether the use of his Valentine One radar detector or not.

László did a stupid thing that he regretted later on that summer. He had traded in his solid gold 18K Cartier Tank Classic watch with the 18K gold deployment buckle on a Cartier Cougar with its matching Stainless Steel and 18K yellow gold two-row bracelet. The reason for his exchange was that he had to replace the custom leather strap every two years at a mere three hundred dollars from Cartier. (In time, he regretted this. He should have kept his limited edition and rare Tank watch that rose in value in 2024 to 14 times what he paid for it in Vienna.)

László started to look at buying a house. The mortgage rates were very low compared to Canada, and the period of repayment was much longer. In Canada, it was based on a 20-year amortization and had to be renewed every five years, while in Phoenix, he could get a 30-year amortization fixed, with no renewal for the same amount of years. He could also deduct the interest payments from his income tax. It made financial sense to have a house.

House prices were quite reasonable. For around \$130,000, it would buy a 1500 sq ft, three-bedroom bungalow with a single or even a double garage. However, he required Lily's help as his salary alone was not enough to get a mortgage. Lily indicated that she was willing to pitch in for part ownership of the house. László agreed. Lily wasn't making the money she was used to in

Toronto. She averaged about \$120 a day for the five or six hours she worked, roughly \$600 per week. Sometimes, she made slightly more than \$200 a day and was now excellent. Lily also had to pay income tax, gasoline, car insurance, and money toward rent and food.

The first step was to find out just how much László and Lily could actually borrow for a house. Their savings, combined in two separate accounts, had now dwindled to about \$14,000. They could put \$10,000 down as a down payment, and the rest would go toward closing and moving costs. The answer came back, the limit they could borrow was a paltry one hundred five thousand in addition to the ten thousand for a sum total of one hundred fifteen thousand. Now that their budget was established, it was time to look more seriously and use a real estate agent.

Ted was recommended by their insurance agent. Ted was an easy-going guy, a bit hopeless, or perhaps a bit shy when it came to the negotiation, but even Ted was better than Karl. To get what László and Lily wanted was not easy. They could get a condo a two-bedroom, two-bathroom unit with parking in Scottsdale, in a good neighbourhood for about \$100,000.

The condo building was ten stories high and very nicely kept. The unit was on the fifth floor and had the same number 503, as their previous condo in Toronto. It required new appliances and new paint for the walls. It had tile floors that they both liked. However, it only had one reserved parking spot in the multi-level above-ground garage. The common fees were about two hundred fifty, and that included water without electricity. The asking price was ninety-nine thousand dollars. However, the single parking space was not acceptable, and it was a bit far to drive for both of them, especially for László. He worked on the west end of the Phoenix, and the condo was on the east side.

Ted was told to forget condos. Many were low-rise type, which neither of them liked, and they wanted more privacy. Especially László, for his live-in “girlfriend” would materialize sooner or later, and two bedrooms were not enough. Ted was also told to make sure the houses were not in the flood zone. Phoenix had a lot of flood zones, and house insurance was much higher in those areas. In fact, it had to be purchased from the Federal Government, as private insurers would not insure. The other unacceptable item was Homeowner Association Fees. While it had its merits, nobody was going to tell László that he could not repaint his house a different colour, what colour was acceptable for his window curtains, that he could not park his car on his driveway overnight, or when to push out or in his garbage bins. He didn’t need busybodies spying on them or being fined.

Eventually, Ted found a house. It was under foreclosure and owned by a Bank. Its location was excellent, near I-10 and the 101 bypass, only ten minutes by car from László’s workplace, and an easy drive for Lily on the 101. It was freshly renovated, with new carpeting and newly painted

throughout the house. More importantly, without homeowner association fees. It was less than 5 years old, with three bedrooms, 1492 square feet, and a double garage on a cul-de-sac. The yard wasn't large, but it had a large porch out back, and the desert landscape meant no grass to cut. The bank wanted \$120,000.

László told Ted to put an offer in at \$99,000. Ted thought László and Lily were joking, but realized they were not. He protested that the Bank would never accept it! Ted was told he didn't have to agree with their offer, only to present it. He did, and the Bank replied with a \$111,500 counteroffer.

On November 20th, the house was registered to László and Lily. The Bank had settled for \$110,200. They now owned their second house. They had a mortgage of \$100,000 based over thirty years. Their actual payment, with taxes and insurance, was the same that they had paid for a two-bedroom, two-bathroom apartment.

It was a nice Christmas present. In less than two years, they had their own house, and although they were divorced, they remained good friends. The house was furnished with the furniture they brought with them from Canada and with a few additional pieces they had bought in Phoenix. Finally, there was enough space to hang all of László's paintings.

2001 started off slowly. László redesigned his website, as he had received too many useless applicants. He was very specific as to what he wanted. Instead of looking for somebody in the USA only, he had included females from England and Western Europe, as long as they could communicate in English and were free to travel.

He met Anais, a very nice divorced female from Washington State. She had turned 40 years old and would have worked out, except that she had kids, both over eighteen and still living at home. She was a very free spirit, he liked that, a very caring, warm personality and a very feminine body too. She was interested in exploring her dark side in a M/s type relationship. The only thing that prevented her was her kids, who had found out what she was about to undertake, they stopped her, and that was that.

Then, there was a Canadian, Teresa, 39 years old who lived on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. Her husband had passed away in a car accident. She was an artist and owned a tattooing business in a small village on the island. She was very good-looking, tall, slim, and had a nice face with a great smile and a very soothing voice. She and László talked a few times on the phone. No kids didn't want any. A non-smoker and very interested in M/s but was not moving to Phoenix. She was hoping that László would move to be with her. While it was a thought, it was only a quick passing thought for László. He had just bought the house, and he had a good job. He liked the warm weather, although July and August were a bit too

warm, but that was why they had air conditioning. If he would have been renting, he would have gone. These were just some of the normal ones, but the crazy ones, like Shawn, were a bit hard to take.

Shawn was the perfect unflushable type. She applied when László had lived in the apartment. They had talked a few times on his cell phone, but she was not his type. She then forced the issue and ran away from home. She was over eighteen and was an adult, but certainly, she was not that age, mentally. She lived in the San Francisco area. Shawn called from a hotel and wanted to be with László. László rushed up to her hotel, a long drive of seven hundred fifty miles in nine hours, which included stops for gasoline and a bit of sound advice from a motorcycle cop. László had his radar detector on, but when stopped just outside of LA to buy gasoline, he unplugged it from the cigarette lighter. Most gas stations had automatic doors operated by radar which interfered with his detector. After he bought gasoline, he forgot to insert the plug back in.

László was lucky. He had gotten stopped by a motorcycle cop in LA doing 115 mph in a 55 mph zone on I-5, just near the junction of I-10 and I-5. When the police officer pulled him over, he wanted to know why László was doing 115 mph, and he better have a very good excuse for driving so fast. He showed him his radar gun yes, it had been 115 mph. László remained very courteous and told him “that a friend’s daughter had run away from home. Now, she was afraid to go home, and he was going to see her to convince her to go home and not to do anything stupid. Here was the phone number for Motel 6, he could call the girl to verify.”

The officer let him go with a warning that it was his lucky day. He could have thrown the book at him. He could have ended up in jail, his car towed away, never mind the huge fine for having been 60 miles over the speed limit. The officer had a daughter, and he understood the urgency. The police officer told László to slow down to 65 mph, he would not get a ticket, and once out of the city limit, not to go over 75 mph, then he would be fine.

László got to Motel 6 without any further stops. He met Shawn. She was all nude and waited for him, waited to submit to him and be taken away. She was extremely skinny and had medical issues on top of everything. The last thing that he had wanted or needed. He was exhausted from the long drive. He took a quick shower and needed to rest a bit. He passed out on the bed and was awakened by Shawn bouncing off his penis as she was riding him. It would have been a good way to wake up but not with her. He withdrew immediately from her, and Shawn quickly planted her lips around his penis as he was about to cum. She got a mouthful.

Now that he was up, he told Shawn this was not a good thing. Her parents were going to call the police if they had not already done so, and it was best for her to go home. He would come to see her to ensure that she had

gotten home. He had no room for her, and she had to find someone else who did. He dropped her off near her home and drove back to Phoenix.

When he redesigned his website after buying the house, he put photos of its interior for any potential to see their possible living condition. He did this to reassure the applicants that it was a safe environment, not a dungeon or a cage. He was not that extreme, but he could if the right masochist female applied and sought the extremes of M/s.

Shawn, of course, had seen his revised website and kept writing email after email. László ignored her, but one day had enough. He was now involved with somebody and wrote her, leave him alone, he was involved with someone. In the spring of 2002, she had a fight with her adoptive parents. Shawn got on a bus and took it to Phoenix. Called László that she was at the bus station on a Thursday night.

Shawn told her nutty parents that she had gone to live with her Master as a slave in Phoenix and could not stand living with them. Shawn used her desktop computer to write to László's email that was shown on the site. Her emails were not very secure, and her adoptive father found them. Great! That was just what László had wanted to hear. Lily was with Duncan for a couple of weeks in Florida, and this was his three-day weekend. When would the police arrive?

László told her to get back on a bus and return to San Francisco. Shawn used the excuse she had bought a one-way ticket and had no money for the return ticket. It was a very long bus ride, something like 14 hours. László picked her up and told her to call her parents that she would be returning the next day. Shawn didn't want to return, but her father said if she didn't, he would send the cops out for brainwashing, corrupting and holding her against her will. László reminded him that she was 21 years old, he had not brainwashed her, corrupted her, nor had she been invited. She was an adult and could do whatever she liked. If they would have been a bit more reasonable with her, she never would have run away.

László drove her back to San Francisco on Saturday morning and dropped her off, not at home, but at a friend of the family's place. He told them, especially Shawn, to leave him alone! And returned immediately. That was one of the longest drives he had driven by himself, 1,500 miles in one day.

Shawn bothered him for a long time, even after he had removed his website. Shawn's mentally deranged adopted father even called the police on László: he falsely told the police that he was producing illegal pornography.

The police went to his house in the first week of February 2002 but had no search warrant. They had been let in by Lily, who was shocked as much as László was. There was no visible evidence of anything illegal having gone on.

It was a nicely furnished home with lots of oil paintings on the walls and a few nude photos of a woman in her prime, his girlfriend from the UK, in his bedroom.

László was at work and had spoken to the officer in charge on the phone. The police wanted to see the content of his computer by copying his hard drive. He told them there was nothing on it that they should be concerned about only photos of his girlfriend Carissa, who was 39 years old. The officer told László if he had nothing to hide, then he should allow them to copy his hard drive. László told them as soon as they had a Court Order, they were free to do so, but since they did not, to get out of his house!

That incident actually cost László a good job opportunity. In 2001 just before 9/11, there was a position at another agency for a Records Manager. László had applied for it and had gone through all the interviewing processes, meetings, etc. For the first interview, 12 candidates had been interviewed. From these, two were selected. László and someone else. He went for a more in-depth interview with the selective committee. László was chosen, and an offer was being arranged for László to accept or not. Then 9/11 happened, and everything was put aside. The hiring was delayed until the spring of 2002.

In mid-March of 2002, László was informed that he would have to go through the selection process again due to the delay. Unfortunately, by Law, that was what they had to do. He said alright, and he went through the process once again. Filled out the papers and went through two interviews, etc. He was selected again, but now, to more security, before the offer candidate had to go through a police background information check. During that investigation, his name popped up, and the police had been at his house for a potential porn investigation. There was no proof, and he was not charged, nor had any evidence been found. As a direct result, his name was dropped

László was truly upset. Technically, he could have sued. But he didn't know any good lawyers and good lawyers were expensive. He let it be. He was involved with Carissa now and might even move, so it didn't matter.

Interestingly enough, László was called up again in mid-September of 2002. The Records Manager position was open again, as the person had not worked out. He could apply again as there was no police evidence, and perhaps it was just a mistake that the police had investigated him earlier that year. László told them sorry he was not interested in participating in their childish games anymore. He had been interviewed enough times and been selected as the best candidate twice. If they had hired him, they would not be in this situation. Now, he was no longer interested in working for or with them.

XIII. Beautiful British Carissa

In October, 2001, László received a very detailed and extremely well written application from Carissa, a British divorcee, thirty-nine years old, who was very interested in establishing just the type of relationship he wanted. She was a divorcee, no children, with very little baggage, that was a good thing.

László replied to her right away to find out all he could about her. She had followed his website for over a year, and had finally gotten the nerve to reply to him. In fact, she was afraid that she was too late. As László kept the website updated, she noticed that it did say that the site would be up until he found someone who suited his needs.

The site was off for about a month in the summer of 2001 due to Amber. For a while, it looked like he had found in Amber the ideal submissive. But upon meeting her in Chugwater, Wyoming, he realized that she was not exactly what she had claimed to be or was the person he had spoken with over the past several months. He was used to this, but regardless, it was still disappointing. He knew since the Women's Magazine, and now on the internet, to be cautious and not believe anything at face value unless proven otherwise.

After being disillusioned by Amber, the site was up and running again. Since Carissa had followed the site, not only any updates, but had read, and reread everything. The more she read his lines, the more it made sense. She felt hypnotized by László's words and wants. It was done with class, very clearly stated but at the same time it was romantic, yet also so alluring even if those words described something dangerous, intimidating, scary: but so desired by her.

László's words touched deeply inside her psyche. Carissa could not shake those images as she imagined them and got more and more excited, only to relieve her built-up desires and wants with masturbation over and over again. She had to know László. László was glad Carissa understood her role and wanted to know him, with all her sensory and receptive organs, to see him, the sound of his voice, the texture of his skin, the odour of his skin, his taste, and feel him deeply inside her as he penetrated her vulva, her mouth, and her mind. She was ready to submit to experience his dominance, kindness, meanness, and even his rage. To follow his demands to give pleasure and to feel alive in her mundane life.

Carissa was, however, in England, and László was in Arizona. They had to bridge the distance. She had worked for a large company, and she had already used up her holidays for the year. Furthermore, she felt more comfortable submitting to him in her own home. László then suggested that if she was serious, she had to send him a ticket to fly over and pick him up at

the airport, and he could spend perhaps ten days with her. László had used up his holidays too, but he could get time off since his Canadian passport was about to expire. He would tell his supervisor he had to renew it in person in Canada, and it would take up to ten days. He could get ten days off without pay; that was not a problem. But he would not fly over on a whim; he had been burned before by applicants. As the saying goes, “the proof was in the pudding!” British Airways had a direct flight between Phoenix and Gatwick; if she sent the ticket, he would go. He would use his EU passport, which he needed to use when leaving or entering the USA. If he left on a Thursday, he would get there on Friday. They could spend two weekends that way together if she took him to the airport on the following Monday.

Carissa understood what he meant, and it made sense to her. By paying for the ticket, he would know that she was on par and believable. She made the arrangements for the ticket, but the days changed slightly due to seat unavailability, and he got the time off. He would arrive in the UK on the 6th of January in the morning and return to the USA on the 16th of January. László, in the meantime, sent off his passport to Ottawa to have it renewed. By the time he returned, his passport would be back too. László flew off to see Carissa on January 5, 2002, with British Airways. His checked luggage contained some of his favourite BDSM toys, including a riding crop, a black leather bullwhip, and butterfly nipple clamps.

Carissa was for real. A lovely, intelligent woman, somewhat nervous but ready to submit to all her kinky or otherwise desires with her body, mind, and soul. She waited for him at Gatwick airport. It was easy to recognize her. The photos sent were spot on, and she had a huge smile. Her blue eyes were sparkling, her face blushing, and her blonde hair was soft with a pleasant fragrance. She looked good, a feast for László’s eyes in her clothing at the airport, and even more so without them in her home. Dripping with desire, she was Viagra for the soul. It certainly made László excited, and he looked forward to spending every second he could feeling her from the inside and exploring every square inch of her delicate, delicious-tasting, silky smooth, firm body without an ounce of fat.

Carissa was worth his travel time, and László felt like he had never before. Carissa was a combination of the best traits and qualities of his former relationship, which ended due to circumstances out of his control. He named Carissa his BBC, which stood for Beautiful British Cunt. She loved her nickname.

For Carissa, László was her Lord, Prince, and Master, to obey, worship, and cherish everything about him. Carissa knew how to please; she was willing, even if she was inexperienced in submission and kink, and she craved to experience it all. She had read many erotic works about BDSM and the master-slave relationship. She was not a novice when it came to sex; she

knew how to move her hips, grind herself into László, and engulf him deeply all the way. She knew how to please him orally, her delicate and moist lips and tongue exploring every inch of his body from the tip of his head to his toes. Her refined hands, with supple, gentle fingertips, knew how to soothe and caress with just the right amount of pressure to obtain the precious drops of nectar she feverishly lusted to taste, feel, and swallow that made her feel fulfilled and happy.

Knowing that her master enjoyed erupting inside of her, feeling his tension build-up and his sudden release, those milliseconds of nirvana he felt, she could feel his spasm when he would come and savour the scent and taste of his warm cum. Providing with her hands, aromatherapy massage with lavender oil to relax, invigorate, and stress-reduce his tired muscles, pacify him as well and let his emotions drift to a different dimension, a universe of their own, filled with the sparkling magnificence of her submission and boundless pleasures that only she provided. Carissa was mesmerized, in a trance travelling into realms of different dimensions of passion had sought since her early teenage years.

For Carissa, his words on the website spoke to her and now László was with her in reality, within her physically and emotionally. She fell in love with László for all the right reasons. Yet, she was also slightly apprehensive not just about her ability to please in the long run, she would as with László nothing seemed taboo, forbidden or illicit as long as he demanded it from her, but the distance.

Carissa knew, just as László had, that this relationship either took off and lasted, maybe even for a lifetime, or it would crash, falling from those highs that both had experienced to an unbearable low abyss where the pressure would crush them due to the actual distance of two continents between them. Neither of them was financially so well off that they could visit each other bi-weekly.

She had a great job. Carissa was a well-experienced program analyst, smart, and well-educated. She was willing to move and find a suitable position if it came down to that. But she had never been to the USA or Arizona. Carissa certainly had some issues with moving. She had to see it in person before making up her mind. She was very fair-skinned; the sun would do a lot of damage to her skin. Developing skin cancer was not something she wanted, and she was also a bit concerned about Valley Fever, a nasty fungus infection that was rampant in Maricopa County, where Phoenix was located. If László moved to the UK, he would have an EU passport and could apply for residency and a work permit. László didn't like the damp weather or driving on the wrong side of the road, and what would he do?

However, like anything else, one could get used to the first two and find some suitable employment in time, all depending on the circumstances. Of course, there were other possibilities and compromises.

As far as Carissa was concerned, Arizona was the wild west of the late 1800s, uncivilized, hot, and desolate. She had lived in the Midlands, not as cosmopolitan as London but far from bleak, full of history and culture, and there were so many interesting things to do. She lived in a charming small brick cottage all by herself. It was rented, but that gave her privacy, especially behind closed doors. László had his own house. She knew that he was divorced and that he lived with his ex, which was a sign of sanity. If his ex could live with him, he was not an axe murderer or a dangerous psycho. It was clear to Carissa that László had his soft, caring, even loving side, not just the controlling, demanding, stern side; he was well balanced.

László and Carissa had discussed many things in their emails, and in the few phone calls they had made, but now it was in person. Watching the other's facial expressions and reactions to ideas and improvised proposals was much more meaningful and interesting. Indeed it was priceless, to use that cliché.

For László it was easy to see Carissa's reactions, her face showed her feelings while he was more difficult to decipher for her. Of course, this was even more intensive during their BDSM playtime. To see her tied up naked to the four corner bedposts, legs and arms spread far apart, blindfolded and ball gagged, with such physical restraints, her sense of helplessness and anxiety level amplified. The unknown was very enticing to Carissa emotionally and physically. Would it be pleasurable or painful?

Carissa, by no means, was a pain Slut, but surprisingly, she could tolerate mild to medium levels of pain. That made her even more wet and juicy with the lubrication that emerged from her tiny and delicate butterfly-wing-shaped inner lips. Her scent permeated, infusing into the electrifying atmosphere; she could feel her skin's pores when László's finger touched her, probing deeply, like shocks of electricity, making her twitch and spasm uncontrollably. The sharp sting of an ice cube touching her erect nipples one minute or the warm lips of her master's lips kissing gently or sucking with force and biting. The bite of the butterfly's nipple clamps on her erect nipples or is placed upon her inner pink lips. It was a feast for his eyes.

Carissa felt his leather whip's braided texture as he pulled it along her stretched-out torso, teasing her between her breasts and slowly moving down toward her spread vulva. The end of the whip was covered in leather, which he inserted and used as a dildo, while an ice cube sent shock impulses through her nerve endings to her brain cortex as it touched her erect clitoral area. It built up her pleasure in waves one after another, now drenched with her juices, shimmering, sparkling on her lips, and dripping slowly down to the white bed sheet. Removing her gag, Carissa would moan, letting out loud sighs of delight and begging for more to be used as he saw fit. László would untie her legs, bend them toward her arms to cuff her wrists to her ankles, giving him more access to burying his hard penis into her soaked and

wanting vagina, fucking her slowly and asking her if this was what she wanted, then withdrawing and cropping her arse cheeks.

Entering her again only to pull out and place himself over her body with his penis in her wanting lips while he proceeded to lick her out in the classic 69 position, suckling one by one her beautiful pink butterfly wings as he thrust himself deeper and deeper into her throat, finally exploding as he pulled back toward her delicate lips and filled her mouth with his cum. Carissa's delicious treat and reward that she had craved so much. Such play and endless variations of similar scenes were what Carissa faced in the evenings.

She loved these sessions, and she would lose herself in the "subspace" more and more and build her attachment to her master, bonding slowly but surely. She always made sure to thank her master. After such sessions, she tongue-bathed his body, licking him clean, passionately kissing his feet, suckling his toes, then gently rubbed and massaged his body with lavender oil with her tender and loving hands and supple fingers.

Carissa had to go to work in the morning, was out the door by 7:15 a.m., and would return in the afternoon by 4:30 p.m. László slept in, shaved, took a shower with a hand unit (stand-showers were not as common in older houses), made himself something to eat, then could wander around the town or watch TV. He looked through her photo albums and the places she had travelled. When she returned, they usually went out to grab some local fish and chips, or she made something quick, including homemade pizza. They drank some French red wines and his favourite Tokaji Aszú 5 Puttonyos, which was available in the larger wine store in the city where she worked.

Carissa showed him around, including the art gallery. She enjoyed the arts; again, something that they had in common was important. Being his pet, his slave was not just about sexual stimulation but enjoying common interests out of the scene.

She loved to drive and was very good at driving her two-seat, five-speed manual British Racing Green sports car. She loved history and travel. Carissa had an almost identical musical interest, and she was interested in photography. Carissa made one terrific, stylish, and sexy model nude, or otherwise, for his photography passion. László loved that she was not fake or just said something to make herself look good; Carissa was truly genuine. Both of them could imagine living with each other, day in and day out. Only if somehow they could truly get together.

On Saturday, they took the train to London. It was faster and without any of the hassles of parking. It was January, yet it wasn't unpleasant. Yes, it rained on and off a bit, but the temperature was mild, around 10 degrees Celsius; it wasn't the cold or freezing that he was used to in Toronto. She wore a nice black dress that was just above her knees, black thigh-high

stockings, and was pantiless for László to access her anytime. They walked hand in hand along the Victoria Embankment, stopping now and then for photos, stopping for lunch at a typical English pub, and sampling British ale.

They had more and more conversations about their expectations of the relationship, how it had evolved, and how they truly felt about their mutual gratification. It wasn't just the sexual lust; they felt very comfortable together, with him dominating and using her for his visual and emotional needs, humiliating her in a controlled manner that she enjoyed, and taking her into areas that she had dreamed about or, once in a while dared to read about. She wanted and needed to be subordinated; her passion was controlled, rechanneled, and moulded to fit László's needs. Desired punishment for not following orders for failing to please, but not in an extreme way. She enjoyed being cropped and even whipped gently, but not to the extent it would break her delicate and supple skin, nor where she was black and blue with huge welts. Handcuffs and restraints made her feel very vulnerable, as well as being gagged and blindfolded, but it was a turn-on as long as she trusted László. She could not do it without trusting him.

She loved to dress sexy, with corsets and lingerie and high stiletto heels, but enjoyed being nude just as much with her collar around her neck. She loved the feeling of leather but wasn't crazy about latex or rubber. She loved their puppy play, her being used as an object, a table for her master, László, to eat his meals on, and even as a vase for flowers or a candlestick holder.

Carissa loved László's fingers inside her, pressing her G-spot while she wrapped herself around him, pressing her erect nipples into him, deeply kissing László. She had an insurmountable desire for him that surprised and fascinated Carissa as well as László. He got deep into her psyche, and László enjoyed every second of it profoundly.

Time flew by, and it was time for László to return to Phoenix. Carissa was flying over on February 13th and would stay until the 29th. In the meantime, László's Canadian passport arrived from Ottawa.

In the blink of an eye, it was time to go and pick up Carissa. László drove out to Sky Harbor International Airport after work, and as he parked the Saturn, her British Airways Boeing 777-300 plane landed right on schedule at 4:30 p.m. He had his digital camera with him and took photos of the aircraft as it taxied.

László then proceeded to the international passenger waiting area. Carissa emerged, looked slightly tired but still elegant, beaming her sultriness in a brown jacket and tan t-shirt, showing off her long legs in her dark brown coloured jeans, and her distinctive sexy gait in her brown suede high heels, as she pulled her large suitcase.

László had a bouquet of red roses waiting for her inside. February

14th, Valentine's Day, was the following day, and Carissa wanted to be with her master. Carissa appreciated his little touches; he made her feel so wonderful as a woman. Being his slave was a privilege, but her connotations aside, it was her choice. In her master's presence, she sizzled and melted like butter in a hot pan.

Carissa was in a different universe. The universe of infinite forbidden dark pleasures sparkled like diamonds in their brilliance. She could not wait to get out of her clothes as soon as the door closed behind them, be naked at this feet and say her oath.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish."

For Carissa, these were not empty words; for her, it was her absolute belief etched deeply into her psyche, a bond, an invisible, unbreakable chain that linked her to László. László was the sun, the planet that Carissa rotated around, exposed to his flares of delight enriching her with boundless exhilarating and intense energy to please or his occasional wrath, which always affected her mood.

László told her it was time to freshen up, and they both jumped into the shower together. After the shower and refreshed, she jumped on the bed spreading her sexy legs as wide as she could, yearning, to give an invitation to her master, to be used and hopefully for her to taste his flavour and his aroma.

László did not hesitate too much, as he was in the same need to taste her addictive juices. László jumped on the bed and positioned himself over her body, his lips kissing, tasting, and sucking on her butterfly-shaped lips between her legs, while Carissa's luscious lips wrapped around his erection, engulfing him in her mouth. Her hands massaged his scrotum gently, and she firmly stroked his shaft. It didn't take long for either of them to feel each other's spasms as they climaxed, both letting off satisfied moans and sighs. It had been just about a month since they had been together as one, which was, in both of their minds, long overdue.

László took out Carissa for dinner for a bit more tasty meat of a different kind at the nearby Texas Roadhouse that had just opened very close to his house at 75th Avenue and McDowell Road. The steaks were good, but the atmosphere was very rowdy, and neither liked the noise. He made a note never to go there to eat.

After dinner, they returned home. To enjoy a more quiet but nevertheless exciting time. Carissa liked his huge bedroom and his comfortable bed. She felt tired from the trip but tranquil, her mind fulfilled. After giving László a first-class deep massage with lavender oils, he let her enjoy herself with one of her favourite fetishes, sucking and licking on his

toes, which she was so ardent about. He loved seeing her in her trance, taking photos and short videos as she adored his feet. Her tender and loving actions always led to his arousal and erection, which she lovingly and with deep passion took care of with her lips and hands, resulting in a treat for her, his ejaculating into her mouth as she savoured every droplet slowly, swallowing his cum. A perfect way to fall asleep.

To wake next to László with his full erection, pressing his shaft deep into her as she spread her legs and synced her hip movements to his thrusts, cuming in deeply, was heavenly.

“I love you, baby. I love the way you fuck me!” She moaned passionately during waves of orgasms that shook her body, delirious with a feeling out of this world. In her passion, she forgot to address him properly, which László ignored. Carissa was a good lover and was in love with her master. It was easy for her to have an orgasm with her master but a lot more difficult when alone masturbating.

“Happy Valentine’s! My Carissa, my sexy BBC, here is your favourite treat.”

László whispered into her ear as he pulled out, and she reached for his crimson penis head, dripping with their combined juices from her adoring lips. She loved licking and cleaning off his penis after each fuck. It was Thursday, and for László, it was time to go to work, unfortunately. He had a quick shave and shower, and he was off. Carissa fell back to sleep and was exhausted, and the time change did not help.

László called Carissa just after his lunch break to see how she was doing and allowed her to call her parents to assure them that she had made it to Phoenix and was alright. She appreciated his goodwill. Her parents lived in a smaller town, a good hour north by car from her charming little house. She didn’t want them to worry about her being in Arizona. There was plenty of food in the fridge for her to eat, and even a coffee maker László had bought for her stay, as she liked to drink coffee. She had a chance to look around the house, and she loved the decorations and his paintings. She took a nice long bubble bath, shaved clean, and used lots of moisturizers to keep her skin supple. She used a bit of Amazone perfume in a few strategic places to give her an alluring fragrance mixed with her natural scent. Carissa loved the scent of Amazone, a perfume by Hermes, that László had given her in January. The Hermes Amazone was an enchanting mixture of jasmine, narcissus, galbanum, daffodil, cassis buds, peach, and mandarin, giving off a floral aroma that was highly appealing and made heads turn everywhere she went. She loved her master’s worldliness, thoughtfulness, and attention to detail. She read the erotic novel “Story of O,” and she identified with the woman who wrote it, so she must have felt good.

As the time got closer for her master to return, she wanted to be ready. She put on Revlon Red lipstick, did her nails with the same colour, put on her black leather collar that had a short stainless steel chain attached, and put on her black thigh-high silk stockings, but otherwise, she was nude. She sat with much anticipation on a French-style dining room chair decorated with burgundy material with antique gold rampant lions, similar to what was on her master's coat of arms. Soon her master would pull into the driveway in his Saturn. She heard the car park; the lock cylinder turned, and she saw the door open. László stepped over his threshold, turned to close the door, and the lock shut. Just as he turned his back for a second, she stepped forward to the hallway, got down to the floor in her position of submission, and bowed down facing her master.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish." with intensity and devotion, she said her oath quietly.

László smiled, although she could not see it as her forehead touched the wooden flooring. He waited for a good minute silently for more tension and impact.

"Get into the inspection position!"

László stepped behind her. She promptly obliged by placing her legs apart while standing and bending forward to display her round cheeks and vulva for visual inspection for any traces of hair. She was in a very sexually aroused state of excitement, as her inner labia were shimmering from wetness. She had such a nice fragrance, the scent that László loved when her own scent was intermixed with Hermes Amazone perfume. It was intoxicating, and seeing her vulnerable, excited, and pleasing gave László an instant erection. He just unzipped his pants and slid between her well-lubricated lips into her longing and oozing tunnel of delight. Now that their bodies were one, she moved in sync with him as he pushed deeper and ground into her flesh with all his might. Just as he was to cum he withdrew quickly,

"Turn around, on your knees slave!"

