

## Julia's Story Part II

### *A Learning Curve*

By

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The note read: "Dear Juliana, this invitation is being tendered to you as a valued executive of our company and as my personal friend. The company executive gathering will be at the Crystal Mountain Lodge over the weekend of 27 to 29 October but I would love for you to attend a private gathering over the two-day period prior in order that we might discuss plans and options open to you. I am sure you will benefit greatly from this retreat. If you have any trouble arranging your time from your classes, please refer your professors to me and I will arrange it for



you. I have been doing so for our brightest interns for some time now and I know just where to apply the pressure that matters. Certainly, if I can accomplish this for a mere intern, it will work for a VP as well, don't you think?"

"Dinner will be black-tie, but all else will be casual chic, so to speak, so plan accordingly. Signed, Margaret Chamberlain... RSVP ASAP

Directly on the time arranged, the Limo arrived at the girl's new apartment on the hill in Seattle's University district to convey her to the corporate house on a private estate in the nearby Cascade Mountains. On her arrival, the first thing she noted was three-fold... the estate was beyond elegant... the lake was

shimmering and lastly, the view of Mount Rainier was stunning with its more than 14,000 foot peak painted to perfection in the new season's snows.

For a moment, on exiting the car, Julie just stood and looked in awe at all around her, barely realizing she was a part of this world now. Yes, she had been reared in this area... But not on this side of the fence. In all things, there are multiple perspectives, and this was no exception, certainly. Still the vast difference between the view from outside the fence and that to be had from inside was a contrast in life itself.

"Juliana, how wonderful to see you here!" the beautiful blonde woman said in earnest. "I am sure you will enjoy your stay and, in fact, I intend to see that you do so! If there is anything that is less than totally perfect at any time, please, let me know immediately... It is absolutely essential that my guests are treated royally!"

"Thank you Margaret," the girl replied, "I am so thankful for the invitation and for your willingness to teach me and help me to succeed."

"Please call me Meg when were away from the company," the woman stated. "When you succeed, we all succeed! In our business, what serves one, serves all."

Meg the, leaned in and gave the younger woman a light kiss of welcome and took her arm to lead her inside. "Let's get you settled, my dear...Take some time to freshen up then meet me on the deck if you would... We have much to discuss and decisions to make. We have the place to ourselves for the next two days, then we will meet the others at the lodge for the weekend... I wanted this time with just you so we might explore and identify our mutual interests... "



Juliana spent some time deciding what to wear. It was well down in the fall, so a bikini was out, she felt. Besides, for a first meeting that would be considered a bit presumptuous and far too forward. She finally chose a nearly sheer top with a bit of a shawl, should it begin to chill, and very slim pair of lace trim Capri pants with matching heels, leaving a bare midriff and shoulders. She added super long dangling earrings of gold to accent her neck and peek from beneath her hair... In all, she thought, she was a very sweet and tasty package and certainly worthy of communing with the wife of the Chairman of the Board...

When the girl arrived at the appointed spot, her first surprise was to see Margaret... Meg... in a very skimpy bikini that left little to the imagination and even less to reality. Her second surprise was that this deck was, in fact, a glass enclosed atrium... Warm and summer-like even so late in the fall. The glass in no way inhibited the view across the lake and up the slopes of the great mountain across the way. The view was literally breath-taking and if that were not enough, Meg served to define the meaning of exquisite!

The effect and the girl's reaction to it were not lost on the blonde as she moved to take Julia's hand and lead her to a pair of loungers situated such that, while neither lost their view of the outdoor scene, neither did either lose their view of each other.

As the pair were seated, Meg allowed her hand to linger a moment on the younger woman's cheek before leaning forward to kiss her gently on the lips... It was not a long, sensuous kiss, but shorter with the promise of much more to come...

Julia, on receiving this, her first such kiss ever from a woman... Any woman... Let alone the absolutely gorgeous wife of her ultimate boss, was at a total loss as to what was expected of her here... Should she respond in kind? Should she move away? Should she stop it now... Though that, she realized was the last thing she wanted to do!

“Ummm... “Meg exclaimed... “All I knew it would be and I could wait no longer, but we have things before us just now... There will be time for US later... I promise!” And, with that, she picked up a small remote device and called for wine on hors d’oeuvres for them.