As she did, she also dropped to her knees to engulf him, for her treat and being richly rewarded, as he grabbed her head, moving along with his thrusts. What a homecoming, he thought to himself. Carissa was not just a good slave, but a brilliant one. This welcoming scene was repeated every day when László returned from work while Carissa was with him.

"This is for you my sexy Carissa!"

László reached inside a manila folder and pulled a Valentine's card that he had made himself for her. She opened her card and smiled from ear to ear, which would have lit up the darkest room.

"Thank you, my Master, what a beautiful card! Your slaves love your thoughtfulness!"

“BBC change into your clothes, we are going out for dinner, after all, it is Valentine’s Day. Let’s celebrate!”

It was not an overly fancy place, just the Olive Garden at a nearby plaza. After dinner, they drove to the nearest gas station to tank up the Saturn, and then he parked the Saturn inside his double garage.

“Get undressed; put your collar on! We will talk as I have a small surprise for tomorrow!”

She obeyed him. Carissa clearly understood that once inside the house, she was to be naked with her collar on, unless told to wear something else. To be on her hands and knees or sitting back on her heels, with her arms to her sides.

“I will take you to work with me tomorrow. You will see where I work and what I do. It’s my short day; we’ll be there until 3:00 p.m.,” then László continued “Show me what clothes you have so I can pick something for you to wear that I like!”

The selection was limited, as she knew she would be nude all the time with him in the house, she hadn’t packed much.

Their evening was filled with play and photography. A bit of bondage play that included some ice cubes, his metal Graves vaginal speculum, peacock feathers, and a large six-inch-long cookie covered in hard green icing shaped like a saguaro cactus.

Carissa enjoyed being an object or a pet. This time, she was his peacock. He had a dozen-foot-long peacock feathers that were multipurpose, from decoration to teasing his slave while tied up or in restraints and blindfolded. He grabbed a half-dozen or so and taped the ends together while forming a fan shape, then taped them with tan masking tape between her beautifully shaped round cheeks. When she was on her hands and knees from the front, she resembled a peacock. She made a high-pitched mewling sound imitating a peacock, and her master took photos of her and strutted around as one to entertain him. He then removed her feathers, and as a finale, she laid back on his bed, legs wide apart, and started to masturbate with the hard cookie resembling a saguaro cactus that was a perfect edible dildo option. With the tip inside her vagina, one of the arms stimulated her clitoris. All, while her master kept taking photos of her.

The evening ended with a gloriously long tongue and lip action on his erect cock. Carissa’s pacifier erupted like a volcano, shooting out rich and creamy lava between her adoring lips. She made sure not to waste even the tiniest dribble, stroking with her hands and massaging gently the scrotum in a circular motion and squeezing. To pump out all she could until no more would flow, she started to massage her master’s body with the refreshing and invigorating lavender oil until he fell asleep.

László was used to waking up early, as he started work at 7:00 a.m., and around 5 a.m., he rolled toward Carissa. She looked peaceful, hardly covered by the bed sheet exposing her perky breasts. She had the type of nipples and areola that László loved. He started to lick and suckle on them gently at first, alternating between the left and right ones, which made Carissa smile as his activity had woken her. Then he started to bite on them with increasing force, which got Carissa all excited.

She started moaning louder and reached for him to get him stiff. She threw off the bed sheet, exposing herself for him to penetrate her, while he kept nibbling at her nipples. He entered her, then withdrew himself and turned her over. He told her to raise her hips, and he re-entered her. Burrowing himself all the way while he grabbed her hips, Carissa matched his rhythm, grinding her shapely cheeks into his body. He kept up his thrusting motion for several minutes, then withdrew and inserted several of his right-hand fingers. Slowly he worked on her opening, pulling them out, soaking them with her juices, and pressing back in deeper, slowly stretching her wider, and eventually sliding in his fist as she was becoming more and more delirious, moaning louder and letting out some shrill sounds of ecstasy now and then. He could feel her entire body contracting violently and spasming from the inside out. Carissa kept on moving her hips and pelvis faster on his hand, totally in another dimension of pain and pleasure that intermingled, then screamed with pleasure.

“Master, this cunt is your slave; use your cunt, Master; fist your cunt, fist your cunt.” until she collapsed, totally exhausted, breathed heavily, quivering, and soaked in her sweat. Her juices flowed from her as László withdrew his hand. He turned her over, kneeled over her, and put a pillow under her head to raise it.

“Open your mouth slave!”

As she parted her lips, he pumped his firm penis that was ready to explode. He ejaculated lots of his cum into her waiting mouth and on her face. She grabbed his shaft and proceeded to lick and cleanse off every droplet. Then with her fingertips, to pick up the cum that had landed on her face, smearing her fingertips and licking them off slowly. A good way to start off their day. He let her catch her breath for a minute or two.

“Thank you, Master, for such a delightful morning.” She spoke softly, full of affection in her tone.

She then washed herself in the tub, while he brushed his teeth and shaved his face. He let his slave shave off any freshly grown pubic hair from around his penis and his scrotum to keep him nice and smooth. Carissa loved the shaved look on her master; she hated to choke on pubic hair just as much as László. While Carissa was with him, it was her regular duty to perform such delicate procedures. She loved to do it, especially because her master

trusted her, making her feel special. The procedure went without any nicks, and now László took a quick shower while she brushed her teeth and did her makeup. They both dressed; she made tea for her master and coffee for herself. It was 6:40 a.m., and time to go to his office.

László, as they drove, explained a few things to Carissa for her to keep in mind, so everything jived in case of questions. Carissa was his girlfriend, and they had known each other for some time and had met in Europe years ago. Do not mention his website or the M/s aspect of their relationship. There were photos of her on his office desk, and some of the postcards she had sent him were pinned to one of the partitions of his office cubicle. She would be introduced to Linda, his department manager. Carissa could sit in a visitor's chair by his desk in his cubicle. They would go out for a quick lunch nearby, and there was free coffee in the office.

László parked his car under the sunshade, walked Carissa to the side entrance, used his magnetic ID card to swipe, and opened the door. On the second floor was his cubicle in the building. Carissa was introduced to Linda and some of the department's staff, including his former supervisor, the buyer. Who now was ranked below László and had been the purchasing agent for some time.

Carissa was shown where the free coffee and washroom were located, and he proceeded to his cubicle. It was fairly large, and he offered the visitor's chair in front of his desk to Carissa. He hung up his leather jacket that he had worn. Early in the morning, it was cool in February, even in Phoenix. Carissa looked around and noticed several of the postcards from her and some others too. She also saw two framed photos of her, and that made her feel wanted. Carissa loved that László was very gentlemanly with her, especially in public. While she was a possession to him, he behaved as if she were truly his girlfriend, with romance and kindness that made her feel more than just a sex object to him. She understood her role in M/s and knew her place, yet László was more than just a master to obey unconditionally; maybe that was why she could.

She felt that her submission was cherished by him and that he loved her in an unconventional way. No matter what he did to her pleasure or pain she endured it willingly. Carissa was drawn closer to him just like a moth was attracted to the source of light, an open flame that could burn and destroy her. Regardless of the consequences, she trusted him absolutely.

She wanted him more and more as the minutes passed by. She wanted to marry him and be his pleasure slave forever. Only the actual distance that was between them could prevent this, but that could be solved.

The day went by, and he had his first 10-minute break in the morning. He had an Earl Grey tea, and she drank some of the free coffee. Later, at lunchtime, they drove to a nearby restaurant for a quick burger, and he had a

break for another 10 minutes, then at 3 p.m., it was time to leave. Linda had come over and wanted to know how she liked Arizona, just before they left. Carissa indicated it was very different from England; as long as it wasn't too warm, it was fine with her. She was reminded that it could get extremely hot in the summertime, for her this was a good time to visit.

László drove home, and she got undressed. They cooked together while she was completely naked; the only thing she had on was her black leather collar around her neck. They prepared a spicy Hungarian dish called lecsó, made with onions, garlic, tomatoes, and different types of peppers (green, yellow, and red bell peppers), bananas, and jalapeno for a hot taste, with some bits of smoked bacon served over cooked rice. László had made this once in England and she wanted to learn how to make it. Carissa liked that László could cook, while she could cook simpler foods, but he had introduced her to a different cuisine. She liked the spice and flavours of Hungarian recipes compared to bland English foods.

She loved orally servicing her master from under the table while he ate his dinner. When he was done eating, it was her turn to eat. Sometimes she ate from the table just like he did with utensils, or sometimes she ate from a bowl or from the floor on her hands and knees, not allowed to use any utensils like a puppy would. She loved being humiliated to please her master. Sometimes he copped her to swallow on command or even mounted her from the rear while she tried to eat like a puppy. Those sessions were just out of the world for Carissa; she loved being his bitch in heat! Carissa loved being his object to rest his feet on as she pretended to be a footrest as he watched TV or a movie; down on her hands and knees as a table to put a tray of food upon her back for him to eat from; she spread out on the top of the dining room table, her vulva covered with some sweet delicacy to be eaten out; some delicious wine or liquor poured between her lips for her master to slurp and lick out. She loved the gratification she felt by providing her master with visual stimulation down to his cortex. She loved to see him smile. And to know that she was the source of his delight.

This evening, he allowed her to eat from the table with utensils; when she was done, they washed it down with Weihenstephaner Hefe Weissbier, one of László's favourite Bavarian beers. After dinner, she cleaned up in the kitchen. László took off his clothing to give her access to him as he sat down on the couch to watch the news and later popped in a DVD.

She sat on the floor between his legs, caressing him. She sucked, licked, and experienced his penis cycling between soft and rock-hard erections. He later reclined, and she buried her face, engulfing him in her mouth. She loved caressing him for hours without ever tiring. She just loved to suck, to get every precious droplet of his cum; she could never get enough;

she was addicted; this was her drug. László had a limit on how many times he could ejaculate in a day; he was not exactly in his 20s anymore.

László retired to his bed, and she massaged him while he fell asleep. She fell asleep with her head between his legs and her black leather collar on. She was not allowed to remove it without his permission, as he was sleeping and Carissa didn't want to wake up. When László woke up around 6 in the morning and was surprised to see her that way, she was out like a light. He gently moved her to a more comfortable position and let her rest for another hour. At 7 a.m., László woke her up by spreading her legs and entering her slowly, as she was still dry. Feeling her waking up as he moved within her, she quickly started to move her hips, and her juices began to make his penetration smoother.

"Oh Master, fuck your cunt! She is yours twenty four seven, anywhere, any place..." she whimpered quietly.

He moved faster and deeper; this time he came inside her and kept on thrusting until he felt himself go limp. He pulled out, and she automatically reached out with her mouth toward him to cleanse and lick him dry. As he got up from bed, she inserted several fingertips to catch his dripping cum mixed with her own juices and licked off her fingertips.

László brushed his teeth, shaved, and showered, and when he stepped out, she dried him off gently. He then removed her collar, and she stepped in the shower herself. After her shower, she did her routine of brushing her teeth, drying her hair, putting some skin cream on her body, doing her makeup, etc.

"Bring the UV protector from the counter!" He pointed to the tube and continued, "We're off to Tucson! Get dressed and after breakfast, we will be leaving!"

She made eggs sunny side up and toast for both of them, tea for her master, and coffee for herself. László allowed her to eat with him at the table at the same time as he did. When done, he got up and looked for his Nikon film camera and several rolls of film while she did the dishes. He also picked up his digital camera too. The day would be filled with some photography outdoors. It would be a nice sunshine-filled day, like most days are in Arizona.

At 9 a.m., left for Tucson. They arrived at the Pima Air & Space Museum around 10:30 a.m., about an hour and a half drive, going slightly above the speed limit. Carissa enjoyed the drive, as they had a good conversation about their relationship.

László mentioned that he was thrilled that she was with him. He hoped she would not fizzle out. He was not interested in a 9 1/2-week relationship, like in the movie. She felt the same way. He was concerned

about the distance and realized that one of them would have to move, and whoever might have issues finding suitable employment. Either way, one of them would have to continue to work and basically be the sole bread earner initially or even for a longer time. Carissa told him it made more sense for her to move, but she wasn't sure about the heat, the culture, or, she would say, the lack of it from her perspective. Indeed, Phoenix had an abundance of the first and lacked the second. László shared the same outlook. Of course, Carissa knew the fluke reason why he had ended up in Phoenix, and it was not by his choice. László only liked two things about Phoenix: his house and the dry heat. She thought to herself "I'm not sure if I could live in Phoenix, but maybe if we move to Canada, that would work."

Carissa had never been in a museum like Pima before; so many aircraft were on display outdoors, and she was amazed that László could identify so many of them. There were even a couple of British aircraft on display, and she liked that. She posed for some photos and took a couple of László photos too. They ate a small lunch at the cafeteria and bought a few souvenirs at the gift store. Carissa bought a model aircraft for her nephew; she had a married brother. At 3 p.m., they left the museum grounds.

László wanted to explore Saguaro National Park, just northwest of Tucson, which is home to the largest cacti: the giant saguaro. The saguaro was associated worldwide with the American West. Carissa had never seen one up close, and he wanted to take photos of her by these majestic plants, her naked soft beauty silhouetted against the spiky spines of these enormous cacti. The park was desolate, with no visitors around, and provided lots of privacy for her to pose without anything on but a smile. Another trait that László loved about Carissa. She was very imaginative without any inhibition.

Carissa truly understood his visual needs and the impact they had on László. Upon their return to his house, László downloaded the digital images from his camera to check them out. Carissa took a bath to cleanse off any dust and shaved herself to be as smooth as she could be, using plenty of skin moisturizer all over her delicate, seductive, just about perfect body. She never thought of herself as being sultry or so hot and attractive, but with her master, she felt like Aphrodite, the goddess of love, beauty, and sexuality.

Dinner consisted of baked salmon with almond slivers smothered with butter and chives, shrimp in a garlic and butter sauce, and a bit of jalapeno for extra flavour over steamed rice. Once again, prepare together. She had to learn just how her master liked his food prepared, and it was a good way for her to practice her culinary skills. Carissa liked salmon, but in England, it was extremely expensive when compared to the cost of buying salmon fillets in Phoenix. László indicated that she would prepare the dining room table for two, meaning she would eat at the same time as her master. After eating László turned toward Carissa.

“Clear off the table and get on it with your legs spread wide on your back! We will have some dessert!”

She hurriedly did as commanded. She noticed that her master had a bottle of Tokaji Aszú 4 Puttonyos in his hands, so this was for dessert. She laid on her back on the table, with legs spread wide apart, exposing and spreading her swollen lips apart, anticipating the dripping of the sweet wine, drop by drop. He started to dribble the wine over her and lick it off. The sweet wine was intermixed with her own nectar, sending signals of pleasure throughout her thousands of nerve receptacles when his lips and tongue slid over her and licked between her cunt lips. Ecstasy, rapture, and uncontrolled contractions in her insides took hold, wave after wave, driving her into a wild frenzy. Her receptive cortex was short-circuited; she knew that her favourite treat was about to come later, that which she craved, almost tasting and feeling the texture of her tongue already on his penis.

Carissa was right about her treat. Time stood still for Carissa; she was in a universe of their own; she didn't know how long László continued licking out the wine. Suddenly she heard his voice, and her ears perked up, bringing her back to reality quickly.

“Stay in this position, slave! Don't move!”

“Yes Master.”

He went to the bedroom, undressed, and returned with a pair of leather wrist restraints.

“Your right arm!”

As she extended her arm, he put the restraint on her wrists and attached her wrists, bending her arms backward. The clasp made a metallic click as he locked it into the steel O-rings of her collar, to the right side, limiting her hand movements.

“Your left now!”

He went to the bedroom, undressed, and returned with a pair of He repeated the procedure and clasped it to the left O-ring. He stood over her face pulled her head over the table edge, and proceeded to drip a few drops of wine on his erection; the wine started to flow slowly down to his scrotum.

“Lick off the wine from each of my testicles and suck them gently, my sweet slave!” as he dripped more wine, drop by drop. He dripped some wine on his shiny crimson head around the corona, and inserted it between her wanting lips to taste, teasing her slowly driving her insane with desire. Withdrawing it and repeating, she was moaning.

“Beg bitch, for your Master's cum!”

“Master, your bitch, your cunt, begs for your cum, sir! Please allow this cunt to taste and swallow your precious cum, sir! Master, your bitch loves your cum.” Carissa started off softly but got interrupted.

“Louder bitch, I can't hear you cunt!”

“Master, your bitch, your cunt, begs for your cum, sir! Please allow this cunt to taste and swallow your precious cum, sir! Master, your bitch loves

your cum! Please allow your slave to have her dessert, sir! Take pity on this worthless cunt, sir.”

Her volume increased with fervour, and while she begged, he started to stroke his shaft.

“Open wide, cunt!”

She opened with anticipation as she ejaculated into her widely parted lips. As she swallowed every drop, he inserted his head for her to click and cleanse off any cum remaining to suck his urethra clean. Then he withdrew himself, turned around and placed his legs so that her head was now between his thighs.

“Rim my anus, slave!”

She started to kiss and lick his rosebud, slowly penetrating it with her tongue tip. This was a first for her, like so many other things with László. She felt humiliated, which she enjoyed. Soon, his erection returned, and he turned toward her spread legs, pulled her closer, placed her legs upon his shoulders, and rammed into her drenched, dripping, slippery tunnel of love as she passionately moaned and murmured her oath over and over again. While cuming, her body contracted uncontrollably inside her brain, feeling like she was in another universe. László loved how orgasmic Carissa was, how deeply she emerged herself to pleasures of the dark side, by far the best he had ever met. After their passionate communion, László had some more fun in his mind.

“Now we’ll walk to the tub, and you will be my fountain once you’re inside!” he told Carissa.

As they walked, he unlatched her hands from her collar and removed her restraints as well as her collar. She sat on the white marble edge that was slightly raised behind the back of the tub, spreading herself, exposing her urethra, readily turning into a living fountain, waiting for master’s command to release her stream from her parted lips.

“Now!” His command echoed, and her golden fluids jetted out.

“Stop!” She forced herself to stop peeing.

“Bend back more and aim higher until you’re done!”

She raised her legs, pushing her pelvis upward, as she tried to recline as much as she could and let out her final stream while her master took photos of her. It was time to hose herself off with his golden shower.

“In the tub, bitch, on your knees and face me, bitch, mouth open!”

She kneeled in some of her own urine, which trickled slowly toward the drain, with her mouth open. He aimed into her open mouth. She tried to swallow the fluids, but most flowed in a cascading stream down one of her sexy breasts with her nipples erect. He moved his aim down to those nipples as she was rubbing his golden stream onto her skin. When he was down to a few droplets,

“Clean the head!”

She automatically reached for his cock with both of her hands and licked his head. Cleansing it with her loving tongue and lips, until every minuscule of golden fluids was sucked dry and her master was satisfied, all while he continued taking photos.

“Clean yourself!” He placed the digital Nikon camera down on the double vanity, and he stepped into the separate shower stall for a quick one. It was time for more play and photography.

He placed her collar on and attached a four-foot-long fine steel chain leash.

“Puppy time, bitch, you will crawl on your hands and knees as I walk you around; you can only bark! Understood?”

“Woof.”

She yelled quickly with a high-pitched tone, like a small dog.

“I can’t hear you bitch! Louder like a real dog!”

“Woof!”

This time, she barked much deeper and louder.

“Damn it bitch, where is my crop? Fetch it and bring it into your mouth!”

Carissa looked around; the crop was lying on the seat of his French bergere chair, which matched the rich silk curtain fabric in his bedroom. She crawled there, picked it up with her mouth, and crawled back on her hands and knees like the good bitch she was. She stopped in front of him and looked up at her master.

“Thank you bitch!”

He took it out of her mouth. Picked up her leash.

“Let’s go for a walk, you lead. We will go out to the living room, make two circles, and come back! Understood?”

“Woof!”

She barked, indicating that she did!

He smacked her on her arse cheeks with the crop that left a small rosy imprint on her beautiful soft flesh.

“Move it bitch!”

As she started to crawl and lead, he kept on smacking her round sexy arse.

“Bark bitch louder! Every time you feel the sting of the crop, you bark twice as loud!”

And he let her have another one. All one could hear was barking and the stinging snap of the crop. It took me a good ten minutes to return. Both of her cheeks were nicely rosy and hot. He stopped by his computer table, picked up a one- and three-quarter-inch-diameter flesh-coloured silicone ball, and placed his crop on the black computer chair. He let go of the leash and threw the ball.

“Fetch, bitch!”

Carissa crawled and returned with the ball on her hands and knees, dragging her leash around, and stopped in front of him. He reached for the ball and took it from her mouth. He now threw it further down the hallway toward the living room.

“Bark while your fetching, loud, so I can hear it!”

Off she went, barking all the way until she grabbed the ball with her mouth. In the meantime, he went to pick up his camera and started snapping photos of his puppy as she obediently crawled back to him. She stopped, and he took the ball from her mouth.

“Do as dogs do, start sniffing my crotch and lick it, bitch!”

She nuzzled up to him, imitating as a dog would, burrowing her face into his crotch, as now he was erect, and she started to lick his balls and the shaft of his penis.

“Good little bitch, you’re a good little bitch!” he encouraged her.

“Would you like to lick your Master’s cock?”

“Woof...Woof...Woof!”

She barked rapidly from her excitement.

“I can’t hear you my little bitch!”

“Woof, woof, woof!”

She now barked, howling as loud as she could, almost foaming at the mouth as she was in a total zeal of yearning for his piece of meat to taste.

“Start licking my left foot. Starting at my toes, you can work yourself up, but slowly! When you get up to this high”

He pointed toward his upper thighs,

“You stop and start on my right foot! Understood?”

“Woof!”

She started to lick his feet with feverous passion, inching up slowly on his shin and knee as she reached higher on his thigh. She could feel his erect cock touching her hair, and she could smell the scent that she loved so much. She then switched over to his right foot.

“Stop!”

She froze, he pulled out his computer chair turned the seat toward her sat down, spreading his legs, and moved so that his scrotum was off the edge of the seat.

“Get closer to get your treat; you can only use your mouth, but slowly!” Teasing her drove her into a deeper frenzy.

She licked around his bulging balls, slobbering and working her tongue along the shaft, inching slowly to his head. He pulled his foreskin all the way back, freeing his corona, to let her lick the frenulum, one of the most sensitive parts of her Master’s penis. She flicked it with the tip of her tongue, then returned to licking and sucking the corona, taking as much as she could into her mouth. Carissa wanted to touch his shaft with her hands, moving her

hands up and down, to milk him, but it was forbidden, intensifying her longing to taste him as he climaxed, her well-earned reward for being his obedient bitch.

László, of course, knew this and let her work for it for as long as he could stand without ejaculating. He was filming her with a short burst of video lasting 20 seconds with his digital camera. For those times when they would be apart, to relive those memories and to masturbate while he watched the clips and talked with her on the phone.

“Use your hands!”

Her prayers were answered, and she grabbed his shaft, covered in her saliva, and started to stroke her hands back and forth on his shaft.

“Use more pressure and faster!”

Carissa increased her pressure and speed, now he started moan and groan.

“Massage my balls with your left hand and open wide!”

Just as she opened and stuck the tip of her tongue out to receive, he spurted out several salvos into her wanton wide-open lips, some of his cum dripping down to her breasts. She scooped it up with her fingertips and licked every driblet she could, she smiled with great satisfaction, then gently whispered,

“Thank you Master.”

It was getting late, and for Sunday, he wanted to go with her for a scenic drive. He left her collar on to sleep with, to remind Carissa that she was his slave even while sleeping. Before he stretched out on the bed, he got some moisturizing aloe jelly and applied plenty on her red buttocks, to soothe her minor skin irritations tenderly and asked,

“Do you feel better now, my sweet slave?”

“Yes, my loving Master, she does.”

She smiled and murmured softly. László then stretched out for his much welcomed massage.

“When you are done, you can suckle on my toes; just make sure you get some sleep too!” Soon he was out like a light.

Carissa stopped and returned to her secondary passion, sucking and licking on her toes. She was in her own universe of pleasure and passed out. He woke up in the middle of the night and noticed Carissa was sleeping deeply by his feet across the bed. He moved her into her adjacent position beside him, placing her head on a pillow. She just kept on sleeping without being aware of her new position. He kissed her gently on her nipples.

He let her sleep in longer on Sunday morning. “She must be exhausted,” he thought to himself. And he continued, “so far she has been very obedient, her training is going well”. He looked at his watch; it was 7:18 in the morning. Then, at her uncovered breasts, heaving up and down slightly as she breathed, he went from limp to fully erect in a nanosecond.

He placed himself between her legs and spread them. He lifted her hips up on his pillow, elevated her slightly, moved her legs on his shoulders, and mounted her between her beautiful lips. That woke her up and she smiled.

“Good morning my sexy Master.”

She whispered gently and continued with her oath with devotion, slightly louder,

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish.”

“Good morning to you, my sweet, loving BBC!”

He replied as he was thrusting with more force, as she had become more moist.

“You are going to learn how to control your orgasms! You will not cum until I tell you to! If you do it before I allow it, you will be punished. Ten hard crops on each of your beautiful cheeks and then on your cunt lips! After each stroke, you will thank me and ask me to strike you harder! Is that clear?”

“Yes, my Master.”

She spoke in a faint and trembling voice, as she knew this could hurt, but continued,

“Your slave will not cum until she is told to do so. She will be cropped on her arse and cunt. She will thank her Master after each stroke and will ask her Master to strike harder.”

“Good girl!”

He kept on thrusting, as he was getting close to a climax, he pulled out from her warm and wet vagina.

“Take it in your mouth, bitch!”

Quickly, she removed her legs from his shoulders, lounged toward his erection to take it into her mouth, and grasped his member with her hands, stroking it with passion, to get all his cum into her mouth.

“Cleanse it!”

She slowly pulled out his still-erect penis and gently licked around his head and along the shaft, then gently kissed it all over. And let go.

“Start masturbating until you are ready to cum, and ask for permission! Are we clear?”

“Yes, my Master.”

She replied while she leaned her back against the wall by the head of the bed. Drawing up her knees a bit and spreading her legs to ensure that her master could see her clearly, while she began to touch her lips and rub her clitoral area. Her lips were swollen and she felt the heat, her oozing lubrication as she touched her clit, sending waves of pleasure. She loved to masturbate, and she did as told, twice a day. Once in the morning, after she said her oath loudly in her position, And once at night, while they were apart,

She also went without any thongs (knickers) when she wore pants to

work. Once in a while, she had to insert a small, four-inch-long dildo and keep it inside her all day. That resulted in several orgasms and phone calls from the washroom to her master, of course, making sure that she was alone in the lady's room. Being at work with a dildo in her was an agony, but a pleasurable one too, at the same time.

“Master, may your slave cum?”

Her voice trembled with her impending orgasms.

“No you may not! Start inserting your fingers deep!” He snapped at her and continued, “You are too eager!”

She let go of her clit and slipped two fingers inside of her soaked vagina. Feeling her wetness, she moved her fingers in and out.

“Use those fingers, work that cunt faster! Is that clear?”

“Yes, Master.”

She replied now with an even more trembling voice. She inserted three fingers now and moved at a slightly faster pace. She started to breathe more rapidly and had to think of a punishment to delay her tsunami. As she moaned, the scents of her sweat, her sex, and her perfume filled up the room with a pleasant aroma.

“Master, may your slave cum?”

Carissa could hardly say the words as she was so excited and was getting even wetter if that was possible at all.

“No you may not!”

László paused for about 10 seconds “Stop!” he commanded her “get in the face down arse up position and remain on the bed!”

She withdrew her fingers immediately and stopped her eruption just in time. She looked puzzled, but got into the position as ordered. László grabbed his crop. She took a good swing and hit her cheeks. She lurched slightly forward as she felt the sharp sting behind her.

“Thank you, Master, please strike this slave harder.” she whimpered.

As he took another good swing and hit her cheeks, she thanked him again. After five swings, he stopped. She was puzzled, but kept quiet. But soon she noticed that her master had now grabbed his leather bull whip. She bit her lips and winced. This could hurt! He stepped up onto the bed, laid the whip's long thong near her neck, and dragged it slowly along her spine, sending shivers all through her body, all the way down to her crack and between her swollen lips, several times.

Then he mounted her, ramming his erection deeply into her soft wetness all the way. He took hold of her hips, moved them forward almost to the point that he would come out, and ramped her hips back over all the way. Carissa now moved in unison with her master. Moaning and just about screaming, her burning arse cheeks touched his pelvis, and her insides felt his erection. Her pleasure and torment were intermixed, a couple of tears rolled down her face.

“Master, may your slave cum?” she cried out.

As she was ready to cum, permission or not, she was not capable of withholding any longer.

“Yes, my bitch!”

Her body responded with a tsunami of contractions, and her tears of ecstasy rolled down her flushed cheeks. As she moaned and gasped for air, she just collapsed. She was spent, but somehow she found enough energy to whisper almost incoherently.

“Thank you, Master.”

“You are most welcome, my sweet Carissa!” he replied, almost as exhausted. “Let’s have a shower together and have breakfast!”

It took both of them a minute or two to recover enough to walk over to the shower stall, she with trembling legs. They stood embraced under the stream of lukewarm water, and she hugged him lovingly as he gently started to soap up her back and gently continued all over her body, washing their sweat and scent off. She lathered him up too, and she washed him gently. Except one part, as she was only allowed to use her mouth on his penis. She took his semi-erect penis lovingly into her lips. She cleaned it with her adoring tongue.

When done, she stepped out, reached for his towel, and dried him off first, then herself. While he brushed his teeth, she did the same shortly after and asked for permission to speak. Carissa was not allowed to express her opinions unless given permission in his presence. Which was granted.

She talked about how she felt throughout all that had just happened. Her life had changed drastically since they met in January. She was loving every minute of it, and this was just what she had wanted all through her life. She hoped that this was how she would spend the rest of her life with László. She knows that there are a lot more lessons to come and learn. She was very eager to learn and to please. László embraced and reassured her, that he was very happy with her, and that he loved her.

“Now for the rest of the day, we can make it free time. This means you are still my slave; I expect total obedience, but you can talk normally; you do not have to call me ‘Sir or Master’ unless you wish. But never call me ‘Master’ in the presence of someone. Are we clear BBC?”

“Yes, Master; oops, I meant to say, yes, László.”

She corrected herself with a large smile and gave him a warm hug, pressing her naked body into his, with her nipples erect and hard. She was wet between her legs once again. She gave him a deep kiss, caressing his tongue lovingly with hers. While he gripped her still crimson behind and slipped several fingers from both of his hands into her slippery and oozing opening between her lips, stretching it wider, then pinching her clitoral area between his right thumb and index finger, She just about jumped as he kept the pressure on and started to massage her clitoral area as she felt her spasm

emerging and radiating from her pelvic area.

“I love you, László, so much, you have no idea!” she softly whispered into his ear, as she kept taking short and fast excited breaths. He let go of Carissa and pressed his drenched fingers into her mouth to suck and lick off. “Let’s get dressed, put a skirt on, and eat something. Otherwise we are going to be here all day!” he directed but paused for a second “Bend over let me see your cheeks!”

Carissa bent over immediately. He went and picked up the bottle of aloe vera, spread a generous amount on her rosy cheeks, and rubbed it gently and passionately into her skin. The cold, smoothing gel felt good on her warm skin. She appreciated that László, her master, while he was firm with her, and she had had a tough time figuring out what his next step would be in and out of playtime, kept her at the edge but cared about her well-being and was very proud of her.

After breakfast, they drove to Payson, located in the Tonto National Forest, a very scenic drive along the North Beeline Highway, to take photos other than desert scenery. Carissa was impressed by the changing scenery, but the temperature change was to her liking too. Along the way, they stopped here and there to take photos along the way, not just of the scenery but of her. She loved the Century plant (*Agave americana*), which had a very long-stemmed flower that could reach over 20 feet high and bloomed only once at the end of its long life. When they reached Payson, they ate at a small local restaurant. On their way back, they took a side trip toward Four Peaks Mountain. László took some more photos with the Four Peaks in the background. It was a nice day trip that emphasized that it was not just a sexual fling, which indicated the possibility of a long-term relationship that both of them wanted.

Once back in László’s house, the dynamics changed; he was the Master again, and she was his slave. Carissa had her collar on and nothing else. She was ordered to make dinner but set the table for one. There were two pieces of salmon leftover, and she baked them in the oven with a bit of butter, all wrapped in aluminium foil. She made steamed rice and sliced up a lemon. She decorated only his plate and served him. She also poured mineral water into his glass. While he ate, she took her customary place under the table, pleasuring her master with her lips on his penis while he ate.

She loved sucking on him as he stopped momentarily from eating while he jetted his warm cum between those soft and supple lips of hers. She was intensely content with her role to provide sexual and other pleasure. That was her sole reason to be with her master. She always felt horrible, like a failure, when she could not get him to ejaculate and be able to have his cum in or on her body. When they were apart, phone sex was an inferior substitute, but still, it was better than not hearing his voice at all. She was able to imagine being with him, but not seeing, touching, smelling, and

tasting her master was the worst torture. It was more painful than any physical pain he could ever give her. She was addicted to him, and she needed him. Now that her master was in her life, without him, she felt devastated and empty, like a zombie without a purpose. Therefore, she was willing to endure just about any pain, humiliation, or even to lose her dignity.

“Slave, that was a good dinner. I hope you enjoyed your reward!” he paused. “Get your bowl so I can give you dinner!”

Carissa crawled out from under the table on her hands and knees, picked up her bowl with her teeth, and crawled back to his table. He reached for the small but richly decorated glass bowl. With his fork, he pushed two small chunks of the fish and some leftover rice into it. Then he stood up, walked back to the kitchen, and placed it on the floor where it had previously sat. He also took another same-sized bowl and poured the leftover mineral water from the bottle into it

“Bitch, come and get your dinner!” snapped his behest at Carissa.

“Eat, bitch!”

Carissa started to eat like the good bitch she was, using her tongue, teeth, and lips. He stood over her, watching and enjoying her obedience. It took her about five minutes to lick the bowl clean, and she drank from the other. When done, she remained in her position with her head down, facing the cold ochre ceramic tiles.

“Bitch, get up, and gather all that has to be washed. Wash them, and join me by the couch! Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master, and thank you, Master, for dinner! Master, may your slave use the toilet?”

“OK, proceed to the bathroom!”

Carissa crawled off by herself and returned in the same fashion after several minutes. László sometimes denied her the right to go right away to ensure that she always remembered that she urinated and defecated only when told to do so. Her body, mind, and soul belonged to him. She also knew that she had absolutely no privacy, not during these functions or in the insertion or removal of her tampons. However, László was rarely interested, unless he wanted her to be his fountain while urinating. He was not into scat, diapers, or enema play. He liked being rimmed once in a while and used it as a tool of humiliation and as a sign of unconditional submission.

Carissa, when done in the kitchen, got on her hands and knees and crawled over to her master, sat between his legs facing him, gently placed her face over his left thigh, and looked at him with longing eyes. He looked at her, gently stroked her head, and played with her golden locks while he watched the evening news. She had already had her treat. She had to wait to let her desire intensify, build her craving, and wait until he was recovered and ready.

“I know what you want, sweetie, but your master needs time to recover. You already had your treat in the morning, and just before you ate,” He kept on playing with her soft hair and continued,

“Suck and lick on my toes instead! I know how much you like that.” “Thank you, Master,” she said in an excited voice, and she proceeded to lick and suck on his toes.

László relaxed with her soothing tongue and lips, reclined on the couch, and quickly fell asleep. He awoke close to midnight, and Carissa was still giving him a tongue bath on his feet from his toes all the way to his heels. He got up, and looked at her and said,

“Walk with me, and do your massage, I’m exhausted” walked to his bed and laid on it face down. She followed him; she stopped in the bathroom to cleanse her hands and to pick up the scented oil she used on her master.

Just before six in the morning, László woke up. Carissa was sleeping beside him with her collar on. As he turned to her and embraced her naked body, feeling her supple skin, he became erect and wanted her. She felt his embrace, and that woke her up. She smiled and spread her legs to receive him, but she was dry, and he could really feel her from the inside out. She began to move her hips faster and faster as she became moist. László almost didn’t have to move, as her body was sliding, dancing with passion on and off his erectness. She began to moan softly, and her breathing increased rapidly with each movement of her hips.

“Master, may your slave cum?” her voice trembled softly.

“Yes, my sweet slave, my loving cunt, you may!”

He felt her body trembling, and could feel himself cuming, just as he approved her request. He had to go to work, and he had no time to play; he just wanted to satisfy his hunger and make her feel alive. He pulled out quickly as Carissa felt his movement instantly lift her head off her pillow and reached forward to engulf him, cleanse him with her lips, and enjoy his taste intermixed with her own. László enjoyed her attentiveness for several minutes, then got up and headed toward the bathroom to get ready to work.

“You may lick yourself clean, and while I shower, make my tea!” and continued, “You can do it upright; I do not want to be late!”

“Yes, my Master!”

She happily replied, as Carissa inserted several of her fingers deeply into herself to catch every droplet, and proceeded to lick her fingers clean. She then got up, ran into the bathroom, quickly washed her hands and teeth, and bolted toward the kitchen. To make her master’s tea, she brought over from England Twinings blackcurrant with vanilla flavours.

László dressed and walked to the dining room. Carissa was sitting on her heels, her thighs parted by the foot of his chair, with the tea waiting on his table. As soon as she saw him, she smiled at him and bowed her head to the carpeted floor.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her

soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish.” she spoke softly but with conviction.

“Good girl! When I leave, take a nice long bubble bath and relax. Eat whatever you want at the counter. Work on your diary. I want to see you catch up. You have neglected it lately, for which I am to blame. I will call you throughout the day. You will not answer the phone until you hear my voice on the answering machine. If it is not me, just let the machine record. Understood?”

“Yes, my loving Master! Your slave understands and wishes to thank you for your love and kindness, my Master.” she replied with a soft tone that resonated with her true feelings for him.

László drank his tea. He turned toward Carissa, kissed her forehead, put on his black leather jacket, and exited through the garage door. He sat in the Saturn, pressed the garage door remote control, and drove off to work as the garage door closed after him.

His work day went by quickly. He called Carissa several times, the first time while she was in the tub. He told her to masturbate for him as he listened to see if she asked for permission to climax; she did, and he was proud of her. She was an excellent learner.

When László arrived home, Carissa waited for him as before. Nude, apart from her collar and the attached leash, in her position, said her oath, then stood up for inspection. For some, this was humiliating to display her sex so openly for him to check for cleanliness and to ensure there was not even one tiny hair on her smooth body but for her, it was a joy. Showing her master just how ready she was to please him, she was wet with desire. When he spread her lips, inserting one or several fingers deeply, he pulled them out to take a whiff of her scent and to lick his fingers if satisfied. She loved it. Especially when he just entered her hard while she was bent over or told her to drop to her knees to please him orally.

She remembered just how hard he had cropped her once back in the UK on her labia and on her arse cheeks when he noticed two tiny hair follicles that she had missed while shaving. The pain was bearable but her disappointment and shame in not pleasing him was worse.

László was satisfied, and he unbuckled his belt, unzipped the fly, and let his pants slide down to the floor. He freed his erect penis and rammed it all the way, feeling her well-lubricated vagina walls yield to his penetration. He grabbed her hips with both of her hands and moved them, matching his trust. Then he let go of them and cupped her breasts, pinching her nipples, squeezing them hard, and pulling them out! She let off muffled shrieks, as the pain shot through her nipples, but soon started to moan louder, her muscles tensed up.

“Master may your slave cum?” she begged with craze.

“No! Bitch you, cum, when I allow you! Your orgasms are mine; you do

it to please me, not yourself.”

And he squeezed her nipples even harder to remind her, just who was in control, to do what he wanted with her. She was just a vehicle for his pleasure. The sharp pain, for a few seconds, had its effect, but he knew she would start begging soon. He withdrew, his cock soaked from her wetness.

“Fetch my crop quick!”

She dropped immediately to her hands and knees and crawled as fast as she could to the bedroom to pick him up and return with his crop between her teeth. He took it from her mouth.

“Lay on the floor with your back facing me. Spread your legs wide, raise your hips, and support them with your hands and arms! I will teach you self-control, bitch!”

She obeyed immediately, showing her dripping and swollen blood-filled vulva lips. He took the crop and gently teasingly slapped her clitoris several times, stinging her and asking her with a smirk on his face.

“Does my bitch want to cum? Look at me when you reply!”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum,” she replied in panic, fixating her blue eyes on his now villainously sparkling eyes. He increased the force a bit and slapped her several times, then increased it even further. While looking straight into her eyes, she started to fill up with tears. After ten slaps he stopped and asked again

“Does my bitch wants to cum?”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum,” she replied with a trembling, very soft voice, her clit stinging and hurting very sharply.

László continued, but now with just teasing slaps as he watched her eyes, and then suddenly gave her a hard one and stopped. She screamed from her pain. He smiled at her and with a gentle voice asked her once again,

“Does my bitch wants to cum?”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum.” she was crying and tried to stifle her sobbing.

“Stand up, bend over, and spread your legs!”

She obeyed without any hesitation, bending over and showing her swollen, hot, dripping lips. He dropped his crop, entered her between her burning lips, grabbed her hips, and started to ram her hard. He kept it up for several minutes, then asked her again.

“Does my bitch want to cum?”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum,” sobbingly she replied.

“Good, my little bitch! Cum now! Show me that you can obey!” as he exploded deeply inside her, and she started to shake violently and almost collapsed as she came in waves.

“Good girl! Remember, you are mine, you belong to me, and you cum when I tell you to!”

He said this with great satisfaction as he pulled her up to a standing

position, embraced her, and tenderly massaged her breasts.

“Yes, my Master! You own her body, her mind, and her soul; she only exists to please you. She loves you, Master.”

László then turned her around and gently kissed her tears away as he tasted her saltiness. Now she embraced him and pushed her body into his as much as she could. Her erect and hard nipples were into his chest; they held each other for a minute or two. His semi-erect penis was dripping from their juices.

“Cleanse me!”

She dropped immediately to her knees and licked him clean, which made him feel erect again. She licked and licked, mesmerized by his scent and their taste. She could feel her own juices slowly emerging and trickling slowly down to her thighs. He noticed it too, as he loved to watch her loving lips and tongue lick his corona for any traces of cumin and her juices. He pulled away his stiffness.

“Clean yourself up and lick up any droplets from the floor!”

She slid her fingers down to catch her fluid dribblets and then licked them off. When done, she placed her fingers inside to catch their juices and cleaned herself. Then she got down on her knees again and bent forward to lick up any droplets from the floor.

László picked up his pants and underwear, threw both into the laundry basket, and continued,

“Tomorrow you can do the laundry!”

“Yes, my Master.”

“Get dressed; we are going out to buy groceries! Until we get back, it is your free time!”

“Yes, my Master,” she replied, and she ran to the bedroom to get dressed, but she did not remove her collar; only he could. While she was dressing, László prepared a quick list. When she returned, he removed her collar and placed it on the counter. Then they left.

Carissa enjoyed shopping with László; the stores were so much different, with more abundance, a larger variety, and being much less expensive than back home. However, she didn't like that one who had to drive everywhere. Even to buy European-style bread, which they both preferred and liked, one had to drive thirty minutes in town for a bakery that had decent bread. While shopping, they talked about her day and her upcoming days alone at home until the 21st, when László would take an unpaid day off to spend an extra day with her. There was a lot on the agenda to discuss, including what László would be doing in May for two weeks to be with her, aspects of the M/s procedures, formalities, and future plans.

A Master-slave relationship could be very formal and restrictive. However, no two relationships were exactly alike, and it was up to László to define what he wanted. Carissa had to yield and accept his rules. László was relatively easygoing within the accepted formalities; for example, he did not

care about her third-person usage in her e-mail or other correspondence. He rarely enforced during their everyday in-scene living, apart from the fact she was not allowed to talk. However, she was given plenty of free time, to speak openly without restrictions. He had yet to ask her to sign a contract in which everything was spelled out, as he wanted to mould the contract around her rather than have her yield 100 percent to something that was etched in stone.

He relied on her intelligence, self-motivation, and ability to learn. Carissa had done a lot of research on M/s and was familiar with its customs and protocol. She could accept them but preferred his type; it was more warm, caring, and not as harsh, but she also knew that she would have to sign a contract that spelled out everything, including her punishments. Carissa loved his consideration toward her, and that was why she tried so hard to please and yield to his ways.

She knew that he could be a lot more restrictive, humiliating, stern, colder, and cruel with her, enjoying her discomfort and pain. She didn't want a sadist tyrant; she loved the way he was. A perfect mix of darker traits with the exceptional ones, those that she loved—not out of duress or being afraid of his punishments; only out of her need for him. She would have yielded to him even without being in an M/s; she felt very comfortable with him in her own skin, naked and exposed—perhaps the key to any lasting relationship: feeling comfortable with the other.

When they returned, her free time was over. She undressed, and László put her collar back on. Dinner was cold cuts with several types of cheese and a fruit salad made from oranges, grapefruit, pears, and mango with a bit of Grand Mariner for extra flavour. As she prepared the food, she was told to set the table for two. After dinner, László wanted to see her diary that she had worked on his computer during the day. It took him about thirty minutes to read all the events from the day she had arrived. He was satisfied and gave her free time to talk about the contract, which spelled out everything and other things she had wanted to discuss.

The M/s contract was not enforceable by law; it was just a symbol. Just a list of formalities, what was allowed and how, restrictions, and consequences of failing to adhere to them. She was aware that he had one, that it was her free choice to be his slave, and that she could leave at any time. She loved him, and the relationship that they had developed was evolving. Carissa felt she could remember them, and to date, she has not failed to do so. Her oath made it clear to her that she was his property, and her submission was an acceptance of that fact. Her concern was not the contract but the distance and how to overcome it. She loved him and his home; the weather was fine right now; as for the scenery, it wasn't her choice but liveable; and as for culture, what she had seen and observed so far was dreadful.

She would have to see more when it was warmer. The earliest she could return was in September, when she was entitled to more vacation, as

she had booked some of her vacation time for his May-June visit. The other concern of hers was whether, even if she was 100 percent certain right now, she would be able to get a visa to enter the USA. He would have to marry her and sponsor her. This was getting complicated, but if there was a will, there was also a way.

László wanted to relax for the evening and give Carissa a break too. He turned toward her.

“Sweetie, make a bubble bath for both of us, then you can shave me, and perhaps we can watch a video.”

“Yes, my Master.” She smiled; she loved it when they took a bath together; she loved washing and relaxing him to pamper him.

László sat in the wide oval-shaped tub, which was very comfortable for two, opposite the faucet and drain. Carissa stepped in and made herself comfortable sitting between his legs. As she reclined toward him, he took off her collar and placed it on the slightly elevated shelf behind him. She nuzzled up to him, resting her head on his upper chest, while he cupped her breasts, pulled her snugly to him, and embraced her, playing with her erect nipples. She turned, kissed his right upper arm close to his shoulder, and let out some sighs. She could feel him getting erect as he pressed against her lower back.

Both remained in that position without much movement, enjoying their closeness and the soothing, warm water. He wished that the tub was like the Jacuzzi that he'd had in his former house, which gave rejuvenating hydro massages.

After about a good 15 minutes, he caressed tenderly her breasts as he moved ever so slowly down her pelvis until he reached her slightly swollen outer lips, ending by her clitoral hood. He massaged them gently as she let out soft sighs and moans. He then inserted a couple of his left fingers between her inner lips, slowly penetrating her and probing with his fingers, while with his right hand, he continued to gently massage her clitoral area.

Carissa's breathing started to pick up as he kissed the back of her neck and nibbled on her earlobes, gently sticking in his tongue, exploring and probing. She was getting close to having an orgasm, but he kept on and whispered into her ear.

“Does my sweet slave want to cum?”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum.” She replied in an excited and trembling voice.

He whispered gently into her ear, “Good girl! I love the way you learn so quickly. As a reward, you may cum, my sweet Carissa!” kept on moving his fingers back and forth, and played with her clit.

She arched her back slightly as her round, firm cheeks moved closer to his erection, as he felt her body tense up and release any built-up tension in a continuous spasm. She moaned loudly, throughout out and a few tears fell from her emotions, slipping out gently and rolling down intermixing with the

sweat on her face.

“Master, Thank you! I love you, my Master!” she cried out loudly.

“I love you too, my sweet BBC!” he whispered into her ear.

She smiled at him, and he knew his words reassured her. He paused for a couple of seconds and continued, “You are the slave I have always wanted! Do not let us down, Carissa! Now pass me the sponge, and let me wash you, my dearest possession. Kneel with your back toward me!”

She did, and he put a squirt of apple-scented liquid soap on his large natural sponge and tenderly scrubbed, like one with a small baby, from her shoulder down on her back to her beautiful cheeks, which had a few small marks from his previous cropping. He kissed each of her cheeks. He reached between her buttocks and washed her tenderly around her anus and perineum, and continued down both of her thighs.

“Stand up!”

As she did, he gently washed her on the back of her legs, lifting her ankles one by one, and washed her heels and insteps.

“Turn around!”

Her swollen vulva was now at his eye level. Which impacted his penis. He continued as nothing happened, and kept washing her on the her front moving up to her pelvis, one leg at a time. “Now kneel facing me!” she did quickly. László continued to gently scrub her, applying soap liberally. He washed her pubic area and moved up slowly to her flat stomach and to her breasts, and as he washed them one at a time, he stopped to plant a couple of long kisses on her nipples.

Carissa was dripping, and it wasn't just from the bathwater; it was released from the sponge. She felt cherished and loved, like she had never been before she met László. She realized that by yielding to him in everything, without hesitation or questioning the reasons why she should, she had received so much more in return from him. She enjoyed being moulded by him like clay in the hands of an artisan; her psyche and her consciousness took form. She trusted him implicitly.

Now it was her turn to wash her master; even though she was in her free time and had her collar removed, she was still his property: his slave. Carissa remembered that and never wanted to challenge his authority. She always spoke to László with respect, in a soft tone, never raising her voice in anger or frustration. Sometimes she was a bit flustered, as at the time things didn't always make sense for her. But she bit her tongue, and when she had free time to ask if it was necessary at all, as by that time, it had made sense, she asked proactively versus in a negative way. She knew her master didn't like drama or someone who had a tongue that was a bit long for her own good!

“Sir, please lift up your left leg!”

She asked him with admiration and gentleness in her voice. She only

called him by his name in public when others were around. Even in her free time, she rarely did. She remembered to start off with Sir or Master to show her respect. She lathered up the sponge and gently scrubbed his left leg, starting with his toes. As she washed them individually, she gently kissed each of them, then continued to his instep to his heel and ankle, his shin, knees, and the thigh that was above the water. She then switched over to his right leg, meticulously repeating the same procedure tenderly and lovingly.

“Sir, if you please sit up on the ledge behind you or stand up in front of me!”

She didn’t dare to ask him to kneel in front of her, even if she was on her knees. He stood up, his semi-aroused penis, and stared her in the face.

“You can wash me better this way; just let me know when to turn around.” paused for a second or two. “I love the way you wash me, slave! You make me happier with every minute that passes.”

“Thank you, my sweet loving Master! My feelings are the same as yours, sir. Every minute or hour we spend together makes me realize just how much you mean to me and how much I want someone like you in my life! Being owned by you makes me wet and fills me with an aching desire to be touched by you and to be used unconditionally as you wish, my sweet Master. Ahh, I wish time would just freeze and we could just go on uninterrupted.”

She spoke as she washed his pelvis region and around his penis and scrotum gently with the sponge. Carissa then gently reached for his penis, and with her hands, she gently pulled back his foreskin all the way to clean his head, holding the shaft firmly with her left. She slowly circled her tongue and licked around Corona and at his frenulum, which changed his arousal, and he was firm, just the way she loved it. He reached for her head, and with both of his hands, he pulled her mouth over it. She opened wider to accept his throbbing muscle and could feel it bounce off the back of her throat. He started to slowly rock back and forth while holding her head steady. She dropped the sponge into the water and, with her right-hand massage, gently squeezed his scrotum, while keeping her left hand on his penis, not only to stabilize it but to stroke it for added stimulation. She only longed for his eruption, never being able to satisfy her fixation and hunger for his taste. As he started to breathe faster, she increased the speed of her massage on his scrotum as well as on his shaft. He pushed her head back slightly, only letting the tip of his corona touch her lips. She parted her mouth wider, flickered his frenulum with her tongue as he exploded, and kept on milking him with her left hand for every drip she could possibly extract. She kept on sucking and licking as he groaned contentedly and tenderly played with her hair.

“Thank you, slave that was excellent!” Her master murmured softly as he pulled her head closer and, at the same time, pushed his still-erect member back into her throat. She embraced him by wrapping her arms

around his buttocks and squeezed herself as close as possible, as she could not reply. He then withdrew himself all the way pulled her up and embraced her and kissed her on her forehead.

“You’re most welcome, my Master! You deserve everything that your slave can provide. I love you and have never loved anyone like the way I love you!”

She finally had a chance to speak. And continued with tenderness reverberating in her voice, “I only wish to please you, and make you feel happy!”

“You do BBC! You do, but remember we do have a long way to go, and you may have some doubts and reservations once in a while. I am here to help you overcome those, but I cannot do it for you. Only you can. And you must, if you believe in us! I cannot fail you; only you can fail yourself.”

He paused for a second while letting her go, turned around, and sat back in the water with his back to her.

“Now continue washing my back, But, first run some more hot water in the tub.”

She leaned toward the faucet and let in more hot water, then she kneeled and picked up the sponge and the liquid soap, lathered him up, and lovingly sponged him with warm water. When done, she embraced him, pulling his back securely to her breasts. He could feel her erect nipples as she hugged him. He kissed her hands lovingly and leaned back, enjoying their intimacy. After some time, he stood up and let her wash his buttocks, and when done, he reached for the shaving cream and razor and gave them to Carissa. She lathered up around his groin and scrotum and proceeded to shave him bare with the utmost care. When done, she washed off any shaving foam and kissed each of his testicles and the tip of his head adoringly. He stepped out and stood on a towel as she jumped out herself and started to pat him gently with a towel, drying him. His comfort was always a top priority for her, regardless of her free time. She dried herself and followed him into the bedroom.

László placed an erotic DVD into his computer that they both could watch from bed, laid face down, and made himself ready to receive from Carissa her impeccable soothing and revitalizing massage that she performed with such loving dedication. She joined him and worked on his torso, rubbing him down with the scented lavender oil. She massaged the nourishing oil deeply into his skin. Applying extra portions to his freshly shaved areas to alleviate any razor burns. She got excited from the dialogue in the movie as she occasionally glanced at the screen, but knew that László was gone. She was satisfied by giving him pleasure as her fingers worked miracles on his tired muscles, with random but frequent kisses all over his body. He then turned over and placed several pillows under his head to watch Carissa work on his chest, arms, pelvic area, and legs. He got a bit of a rise watching her and listening, with an occasional glance at the monitor to check on the action.

He indicated to her to continue with her massage, as she noticed a change in her longing eyes and saw the visible fullness of her lips that had started to shimmer. He drifted off into a dream. He dreamt that he was pampered by his beautiful slave.

Tuesday came and went to work and home too. When he returned home, after the customary inspection, he had a surprise for Carissa. Friday was his day off, and he had taken an additional day off, Thursday, so that they could go for a bit of sightseeing with the destination of Las Vegas, and on the way back they would stop by the Grand Canyon. Carissa liked that very much; she loved to travel and had been to many places, from Iceland to Morocco. He had already made reservations at the Luxor in Las Vegas for two nights. That would give them ample time to see the main strip and to observe all the glitter that Las Vegas was famous for. Las Vegas was in transition; many of the older hotels and famous entertainment places had been torn down already, but a few still existed to give the strip the charm and character that was now lacking.

Thursday morning, László woke up early, just before five in the morning. Carissa was sleeping deeply and peacefully on her back, with her head resting gently on a pillow. He got up and got two sets of butterfly clamps and the $\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter black silk rope that he liked to use on Carissa. It was soft and didn't leave any burn marks on her skin. He raised her arms above her head, gently tied them together just tight enough that she could not separate them, and laid them down on her pillow. He then lifted her hips up and placed his pillow under her cheeks to elevate her a bit. He kneeled between her spread legs, placed one set of clamps on her inner lips, and entered her. His action woke her up. She was used to getting surprised by him, especially in the early morning.

On this morning it was different. She felt the bite of the clamps on her lips as he impaled her with his stiffness, which made her moist quickly. Her hands tied, she wondered to herself, "What else would he do to her?" She wrapped her legs around him, drawing him deeper into herself and matching his thrusts with her hips, and began to whisper her daily oath to her master.

"Master, this is worthless..." She paused as he placed the other set of butterfly clamps on her nipples while riding her, which had the same amount of sharp bite that she had experienced on her inner lips. She now continued from the beginning with a slightly higher pitch.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish."

László yanked on the chain upward and pulled her nipples outward, enhancing the bite. She let out a couple faint shrieks. She felt the jolt of electricity in her nipples that lit up her insides, which were already electrified from his throbbing thrusts within her. The amplitude of the waves blurred her vision. Her breathing increased as his thrusts and her pelvis

trashed together as one with her master. She heard his voice, a bit distorted as if he had spoken to her from another dimension.

“Who is your Master, bitch?”

“You are, my Master! You’re my Master!” she screamed in a delirious voice, as she was hallucinating, over again and again “You’re my Master...”

“My worthless cunt may cum!” as he yanked the chain attached to her nipples harder, and he exploded inside. He felt her body go into spasms uncontrollably from inside, rhythmically quivering as waves travelled through her nervous system, her back arching, her low moans almost inaudible. Her hot juices mixed with his own were seeping around his shaft, her body drenched from sweat, as he bent over and deeply kissed her parted lips, feeling her tongue with his, drowning out the whispers that she had incoherently mumbled that had sounded like her oath.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave, her body, her mind, her soul...” He hugged her as he felt her heart racing, like his own, and pulled her closer and felt the cold texture of the clamps on her nipples that pressed into his chest.

“BBC, you are my slave and my love! I love you BBC!” he whispered into her ear.

He wasn’t sure that she understood what he just did, as she had transcended into subspace, a nirvana of ecstasy. She moved her bound hands over his head onto his neck, hugging him, with her legs still wrapped around his back. Moving her hips now and then, holding him deeply inside her, her body, mind, and soul melting, fusing into László’s. Her tongue slowly caressed his in a dance of their own. He let go of hugging her and reached with his arms for the rope, letting it loose as it slid off her wrists onto the bed. She, now with her arms freed, reached down to his buttocks and grabbed his cheeks, trying to push him deeper within her body as they rocked as one, slower and slower. His body was as slippery and moist as hers, covered with sweat. The air was thick with their scent, the scent of sex and of his slave permeating every molecule, intoxicating them further. He was now soft and shrinking inside her, and he slid out, soaked and dripping. She let go of her embrace pulled her tongue out from their locked lips and whimpered with a smile, “Master, please allow your slave to taste and cleanse you.”

He moved up so she could bend forward to suckle on him as she held him so tenderly. Her lips wrapped around him, engulfing his penis totally. While she cleansed him, he removed the clips from her breasts, as well as reaching between her legs, and removed them from her sore and well-used inner lips.

“That was one stupendous fuck, sweetie!” while he gently stroked her soaked hair and continued, “Let’s shower together and after, the bed sheets and pillowcases will need to be changed!”

“Master, my sweet Master, thank you for telling your slave that you love her. That made her feel so special! She was overwhelmed with such rich

emotions and feelings of utopia. Please never change your ways!” as she spoke, she got down to her hands and knees and started to kiss his feet when she stopped speaking.

“Get up, sweetie, and use your legs; we have a long drive in front of us!” and walked toward the bathroom.

After their refreshing shower and other bathroom-related tasks, she changed the bed sheet and pillowcases, got dressed, and made Twinings blackcurrant and vanilla tea for him and coffee for herself.

By 7 a.m., they were on their way to Las Vegas. László picked the more direct route, Highway 93, which wound through the desert landscape; it was certainly different for Carissa, and they crossed to Nevada at the Hoover Dam at that time; now it bypasses it entirely and goes into Las Vegas. A good four-and-a-half-hour drive going within the posted speed limit or just slightly over. Three hours was usual for László, as he loved to drive, pedal to the metal, on the desolate highway with long straight runs. His Valentine worked extremely well with no interference of any kind. It would detect any radar traps over a mile, giving him ample time to slow down. They reached the city proper by 10:30 a.m., and got to the hotel by 11 a.m. They had a nice buffet lunch at the Luxor. They checked in and proceeded to their room on the tenth floor, to their Pyramid Deluxe room, located in the pyramid and not in the adjacent tower. It was a nice room decorated in an Egyptian theme: the bathroom had a huge walk-in shower for several people, but no tub.

László decided that it was time to explore the city’s hotel strip. They jumped on the elevated shuttle train that went by the Luxor and rode it all the way to the Excalibur Hotel, located at West Tropicana and South Las Vegas Boulevards. Then they walked across the bridge to the New York, New York, complex. László wanted to get on the roller coaster that he loved riding, and while she was slightly hesitant, Carissa had a blast. They rode it three times, it was so much fun.