On arrival, Meg thanked the girl and asked her to secure the area against interruption until she was called again. There was work to be done here and they expected no diminishment.



When the two were settled and quiet ruled, Meg began... “Julie where you are today I was nearly twenty years ago... Except I did not have the MBA you will soon have. I was, however, a very trusted middle manager in an unnamed international concern. Like you, I had the attributes for the position and the willingness to apply them to my best advantage. I tell you this for only one reason... To establish my credibility to tell you what I am about to say while speaking as an authority on the subject... Do you understand from where I speak?”

“I do,” Julie replied. “To be truthful, I have concerns and knew not where to take them...”

“Those come to me! I am your liaison with our company in this respect. You are unique in that you will have a dual chain of command, so to speak... Your own, business related chain, and this, our own niche.”

“Let me begin by telling you something that, if you didn’t know now, you will know first-hand in very short order.” Meg paused a moment to sip her wine, then continued... “International business is lubricated with pussy juice! Sex sells our products and procures our supplies. We, you and I, are as much in demand and in more control of this business than any executive in any boardroom in the world... Including my dear husband... For all he thinks he’s the one in control.”

“Men run on testosterone and women who know how to control that, own them. This is nothing new... It has been so since biblical times... Read of Abraham and his many concubines... Of Solomon... Delilah... From them down through the ages through Roman rule to the great courtesans of the middle ages clear to Monica Lewinsky and beyond... Women who service man’s urges rule the world from flat on their back with their feet in the air!”

In the last half century, a new aspect has arisen... Or, at least, become more open and prominent and that is women in business... In the boardroom... In those men’s positions... but, understand this, although the gender has changed, the message has not! Those women in those positions are equally as susceptible to our charms as their male, counterparts have always been. Understand... And this is outrageously important... It is not a 100% thing... There is a percentage who would reject our advances forcefully and immediately! That’s OK... Let it be and approach the 90% who are susceptible.”

Today there are approximately three times as many gay women as there are gay men in this country, and it is even more predominant when discussing bisexual women... A recent study by a major university has shown that as many as one-third of women have had same gender sex and would do so again if the right situation presented itself... And that is only counting those who are willing to admit to it and to discuss it. It is my belief that the actual numbers are probably twice that in the general population and approaching 90% in the boardroom.”

“Now, darling,” Meg continued as Julia sipped her wine and listened intently, “I imagine you were wondering how you identify the ‘right woman’,” and at the nod of the tall brunette’s head, she continued, “The same way we do it with men... We approach them with that ‘I am available’ attitude and read their body language like you would read the latest Stephen King novel... One word at a time! A woman will convey her needs to you equally as readily as a man... We just we just have to know how to read that language.”

“We will work together this weekend, and by the time it is over, you will be at ease with either man or woman. I have seen you with men and you need no coaching there... You are in total control. We only

have to improve your mining skills for data and information... It's great and very lucrative to bring home the signed order but it's even greater to get the inside information... What is coming up in the near future... Who's been nosing around in their books... That sort of thing."

"That information could lead to advanced knowledge of a buyout or merger and about three of those at the right time can make Julia, as it did Meg, a very, very rich girl! And... No one objects to that, do they?"



With A soft laugh, Julia said, "No dear, certainly not me... Which brings up an ethical point I need clarification on... "

"What to do with an about the 'gifts' your friends give you?" Meg asked.

Add a nod from the girl she continued, "You work for the company... All orders, all intelligence gathered and all of your loyalty belong with them. They pay you very well for that information and they deserve that... Everything else is yours! I know you have received several thousand dollars in gifts and 'under the table' monies from the company... Those are yours and yours alone..."

"But," Julie stuttered, "in the four meetings we have had, it amounts to over \$25,000... Much of it in pure gold and stocks..."

"Yes!" Meg stated, "and totally untraceable! I will set you up with our private accountants to handle your salary, bonuses and all stocks and bonds you receive. They know how to create a paper trail that shows you researched these companies before you bought their stock so there is no smell of insider trading. Any cash you received, convert into precious metals, especially gold and platinum, and add that to the metals you've been given. Invest in the best safe money can buy... And, again, I'll have our people

get with you on that. Put those metals in that safe and let no one know what you have. It's no-one's business now, is it? That came to you as a gift and no government agency needs to ever know about it... Ever! Yes, that is stretching the legal point, but it's how I feel."