After catching their breath, they walked hand-in-hand, their fingers entwined, and caressed each other’s palms past Caesar’s Palace to see the pirate ship at Treasure Island and take some photos. They crossed to the other side to see the Venetians and the gondolas. Who needed to go to Venice or Paris? Only in one city could you see the scaled-down version of St. Mark’s Campanile (tower), canals, and even the Eiffel Tower. It was a worldwide tour in a matter of hours! The American version only: the real ones were a lot more interesting! The tour was quite long, and it made them hungry. It was time for a one-of-a-kind buffet experience at Harrah’s Fresh Market Square, where you could eat first-class food. Another first and great experience for Carissa. After eating, they played in the casino and gambled on the dollar slot machines, each having \$20 to play with. While László lost all his, she got lucky and won, doubling her cache; consequently, they broke even. It was a romantic hand-in-hand walk back, stopping at several places for photos and to buy a few small reminders of their stay, such as a t-shirt or sweatshirt

with the Las Vegas imprint. They both had an excellent time, bonding with each other. Carissa loved these relaxed times just as much as the intense play times. She felt whole and complete being his slave, not only as a sexual pleasure object but as someone László enjoyed being with, period. There was no greater satisfaction than that, she often thought to herself.

“Bitch, don’t you dare cum; if you do by accident, I will whip your cheeks raw, and you will have to sit for an extended time in the car and on your flight back to England on Monday evening!”

He spoke with a cold tone and continued, “I’ve asked you to bring your drivers license with you from England, and you left it at home! That was not too smart, now was it?”

She made some sounds that were impossible to comprehend, but he took it as a “yes!”

He had found out about the license as they were walking back to the hotel. László had mentioned that he would like to take photos of the scenery while she was driving. She informed him that this could not happen as her license was back in England! László was not pleased by that at all. However, he could only be upset with her for a couple of seconds; it was not a significant mistake, but she had to be punished. Punishing Carissa for him was not a winning situation, he cared for her, maybe even more than he was willing to admit, even to himself.

“Now get up and kneel at the corner by the window, facing the wall!” She got up from the bed, got down on her knees, and crawled over. She got up from the bed, got down on her knees, and crawled over. He looked for his whip and stood behind her.

“Bend forward, space your legs wider, keep your chin about a foot above the carpet, and stay in that position until I tell you to stop!”

As he spoke, he inserted the handle of the whip into her wet cunt, several inches deep. Then he gave a good tug on the nipple clamps, that sent shock waves throughout her breasts. László got back to the bed, pulled off the covers, laid on top, turned on the TV, and looked for what type of adult movies were available on the pay-per-view channel. He found one that he liked and started to watch it.

She felt humiliated and angry at herself; she had failed her master’s request, and her punishment was justified. Her cheeks and her upper thighs were burning, and her lower back started to ache from the position she was in. Although she was getting uncomfortable, she was getting excited too. Her butt plugs and the whip inside her and his previous strokes with the handle almost got her off; she had to fight herself very hard not to cum. Her juice was slowly trickling down the handle outside of her body. She also had to go to the bathroom as her bladder was full, and all she could do was hold it in. Although only about 30 minutes had passed by, for her, it felt like several hours. She hoped that her master would take mercy on her soon.

László put the movie on pause after 30 minutes and walked over to her. He took out the handle but left the plug in.

“Straighten your back vertically!” he commanded. As she did he removed the gag.

“Bitch, did you learn your lesson?”

“Yes, my Master.” she replied gratefully and added, “Sir may your slave go use the bathroom to pee?”

“Wait a minute!” as he undid the black rope holding her wrists together, removed her collar, then the nipple clamps, and continued “Crawl now! And get into the shower!”

She scurried off in a hurry on her hands and knees and got in the shower stall, as he followed her into the bathroom.

“Raise your right leg and bark like a dog as you piss on my command!”

“Piss!”

“Woof, woof, woof...” she barked as her stream of urine hit the shower’s tile floor.

Seeing her relieve herself, suddenly he had an urge too. He quickly aimed his penis toward her vagina and started to piss, his golden stream soaking her and intermixed with hers that flowed on the tile while she continued barking.

“Cleanse me bitch!” as she stopped peeing.

She quickly turned her head, slurped a few drops down, and took his penis into her mouth to lick it clean, slowly. When done, he pulled out the butt plug, dropped it on the shower floor, then turned on the shower head, set it to lukewarm, and washed her off and the butt plug too.

“Dry yourself, and join me in the bed, by walking!”

“Yes, sir!” she smiled, as she figured maybe he would allow her to have her favourite treat!

He was sitting upright with his back against the headboard, with his knees raised slightly and spread, when she appeared. She noticed his erection and instinctively knew what she would be doing. She slowly climbed between his legs and, before touching him, stopped and, with a smile, asked, “Would my Master enjoy being pleased orally or use her other holes?”

“Use your hands and mouth!” he replied and started to watch the movie that featured girls-on-girls action, while she expertly milked the essence that she had craved ever since they arrived. It wasn’t long before he started to groan as he exploded his load between her lips, and she spit some of it back to the top of his throbbing corona and licked it off again, slowly with passion. Carissa knew that he loved the visual aspects almost as much as the physical sides of cuming in her mouth.

“Get your oil and rub me down; I’m tired. Tomorrow we can relax a bit!”

“Yes, my Master.” As she instantly jumped off the bed and darted toward her small handbag that held her makeup, wallet, and the small bottle

of lavender oil.

“I’m giving you free time until the morning, Carissa.” He paused as she had a surprised look on her face. He gently caressed her face.

“I hope you learned your lesson, BBC, I do not like to punish you, but be assured that I will, if you let me down my sweet slave!”

“My sweet Master, I am terribly sorry for disappointing you with my action. I do not have my license with me. When I drive in the UK, we do not have to. And I thought I put it in my valet just before I left. But I’m afraid I was wrong!” Her voice was warm and caring as a few drops of oil dripped onto her palms and she started to work his neck and shoulder areas.

“Carissa, you just have to be more careful; perhaps make a ‘list of things to-do’, and you can check them off one by one.” He pointed to the screen with a slightly excited tone.

“Look, sweetie, she almost looks like you, all though she has bigger tits! It would be fun to have her with us! Have you ever been with a woman or in a threesome?”

“No, never, my Master, but if you would like me to find another female to please you, I will see if I can find someone suitable by the time you visit me in May!”

She paused and looked at him in the eyes and asked, “Master, do you want me to search for one?” and smiled shyly.

“Sure, why not? I would enjoy seeing her go down on you while you suck on me! Yeah, it would be fun doing other things too.” He had a devilish smile as he suddenly envisioned the infinite scenarios in his mind. Furthermore, it was a good test to see if she was jealous and only wanted to please him with every wish he had.

She noticed his smile and gave his once again erect member a big wet kiss right on the tip, tickling his urethra opening with her tongue that sent a shiver throughout his body, and she whispered in an excited tone, “Will do, sir! It would be fun for both of us!” and poured a couple more droplets of oil onto her palms and continued massaging his body, moving slowly down toward his pelvic region and then down on each of his legs. She was in no hurry and worked on his legs meticulously, rubbing deeply into his muscles, especially after the several-mile-long walk they had had earlier. He then rolled over, and she worked on his back slowly up to his neck. Then she kissed him softly on the back of his neck. László rolled over, stood up, and looked at Carissa. She was on her knees on the bed and looked at him very puzzled, then gave him a worried look and spoke softly.

“Is something wrong, Sir?”

“No nothing sweetie, lay on your stomach!” She obeyed him without any question; even in her free time, she didn’t like to question his motives, as it showed disrespect toward her master.

László got on the bed and reached for the oil bottle that rested near her body. He opened it and dripped a few drops into his left palm. He closed the

bottle, rubbed his palms together, and started to rub her cheeks, which showed his whip marks, slowly and tenderly. She moaned with appreciation. He opened the bottle and let a few drops fall directly on her beautiful firm shapely buttocks.

“Spread your legs a bit wider!”

Carissa did; he massaged the oil into her and continued down on her upper thighs. He fingered her rosebud that had been opened up earlier, circling it with one of his lubricated fingers, teasing her, and moved it into her perineum area between her anus and vagina, rubbed her slightly, and moved down to her labia majora, which had started to swell, and a few droplets of lubrication shone like little round diamonds as they seeped out from the rim of her opening. He inserted two of his fingers deeply and playfully, she twitched, raised her hips slightly and let them fall back to the bed sheet.

“Please, Master, fuck me! Please fuck your slave... please fuck your worthless cunt,” she whimpered in her excitement.

“Raise your hips and keep your face down!” He commanded as he entered her well-lubricated opening, which was warm and silky. His movements were mimicked instantly by her hips, as she grabbed them firmly. He pumped her hard as she reached back with her hands to cup and massage his balls to make his ejaculation easier by applying additional stimulus.

“Master, I love you! I love the way you fuck me! Master, I love you! Master, I love you!” She kept on repeating in a barely audible tone between her groans. Carissa was getting more and more animated as she was taken by him and felt closer to him with each penetrating deep shove and being one with him, melting into him.

“Cum for me, Carissa! My sweet slave, cum for me!”

Her body tensed for a millisecond, and waves of convulsions radiated throughout her body. She let out a scream of ecstasy, muffled by the pillows, as she fell over the edge into passion’s abyss. As her body quivered, László managed to cum himself deeply into her. Both of their bodies glistened from the oil and the sweat as he collapsed on her, pushing her down flat on the sheet. Both of them were breathing rapidly; he was still in her, but he could feel his erection subsiding and sliding out of her, saturated and dripping from the tunnel of love. He rolled off to her right side quickly, and she somehow found the energy to roll, bend over herself, and grasp his now almost flaccid penis to suck off all their fluids and cleanse it. László was very quickly overcome by sheer exhaustion and fell asleep. She collapsed over his groin after cleansing him. Both slept deeply until the morning.

László woke up to her kisses by the base of his almost fully erect penis, then she continued sucking gently on each of his balls and kissed each dozens of times. She didn’t notice that he was now awake; he just closed his eyes, enjoyed her fervour, and dozed off.

When he came, Carissa was in the bathroom, and he could hear her taking a shower. He glanced at his watch; it was 9:15 a.m., and he jumped out of bed and joined Carissa in the shower. It didn't take them too long to have breakfast at the buffet downstairs.

She was not used to the all-you-can-eat buffets, with their great selections and amazing value. Having a big breakfast meant that lunch was not required, and they could freely roam all day on the strip. The sunshine-filled day went by fast. László took several photos of Carissa and of him. They asked other tourists to snap images of them together; it was a fun-filled day while they talked about their desires and realities.

In the evening, they ate again at the Luxor as it had been a long walk from Harrah's Fresh Market Square. László just wanted to relax for the evening, so he had to settle for a nice long shower instead of a warm bath. But he had Carissa give him her wonderfully soothing massage.

On Saturday morning, László woke up with one of the best ways to be awake: with Carissa's lips and hands wrapped around his penis. It didn't take him long to emerge from her expert tongue and supple handiwork. This is a great way to start off a very busy day. As soon as Carissa was done, he smiled at her, and before she could even say her oath, he started to speak.

"That was immensely pleasurable, sweetie. It's already 7:30 let's get cracking! It will be a long day; we'll visit the Grand Canyon on our way back to Phoenix. Now let's take a quick shower, eat a hearty breakfast, and off we go!"

"You're most welcome, my Master; you know how much pleasure I get from pleasuring you! I look forward to seeing one of the great wonders on earth! Will we be stopping too or just driving by it?"

"Carissa, I'm planning to stop! You will see breathtaking scenery! We will drive toward St. George, in Utah. Then we'll turn east to Kanab, take Highway 89 to Page, Arizona, and take Route 64 west to the Grand Canyon Village on the southern rim. After that, we'll drive toward Flagstaff and back to Phoenix on I-17. This will take us all day. We should be back by around nine or ten in the evening! So are you ready my sweet slave?"

"Master, your obedient slave is always ready, sir! Her body, her mind, her soul, along with everything she owns belongs to you, you may do with them as you wish."

László and Carissa checked out of the hotel at 9 a.m. Headed to the free parking lot. Carissa was surprised that the parking was free. Soon they were on I-15, going north-east toward St. George. There, they turned off from I-15 toward Zion National Park. Carissa was struck by the unbelievable beautiful scenery...

László pulled off from the road by an interesting rock formation that was about a good quarter mile away from it, took some photos, and then told Carissa to get undressed and get on top of one of the rocks that looked like a tabletop. She laid on her back with her knees drawn up slightly and wide

apart. Suddenly, a family seemed to appear out of nowhere, and László stopped about ten yards from them while taking photos. The guy must have been curious to see such a beautiful woman naked. His blubbery walrus-sized wife, with overflowing flabby skin that filled up the front passenger seat of his minivan, was rolling her eyes as he was gawking at Carissa and László with envy, while their two equally obese procreations were pointing and screeching like two sick vultures. “Look pa! She is naked! Look, she is naked!”

Carissa and László had a good chuckle thanks to them as they drove toward the Grand Canyon’s southern rim.

It was around two in the afternoon when they got to the park and lookout point. They grabbed a burger and a Pepsi at a restaurant or gift shop nearby. After wolfing it down, they took a long walk and took images of the canyon and astonishing scenery. It was a beautiful sunny day with a light breeze and temperatures in the high 60s, just perfect. After spending two hours by the southern rim, they started heading south toward Flagstaff. As they were getting closer to Humphreys Peak, they took some scenic side roads after tanking up with gasoline, as gas stations were far and few. There was some snow around, which surprised Carissa. Snow in Arizona!?

Her stay in Arizona and travels had been pleasurable, with so many surprises! They pulled off the beaten path and stopped in a secluded place. She got undressed, and he took more photos of her in the snow while she lay naked. This time without any gawkers.

After some fun in the snow, they continued going toward Flagstaff, stopping short at a local restaurant that offered rattlesnakes as a specialty for dinner. László and Carissa were very curious about just how that might taste. The snake meat was fried; it was a bit chewy and had a similar taste to chicken. After dinner, they continued, and around nine in the evening, they made it to Flagstaff and soon to I-17 south to Phoenix, and another two hours later they arrived back home. László parked the Saturn inside the garage, beside his-ex’s Saturn station wagon. Both of them were quite tired, and they had a quick shower together and crashed into bed. Carissa gave László her customary evening massage.

Sunday, February 24th, was the last day that they could spend together. Although László woke up as early as he was used to due to his work schedule, he let Carissa sleep in. He just rolled snugly next to her body and embraced her for a while, then shifted his head just above her lap, resting his head close to her valley of delight, and dozed off. He woke up to Carissa’s soft hands gently caressing his cheeks. He moved his head down to her vulva lips. Gently started to kiss her clitoral hood, separating her lips with his tongue, darting inside her opening that began to ooze with lubrication. Carissa had a nice taste, a bit salty yet sweet with a hint of mocha. He loved the aromatic flavour as much as her healthy, delightful scent with a pleasant, musky, fabulous aroma. He switched his tongue and lips to her now-erect clitoral area, pleasuring and tormenting her at the same time. She started to make

soft moaning noises, that grew in intensity as he flickered his tongue tip and sucked on her clit with his lips.

“Cum for your Master!” he stopped for a second, as he felt that she was fighting herself of her impending orgasms.

“Yes, my Master,” her voice trembled from her excitement, as her insides filled with rapid convulsions of passion. As she grasped his head and pushed it onto her, her insides melted into his lips. László now was rock hard and pulled his head off from her drenched lips, turned her over, and as she pushed her knees up and under herself, he penetrated her, feeling her slippery warmth engulf him. He kept on thrusting like there was no tomorrow, driving her into another wave of rapture, into an animalistic stupor, as he gripped her hips and exploded within her.

Their bodies radiated from the heat as they glistened from the sweat that tried to cool them from overheating. The room filled up with the heavy permeating scent of sex, pheromones that drove unconsciously both of their basic instincts to the wild delirium state that blurred their vision and made them feel so alive yet so interdependent on each other! Their relationship and their sex were as addictive as heroin or cocaine. As László slipped out of her and he rolled over on his back beside her, she spun to his crotch to lick and suck, cleansing him eagerly to taste their cocktail of passion.

Ever since they had met in the UK and she had tasted him, she needed her daily nectar whenever they were together; without it, she felt unfulfilled, discontented, bordering on being lifeless. After cleansing, and being re-energized almost magically from their fluids, she got into her position on the top of the bed and continued in a contented glowing voice.

After cleansing, and being re-energized almost magically from their fluids, she got into her position on the top of the bed and continued in a contented glowing voice.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave, her body, her mind, her soul, along with everything she owns belongs to you, you may do with them as you wish!”

“And you are my slave, my bitch, my cunt! I want you for my lifetime!” He replied to her in a warm voice, gently caressing her blonde locks as he continued. “This is our last whole day for some time, my sweetie; we shall make the best of it! Now get up and let’s have a shower together after I shave!”

He sprung up and moved to the bathroom, first emptying his bladder, while Carissa waited by his foot and licked him clean after his last stream, tasting a couple of droplets of his golden fluids.

“Master, may your slave use the toilet?”

“Yes!”

He stepped aside to brush his teeth and shave, while Carissa did her business. He then stepped into the shower, and Carissa, after washing her teeth, joined him. She hugged him hard, her nipples hard and erect, two

syringes, trying to pierce his heart to inject all her love into his.

“Master, I want to be your slave for the rest of my life! I love you so much!” She whispered into his ear as she stood on her toes for a closer look and gently kissed his left earlobe. He squeezed her tighter to feel her heart race, and her blood flowing in her veins

“BBC, I love you too, but remember that our relationship is not based upon our love; in fact, you do not have to love me at all. As my slave, you have to obey and please me, deriving your own pleasure from the fact that you have pleased me and your sorrow for not. Sure, if we have an affinity for each other, it makes your submission easier. The way I treat you has nothing to do with how you feel about me, love me or hate me.”

He paused for a minute as he reached down toward her shapely arse between her cheeks and placed a couple of fingers inside her, pressing on her g-spot.

“You are my property, and I treat all my property with care and use them for my needs and pleasure. If you displease me, you displease yourself even more, as you fail yourself. I cannot fail you; only you can! Never forget that! When I say I love you, I mean I love you as the person you are. My slave, who is my cunt, my bitch, my lover, my companion, my BBC, and my sexy Carissa. While these names are interchangeable, it doesn’t change your status. You are not my girlfriend or my wife; regardless of how you are introduced to outsiders, you are my slave, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on. That will never change; even if you and I get married in the future, you will always be my slave. The slave I love yes, my sexy cunt and my lover most definitely is still my possession, to do with what I please. You have to accept this, no matter how hard it may be in your humiliation or pain, and if you cannot, then leave. Your chains are invisible, but they are real nonetheless.”

He paused again, now deeply looking into her eyes and continued “What do you say to that bitch?” while he pulled out his two fingers and squeezed her clit hard and held on firmly.

“Ouch!” she cried out in a painful wince as if a bolt of lightning hit her body. Her voice whimpered from the pain, but she did not attempt to free herself from his strong grip. She began repeating her oath.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish” and paused to emphasize her feelings “Your slave, by her own free will, will be your slave as long as you want her. She understands her role and solely exists to please you, my dearest Master!”

He then let go of her clit and lifted her up higher, with his arms reaching her erect nipples, and started to kiss her left one, then her right, and moved back to the left one and bit her tit, hard, as she winced again out loud.

“Ouch!” and moaned painfully. But he just kept on biting and sucking on her erect nipples, possessing her, as now she wrapped her legs around his

waist and impaled herself on his erect cock, aiding the penetration with her right hand, sliding into her swollen hot and wet opening drenched from within while the warm, soothing water sprayed their adjoined bodies in the shower.

“Master, bite, draw blood if you wish, fuck your slave! Your cunt! Your bitch, whatever she is to you, just fuck her, my loving Master, she is all yours!” she shouted aloud with an obsession and in her ecstasy. He pressed her against the shower wall and kept on ramming and pounding her cunt without mercy. The rougher he was, the more she loved it, she cried out, “Master, she is your cunt, please fuck your cunt... she is all yours!” and kept on repeating, “She is all yours...” endlessly, in a fading voice, even after he exploded in her and put her down. She just leaned against the wall, in a complete trance, then fell on her knees and kissed, licked, and sucked his corona, tasting and cleansing while she held him in her hands.

Suddenly László had a very strong desire to urinate, and he let his stream go as she was cleansing him. She was surprised for a second as she felt his warm stream, gripping his semi-erect penis harder to guide his stream into her open mouth, swallowing as much as she could. He held her head with both hands firmly. He was in a wild frenzy just as much as she was. When his stream ended, she kept on cleansing without missing a beat.

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“What a great bitch! I will miss you extremely! I can’t wait to see you in the UK!” he told himself. The shower play soon ended as the hot water heater tank ran out of hot water, which was a good thing; otherwise, they would have spent all day in there. He stepped out of the shower, and Carissa dried him off with a towel as he then put on his white Ralph Lauren thick and luxurious bathrobe.

“Dry yourself, do your makeup, and crawl out to the kitchen with your collar in your mouth while I make breakfast for us!” he left towards the kitchen.

László turned on the coffee brewer for her and made his favourite tea for himself. He fried some bacon and made eggs sunny-side up. He set the table for two, which surprised her when she crawled out on her hands and knees, with the collar hanging from her mouth. He attached the collar to her neck and sent her back to fetch the leash. While she did, he placed the food on the table. He poured some orange juice too. He planned to spoil her in the morning, but after that, he would enjoy her obedience all day.

Carissa appeared with the leash in her mouth, part of it hanging out on both sides. He attached the leash to the front central ring.

“Sit by the table and eat! When we are done, you will do the dishes. Then we’ll go outside. You can rest a bit on the foldable sun lounger, enjoying the nice weather, while I look after my roses. They need my attention too.”

“Thank you, Master! You are full of surprises for your slave.”

After eating, he got out his watering can, filled it up with water, added a few drops of liquid fertilizer, and went to his porch that was outside behind the living room and adjacent to his bedroom, where he had several large ten-gallon pots of roses that he had grown.

The soil was terrible in the garden; it was not suitable for gardening except for cacti. He usually watered them once a week on Sunday mornings, but twice a week in the dry summertime, to keep them from wilting. The porch was open on the sides, letting in plenty of light and sunshine but lots of shade during the hot mid-day sun. He loved roses and had several bushes: one was a creamy apricot, another was another was a blonde hybrid tea rose named Marilyn Monroe, another was white and named Ice Cream, and one was a crimson hybrid tea named Papa Meiland. While he watered his roses and collected dead leaves, his two-legged flower appeared and laid down on the sun lounger in the shade, spreading her legs and revealing her petals for him to be mesmerized.

She looked good, and he went into the bedroom to get his camera to capture the moment. She spread her pink lips wide apart for him, and in between them, she was red hot with desire. After taking images, he stepped inside, put the camera down on the night table, and turned toward her.

“Get on the bed, bitch, in the same position! You look so edible!”

She jumped up quickly and entered through the screen door, sliding it back to the closed position, as she noticed that his erection peeked through his bathrobe, a wonderful sight for her eyes. She lay on the bed with her knees drawn up and her legs spread, and she opened up her inner lips, showing her now shimmering, steaming opening that was so inviting. He dropped his bathrobe on the carpet, jumped on the bed, lifted her legs up to straddle his shoulders, plunged deeply into her hot moistness, and started to jackhammer her malleable pit of delight. She rocked her body with the same intensity. He reached for her nipples, pinching and pulling them outward, then propped her wide, open mouth with his tongue as hers danced and caressed his deeply. Their breathing sped up swiftly, her arms caressed his back, and she wrapped her legs around his neck to pull him into her body deeper, trying to melt into his. He tore his mouth away from hers and grunted into her right ear. “Bitch, don’t you dare cum, unless I command it! Is that understood slave?”

Then he thrust his tongue tip into her earlobe, licking and kissing it, driving her crazier into the zone of passion in which she lost all of her consciousness; she was his quivering cunt to love, fuck, use, abuse, and play with; it didn’t matter to her only that she was his possession.

“Yes, Master, your cunt will only cum when commanded by her

Master!” Her frail voice resonated as she was out of this world, in another universe, talking in a trance, interrupted by moans and cries of ecstasy and heavy breathing. Sweat started to pour from both of them, intermixed with their sexual scent, driving both even wilder, reaching unparalleled heights as he was pounding her relentlessly. It took him a long time to cum, as he had been drained twice earlier in the morning. Finally, he exploded in her, like a volcano erupting within her.

“Cum my bitch, my lovely cunt for your Master, let me feel your body!” he howled as he came.

“Ahh, ahh...” she screamed as her body became a living tsunami, with waves of contraction after another as she continued to scream avidly.

“I love being fucked by you, Master; ahhh, I love the way you fuck me.” unable to think in the third person, just letting her feelings burst out, and just about passing out from her bliss, trembling, quivering, even unable to talk, gasping for air with rapid little breaths. He pushed her legs to the side of him, withdrew himself, and kneeled over her, showing her his dripping and still-erect throbbing cock, and shoved it into her wide, open lips for her to taste and lick. She savoured their flavour as she licked him clean slowly, enjoying every small driblet and the texture of his firmness along the corona, pushed her tongue tip into his urethra opening, and licked and sucked on his frenulum. She was in no hurry to let him go. Both of them were exhausted; it was a good way to cool down the afterglow.

László caught his breath a bit and then withdrew his still semi-erect penis. “Turn over, face down, in the arse up position, slave!” his command thundered over her, as she got into position. He then drew his thumb and fingers together on his right hand, inserted the tips slowly into her dripping opening, and slowly started to slide them in deeper within her soggy tunnel that he had just hammered and exploded within. As the girth of his hand increased and he opened her up slowly, she began to moan once again, and she picked up the pace of her breathing. He slowly pushed forward and withdrew back a small bit, then pushed deeper. After several minutes, he was pulling backward. He changed his fingers into a very tight fist and pushed forward, feeling her warm tightness as her slippery walls enveloped him completely. Carissa was moaning loudly, murmuring something incoherently that sounded like “Ahhh, my Master...” and started to tremble and grind her hips faster onto his soaked hand from their intermixed juices. Every nerve in her body was on fire as she gripped the sheet with her nails, almost tearing it apart like the claws of a lion digging deep into her prey. She let out a loud scream as her body spasmed uncontrollably as she transcended into an abyss of ecstasy, floating in a weightless void. He felt his fist being gripped by her innards and felt every tremor that radiated from deep within her. She collapsed onto the soaked sheet, almost lifeless, twitching now and then.

László pulled his fist and turned Carissa onto her back to help her breathe. He staggered to the bathroom to wash his hands. Then I managed to

get back into bed and collapse beside Carissa. They were both totally spent and needed some time to recoup their energy.

It was just before noon when both of them came to their senses. He took her collar off and ordered her to take a shower while he replaced the sheets on the bed. He threw them in the laundry along with their other soiled clothes. Then he jumped in the shower and joined Carissa. She was happy to see her master, quickly soaped him up, and washed him tenderly. After their shower, they returned to the fresh bed to rest a bit as both dozed off satisfied, for a few minutes. When László came, Carissa was already up, packing her suitcase and just leaving out the clothes for the next day's trip back to England. When she noticed that he had woken, she threw herself down on the carpet facing him and started her oath.

"Get up, sweetie, my sexy, beautiful slave!" he smiled at her and continued, "I am so sorry to see you go back, Carissa! I will miss you a lot! But it will be May soon, and I'll be there!"

"Master, your slave, your BBC will miss you deeply." She paused, smiled, and continued, "Yes, my Master, you will be with her soon. But we still have another half-day together. Would you like her to make your lunch?"

"No, I am not hungry, but if you are, just eat. I will make a special dinner for us. Actually, it will take some time, and I will start right away. You can relax and do whatever you like; take some well-earned free time!"

"Thank you, Sir!"

He then got dressed in comfortable jeans and a polo and walked out to the kitchen. Carissa followed him completely nude, curious as to what he would be cooking. In the kitchen, from the fridge, he took out a nice portion of a frozen pork tenderloin that they had bought earlier in the week, along with several slices of bacon. The meat required some time to thaw. He also got the shiitake mushrooms, butter, and garlic. He washed the mushrooms, and the largest ones he sliced into several pieces while keeping the small ones intact. Then he used a couple of cloves of garlic and diced them up. He put a slab of butter in with the garlic and mushrooms in a sauté pan, put a lid on it, and let them warm to the ambient temperature on the stove. Carissa was close to him but out of the way, as she watched him, she loved to watch him do anything. László was done until the meat thawed out sufficiently so he could prepare it, and that would take maybe two more hours. He went to the bedroom to grab his digital camera and took several more images of Carissa by the fireplace and in the living room. He mentioned to her his upcoming workday. His plan was to take her in with him and leave an hour earlier to drive her out to the airport directly from the office. This would allow them to spend the maximum amount of time together. He had already told Linda during the past week that Carissa's being with him hadn't interfered with his work; therefore, it was approved.

Linda liked László, not just because he was very efficient in his job with the let's get the job done attitude without any bullshit, but because he

was direct by calling a spade a spade. Linda also shared his sense of humour, and she despised the original buyer just as much as László had. If it had been up to Linda, the buyer would have been fired for ineptness and for being lackadaisical. Unfortunately, because they were stupid and lazy, it was not possible; they were not employed in the private sector.

Carissa enjoyed their talks when she was given the opportunity, and she made good use of the few hours they had left. She absorbed everything, like a sponge, that he told her, every detail and every insight that gave her a better understanding of László. She never pushed him or questioned why she was smarter than that to invade his privacy, nor was she disrespectful; she accepted everything on a need-to-know basis if something concerned her. László was very honest with her, and it was very obvious and refreshing for her that whatever he told her, he could back it up; there were no doubts. She walked around, taking a good look and an in-depth examination of his paintings, several of which she loved very much. She found them peaceful and relaxing, and they told her more about her master's interests, such as the history of the history of the old castle ruins and even the flowers.

Carissa told him just how much she regretted that she hadn't replied to him earlier, waiting nine months, so much time that was wasted! By now, they could have been living together full-time if she had not procrastinated!

László agreed with her assessment; she had made a mistake, but he was hoping that she would not make that mistake again. Time flew and the meat thawed out sufficiently and László, accompanied by his nude slave, returned to the kitchen. He prepared the meat by seasoning it with salt, freshly ground black pepper, rosemary, and fresh garlic. The meat was then wrapped in bacon, finally wrapped in aluminium foil, and placed in the oven. It would take about two hours to roast it, tender on the inside and well done on the outside, in its own juice, aided by the bacon. He then prepared a Hungarian-style cucumber salad and put it back in the fridge to marinate. While the meat roasted, he laid down on the living room sofa and allowed Carissa to pleasure him with her tongue and lips on his feet. Just as the meat was about done, he got up, made rice with the rice cooker, and let Carissa set the table for two. However, it wasn't just an ordinary dinner for her. While he ate, she was under the table orally pleasuring him until he came, and she had her dessert first and her main course after it, sitting on the chair and eating from the table. After dinner, while she cleaned up and did the dishes, he watched the local news and forecast. The weather forecast for Monday was sunny, with temperatures in the low seventies a perfect day for travel. The rest of the evening went by, with some additional photos of her, a bit of bondage, and she fetched the ball and played puppy. He received his last massage from her until they would meet again in England.

He woke early in the morning to have plenty of time to enjoy her raw sex, then it was time for a shave or shower, the morning routine, getting dressed, taking her luggage out to the Saturn, and leaving for work. At lunchtime, they went out to eat, and soon it was time to take her to the airport. Neither of them was happy saying goodbye to each other, even if it was just for two long and miserable months. They embraced tightly and kissed each other deeply, their tongues caressing and dancing for a long time, and she disappeared beyond the departure gate. László hung around to take a few photos of her British Airways Boeing 777-300 plane as it took off.

A week later, Lily returned from Florida and wondered how the visit had been. Lily was interested: being part owner of the house. László told her it was great and he was going to visit Carissa in May, he had already made arrangements for time off from work. Carissa will be sending the ticket information to him shortly for the British Airways flight reservation number.

Lily continued with her dancing. On her Saturn SW, she had to have the power window switches replaced on the front, and also the left driver-side window when it was shattered by a rock from a transport truck on Highway 101.

László and Carissa were in touch every day via email and talked quite often on the phone. Her training continued with a daily task. Upon getting up, she would get into her position and say her oath, as if her Master were there, wait for a minute, then masturbate until she came. Upon getting home, she got into her position again, to say her oath, as if her Master were returning from work, but without the inspection. She did her daily diary and emailed it to László. Before falling asleep, she had to masturbate until she came. To break her routine, on random days, she had a small dildo in her, and sometimes a but plug at work too, to remind her that she was his, to build desire and to learn to control her orgasms. On those days, she often spent a considerable amount of time in the washroom, as she masturbated as she was on the phone with him, and allowed to cum on his command.

There was an excellent corset maker in the UK. László got one of their catalogues in the mail and picked two corsets for Carissa to obtain: a silky, stunning white one and an even slicker black one. She also placed an ad in the UK, started to look for a secondary female for added entertainment, and sent potential candidates' profiles and images to László via email. The females who applied were physically not appealing to László; even as a beta bitch, there wasn't sufficient time to find one whom he would consider. Time flew by quickly, and it was time to fly off to the UK. On Tuesday, May 7th in the evening László boarded a British Airways Boeing 777-300 for his direct flight to London Gatwick.

At Gatwick on May 8th, at 2 p.m., local time, Carissa was waiting for him at arrival wearing a black raincoat with nothing underneath, only black silk thigh-high stockings and black stilettos. Just as he ordered her to do.

He saw her immediately as he passed through the sliding doors and emerged from Customs and Passport. She looked a bit nervous, but her face lit up with a huge, mesmerizing smile as soon as she saw him! She walked hastily toward him to meet him halfway, waiting for him to get closer. Her eyes sparkled, her voice slightly quivered from excitement, as she greeted her love and Master.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave, her body, her mind, her soul, along with everything she owns belongs to you, you may do with them as you wish!”

He put his hand luggage down on the floor, reached for her raincoat opened it slightly as he embraced her body underneath, and slid a couple of his fingers from behind into her warm, succulent lips that engulfed them into her sex. She pulled him closer, her nipples hard, and pierced like daggers through his black leather jacket, he felt her embrace as she fused herself into his body. The Hermes Amazone perfume intermingled with Carissa’s natural scent was entrancing him into a stupor-like state and the waiting pleasure to come.

After a long embrace, they let each other go and proceeded to a multi-level parking lot while they chit-chatted about his long flight. Upon reaching her British racing green Ford Puma, he commanded her to pose for him with the raincoat open, revealing her enticing, sexy, gorgeous body to him and a few male passers-by who could not believe their own eyes turning green from envy, while he took photos of his slave.

Once inside the Puma, he reached for her lips, and as their tongues did the fandango, László gently caressed her nude body, feeling the silkiness of her skin. From her breasts, his hand headed further down to between her legs. While Carissa’s hand unzipped him, he reached into his pants, feeling his throbbing erection. When he stopped kissing Carissa, her head instantly dove toward his hardness, engulfing it with her luscious lips as she kept on stroking his shaft. It didn’t take long for him to explode between her lips, gulping down every drop, and then she licked the head clean of any dribbles. She let out several satisfied sighs in the process. Carissa was now very happy, tasting her master once again after weeks of absence. After their airport interlude, it was time to drive back to her house, a good two-and-a-half-hour drive, or more depending on just how many diversions they would succumb to.

Carissa was an excellent driver, making quick and precise shift changes with the five-speed close ratio gearbox. It was a ride for Carissa that she would never forget. Her raincoat partially open exposed her naked breasts to drivers of lorries and buses sitting much higher as they zipped by them, and with her master’s right hand deeply between her legs, his fingers

inside her stimulating her g-spot, and her lips drenched, he encouraged her to climax while driving.

László truly enjoyed this, as she was very excited and extremely wet, and she could not let go completely as she had to drive. She had to fight herself and hold back from having a total climax. While she tried her hardest, he could feel her slight trembling and contractions several times during their drive. However, once they stopped at her driveway, she erupted into a frenzy, with her body quivering like a large bowl of Jell-O as she gasped for air and moaned incoherently, “Ohhhh, m-my M-Maaaaster, that was incredible!”

Carissa could not get out of the driver’s seat for several minutes, as she was so spent. László enjoyed every second of those minutes. Carissa was under his total control, as she obeyed him and that pleased him and her intensely, psychologically.

Once inside her home, László took his luggage upstairs to the bedroom, while Carissa made some tea for him in the kitchen. László then went to the bathroom to refresh himself a bit. The flight was long from Phoenix, and he hadn’t slept much. While he was a bit tired, he was glad to be with Carissa once again. He was looking forward to the time they would spend together, as they had a pretty ambitious plan for his stay in England that included a lot of travelling. BBC had to go to work on Thursday as well as Friday; he would use this time to rest a bit and to paint her some paintings with acrylics that they had talked about while she was in Phoenix a few weeks earlier.

Carissa presented tea to her master, along with some sweet biscuits. László made himself comfortable in the small living room and sipped his Twinings blackcurrant and vanilla tea slowly.

“Master, may your slave use the bathroom?”

“Yes!” he replied.

Carissa went upstairs to the bathroom to refresh herself. She got on the floor in front of László, in her submit-oath position, and there she remained silently. László took some photos of Carissa in her position and then asked her, “Did you miss me, BBC? Show me how much!”

“Oh, Master, your BBC missed you so much! Let her show you!” Her voice was warm, pleasing, and resonated with her deep feelings for her Lord and Master.

Carissa looked amazing. Her creamy soft white skin, her perfectly shaped body, with her shaved slightly swollen and dripping vulva, honey blonde hair, and sexy red lips, she was every man’s dream, well, ones with a pulse anyhow. No Viagra was required as László felt his pants suddenly a bit tight in the crotch area.

László was by now more than ready for some sexual relief. As she crawled in front of him, her hands reached for his belt, unbuckled it, unzipped his pants, pulled them down, and without hesitation, she eagerly took his erection into her waiting and longing mouth. Carissa loved how he smelled, the texture, and her reward that she hadn’t tasted and had longed

for every day for weeks. After pleasing him orally, she kept on kissing his penis, licked it, and massaged it with both of her hands for László to recover his firmness so he could penetrate her dripping sex as well. Their re-introduction lasted for quite a while, both wanting and enjoying each other's desires. László glanced at his watch and stopped. It was 5:30 p.m. He wanted to go out to the art supply store for the materials he needed for painting.

To his surprise, Carissa had already taken care of that and had bought all the required tubes of paint, canvas boards, and brushes for him. She asked for permission to get them and quickly showed the supplies to him. They looked adequate. László decided then to continue with their sexually intense session until they both collapsed, totally exhausted and spent.

By 7 p.m., László was quite hungry; he had satisfied his hunger for her, but now he required nourishment in the form of food. He decided to have some take-away, as take-out food was called in the UK, and he wanted fish and chips. There was a small restaurant specializing in fish and chips located nearby. After Carissa dressed, they walked there, ordered two servings, and walked back. They ate the fish and chips that were traditionally wrapped in newsprint in the kitchen. She put a bit of vinegar and ketchup on her chips, but he ate them plain. It was excellent. László was getting tired but didn't want to go to bed right away, especially on a full stomach. He decided to watch TV in the living room, while Carissa got undressed and joined him by snuggling next to him. He felt good that she was within his reach. László dozed off while watching TV, and Carissa was in a bind. "Should she wake him up or not?"

She decided to wake him up; she was getting tired too, and she had to wake up early in the morning. They went upstairs, he got undressed, and she got her lavender-scented rubbing oil and gave him a wonderful massage that he loved so much. After that, László was out like a light.

László woke late in the morning, due to the eight hour time difference, and Carissa was gone already. There was a nice greeting card on her pillow next to him. He opened it and read it.

"My dearest Master, I didn't want to wake you. I said my oath, did my morning routine, dressed, and set the kitchen table for you. You will find some cold cuts and fresh bread in the fridge. There is your favourite teabag waiting in a cup for you; all you have to do is boil water. Feel free to call me at work on my cell number, which you have. I can't wait to get home to you, my dearest Master! I left an extra door key in the living room, in case you wish to go out while I'm at work. Your loving slave, BBC." She loved ending her private letters and cards with her nickname, BBC.

László glanced at his watch by the night table, it was 9:45 a.m. He got up proceeded to the washroom, brushed his teeth, shaved and took a nice relaxing bath that refreshed him. Once dry, he got dressed and went downstairs to the main floor to the kitchen to have breakfast. After eating, he

checked some of the digital images that he had taken of Carissa yesterday and looked at the paints and brushes that Carissa had purchased. He noticed that he would need a couple of more colours, and made a list of the items he required, including canvas boards. At noon when Carissa had her lunch break, he called her up. She was very happy to hear her Master's voice. She mentioned that she would be back by four, and she hoped that he would eat something, as there was plenty of food in the fridge and even some Bavarian beer that he liked. László mentioned to her that he had read the card and found it very sweet of her, and was looking forward to her return.

László took Carissa's advice, ate more cold cuts and some French Brie cheese, and opened a bottle of Weihenstephaner Kristall Weissbier. After eating, he sat in front of the TV and watched the news and some game shows. A few minutes after four, her green Puma pulled into the gravel driveway. He turned off the TV, quickly grasped his list of needed supplies and the front door key, and put on his beautifully tailored Italian black lambskin leather jacket that his previous slave Gillian had got him many years ago as a Christmas present.

As Carissa was getting out of her car, he opened the door, and spoke to her. "Get back into the car, BBC; we have to buy a few more things at the artist supply store," and while speaking, he locked the front door. He then sat in the car and kissed Carissa on her enticing soft Revlon Red lips, then buckled himself in, and she drove off.

Carissa's home was in the suburbs, and the art store was about a five-minute ride away. On the way, he asked about a camera store where he could drop off his 35mm film for development and prints. Carissa mentioned that there was a film printing kiosk nearby; he could walk there tomorrow during the day. He wondered if they would print the images on the roll. She smiled and replied, "Sir, one way to find out!" and continued "But are you sure you want them printed here?"

"Of course, I do, I want to see how you look, and I'll get two sets, one for you my sweet slave!"

"Thank you, sir! Your slave is very curious too, as she wants to make you happy. Luckily, she never used that shop before, they cannot connect her with the photos" she smiled sheepishly.

"Don't worry, BBC, I will use my name and pay cash. I hope they do not print a set-off for themselves. Once, I worked at a camera store in Toronto, and you should have seen some of the negatives after processing that had come in! The operator, who was a dike, always shared some of the kinkier images! Once in a while, the film was lost too." László snickered and continued, "But what could the customers say? I want the negatives back where I'm fucking another guy up the arse or giving him a blow job."

Carissa pulled into the small parking lot near the art supply store, and both got out and went inside. They looked around, and László picked out the

paints he needed, then turned toward her and asked,

“What size would you like your paintings? I’ve usually painted 18x24 inches; will that work for you, or do you want something smaller or bigger? The canvas and the paint are relatively inexpensive, but I can see that decent frames here are expensive too.”

“I never thought about it, to tell you the truth,” she paused for a couple moments, “maybe something smaller than 18x24. That’s a bit big, how about something smaller, can you paint on 11x14?”

“11x14 will be the size then! Let’s pick a bundle of three to start. I will have plenty of time to paint while you are working.”

She paid for the supplies and carried them back to the car. On their way back to her home, they stopped at the grocery store. He got a small bouquet of red roses for Carissa. While she got some red round tomatoes, a small container of Crimini mushrooms, different types of green and yellow peppers, and, surprisingly, Hungarian-style smoked sausage that was available, She bought a pair. She wanted to make ‘Lecsó’ for dinner, which she had loved ever since she was introduced to it in January by László when he had cooked the dish for themselves. Carissa liked that László could cook, and she loved watching him cook and learning from him how to prepare foods that he liked.

Upon their return home, she quickly got undressed, put her collar on, got into her submission position, said her oath, and waited patiently for her master to order her to perform the tasks that he had in mind. László truly enjoyed the power exchange between them. She was a dedicated subject and an excellent learner. She truly enjoyed her submission and his dominance over her; it was very natural for both.

He ordered her to prepare their dinner and sat back to watch as she made lecsó with the added ingredients of sliced mushrooms and sliced smoked sausage. In about an hour, their dinner was ready, and while she cooked, they chatted about the weekend and her free days. She served dinner, and she was invited to sit down to eat with him rather than sucking on him from under the table while he ate. It was something they had talked about a lot, as she enjoyed sucking on him while he ate and eating after he finished; she derived real satisfaction from this. László drank another bottle of Weihenstephaner Kristall Weissbier with his dinner. As for his dessert, she was sitting next to him, but not for long. He got up, took out the can of whipped cream from the fridge, and turned toward her.

“Make room on the table and lay back with your legs open, toward me!”

She obliged without any hesitation as he placed a chair in front of her spread legs, sat down, spayed some of the whipped cream on her now moist lips, and started to lick it off slowly. Her scent and taste were intermixed with the cream as she placed her legs on his shoulders, straddling him, and

started to moan at first quietly but louder and louder as he continued. He sprayed more and more of the cold cream between her red, hot lips and licked the cream out of her vulva and around her clit.

“Master, may your slave, your bitch, and your cunt be allowed to cum?” as she begged several times with a trembling, excited voice.

László just kept on licking, stimulating her clitoral area, and replenishing the cream between her drenched lips as Carissa struggled not to let herself over to the impending pleasure.

“OK, bitch cum!”

Her body started to tremble almost immediately, as she was able to let herself go and enjoy the contractions that hit her, and she moaned loudly.

“Master, thank you!”

László then stood up, unbuckled his belt, opened his zipper to free his erection, and mounted her, with a slow and deep penetration at first, feeling her engulf him and the contractions fading away. He kept on thrusting harder and faster, until he was about to cum himself. He then quickly withdrew as Carissa leaned her head over to receive the head and his eruption between her parted lips. She grabbed his shaft with her hands and pumped every droplet that he was capable of delivering. Now she had her dessert too, and that contented smile on her face, that special smile for her Master’s eyes only. It took some time for both of them to recuperate from such a delicious dinner.

She did the dishes and cleaned up herself too, while László started to do a sketch on one of the canvas boards of the roses in a vase in the living room. He would do the painting while she was at work, after dropping the roll of film off for development. She returned from the kitchen and looked at him drawing the outlines, and she enjoyed watching him. Carissa loved looking at László whenever she was allowed, and she loved that he was so multifaceted.

For her, he was perfect. He was cultured, intelligent, dominating yet caring, strict but not mean or cruel, kinky but not insane. She felt safe being with László and trusted him implicitly. She was also totally in love with him, even if he wasn’t on the same level as she would have liked, but she knew that he loved her. She was his toy, a cherished one at that. For now, that was more than enough. Later that evening, they shared a nice, warm, and relaxing bubble bath together. They had fun with the hand-held shower unit while washing each other and rinsing off shampoo. She shaved any growth of hair off of his scrotum and pubic area, as well as of herself, to remain hairless on her entire body. She washed him, then dried him off, and he returned the favour.

He then laid down in bed to receive his evening massage session from Carissa’s loving hands, which turned both of them on. They ended up having sex in several different positions, until both just collapsed and fell to sleep.

László woke early in the morning to Carissa's nibbling on his erect shaft, kissing and licking the head at the frenulum. "What a great way to wake up," he thought to himself. She noticed that he woke, but kept on pleasuring him and started to stroke him to milk his juice out for her to swallow. But László suddenly turned over, spread her legs, and rammed his stiffness into her dripping vulva.

His hand cupped her other breast and teased the nipple into erectness, then, with his mouth, sucked on them and bit them with mild intensity. Carissa moved her hips in unison with his thrusts and, with her hands, massaged his smoothly shaved scrotum. She felt his eruption, not just from the inside, but as his body spasmed, as well as his testicles, with her hands cupped around them. He then quickly withdrew from her, for Carissa to lick off their intermixed juices and suck out any droplets as she wrapped her hand around it and milked him dry. He then rolled over beside her as Carissa inserted several fingers into her dripping hole to capture the ooze on her fingers and lick them clean several times. She did not cum, but in her mind, she was well compensated by her master's fucking her and by his cum. She had a satisfied glow on her face. She then took up her submission position in their bed facing him, said her oath, and remained silent, but was very pleased in her position to hear his commands.

"Bitch that was excellent! Get up and clean yourself up; don't be late from work!" He paused for a few seconds and continued, "For tonight, I have some fun ideas for us! Now go get ready; I'll rest a bit more, and I'll call you later."

"Yes my Master!"

Carissa got off the bed and left toward the washroom. László fell asleep real quick. Around 8 a.m., he woke; Carissa was gone by then. After a quick shave and a bath to clean himself, László got dressed. He made tea for himself that was already laid out on the kitchen table and had brie and cold cuts. He turned on the TV, switched to the BBC for the world news, and began to work on the painting for Carissa. He painted till noon, then he stopped. The paint needed to dry a bit before he could continue, and now it was a good time to take a walk and drop off the roll of 35mm film.

László put on his black leather jacket and left. He walked around the neighbourhood. He looked at the different styles of architecture and noticed a few houses that he liked and could actually live in. Although he was not keen on moving to Britain, He didn't like the wet climate or driving on the wrong side of the road. He walked past the kiosk and continued exploring for a while before turning around, walking back to the kiosk, and dropping off the film. He asked for two sets of prints. The clerk asked about his accent and where he was from. László said it from Arizona. They had a pleasant little chat. She told him the prints would be ready by four in the afternoon. Splendid, he'll be back at four to pick them up.

At 4 p.m., he returned to pick up the prints. The clerk had a huge smile on her face but said nothing. Obviously, she had seen the photos. Maybe he should have asked her to join them?

As he was walking back, Carissa was on her way home and saw him. She stopped quickly by him, rolled her window down, and asked,

“Hey handsome, want a ride?”

“Only if I can fuck you, Miss!” László replied with a devious smile.

“Anytime, anywhere, Sir! Just jump in,” she laughed.

László got inside the car, and they quickly embraced. His tongue met hers while his hand slipped between her legs, feeling her moist lips, and he found her g-spot quickly. Her black mini-skirt barely covered her tight, high black stockings; she had no pants on. After a long, passionate kiss, before they steamed up the windows, they drove back to the house.

Back at the house, he quickly unzipped his pants, pushed her over the side of the couch, lifted her skirt up a bit, spread her legs for better access, and entered her dripping pussycat. Grabbing her hips and rocking her to the same rhythm as he was moving, It didn't take long before Carissa was begging to cum, and this time he just let her cum right away. As her body was trembling from the force of her climax, he climaxed and kept on fucking his slave until his erection subsided. He then pulled out his cock from her dripping vulva; she turned around immediately before even he could command her, got down on her knees, and started to lick it, cleansing it with her tongue and lips, savouring every tiny driblet. László just smiled and thought to himself, “I trained this bitch well!” Indeed, he did. When she was done, she looked up at him and said,

“Master, thank you; please just stay as you are!”

She jumped up and immediately started to get undressed; all she kept on were her stockings. She ran upstairs and returned with her collar around her neck and the fine stainless steel link leash attached to it. She got down on the floor, began saying her oath, and remained in her position with her head bowed down and her nose touching the carpet.

László picked up the leash and pulled her as she started to crawl on her hands and knees toward the banister on the stairs.

“Stand up!”

She did, and he grabbed her wrists, picked up the handcuffs that were sitting on a small table by the couch, and cuffed her wrists to the handrail.

“Don't move! I want to take some photos of you!”

He then picked up his Nikon film camera and took several images of her while she smiled. He then uncuffed her and took off her collar.

“Get dressed; we are going to the gallery now!”

“What would you like me to wear, sir?”

“Jeans, a t-shirt, and a light jacket will do. We are just going casual.”

Actually, this was the plan after she had returned from work, but their infatuation with each other delayed it slightly. The gallery was open until 8 p.m., she changed very quickly, and they drove off. It was about a twenty-minute drive; along the way, they drove by an old, small church with a graveyard. László liked the atmosphere of the church and made some mental notes for himself. The gallery visit was quite good; they joked and laughed during their visit. He took a couple of photos. By the time they returned, it was dark, and as they drove by the church and the graveyard, he turned to Carissa.

“BBC, have you ever been fucked in graveyard?”

“No Sir, I have not!” She put on her emergency blinkers and pulled off the road quickly, just in case he had something in mind, and turned toward László with a sly smile.

“Sir, have you? What do you have in mind?”

“Not yet!” he snickered and continued, “This would be an ideal place at night; we should explore this place in the daylight next week! But not right now; let’s head back home, BBC! I’m quite hungry!”

“Sir, I always have a deep hunger for you, my Master!”

“BBC I meant real food. I love the way you taste, but I also need nourishment of a different kind than you have in mind! So let’s get going!”

Back at the house, he ordered her to serve up some cold cuts and the last bottle of Weihenstephaner and told her to eat with him at the table. After a quick dinner, he told her to get undressed, put on her collar, adjust her make-up, and now they would have some fun. Leading into the garden, there was a tall wrought-iron gate and fence. He told Carissa to put on her black raincoat and follow him out to the gate. At first, she stood behind the gate with her coat on, but with nothing underneath apart from her collar and the fine steel leash. He took some images, then told her to remove the coat, and now she was exposed to the cool evening breeze that made her nipples perky. He took additional images, and finally, he handcuffed her to the gate and took more images. She looked so sexy, and he wanted to capture this moment for eternity. Then he started to walk away, leaving her naked and cuffed to the gate; that surprised her a bit.

“Sir, are you going to leave me here?” She asked with some concern in her voice.

“Maybe!” He replied with a very serious voice, although he was just kidding, and continued, “I bet your neighbours would love that!”

“Yes, Sir, a couple would!” She replied, but now with a more concerned voice, and started to beg, “Sir, please take your possession in; she doesn’t want to remain here all night. She will be very tired tomorrow to drive you to Wales, sir!”

László turned around and walked back to her, saying with a surprised voice, "Oh, I forgot about that! Just because of that, I better let you in" and uncuffed her from the gate. Then he kissed her on the lips and took her leash to lead her back to the house.

He continued, "Don't worry, my sweet slave; I was just kidding. I would never do that to you! By the way, you looked wonderful!"

They stepped inside the house; he led her to the couch, sat down, and unzipped his pants.

"Remove my pants and underwear, with your teeth only!" She struggled a little but succeeded. After she did, he sat down with a strong erection, staring Carissa in the face.

"On your knees, bitch, and start sucking while I look at the prints that I picked up this afternoon."

She got down in front of him and took his erection in her mouth; her tongue danced all over his head and frenulum, which sent tingling shocks of pleasure throughout his body. It felt so good. BBC was such a talent when it came to oral sex. She loved pleasuring him this way, and it gave her intense satisfaction every time she could. She gently massaged his sack with one hand and, with the other, slowly stroked his shaft, often taking him out of her mouth and kissing and licking his shaft all the way down to his testicles, then slowly took each of them into her mouth, sucking on them while stroking his shaft with her hands. Then she moved slowly back up to the frenulum and engulfed his hard penis again. László was getting turned on more and more as he looked at the photos he had taken of Carissa upon his arrival, and with her pleasuring him, he was ready to explode into her mouth.

"Open wide bitch! I want to cum into your mouth now!" and globs of cum squirted onto her tongue. She extended her tongue out to show him his cum on her tongue for a few seconds, then swallowed his load.

"Good girl!" he patted her gently on her head. "Clean it off completely until I tell you to stop!"

Carissa continued licking, kissing, and sucking obediently on his member, who now wasn't as firm but was still far from flaccid. With her manipulation, he would remain semi-erect for a long time. When he finished with the prints, he put them beside him and let himself relax on Carissa's loving lips and hands for a while. He glanced at his watch. It was 10:45 p.m., and it was time to take a quick bath for both of them.

"Stop, sweetie, let's have a bath and go to bed. Tomorrow, we will have a very busy day! But take a look at these photos, and what do you think?"

Carissa looked at him, rolling her eyes, asking herself, "Must I?" but obeyed as she understood that she would be doing all the driving; maybe it was a good thing after all that she had stopped.

It was a late night. After their quick bath, she gave him the usual massage, then she started to suck on his toes as he drifted off but awoke as

she was still sucking on his toes. She was in delirium. He tied Carissa's hands behind her back in the face-down, arched-up position and mounted her from the rear. Fucking her hard until she begged to let her cum, but he refused this time. He then withdrew from her dripping lips and inserted a medium-sized vibrating dildo that he had lubed with Vaseline into her rosebud. He moved in front of her, grabbed her head, and lifted it onto his now fully erect cock so she could take him into her mouth. While he slowly moved the vibrator in and out of her rosebud. She could not talk with him with her mouth full. She let herself go and had a long, spastic orgasm. She was making gurgling sounds as he ejaculated deeply in her throat. He then untied her arms, pulled out his still-erect cock, and moved to mount her again.

Her vulva was soaked and it was like fucking warm Jell-O, but now she could moan louder.

"Yes, yes, harder. Master, please fuck your bitch harder! Ah, harder! Ah, Master, this feels so good! May I cum again, Master? Please let your slave cum?"

"Cum bitch cum!"

Even without his permission, she would not have been able to stop her body from convulsing again. Her rapture was in waves, and she collapsed on her stomach onto the bed, totally spent. László slipped out in the process, but the vibrator was still in her rectum, going strong. László turned off the switch, pulled it out, and placed it on some tissue paper on the floor. That would have to be cleaned in the morning. Carissa was out like a light.

László woke up first in the morning; his watch on the night table indicated 5:55 a.m., Carissa was lying very close next to him, still sleeping. However, it was time to wake up. Their Saturday would be long. A tour of several castles in Wales and near her parent's home meant that they were to be on the road by 7 a.m. The weather forecast was good too, sunny with a light breeze, perfect for touring. No time for any morning delight! He woke her up and told her to skip her morning slave routine and just get ready quickly. He then went to the bathroom to get ready. Carissa followed him shortly. After a quick breakfast, they left for Wales right on time.

Carissa drove north on M6 until the M56 junction, where they turned west until A55 and followed A55 all the way to the town of Conwy, the location of Conwy Castle in Wales. It was a magnificent castle that was completed in 1287. They took several photos of each other inside the castle and explored the medieval walled town with 21 semi-circular towers. They had a nice lunch at the Castle Tea Gardens, walked around a bit more, and then started heading back to England, toward her parent's home.

Carissa wanted to introduce László to her parents, as they had heard of him and were aware that she had visited him in Arizona earlier in the year. László was her "boyfriend," and they had met while he was on a

business trip a year before as an “IT consultant” at her place of work. Of course, this was a lie, but it sounded believable, as she had worked for a large company and dealt with many consultants.

László was well received by her parents, and she had a pleasant conversation with them. They only stayed for about an hour, as there was a small castle nearby, and Carissa wanted to show it to him before they returned to her home, a good 90 minutes from there. They drove as close as they could to the castle that was on a small hill, then they proceeded on foot. László took photos of the castle as well as of the very scenic panorama of the countryside.

On the way back, they also stopped at Nottingham, the home of the fictional Robin Hood outlaw, and explored Nottingham Castle quickly. They took more photos and had dinner at The Castle Pub. László ate a medium-done steak, washed down with some local ale, and Carissa had chicken with a glass of white wine. The food was quite good. By the time they started to drive back to her home, it was getting dark. It was just after ten in the evening when they got home.

Nice and dark, a perfect time to go see the old Enville church and the graveyard for some fun photos. He grabbed the leash, the collar, and the handcuffs, and Carissa drove to the old church. She parked the Puma in the church parking lot, as far as she could from the road. Both of them got out and walked around to ensure their privacy. No one was around, and they returned to the car. She got undressed completely and barefoot. He put her collar, leash, and handcuffs on and told her to pose by the church’s side entrance that could not be seen from the road. He then took several photos of her by the ancient and gothic-looking door. The church had a Norman nave (circa AD 1100) and a transitional chancel (built by Roger de Birmingham, AD 1272-1307), and even after extensive restorations in 1749 and 1871, the distinguishing features remained.

Carissa looked stunning, which gave him a real hard-on, which needed immediate attention from her lips. She got down on her knees while handcuffed and gave him a glorious blowjob, which she maybe even enjoyed more than László. She didn’t have a chance all day to taste him, and she had a deep desire and hunger for his cum. After this, he uncuffed her. She put on her t-shirt and her shoes and started to drive back, while he played with her g-spot and her swollen and oozing lips.

By now, it was well after midnight, but as soon as they got inside her home, he told her to bend over, spread her legs a bit, and mount her as she held onto the back of a chair with her hands. Carissa was very slippery and obviously very turned on, and soon she started to beg to let her have an orgasm. László didn’t object, and she came in waves. She cleansed him off with her tongue and retired to bed shortly after that. It had been a long day.

When they woke, László mentioned to Carissa that he wanted to go back to the church before they headed off to Warwick Castle later on that day, to explore the site better and to see other possibilities for them.

In his fertile mind, many possible scenarios were gelling. Carissa was curious about what he had in mind, and when he mentioned some chains, she got really turned on by the images he described. Which, of course, turned László on too, and they spent a good hour satisfying both of their desires.

He tied her up with a black velvet rope to the bed posts, used nipple clamps and peacock feathers to drive her insane with desire, then tied her wrists to her ankles, and while on her back, he ravaged her swollen and drenched vulva with his stiffness. Her loud moans and cries of passion were intermixed with the loud squeaking of the bed, as he was thrusting with all his might as deep as he could. She begged to cum, and after several repeated requests, he let her in as waves of ecstasy washed over her, taking her over the edge into passion's abyss.

After a quick bath together and a light breakfast, they stormed off to Enville. On the way, they stopped at the hardware store that was open on Sunday, and Carissa bought twelve feet of medium-weight stainless steel chain that he had picked out, two padlocks that fit into the chain links, and a torch, as flashlights were called in England. After looking around and taking some additional photos of the gravestones, they headed off to Warwick Castle, which was relatively nearby, for another castle tour. László's interest in castles and history was another attribute that Carissa loved about her master. He had many layers of interest, never boring, which kept her fascination continuous.

Warwick Castle was in excellent shape, considering it dated back to William the Conqueror's time. The castle itself had been expanded with additional curtain walls, towers and buildings by several kings including King Richard III in the 1480s, his contributions were The Bear and Clarence Towers.

László and Carissa enjoyed exploring all that was available to the public in the Great Hall, filled with armour, and climbing up to the top of several towers, taking several images in the process. They also explored the nearby Castle Park and the Mill Garden, where several peacocks were roaming freely and crying out with their eerie cries. While they could have spent all day at Warwick, they had several other castles to explore in mind for Sunday.