"Julia, the cold hard facts are that you have only about twelve to fifteen years of prime earning time, but if you handle yourself as I know you can, you will be a millionaire in six years and be approaching multi-millionaire status by age forty or so... I know this to be true because I did it!"

"What?" Julia blurted out, "Did you mean you have done this as you just described it? Are you now in that financial state?"



"I mean exactly that," Meg continued. "I worked at what you are doing for twelve years from twenty to thirty-two. I married Alain when I was twenty-nine, and continued on for three more years. I still step forward now and again when someone catches my eye or if they happen to have a thing for a more mature woman. I especially like doing so with foreign women... I might even cut your time with an especially gorgeous Middle Eastern woman!"

"And your husband accepts that?"

"Sweetheart, I love my husband very much... We are a wonderful team, but that is our limit... Alain is gay..."

The silence the followed was deafening in its intensity... For minutes, no word was spoken while the meaning and impact of this revelation filtered through the younger woman's mind. Finally, she spoke...

"I had no idea... And I would never have suspected such from my time spent with him... And you two look the perfect couple... Loving, caring, successful and very close."

“Oh,” Meg replied, “we are all of that and more. Add dedicated and loyal to your list, but remove sexual from the equation. In all other ways we are an ideal match, and even that has not diminished us. We love one another very much in all ways but that one.”

“In actuality,” she continued, answering Julie’s next question before she get it out of her mouth, “it works better for us this way as it has allowed me to pursue my career and goal without jeopardizing what we have together. Being completely bisexual with a heavy preference for my own gender, has allowed me to execute my prerogative for my company with men without being romantically linked to any of them. This has allowed me to mine them for that which I needed to do my job and serve my purposes.”

“I can see your point, and I can see how that would have been for you with your goals, but I’m not sure I’m wired that way...”

“You, probably are not... I am,” Meg asserted. “I am very much like the Courtesans of the middle ages. In fact, I would have been very much at home in sixteenth century Venice... Their times were not so much different from ours... It is the woman who can separate sex from romance who prospers financially. Then, as now, a woman’s favors are sought after... i.e., pussy ruled... The fact that it was not available casually to the commoner made it even more valuable to the nobility and the landed gentry.”

“In my mind, I have it all... I have a wealthy, powerful husband and respect in the community I inhabit. I am wealthy in my own right with an income that others can only dream about... I am free to take a lover when and where I wish and I am totally unencumbered by guilt from any source, for nothing I have achieved or attained was done so illegally. Even the information that allowed me to make the purchases, moves and manipulations I did to gain this position were freely given and never coerced nor stolen.”

The fact is, men love to talk to a pretty girl and will do anything to make that happen... Up to and including mortgaging their souls to the devil for favor from the right woman. I never asked that... In fact, I never accepted a gift from anyone I did not feel capable of affording them. You do understand

that, don't you? In the few weeks you have been with us, have you received anything from anyone who was not able to afford it?"

"No," Julia answered with a smile. "Short of seeing their financial statement, I could not be more sure of their solvency..."

"Yes," Meg responded, "and, we have the financial statements of those we point you to in this quest. If there is any doubt on our part, we would let you know before the fact. We are building relationships for long-term business endeavors, not for one-night stands."

"I find your reference to Venice to be most interesting," Julia stated, "but weren't the Courtesans of that era more of a prostitute than a confidante though..."

"Oh, not true," Meg rejoined. "They were artists, musicians, poets... Whatever was called for at the time. It's true that some were little more than a high-class call-girl, most were very talented and very much the reserved lady... But were very well trained in the ways of pleasing a man. Of course, they had to be more subtle in how they went about it, but the end result was, still, very much the same... sex for information... sometimes, I really feel I was part of that era... that I lived there and then..."

As the talk ebbed a bit, Meg moved to the girl and, taking her into her arms, she looked directly into her eyes and said, now "Now, how about showing me what you have learned about pleasing a woman..." And the two shut out of all else around them and just concentrated on the feelings that were surging through their bodies...