The others were Hopton Castle, Clun Castle, and Stokesay Castle. The first two were only ruins, but it was interesting to explore and imagine just how they must have looked before. Stokesay Castle was in much better condition with someone living in the castle. Between their journeys from one to another, they stopped for a quick bite to eat at one of the small local village pubs. László, including Carissa, loved these old and historic pubs much better than the more modern restaurant chains. The atmosphere was not only

better in these small pubs, but so were the food and the service. With all this going on, their day passed by very quickly, but the day would still be much longer.

Carissa pulled into her driveway 8:00 p.m. They freshened up, and she made dinner. Salmon with herbs and butter baked in the oven and rice. László opened a bottle of Tokaji Aszú, and both had a glass of this fine dessert wine. They relaxed and talked about the castles they had visited and the ones he had in mind to visit in the coming days.

Around 11:30 p.m., László told Carissa to fix her makeup while he put in a new roll of 36-exposure colour film into his Nikon. She had some thick candle sticks sitting on the fireplace mantle; he grabbed one as well as some matches. They left for their midnight adventure to the graveyard, now that both were familiar with the layout.

Carissa drove into the parking lot with the lights off and parked the Puma as close as she could to the graveyard. László got out first with the flashlight to check and ensure that no one else was around. It was now midnight. There was a gentle breeze with a few clouds; otherwise, it was quite clear. Several stars were visible, and the moon was in its new phase, with only about one percent of the crescent faintly visible. László returned to the car and told Carissa to get undressed completely. She obeyed and stepped out of the puma, totally naked and barefoot. He put her collar and handcuffs on, attached the chain leash to the collar, then wrapped the chain that they had bought earlier around her body, put the padlocks into his pocket, placed the candle in her hands, and led Carissa by the leash to a large Celtic-type stone cross that was the headstone on one of the graves.

László used the chain around her body to chain her to the cross and placed the locks on it. She could not escape, even if she had wanted to! Not that she wanted to. He lit the candle and started to take photos of her. He used up the roll quickly, as he had taken images from several angles. He then put in a roll of black-and-white film and continued to shoot. After about a half hour, he filled the black and white roll too. He then smothered the flame quickly. Now there was only starlight. An owl was making those scary hooting calls nearby. The atmosphere was very gothic among those several hundred-year-old gravestones. Spooky, scary, but at the same time wildly romantic, and it was time to do something that he had always wanted to do. He approached Carissa, opened the padlocks, uncuffed her hands, and told her to put the candlestick down on the grave and to get down on her hands and knees and crawl.

He took her leash and started to walk toward one of the graves with an elevated slab, known as a false tomb. It was from the 1700s and kind of resembled a stone bed. Carissa crawled onto the slab. He told her to lay down on it in the missionary position, pull her knees up, and spread herself nice and wide. Her soft, white, warm skin on the top of the cold granite slab had a nice contrast. She would have given a dead man an erection. László's penis

was throbbing as he pulled it out of his pants, freed his erection, and entered her soaked, warm vulva. While it was quick, it was a glorious fuck! He didn't want her to get a cold or pneumonia from lying on the cold stone for long, nor to skin his own knees on the hard slab. It was time to return to her house and have a nice, warm bath. On the drive back, they had a good laugh about their wild and kinky adventure. Once back, they had a quick warm bath, László had his massage, and both fell asleep exhausted but very fulfilled.

On Monday and Tuesday, Carissa had to go to work, but for the rest of the week, she was free. László used the time to continue with his paintings. The first one, which he started a couple days prior, was finished. His second will be the ruins of Clun Castle. Carissa loved both of them and was very happy; nobody had ever painted her any paintings; she thought it was a very romantic gesture of her master. She loved being his slave more and more as the days passed by.

It was Wednesday, May 15, finally. They had another ambitious plan to drive to Wales to see another castle near the English border. Castle at Llangollen, the Dinas Brân Castle. The castle ruin was on top of a hill that dominated the landscape. It was built sometime in the early 1230s. In 1277, during Edward I's initial foray into Wales, the Earl of Lincoln, Henry de Lacy, besieged the castle. The Welsh Lord of Dinas Bran was forced to submit to the invading army, which promptly set the site afire, completely destroying it. Since that time, it has remained a ruin.

The plan included Carissa posing naked for photography with her collar and handcuffs, role-acting as a prisoner. It was a long climb from the parking lot. The weather was cooperating, ideal for such a trek, and they went early enough that hopefully they would be alone for the photography. Carissa wasn't bothered to be seen in the nude by others; she was very confident about her body and looks in general, but neither of them wanted any bystanders to take photos of her or enjoy their play. Of course, they were not alone; a guy was there with a small point-and-shoot film camera, snapping at the ruins. Several others joined him for the next two hours. Finally, they all left, and Carissa got undressed, and László was able to get a few artistic photos done. Although an older guy showed up in the middle of the photo session, he looked astonished. He didn't have a camera, which was a good thing. Carissa loved posing for László, but for him only! Carissa got dressed and they left the castle hill.

Their next destination was the Whittington Castle ruins. Whittington Castle was built on the border of Wales and England, present-day northern Shropshire, England. The castle dates back to the early 1100s. Originally a motte-and-bailey castle, this was replaced in the 13th century by one with buildings around a courtyard whose exterior wall was the curtain wall of the inner bailey. They looked around the castle ruins, took some photos, and by then were very hungry. They had a late lunch or early dinner at the White

Lion pub, next to the castle. The food was good, and it was time to drive to Carissa's home. To have some additional fun that they enjoyed and hungered for behind closed doors.

For Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, their plans were to drive to London, stay at a very nice bed and breakfast place in a posh area, and explore. Carissa had made the reservation while László was still in Phoenix after consulting with him on the phone. Hotels in downtown London were dreadfully expensive and while a B&B wasn't exactly inexpensive, it was about half the cost for two nights.

During their many conversations and emails, the subject of moving to live together, was always on their minds. A plan was hatched, and during László's stay in England, they went over some of the details. And, while in London, they wanted to visit Canada House, run by the Canadian Government, for information regarding Carissa's potential move. It was clear to both that Phoenix was not for her. There were only three possibilities; László to move to England; Carissa and László to move to Canada; or to break up.

On Thursday, around 8 a.m., in the morning, with Carissa at the wheel, they left for London. Around 10:30 a.m., they arrived at their B&B, located in Kensington. The location was great, but parking was not the easiest to find, although the B&B indicated on their website that it was not only free but easy to get to (the charges included parking), and they had sufficient parking for guests, which was not the case at all. Eventually, after talking with the owners, they offered Carissa a spot.

Their room was on the third floor, which had a queen-size bed and an en-suite bathroom, which were the requirements for them. Soon after their check-in, they left for the Tube that was nearby; again, it was one of the musts to be near an underground stop to visit Canada House. Here they picked up some information and found out that a U.K. citizen could move to Canada and receive landed immigrant status. This was welcomed news for them. However, the law would soon be changing. She had to put in her papers before the July 1st deadline.

László suggested to Carissa not to procrastinate. She had a tendency for this and to put in her application way before the deadline, because if she missed out on it, there would not be many choices and, more than likely, end up in a breakup. The application fee was quite stiff over £1000. Carissa promised she would, but now she wanted to concentrate on their time together.

After Canada House, they walked down to the Tower Bridge and had a pleasant and quick lunch, washed down by several pints of British ale on tap, at The Draft House Tower Bridge. Then it was time to tour the Tower of London. It was their first time visiting inside the tower, and they loved every minute. László enjoyed the Royal Armouries the most; he shot a roll of film there. Carissa took several photos of László at the London Tower, with the

Tower Bridge and other landmarks in the background, with his 35mm Nikon. She was actually good behind the lens. He also had his digital Nikon camera, although it was mostly used for the “fun action” photos that they preferred to keep private.

After their Tower tour, they headed off to explore the Piccadilly Circus area before heading back toward the B&B by taking the Tube and getting off at High Street Kensington, which was only 6 minutes away from the B&B. By this time they were hungry, and they ended up at Il Portico, an Italian Restaurant on Kensington High Street, that was only a few hundred yards from their B&B.

The food was rather average—nothing to shout about. After dinner, they walked around the neighbourhood for a bit and then returned to their room. It was time to relax. They had had a nice bath together and tested out the bed during sex, which at this time was very vanilla but nevertheless enjoyed by both. After sex, she gave him her loving massage and asked permission to suck on his toes, one of Carissa’s main fetishes that she loved.

Friday morning started with another good romp in their queen-sized bed, which both enjoyed. Carissa loved being fucked hard first thing in the morning. It gave her a nice glow all day. After their clean-up, they joined others for breakfast in the kitchen/eating area of the B&B. Coffee or tea with eggs sunny side up, English muffins, jam, and some fresh fruit.

Their plans for the day were to visit historic places, which included the Temple Church, built by the Knights Templar in the 12th century, then off to see the Cutty Sark in Greenwich by the Naval College Gardens, and the Imperial War Museum. In the evening, they would have dinner at the only restaurant that served Hungarian cooking.

All were reached either by the Tube or by the Docklands Light Railway, which were efficient and quick. László enjoyed the Temple Church and loved the architectural features of the church. The nave of the church was constructed on a round design based on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The nave was 55 feet in diameter and was surrounded by the first-ever free-standing dark Purbeck marble columns. He took lots of photos of the effigy tombs and of the grotesque heads that were originally painted in colours that decorated the walls. They also walked around the grounds and the neighbourhood, all of which had fascinating architecture that László loved, and Carissa had become more and more interested in it.

László loved to explore large ocean-going sailing ships, despite his dislike of sailing ships from his early childhood. One of the most famous clippers was the Curry Sark. He wanted to see the ship since it was on display in Greenwich, south-east London. After their visit, they had a quick lunch of fish and chips in a nearby pub.

The Imperial War Museum (IWM) was very interesting to László, but a

bit of a letdown too. He was hoping to see more tanks and aircraft on display. He was told that for tanks, it was the Bovington Tank Museum, and for aircraft, the IWM Duxford was the place that they should visit. Unfortunately, that was not in their plans, nor did they have time for it; perhaps next time.

After the IWM, they headed back to their B&B to freshen up and change for dinner. But there was still plenty of time left after they got off at Knightsbridge station. From there, they walked to Harrods to see what the fuss was about this famous store. Apart from the hype and overpriced items, it was nothing special that any other high-class department store in North America or anywhere else could not offer. They walked back to the B&B, hand-in-hand, close to each other, like two lovers would. Carissa enjoyed these moments, as she was in love with László, her master.

For their dinner, Carissa had made a reservation at the Gay Hussar weeks ago. The “Gay” in the name meant happy and not the sexual orientation. She put on a nice black dress, wore black thigh-high silk stockings, black stilettos, and of course, no bra or any underwear. They took a bus to the restaurant, which was a blast being on the deck. He snapped a few photos on the way. The Gay Hussars was more of an English-style pub except for a few Hungarian plates and ceramics on the wall.

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The menu had Hungarian dishes on it, but nothing was outstanding. Since László was a lot more experienced with his own ethnic food, he ordered the dinner. For starters, he ordered the Szegedi halászlé, or fish soup, from Szeged. The soup was served relatively quickly in a typical Hungarian-style soup container for two. He was serving the soup into their individual bowls when he noticed that the fish looked like salmon.

He called the maître d’ over and asked for clarification, about sea fish being in the soup. The soup was to be made from freshwater fish that included perch, carp, or catfish, but never from Salmon! The maître d’ mentioned that László was perhaps wrong. László informed him that he was born in Hungary, and knew better than he did the maître d’ and to better call the chef over, as this was not Szegedi halászlé, but some kind of English hodgepodge.

The chef, the owner of the restaurant, came over to the table and asked László how he could be of any help. László mentioned that salmon had no place in this soup. The chef was in agreement; yes, László was indeed correct. And I asked if László was and if he spoke Hungarian. László replied in

Hungarian. The chef was Hungarian too, and he continued in Hungarian,

“Here people do not know the difference, and the real fish ingredients are not readily available, and since the soup was quite expensive, using the more expensive salmon which was available, was used instead. However, they could have the soup at no charge, and he even would give them two glasses of Tokaji Aszú to compensate them for their disappointment.”

László thanked him for his courtesy and asked for hot paprika to make the soup more flavourful, as it lacked the spicy kick the soup should have had. The chef smiled and had his strongest hot paprika sent over. Now that more or less the soup at least tasted authentic, although, with the wrong fish, they ate it.

Next on their dinner selection was “túrós tészta,” small about ½” square pasta with pressed cottage cheese served with small fried bacon squares and sour cream. This was fairly authentic, but not as good as László could make it. They washed it down with the free Tokaji Aszú and bought two more glasses of the #3 version. For dessert, they had chestnut purée with whipped cream. The food wasn’t bad, but the soup fiasco made it disappointing and expensive overall. László would only give the restaurant three stars out of five.

Carissa was very proud of László. Her master would not take any BS from others and would stand up on principles if something was not done correctly, especially when they paid good money for it. Unlike most people, including herself, who would just accept subpar service, and leave it at that. Just an additional mannerism is that why she needed László in her life.

To get back to the B&B, they took a taxi. László had always wanted to make out in a London Taxi. And they had lots of fun in the back seat including some photos he took on their way back. That continued with lots of oral action from Carissa, once back in their bed.

On Saturday morning, after their breakfast, they checked out of the B&B. I did a bit of shopping as László bought some erotic books at a nearby bookseller that were on sale but not available in Phoenix. Although he found some on Amazon, but at higher prices, once back.

They took another bus ride, walked around for a while at Trafalgar Square, then returned to pick up the car, and Carissa drove home. On the way, they stopped for a late lunch at Hudson’s Sandwich Bar in Birmingham.

Once back, Carissa shed her clothes and was back in active slave mode once again. She made a light dinner, while László continued with his painting while she prepared the food. After dinner, they watched a DVD about Dracula that was more or less based on historical facts versus Bram Stoker’s gothic horror classic. Then they retired for a warm bath and for her to massage him with the lavender oil, which turned both of them on, but László was more tired than Carissa, so she just happily drained him dry with her mouth.

Sunday morning was another one of those great slave play sessions and fuckfests they loved to have. She was tied up with ropes and chains in different positions and was ravished by her master. After that, they had a nice bath and breakfast. Later on, they also attended a local munch with others interested in dominance/submission and BDSM in general at a club in the main city closest to them. It was an eye-opening experience for Carissa, and she realized just how lucky she was to find László. Those people, as she put it, “were not only ugly, but hadn’t turned her on at all!” László concluded too, well they were not in the same class as they were.

On their way back, they stopped at the Envill church again with some more photos with Carissa starring in them. They returned soon after that and went for a nice walk to a large local park near her home. László bought some more roses at the local flower shop for Carissa, which served a dual purpose: a romantic gesture, and also as a subject for his next painting. She had to go to work on Monday through Wednesday, but she was able to take the rest of the week off to be with her master. László, during her work days, kept himself busy with painting and took some walks to explore the neighbourhood while she was away at work.

Finally, Carissa was able to stay home for the rest of his stay in England, which by now was only a couple of days. Both wished that he could have stayed longer, but he had to be back at work. Now they tried to squeeze in as many fun activities as they could each day.

On Thursday, after a long morning session, they eventually found their way out of the bedroom. After a quick clean-up in the bathroom and a fast breakfast, they went out to explore the countryside. Around Bridgeport, Midlands, they found a nice patch of secluded woods. Here, they stopped for some fun photography. Carissa was semi-nude; she wore his black leather coat to cover herself while driving, her black leather slave collar, a very short miniskirt, black thigh-high stockings, and black stilettos.

Her radiant, sexy smile with her Revlon red lips, not to mention her outfit, made her very desirable. The images reflected her enthusiasm for pleasing her master, not just by posing with her legs spread but by performing as commanded. She rode the gearstick ’til she was in delirium and begged to have an orgasm, and after sucking on his erection, received her reward for being an obedient slave.

After more posing, as he had regained his erection, he took her as she bent over the trunk of her car. Another intense and glorious fuck later, they sat in the car to catch their breath. Carissa was given free time, and they spoke about the actions she would have to take shortly.

The plan was decided upon. She would get her Canadian papers, liquidate her assets in England, and move to Toronto, Canada. She would rent a small but comfortable apartment, and look for a job. With her analyst and consulting experience, she could get a position. She had an excellent skill

set, education and experience. In the meantime, László would sell his house and assets, pay out his-ex's share and move back to Toronto.

László would be able to get a similar position or, better yet, do something else, such as photography, that he had always wanted to do. This way, both would be satisfied and on common ground. She hated Arizona; it was too warm, desolate, and lacked any culture. He would be back in his more or less hometown, with the woman he wanted to be with in a kind of relationship that they both loved and enjoyed. From their time together, they realized that, in so many important ways, they shared each other's wants and desires. László would have preferred a slightly warmer climate; she could not emigrate to the USA on her own accord. He would have to marry Carissa and sponsor her on his green card. He already sponsored his former wife, and Carissa may not be eligible. Even if she did, it could drag out for several years. Not counting the amount of paperwork, and added expense he didn't want to get married to anyone again.

She had to move to be with him. Canada was the best option, but she had to take major steps to show her commitment. Maybe after her move, he could marry her, not due to immigration necessity; never say never if such a passionate and true love exits with her. To seal their agreement, Carissa gave him the best blowjob he had in a car, showing an explicit desire to please him and make him happy, which made her servitude so worthwhile for her.

When back in her house, she received more training, and on her computer, he made a guide for her, illustrated with digital images he had taken. A Slave Manual of sorts, which he would amend as necessary once back in Phoenix with additional images. They also made plans for her return to Phoenix in late August or early September for two to three weeks, to spend together on his birthday, and to finalize her move, as by then she would get some kind of confirmation from the Canadian Government about her application. He also finished the paintings that he had made for her, and they decided to buy a couple of frames on Friday so she could hang them up on her wall. Although they would need a protective varnish coat when they dried completely, in about six months or so.

Friday came way too quickly. This was László's last whole day in England. The weather was typical, cool with a slight rain now and then. After a hearty session of morning fun and the usual clean-up and breakfast made lovingly by Carissa, they decided to go for another drive. This time to the Longtown Castle ruins and hoped that the weather gods would be with them. The castle ruin was only about an hour's drive from her home. The castle once was a powerful, thick-walled round keep, dating from around 1200, characteristic of the Welsh Borders, on a large earthen mound within a stone-walled bailey. It is set in the beautiful Olchon Valley, with magnificent views of the Black Mountains. It was easy to find. More importantly, the drizzle

stopped soon after they had left her home and only continued once they were done with the visit and were walking back to her Puma.

Next, it was time to find some temporary frames for the paintings. There was no point in buying expensive frames, as she would be moving hopefully to Canada within a year or sooner. However, even inexpensive wooden frames were quite pricey, so László decided that she should only buy two for now, although he had painted four paintings for Carissa. One landscape with the Clun castle ruins and three others with flowers. One of them was a red rose he bought for Carissa to symbolize his passion and as a romantic gesture. She loved when he was romantic with her. The others could be framed later on in Canada.

Back at the house, László framed the two paintings and took photos of Carissa with them. That was followed by a delightful afternoon session for the senses that included obedience training and enjoying more of Carissa until early evening in several positions. They made good use of an old piano that was part of the rental house. Once done cleaned up and refreshed themselves, and went out to their last supper in England to a French restaurant.

Carissa wore a nice black dress; she looked radiant with her beaming smile. They had a secluded, intimate table by the back, and she sat across from him with her legs spread open. László took photos of her that way with his small digital Nikon under the table. He could barely reach her soft, moist lips with the tips of his fingers. She was very excited but kept a relatively straight face when the waiter came to take their orders. She had flounder cooked in lemon and garlic sauce, while he had beef. The food was excellent, but the fun quotient was even better. For dessert, they had some French pastries, but they had other desserts in mind for later on. Once back, László opened the bottle of Tokaji Aszú #5 that he brought with him from Phoenix, and they shared a glass. Then some of it was poured on strategic places on Carissa's body for him to lick at, and some on him for her to do the same. Around two in the morning, they fell asleep in each other's arms; it was their last night in England.

László woke up with Carissa's shapely arse and swollen lips next to his face, in the sixty-nine position, as she had worked herself into a frenzy sucking on his toes. With such an inviting site, it didn't take long for his tongue to start exploring between her moist lips, finding her clit, and enhancing her pleasure even further. Carissa now focused her attention on his erection, twirled his erection with her tongue, and started to lick the base of his cock, slowly working up to the frenulum. Then her kisses trailed down to his testicles, and she kissed and gently sucked on them while she was storing his shaft. His tongue continued its assault, now deeply buried in her opening, savouring her taste. Her lips were moving up the shaft again, all the way to the head, as she kissed and slowly circled her tongue around the

crown, sending shivers through his spine. While she firmly stroked and pumped to get all of his impending ejaculations as she wrapped her mouth around the head in anticipation, she was richly rewarded with an eruption, his warm cum spurting into her throat. She kept on stroking and stroking, and while she could not get any more cum out, she kept his erection alive enough that he could enter her.

László slipped into her drenched, slippery, warm opening, feeling her from the inside. It felt so good to be within her. The BBC engulfed his member all the way within her inner folds. He could feel his erection firming up after a few thrusts. He reached for her nipples and squeezed them, pulling on them to intensify her nerve receptacles with pleasure and pain. He could feel her body tension as he squeezed her nipples hard and pulled on them at the same time. Her juices were oozing out of her vagina and around his shaft as he moved. BBC moaned hard and was close to cuming; she begged him to let her. He did let her, and as he felt her body explode into rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure, he knew he would miss that while being apart from Carissa. It was time to stop, although both of them could have continued all day.

László shaved, and then they took a warm bath together, Carissa lovingly sponging off all their intermixed juices and sweat. After that, while László got dressed and packed up, she made breakfast. The breakfast was served on a tray that she had placed on the dining room table. Then she got down on her hands and knees to sit at his table. He placed the tray on her back and ate his breakfast. Carissa loved being turned into an object—a table, a footrest, a vase—whatever he wanted. After he ate, he took his luggage out to the car. Carissa, in the meantime, got dressed and put on her makeup. His aircraft would leave late in the afternoon from Gatwick, and that allowed them to have a nice lunch nearby at Whittington Inn, his favourite English spot.

The Whittington Inn was truly a historic public house. Originating from the 14th century, upon entering it through the original door, it was like time travel, transported back to a bygone era. László had a steak with potatoes, while Carissa had fish and chips. He washed it down with a beer, while she had a glass of wine. After lunch and a couple of photographs, it was time to head regrettably toward Gatwick.

Upon their arrival, she parked her Puma and helped him carry in his luggage, with tears flowing. They embraced warmly for a long time, kissed, and László disappeared through the security gates with a sorrowful heart.

On Sunday, László arrived in Phoenix, and on Monday, he was back at work. While he was away, there were major changes in the department where he worked. Purchasing was removed from his job duties; his new assignment included more inventory and asset management; and he became the Assets Data Manager. While his salary was increased by a few dollars per

week, it hardly made any significant difference.

However, now he would spend less time cooking up in his cubicle and more time in the field, which he enjoyed. He started to design an inventory and asset management program with the involvement of the IT department which had become a pet project of his.

While the agency could have purchased a program and outside consultants tried to sell it, after talking to the CFO, the head of the department László worked for convinced him to let him run with this project. The CFO admired László due to his attitude toward getting things done. Since László started for the agency, he has saved tens of thousands every year. By developing the assets program in-house at considerable savings, they had the staff to write the coding for the program anyway. Why spend money on a program from an outside source? Only to have it customized to their needs, which would take just as long as they would design and write the program from the ground up precisely to what they required. László was given approval.

László's Saturn by now had high mileage, and his warranty had run out. He started to look into replacing it with a car that he liked more, with a bit more zip. He was also thinking that he should buy a car in the U.S. before he moved back to Canada. In the U.S., they were significantly less expensive than in Canada. He had a bit of money saved up, but certainly not enough for a new or a newer used or demonstrator vehicle.

László and Carissa continued with their emails every day and several phone calls several times a week. They truly missed each other's company, it wasn't just the amazing sex. László hated to admit to himself that he had feelings of love for her, not just as an object or a slave, but for Carissa, too. Carissa would send her daily diary updates via email and several postcards and "I think of you, and I love you greeting cards" two or three times a week. László inquired about her application, and while she wanted to do it, it was going slowly. She wanted a bit more time to think through everything. László reminded her that there were deadlines set by Canada that she had to meet; otherwise, she would miss them. Then what? Carissa finally got the application and started to fill out all the questionnaires, sometimes discussing them with László over the phone. She finally mailed it in, and now it was a question of timing: would her application get to the right desk and get approved before the deadline?

The car situation was discussed too. She would sell her Puma, as it was a right-hand drive anyway, once she was ready to move to Canada. In the meantime, she had started to sell off some of her items that she did not want to take to Canada. As for László, to show that she was serious about him, she mentioned to him that he should find a car that he liked and wanted that could be taken to Canada. She would partially pay or all of it, depending on the situation and the type of car.

She liked sporty cars herself, and she knew that László had his mind set on a Corvette, with a possibility for a Camaro Z28 or SS or even a Ford Mustang GT. After talking about prices, she transferred £12,000 via bank transfer to László's account. Without László's Saturn as a trade-in, but with his savings, he had a budget of \$26,000 to buy a new vehicle. Not quite enough for a new Corvette, as they were around \$40,000 plus tax. BBC didn't want to use up all of her savings for a car, so the \$26K plus Saturn's trade-in value would be budget, although it was good enough for a used Corvette that was three years old. It was also enough for a new Camaro or Mustang, depending on the model and options, or for a one-year-old Camaro SS or Z28 loaded with all the options.

The new car was for László and Carissa, which they could use in Canada. László found a used car dealer that specialized in selling only Corvettes and restored them. There was a 1999 white coupe that he liked, but it had after-market ugly wheels on it, and with new factory wheels, new Michelin or Pirelli tires, and taxes, it added up to \$28,000. He offered \$26,000 plus his Saturn as a trade-in. The dealer was willing, but the Corvette was missing the remote lock controls, and the dealer wanted another \$200 for it, and it only came with the dealer's own warranty for six months or six thousand miles. László said thanks but would pass.

Instead, in August, he bought a white 2001 Camaro Z28 that had just about all the options, including the removable glass tops and the full factory aero skirt. The only options it lacked were leather seats and the six-CD changer. The engine was the same as in the Corvette, a 5.7L LS1 V8, although rated slightly less, but according to the Chevrolet dealer's service manager, it had more power than the advertised 310 hp, almost matching the Corvette's 345 hp. As for acceleration, the Z28 was again just about even. The only real difference was that the Z28 had a top speed of 160 mph versus 170 mph for the Corvette. With an extended warranty of 5 years/60,000 miles with his Saturn as a trade-in, it was only \$21,000. A much better deal. The car was less than a year old, from the date of first registration, and had less than 11,000 miles on it. It came with ZR (Y)-rated Goodyear tires, but László didn't like them; he preferred a set of Michelin Pilot Sport A/S Plus ZR (Y)-rated tires that he purchased at Discount Tire for an additional \$800.

Overall, he had purchased a newer car with a full warranty good anywhere in North America, which was very important as he was going to move back to Canada. The Camaro had more interior room and luggage too. As for the acceleration and top speed differential, a half a second and 10–15 mph on the top end made no difference. He also had a bit of money left over, and that was good. Since he had an excellent driving record, his insurance only went up by \$100 a year due to the different vehicles he had. He was happy. Carissa thought it was a better choice.

Carissa wanted to be with László on his birthday but could not get the time off. At the end of August, Carissa heard about her Canadian application.

It was bad news. While she had mailed the application in on time and had paid the fees, the actual application missed the deadline by one day at the actual processing office. Therefore, it was rejected, but the processing fee was not refundable. This was devastating news for her and for László as well.

Her procrastination, waiting and delaying it had caused her to miss the deadline. She was upset at herself, and she knew that László would be even more upset with her since it was entirely her fault. What could they do now?

Their options were very limited. She would fly over to Phoenix as planned earlier, and Carissa landed at 4:15 p.m., on Sunday, September 15, at the Sky Harbor Airport for two weeks to see what would now happen.

László picked her up at the airport in the Z28. He was glad to see her despite the bad news. She loved their car, but she was very remorseful, felt bad, and blamed herself rightly. If only she had listened to László and mailed her application when he had told her to do so, they would have been able to go through with their plans.

Now everything changed and jeopardized their relationship. Unfortunately, Carissa was a natural procrastinator, and she needed László by her side to get over her huge flaw. László was the exact opposite with the “let’s get the facts and let’s do it versus pondering over things needlessly” attitude. Which made him seem like an impatient person to others, except for those who understood his lightning-quick ability to calculate the outcome of decisions that he made and his drive to achieve things.

This was why he was good in his previous jobs, especially in construction coordination and purchasing, where being timely was a necessity. For László, his personal life was like that too, realizing that opportunities don’t knock twice on his door, and if one doesn’t take action in time, those opportunities will be lost forever. And now, Carissa had truly made a mess.

Carissa was afraid that László was going to punish her by letting her go, as he made it very clear to her that if she failed, they would be done. By now, she knew László well enough, but she was hoping that he might change his mind and somehow put this derailed relationship back on track. On their drive back to his house, she explained that she meant to send it in on Friday after work, but she got into a late meeting, and by the time she got out, the post office was closed, and she was only able to send it in the following Monday. She thought that it would not be an issue.

László had reiterated to her that she had ample time to fill out the application, and by sitting on it, she jeopardized all that they had worked together for. She had missed by a day. Besides, by mailing it at the last minute, she botched this up royally. Now they were in a real bind. She didn’t

want to live in Phoenix, he could not marry her to sponsor her on his Green Card, as he didn't make enough to sponsor her and the house was jointly owned.

If the house had been only in his name, it might have been enough, but even then, it would drag out for 18–24 months. Now there was only one option: apart from terminating the relationship, Carissa had to go to Canada first as a visitor and land a job. With a job offer, she would be let in. Once that was done, he would sell the house, pay out his-ex's share, move back to Canada, and they would live together. Furthermore, even if they would drive up to Canada right now to try to find something for her, he doesn't have any more vacation days to do this and cannot take time off without pay on such short notice.

As László pulled into the driveway, he remotely opened the garage door and parked the Z28. It was now time to make the best of the situation. It was very hard for László to hide his disappointment; regardless of how much they had missed each other, neither could put their apprehension aside. While both tried to convince themselves and the other that it would work out, both knew that deep down this was now doomed. Neither of them could afford to fly back and forth several times a year, nor could they take enough days off from work. While their daily email contact was a good thing, the phone bills were large for both of them, and the only realistic chance for them to be together now was just a wishful, fading dream.

Carissa brought with her a roll of film she had made for his birthday and indicated that the Z28 would now be a birthday present for him. She was not sure what would happen to them in the future. She was extremely regretful and sad. She made a promise to László that, from now on, she would be more compliant with obedience, especially when it would affect their future. László mentioned to her that, while he appreciated it, it was now too little and too late. That an opportunity for her to get into Canada the easiest way was gone forever; no matter what she said now, does, or he does, there was nothing that would change the fact.

He had warned her several times to send it in, but her naivety when it had come to working with government forms, along with her worst habit of procrastinating, had ruined it. It was something that could not be undone. The only thing they could do now was enjoy their two weeks together and hope that somehow they could find a way to continue.

László had to work; he had no more paid holidays left. Carissa had to stay home alone like he did when he was in England and she was at work. She would have plenty of time to look on the internet to see what was available in the Toronto area for job opportunities, to pamper herself, relax, and get ready by the time László would come home.

Carissa brought with her the two beautiful and expensive corsets, that hadn't arrived in time when László was in England in May. She wanted to

show them to her master.

Carissa brought with her the two beautiful and expensive corsets that hadn't arrived in time when László was in England in May. She wanted to show them to her Master. First, she put on the creamy white one, wearing only that with white thigh-high silk stockings and her black slave collar. She looked amazingly pretty and sexy. László took some photos of her and commanded her to change into the black one. Carissa went into the bedroom and, in a couple of minutes, returned. This time she wore black stilettos and black thigh-high silk stockings that perfectly complimented her gorgeous black corset. She looked amazing. Her creamy soft white skin was set off by the elegant black corset and stockings on her perfectly shaped body. With her shaved, slightly swollen, dripping vulva, honey blonde hair, and sexy red lips, she was not only László's dream but every man's dream, well, ones with a pulse anyhow, no Viagra required! She posed for additional photos, and then she got down to her submission position and stated her oath. Her voice was warm and pleasing, and it resonated her deep feelings for her Lord and Master.

It wasn't long before they had a fantastic, very intense interlude that was very gratifying. While both gave their all, it felt different for both of them. It was impossible to forget that their common dream had been shattered, no matter how hard they tried. After, László gave her free time to talk.

She just started to cry. The scene was very emotional for her and for László too. He was in love with her, even though he didn't want to be. After talking for several hours while he embraced her, and it felt so good for him to hold her, she calmed down a bit, she undressed, he took off her collar, and they had a nice warm bath, then went to bed.

László received his massage from Carissa, and after that, she begged him to punish her severely for her mistake; she wanted the physical pain to take away her mental anguish. László refused and explained to her that he didn't punish her out of anger, nor that any amount of physical pain could take away her or his mental torment. Try to relax and enjoy each other's company as much as they can, under the circumstances. They still had a very slight chance that she could get into Canada once she was back in England, but for now, there was nothing else they could do. He ordered her to join him in bed and sleep; he had to go to work on Monday morning.

László woke up early on Monday with a huge erection. He turned to see Carissa; she was asleep on her back with the covers off. It was warm in the house. He rolled above her, lifted her legs above his shoulders, and entered her quickly, which woke her up instantly.

"Master, I love you! Please forgive your slave's stupidity! She needs you, oh Master, please forgive her" she whispered with anxiety in her voice and tears started to flow.

"My dearest slave, BBC, the problem is that I love you too! I deeply

care for you. I want you not just as my slave but as my friend and my companion whom I can trust. But now we are doomed!" He stopped talking to catch his breath while driving himself harder and faster.

"It is not about forgiveness, my sexy bitch, but about our future." he grasped both of her nipples with his fingers pulling them outward and squeezing them hard.

"How can we go on BBC? How can we go on? It is pure agony for me to be without you! Not to see you, taste you, feel you! Not to fuck you like I am right now! I put my faith in you! My trust in you! Show me bitch that I should believe in you! Show me bitch, show me!"

He tensed up as he exploded deep within her as she threw her arms around him, held and pulled him into her body, and started to cry. Her tears flowed down her tender cheeks, sobbing gently and repeating almost incoherently, "I love you, László, I love you! I want you and need you! Please forgive me, please."

It was heartbreaking for László. He stopped moving, remained silent, but stayed within her, holding her tight too, as if to imprint her memory and burn the image and feelings into his memory bank forever. He felt so betrayed, not as much by Carissa but by faith and by Providence. He knew he was powerless the cold hard facts sunk in: it was over.

Carissa lacked the strength to do what she had to do on her own. He could not help her, even if he had wanted to. He could not get any time off from work to be with her in Canada to find employment for her, nor could Carissa take time off from work. She would have to quit and concentrate on finding a job. She would not do it.

He let her go and as he slipped out from her silkiness, she immediately darted toward him to cleanse him off with her lips, to savour their intermingled juices.

László had to get ready to go to work. He shaved and showered while Carissa made him his favourite tea. She had brought several boxes of Twinings blackcurrant and vanilla tea and had made him toast. She also made herself coffee but was still very emotional, with the occasional tear slowly making its way down her lovely cheeks. She knew it too, that this was over; she was too weak to do all she had to by herself. She needed him to be by her side, to push her emotionally as well as interact with her physically. She felt very empty and helpless without László. If only she could find the strength, she wished, if only!

László called her from work several times to check on her and to cheer her up. At lunchtime, László told her he had a surprise for her. He had talked to Linda, the department's boss, and he would take Thursday off as non-paid leave. That would give them four days to be together. This made Carissa feel a bit better.

They had always wanted to travel together on a large ship, such as the Queen Elizabeth II. Well, that would not happen in the immediate future, or,

more than likely, ever. However, the Queen Mary was housed in Long Beach, California, as a floating hotel. He made a reservation for three nights, starting on Thursday evening. He would spring this surprise on her when he got home, and it might make both of them forget their mutual disappointment for at least a couple of days. Maybe being with her, his energy would charge up hers, to take all the steps which were necessary to save the derailed relationship.

Just about a quarter after five in the afternoon, he pulled into the driveway and parked the Z28 in the garage. The dual exhaust of the Z28 had a distinctive rumbling sound, nothing harsh and loud as many aftermarket systems had, just loud enough that it indicated that there was potential power in the engine connected to it.

Carissa heard him park in the garage and waited with anticipation close to the main door, but out of sight when he opened the door, in case a neighbour or a passerby would see her. As he turned the locked deadbolt, she immediately stepped forward, got down on her knees, and bowed forward with her forehead touching the laminate floor, with arms extended in front of her, in silence. He looked at her naked body, wearing only her black leather collar with the leash attached, which now lay beside her left arm. Her soft white skin reflected off the laminate wood flooring; she looked marvellous, sexy, and inviting to be used as he saw fit. "Fuck! Why did she have to miss the deadline!" he thought to himself.

"You may speak slave!" he commanded.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish." her voice was full of passion, but resonated with a slight amount of anxiety.

"Get up BBC, let me inspect you!"

She stood up and spread her feet about two feet apart, then bent over to show her master that she was cleanly shaven. Her vulva was engorged with blood from her excitement, and she was very wet. László slipped a finger in her deep pocket, touched her g-spot, and withdrew it. He lifted his finger to take a whisk of her scent, which was intermixed with her Amazone perfume, and quickly licked the tip for her taste. He then stepped in front of her to take a better look at her feet, to see about the condition of her nail polish.

"your hands BBC!"

She extended her hands so he could see the condition of her fingernails. Meanwhile, she was still staring at the ground very agitated. Knowing what she had done.

"Look at me!"

She immediately raised her head and looked her master in the eyes. She tried to smile; her lipstick was perfect, but a couple of teardrops had slowly started to flow down her cheeks, sparkling like diamonds.

“There is no point for Carissa to cry over this anymore. There is very little that we can do now, apart from making the most of the little time that we have together.” he paused for a second “give me a hug!”

She launched herself at him, embraced him, and her nipples instantly became erect as she tried to imprint herself and melt into his body. And she started to sob deeply now. Her tears flowed down her face, as she tried to speak through her sobbing. “I love you, László, my dearest master. What have I done? So stupid of me, so stupid of me,” repeating it several times with a fading voice.

“I love you László, my dearest Master, what have I done?! So stupid of me, so stupid of me...” repeating it several times with a fading voice.

She did love him, like nobody else before, and had disappointed him with her pathetic action. She hurt him, but she hurt herself even more. It was just about unbearable for her. He held her close for a long time. He then picked her up and placed her on the dining room table, unzipped his pants, and fucked her hard. Carissa was still sobbing while matching his rhythm with her hips, wrapping her legs around his back, and pulling him closer to her. For her, this was very soothing, and her distress soon melted into joy and ecstasy. He started to bite on her nipples, one by one; it must have hurt her instead of wincing, she moaned loudly “Master, bite your slave harder, let her bleed! Please bite harder! I deserve only pain for my stupidity!”

“You may cum anytime my stupid bitch!”

He exploded inside of her. It didn’t take long to feel her body tense and feel her waves of ecstasy when she came. Her arms embraced him and pulled László into her. He kept on thrusting, as he was still firm in her velvety and drenched vagina. The smell of perfume, sex, and their sweat filled up the living room area, it was almost like fog, that slowly descended from the heavens.

Yes, fucking Carissa was a heavenly event. Their souls intermingled just as much as their body fluids. It was animalistic and primeval, and it was their best fuck since May. They both wished that they could freeze this moment forever and stay like this until eternity. László collapsed on top of her. He was exhausted, as much as she was. Both were breathing fast with quick gasps for air, and it took a few minutes to return to reality from their bliss of pleasure.

Carissa’s nipples were swollen from bite marks, and he could see some of his teeth impressions left on her neck too. She had reached for his semi-flaccid penis to cleanse and savour their taste. She wasn’t crying anymore, she smiled, but knowing her as László did, he knew there was a real turmoil behind that sexy smile.

“Look at me!”

She looked him into his eyes with those lovely blue eyes of hers. László loved seeing her eyes; they reminded him of blue, sunny skies, and he knew how much he would miss looking into them. He paused for several seconds

and continued.

“BBC, stop blaming yourself! Just stop it!” and paused for a few seconds. “Our destiny is our destiny; whatever happens, we have to accept it. There is nothing we can do but accept the consequences of our actions! I know that you love me, and I love you too, my sweet, sexy slave! Life is what we make of it. Even if we stopped this second, later on in our lives, we could look back and say proudly that we did our best and we had something that very few ever experience, something that was deeper than love and more rewarding! I am here for you as your master, lover, and friend. Find the strength in yourself to go on and do what must be done! I will be with you every step of the way! You are the one who has to take those steps. I cannot do them for you!”

“Master, as your slave, I failed you; it is my fault; I am the one who messed up our dreams, for which I am deeply sorry. You cannot comprehend my sorrow and my regret for causing you such disappointment. I am truly a worthless cunt, and I do not deserve your love, your kindness.

“Stop it BBC!” he interrupted her. “We will be having a nice time and dealing with things as they happen, when they happen! You are now here; you’re my slave. Now shut up, or I will truly punish you! I made some great plans for us for the weekend; in fact, we have four days together, uninterrupted!” He paused and continued, “I will tell you over our dinner! So what is for dinner?”

“Sir, I made your favourite paprika thing, I cannot remember the name but it sounds like Lego!” she spoke quietly now a bit relaxed.

“Lecsó?”

“Yes, that’s with rice.”

She paused and continued now with a happier tone.

“Master, yes, you had all the ingredients in the icebox, including some smoked sausages. Please, Sir, let me know when you want it served?”

“How about after we clean up? Join me in the shower BBC!”

After their quick shower together, which was good for both of them, he put on her collar, and she left for the kitchen to warm up his food while he checked his email. It was nearly seven, and he was actually hungry. He walked out to the dining table and sat down; he was nude, and the house was warm. Carissa served him lecsó on a plate with rice and opened a bottle of his favourite Bavarian beer. I poured it into a beer glass that had the logo of the brewery on it, ensuring not to have too much froth on it, just a small amount near the top. Then she sat down on the floor beside him and placed her leash on his lap. László knew what she loved to do when he ate his dinner.

“Get under the table, bitch! You know what to do!”

Without any hesitation on her part, she did, reached for his penis, and started to lick and suck on it while he ate. Both of them missed the routines that were so natural for them when they were together, but now they make Carissa more relaxed. She had to get over her mistake, and when she sucked

on him, she quickly drifted off into her little world, where nothing else mattered but her particular activity when she gave pleasure to her master. At this moment, it was a win-win situation. László ate the dinner that she had lovingly prepared. It was quite good, and he praised her while he ate, hoping that would lift her spirits up.

“BBC, you are an expert lecsó maker! It is terrific; you’ve done extremely well. I am proud of you!”

Words that Carissa loved hearing from him, which made her efforts so worthwhile. It wasn’t the praise, but the acknowledgement that he gave that made her happier. She loved it when he told her, “I am proud of you!” Five little words that made all the difference to her.

“Now for my surprise! You better get out from under the table and sit next to me in the chair and look at me! You are now on free time!”

She stopped the licking, kissing, and sucking just before he was ready to explode in her mouth. She climbed out, sat in the chair, and looked at him in silence. László looked at her, took her left hand, and held onto it with his right. She looked very puzzled what would happen next.

“We will be going to Long Beach and to Hollywood, BBC, on Thursday morning and I have a very nice hotel reservation, We’ll stay onboard the Queen Mary.”

“The Queen Mary, sir?” Carissa looked at László with wonderment,

“The Queen Mary?”

“Yes, you heard me correctly, BBC, now sit back and let me get you some food!”

László got up and served a generous portion of lecsó with rice on a new plate for her. And, opened a bottle of Hungarian white wine from the Balaton region, and poured a glass for her.

“Thank you, Master! That was very thoughtful of you, considering all.” She paused, looked into his eyes, and asked, “Why are you so good to me? I failed you, Sir?”

“Eat BBC; do not overanalyze things, because when you do that, everything turns to shit, like your application! I strongly suggest just enjoy what we have now and eat before it gets cold!”

She ate and drank her glass of wine, while László sat next to her, just looking at her. When done, she looked at him and, with a soft tone, started to speak freely about what was on her mind.

“Master, thank you for being so kind to your worthless slave. Thank you for trying to make the best of the bad situation she put you in. All she can say is that she loves you now more than ever before and that she will be a good companion while she is here. Please excuse her from the table so she can do the dishes and clean up.”

“Go ahead, BBC,” he replied. He stood up and sat down on the couch in front of the TV and turned it on. Nothing was interesting, so he watched one of his favourite DVDs: The Usual Suspects. Carissa joined him when she was

done with the kitchen work. She sat down beside his left leg on the carpet facing him.

“You can sit beside me sweetie, I want to feel your body next to me, maybe I will rest my head in your lap.”

Carissa smiled and, without a word, obliged as she snuggled up to him. A few minutes later, he placed his head on her lap. They watched the movie together. When it was over, they took a shower together. László received his full-body massage, and they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed by quickly, without much fanfare. They had great sex in the morning, and László went off to work. During the day, he called Carissa several times. She ate the leftovers from the previous evening, prepared dinner, did the laundry, worked on her diary, rested, and made herself look pretty for him when he returned home.

She then greeted her master, had a bit of fun, had dinner, and spent more time together. They shared a shower or bath, he received his massage, and they slept. While she was alone, Carissa had a lot of time to think about how they could salvage their derailed relationship. Her feeling of distress was evident in her diary. She now even considered moving somehow to Arizona, but understood that László could not sponsor her even if he married her. She liked László’s house. It was more comfortable than her home was. If only the climate in Arizona had not been as warm. It was over 100 Fahrenheit every day in September; it must have been much warmer in July and August. The air conditioning kept the house nice and comfortable at 74F.

She thought about flying to Canada to look for a job. László had mentioned to her that he had friends with whom she could stay for free, so that would not cost her anything apart from some food. That was her only realistic option. She knew László would not like England in the long run. It was fine for a visit or even to stay for a few months, but what would he do? Even having dual citizenship, as an EU citizen, he could stay and even work, but he would still need some paperwork done. He hated the damp weather. Where would he put all of his paintings, books, CDs, DVDs, etc.? László had so much stuff. Even if he were willing to part with his nice furniture and downsize completely, the move would be incredibly expensive.

Carissa truly only had one option: she had to move. She was willing, but why did she wait to send in the application near the deadline? Why couldn’t she have listened to him?

On Thursday morning, after a morning ritual and a quick breakfast, they left for Los Angeles. László tanked up the Z28 with premium fuel, plugged in his Valentine radar detector, and they zoomed off on I-10 west. László was averaging just over 95 mph without seeing any cops until their first quick stop at the California State border to take a few snapshots by the “Welcome to California sign.” After that, he slowed down slightly to around 80 mph, as usually the California Highway Patrol (CHIP) was lurking near

the state border. The Valentine gave ample warning and immediately slowed to the stated speed limit, but out of radar range, he increased his velocity enough that not many cars would pass them going west. Just 17 miles west of Palm Springs, they stopped at Cabazon to see the dinosaurs and take additional photos as they walked around to see them up close and personal.

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The RMS Queen Mary, a 1936 Art Deco ocean liner, was once the grandest ocean liner in the world. Since December 1967, she has been moored at Long Beach. In 1971, it was converted into a floating hotel and operated as an attraction. László thought that it would be a really nice getaway for both of them, to relax and enjoy each other’s company, but mostly to forget the heartaches at least for a few days, Carissa’s failure to send in the application on time.

László reserved a Deluxe Stateroom, which by any means was not exactly inexpensive but less than what she had paid for the B&B in London, and it was worth it for the fantastic atmosphere.

Before checking in, they walked around and took photos of the B-427 “Scorpion,” a diesel-electric attack submarine of the Soviet Navy, that was displayed next to the RMS Queen Mary. They purchased tickets to take the tour inside, and László bought a T-shirt for Carissa and himself.

Upon checking in, they proceeded to their cabin. It was indeed a romantic place that recalled the golden days of travel by ship, and it didn’t take long for Carissa to shed her clothes as they tested out the king-size bed. After their quick romp, they set out to have a quick lunch at the Promenade Café and to discover the ship. He stopped at the souvenir kiosk and bought several mementos for Carissa and himself, including a polo. László had also made reservations for dinner at Sir Winston’s Restaurant onboard the Queen. They had a lovely and romantic day, more fun, and a shower together late in the evening.

For Friday, the plans were to discover Los Angeles and Hollywood on foot. They had breakfast first aboard the Queen Mary and left for their adventure. They took a bus from the Queen to the streetcar (rapid rail) stop that took them to the Metro, as the subway was called. The streetcar ride was

quite interesting as it took them through the slums of L.A. The Metro was very modern, and they got off at the Hollywood and Vine stations.

They walked around looking at the famous sites, such as the round Capital Records building and the “Stars” on the sidewalk. Carissa posed at one, bent over, holding her ankles and exposing herself nicely, as she only had on a short mini skirt, thigh-high black silk stockings, and, of course, no knickers. While he took some photos, a couple of passersby snickered, and one woman commented,

“She has a nice arse!”

“Indeed, she had a nice one, and even nicer shaved pussy! Would you like to pose too?” László replied.

The female passerby just smiled and kept on going.

They continued walking around, window shopping, and going into a few interesting stores that included Frederick’s of Hollywood, a well-known retailer of women’s sexy lingerie and boudoir accessories. László purchased some very sexy back and red pump-type high-heel slippers for her and a butterfly mask, which were put to good use later on back on the Queen. They had a quick lunch at one of the many smaller establishments on the Hollywood strip and continued their exploration, taking several photos. Around 4 p.m., they headed toward the subway, where they took more photos, took it back to the streetcar, and eventually got on the bus that took them back to the Queen. On the bus, László took a few revealing photos of Carissa with her legs open wide.

Once back on the ship, they explored the ship and continued with some revealing images. We had a quick and light dinner at the Promenade Café. László wore the RMS Queen Mary polo, asked the waiter to take photos of themselves, and retired for an extended evening of fun.

On Saturday morning, the fun continued, and after having a quick shower together and a relaxed breakfast, they left the Queen to explore the park across from the Queen, which also houses an aquarium. However, the entrance fee was rather pricey for two, so they skipped it, instead just walked around and then continued to walk along the Long Beach shoreline in the sand for a while. Carissa took off her shoes and walked barefoot, dipping her toes into the Pacific Ocean and posing by the water in her t-shirt and jeans. She looked sexy even in casual clothing. They had lunch at one of the many local restaurants on East Ocean Boulevard. After lunch, they slowly made their way back to the Queen, and after a quick and light supper, they returned to their cabin for intensive, delightfully stimulating fun using handcuffs, silk rope, crop, and black leather bullwhip that lasted late into the night.

In the morning after a shorter repeat of the previous night, and a nice long shower together, they had a relaxed breakfast onboard the Queen and checked out.

First, they headed to the only Hungarian Delicatessen in Burbank, California, and he bought a few bottles of Tokaji Aszú and other Hungarian wines from the Tokaj region, imported Hungarian-style canned fish soup, as well as some smoked sausages. Then László decided to pick the scenic route option, the Pacific Coast Highway, all the way to San Diego, where they drove east on I-8 until they reached the Phoenix Bypass Route 85. The drive was very leisurely; László removed the roof panels, and the Z28 was now almost like a convertible to let the fresh air in off the Pacific Ocean. Carissa loved this scenic cruise as much as László's company.

Once they reached San Diego and headed west on I-8, he stopped, put the tops back on the Z28, and picked up the pace. In one very straight stretch in the desert, he buried the speedometer that stopped at 155 mph, yet he was still accelerating as his tachometer climbed all the way to the red line. That was quite exhilarating for both of them. After driving for several minutes at the top speed, he let off a bit and slowed down to a mere 90 mph.

Soon after this, they saw a car going off the road and flipping over. Carissa screamed while watching it unfold. He grabbed her left hand and kissed it with passion to make her relax. It was close to 6 p.m. by the time he pulled into his garage. Their long weekend was very memorable for both of them, although at the time they didn't know that this would be their last such trip. Their getaway did achieve what László had in mind: to take their minds off of the impending troubles that lay ahead.

After a light dinner with Tokaji Sárga Muskotály, Carissa was for dessert. And the entertainment. She had her butterfly mask on, a black leather collar, black fishnet thigh-high stockings, and her black and red slippers. She looked extremely sexy. She was told to get on the dining room tabletop and squat down on the bottleneck, taking it into her all the way, and start moving up and down, essentially fucking herself with the stationary bottle on the tabletop. László took a couple of photos and a short 30-second video clip, the limit of the camera. She worked herself into a frenzy soon and was begging to have an orgasm. László denied her requests and was told to continue until he told her to get off the table.

BBC crawled on her hands and knees to the bathroom; she was told to remove her stockings and mask and to get in the tub. Her labia lips were dripping from her excitement. Now it was time to drink from her master, as she eagerly opened her mouth for László's stream while she had to masturbate to intensify her desires for a climax. She was kneeling in the tub, but she could hardly kneel as her knees were rubbery from her arousal. He finally finished his stream. She managed to swallow most of it, but some had dribbled down from the side of her mouth to her breasts and from there to the tub. László inserted his stiff cock into her mouth to cleanse it off and commanded her to cum! Carissa was trembling from the tsunami of her climax. She made gurgling sounds but could not moan, as her mouth was full of her master's cock. He withdrew from her mouth, and she let out a loud

moan and tried to catch her breath as she collapsed into the tub. László let her rest for a minute or two, then ordered her to take a shower. When she stepped out, he told her to kneel in front of the shower while he took one. When he finished, it was time for her to dry him off and for his daily massage in bed. Soon, he drifted off. Carissa silently cried herself to sleep.

Monday morning, László woke up earlier than usual to enjoy the precious moments he had with Carissa before he left for work. Carissa must have been awake already, as she noticed that he was up, turned toward him, kissed him on the lips, and whispered, “Master, please fuck your slave; I beg you, sir, please fuck her; she needs you!” and rolled over into the missionary position, spreading her legs wide apart.

With an invitation like that, it was hard to resist; besides, he wanted to fuck her anyway and entered her deeply. She wrapped her legs around his back and matched his movements with her hips. She was breathing hard and rocking faster and faster. She started to moan and called out to him first very softly but soon it turned to a feverish volume.

“I love you, baby. I love the way you fuck me. I love you, baby.” Carissa, in her delirium, got to say the “Sir or Master” the required format in her speech. László remained silent; he just started to move faster and thrust harder. When he was ready to cum, he pinched both of her nipples hard, pulling them outward, and she felt the sharp tingling pain in them as well as his body tensing up. He erupted deep within her.

“Master, please may your bitch cum?”

“Yes BBC, you may!” Now he could feel her inner muscles contract around him as she climaxed in waves and screamed loudly.

“Ohhhhhh, that felt so goooood! Thank you, Sir, for fucking your slave!” stopped to catch her breath.

“Please let me cleanse you sir!” now in a much more subdued voice.

László pulled his dripping shaft and moved closer to her waiting lips. Carissa lovingly and with much enjoyment tried to pump with her hands any remaining cum, and licked him clean.

László now had to shave, shower, and get ready for work. She quickly sprang up from bed, cleaned herself up a bit, and ran out to the kitchen, barefoot and naked as usual, to make him tea. László could not eat so early in the morning; he usually had a few cookies later on in the office with tea. By the time he stepped out of the shower, Carissa was waiting for him with a towel to dry him off. After dressing and drinking his tea, he hugged her, gave her a nice, deep kiss, and left for work.

He had to work all week. During the day, Carissa cleaned up, did the laundry, ironed his clothing, worked on her diary, and relaxed in the tub, making herself smooth, supple, and sexy for her master’s enjoyment. László called her several times from work to ensure that she ate and wasn’t too lonely and depressed. Well, that was his excuse, but the real reason was that he loved hearing her very feminine, sexy voice with that special Brit accent of

hers. That alone has been a real turn-on for him since day one. He told her to get ready to go out shopping for food. When he returned, she should be dressed, although he was willing to go out with her naked with her collar and leash on, but for sure they would be arrested.

Around 5:15 p.m., his Z28 rumbled down the cul-de-sac where his house was located, and once Carissa got in, they left. There were several plazas nearby, and they drove to the one he frequented the most. Carissa was amazed at the lower food prices than she was used to every time they went shopping. They bought salmon and catfish fillets, lamb chops, several types of cheese, bread, herbs, spices, vegetables, and fresh fruit. Enough food for the rest of the week.

As soon they got back, Carissa got undressed put on her collar and started to make baked salmon with herbs and butter and rice. When dinner was ready, she set the table for one, as usual. It was up to her master to decide if she ate with him at the table or after he ate from her bowl on the kitchen floor. László decided that for tonight she could eat with him, so she set another place for herself. She was actually hoping to eat; after he did, she could suck on him from under the table while he ate.

The dinner was good and László opened another bottle of Hungarian wine, they had bought together in Burbank. After dinner, they both needed a bit of rest. They sat on the couch and watched TV for a while, but soon that turned into a session using the empty bottle and other toys. He took some images of her tied up and with the butterfly clamps attached to her inner lips. Then he got some ice cubes, a large and thick cucumber that he used as a dildo on her, and more images followed. Around 10 p.m., their fun ended, as he needed to go to bed, after a quick shower that he shared with Carissa. Putting her lips to good use in cleansing his penis, they went to bed. He received his massage from her expert hands. As a reward, he allowed her to suckle on his toes.

The following day, after work, László took Carissa to an adult store selling BDSM gear in Scottsdale. They looked at some bondage gear and discussed how it could be used by them sometime in the future. Carissa begged László to have her tattooed with his initial design. She knew László wanted her to do it after her first visit, to mark her as his property forever. However, László said not at his time. Only when she will be in Canada. We do not know what will happen, and if there can't be a master-slave relationship after her return to the UK, there is no point, and she would regret it.

It was suddenly Friday, his short day, and Carissa went to work with him. Her visit was approved by Linda. At lunch, they went off to a nearby restaurant, and later, during his afternoon break, he took some images of Carissa in his cubicle as well as outside the premises. Soon, his day was over at work, and they left for home.

For dinner, László decided to make roasted lamb chops with some baby potatoes. The dinner was great, and a good session of fun followed that also included another bottle of Tokaji Aszú wine. Around midnight they finally went to bed.

Saturday, September 28, was their last full day together. Carissa mentioned that she would like to return to see him around Christmas. It would be costly for her to fly over just for a couple of days. While he would have loved having Carissa, this didn't make much sense to László. If Carissa wanted to be with him at that time, she could, but it was pointless unless she had taken positive steps toward getting a job in Canada. László told her that as long as she was flying down from Canada, she was welcome to come. She should only concentrate on landing a job in Canada, as that was the deal-maker. Her priority had to be landing a job and getting on with her immigration to Canada. If that was the case, then their relationship could continue without hiccups. If she could not take those steps, then their relationship was over.

He emphasized that Carissa knew well that such a long-distance relationship could not be dragged out forever. Both of them wanted to be with each other. Neither was so well off financially that they could fly back and forth on their whims as both had to work, and there were only so many vacation and holiday days. Even unpaid leave was hard to get unless it was an emergency.

Carissa knew that László was a man of action with a limited amount of patience. He was very patient with her, but now it had run out, and she had to do what they had talked about.

László tried to make Saturday as stress-free as possible for both of them. They had a good morning romp in bed, had a pleasant shower together, and took more images in bondage and with both of her stunning corsets.

He knew deep down that he would miss her a hell of a lot, more than likely for a lifetime. The situation was on the hopeless side. Providence, faith, or destiny, no matter how he called her, was a cruel mistress. It had taken him years and several relationships to find the one person who would fulfill all of his desires, emotionally, sexually, and psychologically. Carissa was better than any of his past relationships in M/s.

Carissa was not perfect; she was about as close as he could get to just about all his desires, wants, and needs. She only had one major fault, and that was procrastination. After the morning session, he took all the rolls of film to a photo lab that was open on Saturday, had a quick turnaround time, and would print kinky images without any questions.

While they were being developed, they went to the car wash to get his car sparkling clean. László loved the efficiency of one of the car wash companies and the excellent pricing he got. Carissa was amazed by how fast and how many Mexican workers cleaned the cars. They drove around a bit,

sightseeing, and returned to pick up the prints. He had ordered two prints, one for her to take to England. Both were very pleased with the images.

Soon, it was time for their last supper together. Carissa was melancholy and was not hungry for food, only for László. She knew that their impending breakup was caused by her lack of action, but despite feeling down in the dumps, they had a gratifying time and their last nice long bath together. She gave her final massage to her master and her love, László.

Sunday came by too quickly for both of them. She woke up early and got into her submission position on the top of the bed, facing her master. With tears rolling from her eyes, she repeated her oath for the last time in the upcoming future, perhaps forever.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish.”

László looked at her; his heart was broken, and his dreams were shattered. He knew this was the last time he would hear from Carissa, his slave BBC. He hugged her close, imprinting her body forever into his. Neither wanted to let go of or get enough of each other. Their physical passion only flared up more as their time being together was running out.

They had a late breakfast, more like a brunch, and then it was time for her to pack, then a short drive to the airport. Carissa had tears flowing down her sexy cheeks during the drive. It was a miserable ride filled with emotion and the unknown, although the writing was on the wall that it was over. Both tried to reassure each other that it wasn't, but it was.

He parked the car in the parking lot. They hugged and kissed passionately and began to walk to the check-in counter. Carissa wanted to know again from László if she should come back at Christmas. László said it was not a good idea unless she had taken positive steps to get a job in Canada. Carissa promised she would. She even floated the question perhaps out of desperation and to look forward to something now that their dream was over...

“Paris in the Spring?”

László just squeezed her body against his, embracing her. He was trying to hold back his teardrops but failed. He was an emotional wreck, just as Carissa was. Their embrace lasted for several minutes. They passionately kissed each other for the last time, and she disappeared through the security gates. László returned to the parking area, from which he could see her aircraft taxi and take off. That was the last time he ever saw her again, much to his regret.

Carissa was devastated when she arrived in the U.K. She called right away when she got home. Carissa had to hear László's voice and let him know that she had arrived safely. She confessed that during her flight, all she could think about was how her procrastination had affected both of their lives, and she cried. László tried to calm her down. He encouraged her to

make inquiries about Canada as soon as she could. She needed time to recover and adjust to the time difference. She would keep in touch by email. László's voice would make her miss her master even more.

A few days later, she wrote that she could not get sufficient time off from work to fly to Toronto and look around to land a job. She had even considered going three weeks without pay, but her employer would not let her go. She could not just quit her job.

She was confused and did not know what to do. László called her on the phone, trying to help. Their conversation was not their usual long and happy one. She was still thinking about flying back to Phoenix for Christmas. László told her not to think about flying back to Phoenix. Instead, she used the money to go to Canada when she could. They could not go on like this. Both of their hearts and souls were torn apart and hurt too much. She had failed both of them, and there was no point in trying to continue their relationship if she could not take the steps she had to. Otherwise, it was over.

The BBC called László several times in the New Year, saying that she was depressed and just how sorry she was. His reply was to go to Canada and land a job, and then they could continue. She missed him immensely, and László confessed he missed her too. However, she lacked the emotional strength to go to Canada alone to find a job. László could not take a month off from work, not even an unpaid leave. At the end of January 2003, she called to ask if he had received the CD she mailed him as his Christmas present. He thanked Carissa, and that was the last time they communicated.

For Carissa, her dream was over, and she never tried getting involved in another M/s relationship.

László updated his website, and the quest to find a slave who could commit 100% was on once again. His dreams of having a lasting relationship with Carissa were shattered. He did a lot of soul-searching, but he did everything possible, apart from quitting his job to fly to England to be with her. That would have been foolish. Providence was a cruel bitch. László had to change his expectations to find someone close to her calibre.

XVI. Problems with the Z28

At the beginning of October, 2002, Lily flew back to Phoenix for a few weeks and wondered how Carissa's visit had been. László told Lily that it was over between Carissa and him because she screwed up their future plans. Lily felt sorry for László, hoping their relationship with Carissa would work out because she knew how much he liked BBC and how much time and effort he invested in her. Lily left for Florida with a promise to be back for Christmas.

In the meantime, while his search was on, László had to devote more time than he thought to his Camaro Z28. The Z28 had developed a serious issue of not starting for no logical reason whatsoever and starting in a while, which could be from several minutes to an hour or two. It was under warranty, and he took it back to the dealer.

The dealer checked, perhaps there was some water in the gas. The fuel filter was changed just in case. Apart from that, everything worked as it should. Later in the week, the same thing happened, and the Z28 was towed back to the dealer. They checked it and stated there was nothing wrong with it. About four days later, the car refused to start again. He ended up late for work. He had the car towed to another Chevrolet dealer nearby, it was under warranty including the towing, to let them check it out. They did the diagnostics, and nothing showed up, but just in case they replaced the sparkplug wiring and ignition module. László received a rental car for free until they performed the work on his Z28.

Christmas arrived and so did Lily, she flew back for a couple of days despite her boyfriend's objections. He was glad to see her. They were good friends and a pleasant diversion from his heartache and loss. She stayed in Phoenix just after the New Year's celebration. László drove her to Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport for her flight back.

On the way back, after he stopped to buy gasoline, the car stalled out again. He had the car towed back to the original dealer. They gave him a rental car and kept the Camaro for a week. They replaced all the computer modules on it and kept and tested it over several days to see if it would start or not, the dealer hoped that would solve the problem. Another couple of weeks went by and the Z28 refused to start again. Returned to the dealer after he waited thirty minutes and started. The fuel pump was replaced, although there was nothing wrong with it, but maybe that was the cause. He got a rental car while they replaced the fuel pump.

For a while, the car settled down. By this time, László was fed up and contacted GM that he wanted the Camaro replaced under the "Arizona Lemon Law". His fight with GM started. Time flew, and it was spring already. Lily returned for Easter and stayed for several months.

In the meantime, he had several applicants. One was a married

woman who wanted out of her present relationship. She was attracted to dominance and slavery lifestyle. She lived several States north. László explained to her that he was not looking for a marriage or one in a relationship. She insisted that she was for real and she would be not only a loyal slave but someone on whom he could count to do whatever it took. She apart from being married, wasn't his type. She was older by 2 years and certainly not as slim or sexy as Carissa had been. However, she was consistent in her emails, sounded intelligent and really wanted to be his slave. Lily was about to return to Florida to escape the heat of Arizona (for the humidity of Florida... go figure), and László agreed on a trial with the potential slave. Lily left, and she drove down from her state. While she was a nice person, they were not exactly compatible. László dispatched her back. She left, (her story can be read 'Looking for my forever girl, among others who not made in this book) and his car issues resurfaced.

The Chevrolet dealer's service manager installed an electronic recording device to record what was causing the issues but to no avail. It didn't record malfunctions, but the car refused to start intermittently.

László also received a letter from GM that they could not replace the car, as they do not have any other Camaro Z28 with the same options or even comparable ones. GM sourced all of their dealers as they had stopped making them. The service manager suggested that László leave his Camaro with him. He then would drive it, and in the meantime, he received a rental car at no cost. László did just that. Of course, now the Camaro started every time except once, after two weeks when the service manager was outside of Phoenix with it. He got stuck in Wickenburg and had to call his service department to send him a tow truck/car transporter. He had now experienced what László had for the last several months. But when the car was pushed into the service area, the car started up. The service manager was perplexed but wanted to find out what was happening.

László contacted GM again with a letter from the service manager indicating a constant reliability issue with the Z28. László wanted GM to buy back the car or give him credit on a Corvette since they no longer made the Camaro. In the meantime, the service manager had the car ripped apart to solve the mystery, and all the wiring was replaced. It started and stalled out again.

The service manager called a GM engineer to fly down from Detroit to help solve the problem, as everything was checked: no defect was found. They took the engine apart. Eventually, they located the cause. The crankshaft sensor malfunctioned intermittently stopping the computer that controlled the ignition. They replaced the sensor and the computer.

GM contacted László and offered to pay a portion of the amount he had paid for the car and a one hundred percent total warranty, which included rental cars, towing, roadside assistance, everything except for the tires, for 6 years or 100,000 miles.

László wanted to be reimbursed for his loss of wages for all the time off or being late to work and all additional costs, including the letter that a lawyer had written to show GM that he had meant business. GM offered that if he stopped the Legal Proceedings, they would compensated \$5600 back, \$5000 off from the price paid and \$600 for his time off and the cost of the letter by his Lawyer. He received a special warranty certificate regarding the coverage. It was only valid for László and not transferable if he sold his Camaro. The service manager was surprised about the warranty. László was now thrilled with his car. All now he wanted now is find another slave the one would be 100% for him.

XV. More psychos

László returned in pursuit of the right person. He decided to meet females only from Arizona, and preferably if possible, from the local surrounding area around Phoenix. The pickings were slim but he had a couple of applicants. One of them was Emily who lived relatively nearby in Phoenix.

Emily was a nursing supervisor in one of the local area hospitals. Emily was no Carissa. She was in her 30s, which was a plus, single, had no kids and didn't want any, another plus. Emily had recently moved to the area bought her own house and had two golden retrievers.

She worked a split shift, not the best, but she could move to a day shift in a few months. Before their meeting, they talked a lot on the phone. He wanted to be sure he was not wasting his time once again. Emily had a pleasant feminine voice. She sent a couple of photos by email. She was five feet and four inches tall, average in weight and looks too. Short, light brown hair with hazel eyes. László was not too thrilled that she rode a Harley for recreation only. For commuting to work and for shopping, she had a small truck. For László, she was very un-feminine, didn't like the butch look of a motorcyclist. She enjoyed photography and drawing and sent him some dragon drawing images: they were excellent. She didn't talk much about her past, as if she wanted to leave all that behind. Just like the city's namesake, to be reborn, to have a fresh start.

They discussed their expectations in a M/s relationship. Emily had some bondage experience and wanted the total power exchange eventually once she trusted her Master. Emily sounded like someone who had trust issues, more than likely due to her past, but as she didn't want to talk about it, László didn't push her too much.

She eventually divulged that she had a dragon tattoo on the right side of her body, that she had drawn and sent the image off to László. She really liked body art, and she had a good tolerance for pain, as getting a tattoo that included her right breast was painful. She wanted to confirm where László worked and asked for his office number.

László gave her his work number, and she called the next day at his workplace. She was happy that László was on the level. László asked for hers, and she gave it to him, and he called her back. Trust was built slowly between them. After about six weeks of chatting on the phone, it was time to meet. She was interested in László's art. She saw a few images on the computer and wanted to see them in real life. For that, she had to visit László's home. They both already had each other's addresses. László drove by her house and saw her bike and truck parked on the driveway. It was a smaller house, not that László's was huge. They made a date for the following Saturday in the early afternoon.

Emily rumbled by on her Harley, parked on his driveway and rang the doorbell. László opened the door, and she stepped over the threshold into his house. She wore blue jeans and biker boots, a black leather jacket with a light green blouse underneath, and her helmet in her hands. Emily looked very nervous. László asked her to remove her boots in the hallway, which she did and put her helmet and sunglasses down. Her face was pleasant looking but nothing exciting without makeup on. A bit would have helped. Emily was not exactly feminine in her outfit when compared to Carissa in her jeans. Carissa had nice long legs, while Emily was shorter by several inches. However much better looking than Rhonda and younger.

László took her leather jacket and placed it on the back of one of the dining room chairs. Then they walked around the living room. She looked at all the paintings that were hung on the walls. Emily was impressed and wondered if there were more. László showed her all the ones in the other rooms except Lily's bedroom. She liked the ones in his bedroom the most.

She commented on the furnishings and décor, that hers was not as impressive as his was. She liked the refined and cultured look, very European, she commented. László offered her something to drink, and they settled on some Perrier sparkling water. She could not drink wine or beer as she was riding. They sat by the dining room table and chatted for a while.

Her dragon tattoo came up as a topic. László asked if he could see her dragon. Emily mentioned that she would have to be undressed for that. László had no issues about it and told her to proceed, as sooner or later, he would see her nude.

Emily had a nervous smile and proceeded slowly. As she took off her blouse, László could see the head and the upper part of the dragon. She wore no bra, her breasts were perky, he had estimated them to be slightly bigger than a B cup, and she had nice pink nipples. She stopped and rotated a full circle so he could have a look. Her nipples were excited and stood up. László indicated that he wanted to see the rest of the dragon. She then very nervously removed her jeans, she had no panties on, and now her dragon was completely visible, as well as her shaved and smooth vagina with small lips. László asked her to rotate very slowly, and Emily did but started to tremble a bit from her nervousness. László tried to calm her down by saying that she had a fantastic body (that was true) and that he liked the dragon tattoo (that was not), especially the green and yellow colour used on the upper body and the belly of the dragon.

She sat next to him without crossing her legs and talked a bit about the tattooing process. It took several sessions over two weeks to do the tattoo, due to the detail and the pain, especially around her right breast and nipple. She drank more Perrier to calm herself down. László never liked large tattoos, while they looked fine on young and firm skin, but once the skin lost the firmness it looked dreadful, as far as he was concerned.

Emily excused herself to go to the washroom and took her clothing

along. She returned with her clothes on and left shortly after that. Emily called László later and apologized for leaving so soon, as she was very nervous. She would contact László soon and they would meet again.

László figured that something was just not quite right with her. He'd had enough psycho bitches in his past and certainly did not want another. As it turned out, he was right. Several days later, she called him all kinds of rude names on the phone for not being a gentleman with her. László just hung up. She called back several times to scream at his answering machine. He never returned her calls, and eventually, Emily stopped calling.

A few weeks later he met a woman who lived near Casa Grande, in a trailer. She had applied and sounded interested in her emails, so he decided to visit her, to speed up the process as he was disillusioned in the quality of the responses. There was no point in wasting his time and energy. Sarah gave him directions to her trailer, and on a Saturday he did. It was an interesting visit. Sarah lived in a dilapidated large trailer, that was sitting on some concrete blocks. Her property was rundown with all types of junk near the trailer, and a 1972 Ford F-100 pickup with faded two-tone light blue and white paint was parked nearby.

He knocked at the door, and she opened it and invited him in. She was in her mid-forties, had long shoulder-length greying hair, no makeup on her homely face, wore a light blue bathrobe, and was barefoot inside her trailer. Sarah reminded him of a gypsy fortune teller. Maybe she was just that, but more likely another psycho bitch.

"Come in Sir, I've been expecting you!" and continued with a smile "may I offer you something cold to drink? I have beer, Pepsi and water."

"Thank you, I'll have a can of Pepsi as long it is not a diet. It was quite difficult to find your place."

She opened a small fridge and took out a can of Pepsi. The trailer's air conditioning was working but not too well as it was supplemented by several large fans.

"Would you like a glass?"

"No thank you! I like to drink from a can." he lied through his teeth. After looking around quickly when he had stepped in, László was not inclined to drink from a non-hygienic glass.

The trailer had several small rooms, and he was in the kitchen/dining area. There was an old couch and an armchair, both had seen better days, a small wooden round table with two pine ladder back side chairs.

"Sit down Sir, and make yourself comfortable." as she pointed toward the couch. László took the Pepsi from her hand and sat in one of the wooden chairs. "I would not be caught dead in that couch, only God knows when it was, if ever, cleaned and at least the wood chair was clean." he thought.

Sarah sat down too across from him on the couch, without crossing her

legs, and stared at László for a while and began to speak.

“I’ve been waiting for you Sir, for a long time. I had seen your website, and followed your updates and now I am sure it is you...” she stopped and let out a large sigh.

“OK, so tell me, Sarah!”

“You should know Sir, that we had met before in the 1600s in one of your castles. You took me from my village when I was sixteen years old, and I became your slave, maid, and lover...”

“Are you sure about that? And where was this castle of mine?” he interrupted her and thought to himself this bitch is bat-shit crazy.

“Be patient Sir, I am coming to that” She stopped and after another loud sigh continued “I was your slave, maid and lover for several years, but when you were injured in a battle fighting the Turks, I ran away from your home to find you in the village where you were taken and injured. On my way to you, I was captured by outlaws, robbed and killed, near a town called Netra. You had properties and castles in the region.” She stopped again for a few seconds and continued “I see Sir, you have a puzzled look on your face and you do not believe me! My name was Katalin, and you called me – my lovely Kati.”

“I cannot remember back to the 1600s, Sarah, sorry!” László smirked and continued “Maybe you read too much into my website and have a very active imagination, that I can give to you. But I never seen you before I stepped in here just a few minutes ago, and of that, I can reassure you!”

As he spoke, she stood up and suddenly flung open her robe, revealing her naked body underneath. Which was very good for her age. Her breast were not sagging. She was shaved, threw the robe on the floor, and immediately kneeled in front of him. Her action surprised László, who had seen a lot before, but nothing like this. She reached for his fly and tried to unzip him. He didn’t protest.

“Let me show you, Sir, how long I’ve been waiting to show how much I adore my long-lost Master! I am the reincarnation of Kati, your slave!”

“You’re kidding? I do not know you, Sarah, enough to decide if you would be a suitable candidate for being my slave or not!” but he did not push her hands away.

“I am not kidding, my dearest Sir! Just let me show you my lips will show you my passion for you!”

She finally managed to free his penis. Expertly massaging it into a full erection. With her right hand pulled back his foreskin, twirling her tongue on his frenulum and circling his purplish crown with her pink tongue fervently. Her left hand freed his balls cupping them slowly massaging them. Her saliva started to drip from the head, and ran down the sides of his shaft, making his skin slippery as she pumped it with slow but firm strokes with her right hand. It wasn’t long before she could feel László’s body tensing up, as he erupted his hot cum into her mouth, in several globs that she

swallowed. She continued pumping to get every dribble, and she stopped and looked at László.

“Did you like that my dearest Sir? Does that bring back memories of your loving slave Kati?”

“I liked it, Sarah, you were good giving a blow job, but I still do not remember having a slave, maid or lover back in the 1600s!” he stopped to drink a sip of Pepsi.

“It is 2003 now and I prefer finding a slave and companion for the immediate future and not to live in the past, no matter how much I love history. So why don’t we talk about you for a bit, to see if you’re suitable!”

She looked quite puzzled by his statement but kept on kissing his semi-erect penis continuously.

“Sarah, that’s enough for now!”

He snapped at her, she let him go for a second, he stood up and stuffed his penis back into his pants, and pulled up the zipper. “I hope I get out of here alive, this bitch is crazy!” he thought to himself.

“Why don’t you put something on and show me your old F-100 pickup, it is 1972 isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is a 1972. But, Sir, don’t you want me to be your slave?”

“Sarah, before I decide, I want to know you better! Giving me a blowjob shows that you’re interested, but there are many other things both of us have to consider!”

“What do you want to know then?”

“Well, to start off, what do you do for a living?”

“I read tarot cards, and work as a busker at local fairs, and I’ve also inherited a bit of money from my father. I’ve worked full-time in an art gallery, but now I work part-time during the Christmas season. I get by, you do not have to worry about my needs, Sir.”

“Yes, I can see that you can live on next to nothing. Have you been involved in a Master and slave relationship before?”

“Oh yes Sir, I was your slave and lover, I’ve told you earlier. When I saw your website, I recognized your words, they spoke to me. When I read your poems, I knew some of it was about me. I’ve waited to contact you and wanted to, but you had your site off for a year, and when you put it back, I just had to get my nerve up to contact you, Sir!” Sarah stood up and placed her robe back on.

“All right Sarah, I get it. As you know then being my slave is not exactly easy. You will have no privacy whatsoever, and you only exist to please and serve me.” he went along as there was no point in arguing with someone who was insane.

“Let’s go and show me your old Ford pickup!” and he stood up and walked toward the door.

“As you wish Sir!” and went with him barefoot to her truck.

It was in fairly good shape inside, but the paint was faded and peeled

off a bit. At least that she had kept something in good condition. The key was in the ignition.

“Aren’t you afraid someone will steal your truck?”

“Nobody comes this way, who would want it?”

“Aren’t you afraid to live here all by yourself?”

“No Sir! I have a 12 gauge shotgun inside, I keep it loaded and know how to use it, but nobody comes this way not even the mailman.”

“You are right! It is a very desolate and isolated place, I had a tough time finding it.” He looked at his watch and spoke with a bit of urgency in his voice, “I have to leave now, I’m expecting an important phone call from Florida, I can’t miss it! Thank you so much for your hospitality, Sarah. I will get back to you, and we can talk more!”

“Be well Sir, and remember your slave, Kati, she will be waiting for you! Come back soon Sir!”

László sat in his Camaro and drove away. Glancing into the rearview mirror he could see her waving at him, with her robe loosened on her body exposing some of her nakedness. László turned on his A/C to full blast to cool his car down as it felt like he was sitting in hell, which still felt better than being with an insane person.

He actually felt sorry for Sarah, as he thought about what she had said. She must have spent hours and hours searching on the internet to come up with what she had told him. She was positively intelligent as well as insane. To save his day from being a complete waste he drove to the Casa Grande Ruins National Monument, only fifteen minutes from the crazy woman living in the trailer, and took some photos of the ruins.

Lily returned for several weeks at the end of July. László invited her to accompany him to Vancouver, British Columbia. He had seven days of paid vacation and he always wanted to visit beautiful British Columbia. It was also a good trip to try out the reliability of the Camaro. Lily agreed as long as it didn’t cost her anything as she had very little money. László said that was not an issue, he had the money he had received from GM, and it would not cost her anything. Apart from that, it would not cost a fortune maybe two thousand at the very most, for the two of them. With the weekends added in, he had ten days. László figured it would take three days up at the very most, while looking at scenery, spend three days in Vancouver, and come back in another three days, in total nine days. He would still have a day to rest. He had made a reservation for a hotel in Vancouver via the Internet.

They left for Vancouver via Bakersfield, Mt. Shasta, and Seattle. It was a scenic drive, stopping at interesting places and taking hundreds of digital images. It was a very relaxing trip that both enjoyed.

Indeed British Columbia was stunningly beautiful, and they liked Vancouver. But they were not exactly impressed with the wet weather or housing prices. They concluded that while it was a great city to visit, it was

way overpriced, and even a modest house like what they had in Phoenix would cost over \$800,000 or more, which to them was not only unaffordable but insane.

They also visited the Whistler Mountain area, where the 2010 Winter Olympics would be held. Their trip was a very nice one, although it wasn't a romantic one. But it also made each of them realize that they had missed each other although neither would admit that to the other. They returned from British Columbia, just as he turned 50 years old. Lily left shortly after that and flew back to Florida. Duncan transferred to Toronto and was fired after that. László sensed that things were slowly starting to disintegrate between Lily and Duncan.

László received more dim-witted replies from Arizona, from females either too old or much younger than he was looking for or with kids, the most insane came from Spain. He was surprised by that since Spain was certainly not in Arizona, or even in the USA. He updated his site one more time and once again he widened his search. He received more replies, but he could not take them seriously apart from Michelle.

She was an Emmy Awards winning TV show producers, early 40s, average in height and weight, but at least she was feminine. She was single, no kids, lived in an 2 bedroom condo not far from him. In many ways ideal. Michelle, liked sex but only while watching porno and consuming a bottle or more wine. She visited László for several Friday night action. However, she was had a double personality, would go from a nice person to a psycho bitch in a flash. Certainly not the type for a full time M/s relationship. László ended the relationship quickly.

Instead of wasting time finding another Carissa, he concentrated more on his landscape and flower photography of the local desert scenery with his digital Nikon D100 interchangeable lens camera. He received a 24-120mm Nikkor zoom lens from Lily in 2000 for his birthday for his film camera, and he used the same lens on the D100.

Lily phoned him about issues she was having with Duncan, and wanted to leave him, and needed László's help. László made it clear, that he is still looking for a live-in slave. If she can accept that fact, he will help her. Lily was a good friend and the co-owner of the house. She paid 50% towards the monthly mortgage and carrying costs of their house, to keep her share of the ownership, the money was given to her by Duncan, and he was getting tired of it. He also wanted to marry her, and while initially she left László for him, she started to realize that László was a much better person than he was. In November she arrived from Toronto for Christmas and New Year to collect her stuff and pack up and told Duncan she would be back for good after New Year.

Major changes in 2004

For László, The 2003 year ended much differently than he initially planned. 2024 would be interesting with Lily but without a live-in slave.

Just after the holidays were over, Duncan sent her an email asking her when will she be coming back? Lily played coy she has some Green Card issues and will return when it is resolved. Duncan paid for three more months of her share, and after that, he refused. Lily wrote back okay, we are done.

Lily wanted to dance, but she sold her Saturn SW. László offered to buy her a used Saturn four-door sedan. She would pay it back eventually. Lily danced for a couple of months, but she got sick and needed an operation as she had no insurance the cost was \$5000. László offered her a deal. If they get married only on paper, László can put her on his insurance plan, which will only cost an additional \$20 a month. No sex, nothing and she has her own private bedroom bathroom, and he would continue with his search for a slave.

She agreed and got married for the second time in Las Vegas. It was actually at a drive-in wedding chapel, and it was quite the fun. The operation was performed, and instead of \$5000, cost only \$25, the deductible on the insurance. Once she recovered, began dancing again, but her earnings were marginal.

László started to see changes coming at his workplace and about house pricing. László figured that if the real estate bubble would soon burst, his house value would drop. If they sold the house in the Spring, they could walk away with a substantial profit. His boss, the CFO, was about to retire at the end of the year and move to Idaho. His project, authorized by the CFO, was coming to an end. László did not want to be reassigned again for a different job. He mentioned to Lily that perhaps if they sell their house and make a good profit, he was thinking of moving from Phoenix. Lily welcomed the idea of never liking the heat of Phoenix or the humidity of Florida. San Diego would be preferable but very expensive. They could decide in the new year. Other major cities did not interest her or László, but the plan was set. His age and service minimum of 5 years added to 55, and he could take early retirement in 2005. The plan was set, 2004 would be their last Christmas in Phoenix.

In late January 2005, just after he placed his house up for sale, László got sick and required emergency hospitalization for 10 days in a negative chamber room. All he had to pay was his \$25 deductible, but now he was marked with a record of serious illness. László was not able to get new health insurance with a new employer. After his recovery, he briefed his new boss

that he would be taking early retirement as soon as he sold his house, and planned to return to Canada with his wife, Lily.

While he was in the hospital, his long-time friend Alex from Hungary wanted to visit him and bought a ticket to fly to Phoenix. Of course, without asking him about it first, he required an invitation letter from László. Lily notified Alex via email and phone that it would not be possible as he was sick in the hospital. Alex kept on insisting that they could just fax an invitation.

As soon as László got out of the hospital, he called Alex. László can not send the invitation by fax it has to be mailed, and a postmark must be visible on the envelope! Apart from that detail, he is selling his house and doesn't have time to spend with him. He suggested that he get a refund on his ticket. Alex complained, that he did not buy any cancellation insurance for his trip and would lose money. László reminded him that in 1998, he barged in with another person in tow right in the middle of his house renovation. Does not need a friend like him if he does not understand the circumstances, which was the last time they spoke.

At the end of February, László returned to work and notified Linda, his supervisor, that he was selling his house. Once the house was sold, he would resign from his position. In the meantime, he wrapped up a project he was involved with for the past two years. The project was designed in-house under his ideas and supervision. While it was expensive, it saved over \$200,000 from what an outside consulting group wanted to sell to the Agency that would do the same thing.

He retired with a small pension. Their house increased in value by a lot, as László figured. If the real estate bubble would soon burst, his house value would drop.

The house was sold over the asking price. After paying the Real Estate Commission and his mortgage, he made over \$74,000 (almost \$100K in Canadian dollars). A majority of their furnishings and the Saturn were sold, which paid for their moving expense. Lily and László moved back to Canada in May 2005. Just as he wanted to do with Carissa 3 years earlier.

XVII. Dream and desires unfulfilled...

Once back in Canada, he decided to work for himself as a photographer. Lily went back to dancing, but after 4 years, she got sick from an infection she picked up in Arizona, a nasty one called Valley Fever. A fungal infection is in the soil. Once breathed in, the fungus can stay dormant for many years and suddenly be active. She could not work.

She was diagnosed too late and destroyed her left lung. The medication was very toxic and expensive, not covered by the health plan. László had to cut back on his photography work, sell off his assets, and downsize from a comfortable two-bedroom apartment to a much smaller one-bedroom. The medication costs \$4000 a month. He used up all his savings on Lily but stood by her. She required lung surgery in 2011, which was successful, but she became disabled for life from the toxic medication she had to take. Their only income was what László made, working 7 days a week, 12 to 14 hours a day. But he could not cope with all the pressures of working full time. They applied for the Provincial Disability Plan. Which barely covered the rent. After two years, they were notified that it would end. Lily, with László help through Legal Aid, sued. They won their case.

When László turned 65, he retired from photography. And finally, he received his laughable pension, for which he worked since he was 14. By the way, the Disability Plan wanted to claw back from him. He told them to fly a kite, and Lily came off from it.

Decades ago, László and his mother were cursed by that evil gypsy witch, the mother of his first love, Anikó. It worked, lost his mother to cancer, and all his relationships ended in failures beyond his control. But he has not given up because that is not in his DNA.

László has been searching for his forever girl since 2018. The scene changed a lot, and not for the better. Companion ads are no longer accepted in the print media. Specialized sites on the internet, which catered to a narrow segment interested in submission and domination lifestyle, turned into pay sites full of scammers, fake people and time wasters. Being older and retired made his search even harder.

A Persian Canadian woman, “Nooshi” from Vancouver, in her late 30s, applied in 2022. László clearly explained his situation to her. She stated that she wanted to be that girl he wanted. Nooshi would come to him but never did. Noshi reminded him of BBC, the forever girl who almost was. Same age, divorced, no children, professional and lacking the will. Later, she wrote she was confused and didn’t know what to do. László tried to help her and stood by her for over 2 years. She sent a couple images of herself. László questioned

her sincerity, and she replied,

“Dear László, I always read your emails, and they make me happy/sad at the same time. You know what I want and you are right.”

A few weeks later on 7/17/2024, she wrote, “I know how you feel and I'm just sorry. only sorry.”

He researched Nooshi's background. Everything checked out, and she was honest about herself, yet deceiving with her intentions. He realized why she would not come to him. She would have to give up her professional practice, although there were additional options. When László closed his eyes, he saw her. Sadly, for László, Nooshi remains a dream and desires unfulfilled.

Providence guided László to the writing of a brilliant young woman named Lidia, whose writing inspired and gave him solace.

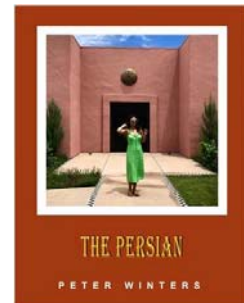
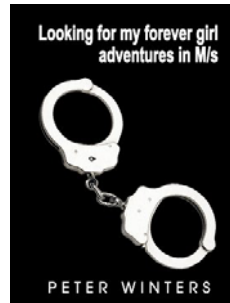
Despite all his heartaches, and the curse of the old gypsy witch, Mary, he simple refuses to give up to find the ONE, despite all odds against him. He knows in his soul and heart there is one special woman, who can accept him and wants to be his forever girl, regardless of his age and financial status. She has the need for his passion...

If you are her, and if you wish to be László's forever girl, contact me and I will forward him your contact information. I'm sure he will contact you ASAP. <https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=61561025663293>

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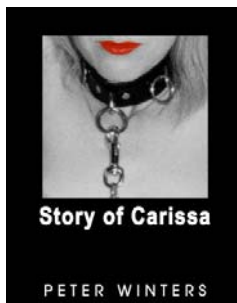
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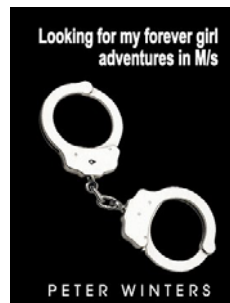
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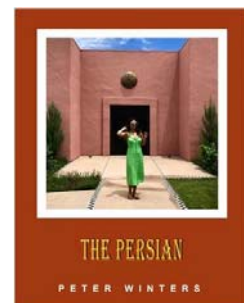
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From innocent first love and betrayal to discovering a different lifestyle known as D/s and M/s. A journey of a Dominant's continuous search for his forever girl over four decades with three incredible women and several not-so. Love, desires, and enflaming passion intermixed with darker desires, joys, hopes, disenchantment and loss influenced who I became. Fact or fiction? You decide!

