



Her Client

DON'T IGNORE YOUR CLIENTS

HER CLIENT TRILOGY
BOOK 1

RICHARD
VERRY

HER CLIENT (PREVIEW)

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Book 1 of the 'Client Trilogy'

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Richard Verry

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This book is intended for adult mature audiences only.

This book is a dark, gritty, realistic depiction of the darker side of human depravity. It contains criminal scenes of sexual assault, violence, bondage, brutality, sadism, and strong language. This book is suitable to readers above the age of 18, and who are not offended by realistic dark topics. It is part erotica and part suspense thriller. Read it with an open mind or don't read it at all.

Concepts presented in this book are not the beliefs or morals of the author.

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Prolog

What happens when you ignore a client?

What happens when they lose a ton of money as a result?

They want compensation.

They want their money back.

They want payback.

Jolene must compensate the client.

Her story is gritty and brutal.

Her experience is cruel and sadistic.

It is terrifying and never, ever ending.

What happened to her could happen to anyone.

It could happen to you.

Chapter One

“Damn, what a really rough day. I’m so looking forward to getting home, opening a bottle of wine, and relaxing in a nice hot bath.” Jolene thought to herself as she made her way out of her office. She had been dealing with crisis continuously all day. “What was the matter with everyone today? Couldn’t they solve their own goddamn issues without involving me?” she complained to no one in particular.

Jolene worked as an account manager in a downtown high-rise office. Her portfolio numbered dozens of high paying but high maintenance clients. It just seemed that they all wanted her personal attention, today of all days. Tomorrow she would celebrate her thirtieth birthday. Today, she just wanted to get out of work early and celebrate her last day of being a twenty-something. Now, she was too exhausted to think about going out drinking with the girls and picking up a hot hunk who would fuck her silly.

Later perhaps but right now, she was too tired to think. Thank god, she didn’t need to drive. Her taxi would take her the whole way home. She tried to get the day out of her mind. The issues, stupid as they were, seemed to invade her thoughts incessantly. Try as she might, she could not shut them out.

Take, for instance, the Jeremy account. It was one of her smaller accounts but he seemed to take up a bigger proportion of her time. Somedays, she thought keeping his account wasn’t worth it. Today was one such day. He needed just a little reassurance his account was being handled. She did that and she worked hard to ensure its growth. It didn’t matter whether the numbers were up or down today.

Overall, the performance of his portfolio realized a long and steady growth in capital. Today’s performance fell within expected ranges. However, for some reason, her secretary could not reassure him at all. Instead, he demanded to speak to her and only her. She felt awful that whenever he called as she was already tied up with someone else’s problems. She resolved to call him back first thing in the morning, apologize, and reassure him. Depending upon the outcome of the call, she would decide whether she would ask him to take his business elsewhere, the devil be damned what her boss would say.

As her taxi pulled up in front of her high-rise building, she paid the driver and included a generous tip, knowing the driver made the bulk of his living on tips. Taking in a breath of fresh air, she stood a moment in her red high-heel stilettos and stared up at her building. A nice day but winter appeared to be just around the corner. The signs were all in the air. Soon, she would need to swap out her wardrobe for something more appropriate for the season. The tight knit dress she wore hugged her every curve and embellished her ample chest would not do with the blustery season coming.

Walking past the doorman, she greeted him with her customary greeting. “Ms. Jones, is everything all right?” Jolene heard jolting her out of her reverie.

“Huh? Oh, sorry, yes, everything is fine. I just had a really long hard day. I’m looking forward to a nice hot bath.”

“Very good ma’am, it sounds relaxing. I hope you enjoy yourself. If you need anything, please let me know.”

“Thank you, George. I appreciate it. How was your day?” she asked him as he held the door open

for her.

“It’s been a good day ma'am, for the missus too. We just got the word our oldest is pregnant for the first time.”

“Oh how splendid! You must be very proud. Will this be your first grandchild?”

“Yes ma'am. It will be. We’re already looking forward to its arrival.”

“Well how wonderful? Please pass on my congratulations to your missus.”

“I will do, Ms. Jones. I surely will” he responded with a big smile.

Walking across the lobby, Jolene tried to smile at his good fortune but found her thoughts still a muddled chaos of the issues of the day. Pressing the up button for the elevator, she couldn’t wait for the car to arrive, which would take her swiftly to the penthouse floor and to her apartment.

“Come on,” she muttered to herself a bit impatiently when the elevator doors did not immediately open.

“Finally” she whispered as the elevator doors granted her admittance. Riding up ninety floors to her penthouse apartment took only a brief time. As the doors opened on her floor, she quickly stepped up to her door. After fumbling a bit for her keys, she inserted the proper key into the lock and opened the door.

Chapter Two

Jeremy tried all day to reach that bitch of an account manager but to no avail. Never once did she call him back. He really needed to sell some of his assets and it needed to be today. “Didn’t the secretary tell the bitch just how important she needed to call me back?”

His fuming growing stronger as the day progressed; Jeremy’s anger grew proportionally to the hours that passed without a return call. When the five o’clock hour finally passed without a return call, he knew she wouldn’t be calling, at least for today. Even if she did, it was too late to do anything. The bitch cost him big money and one way or another, he was going to get it back or take it out on her hide.

As he stewed, a response in dealing with the bitch settled in his brain. This is why he now waited inside her high-rise penthouse, ready to pounce on her when she returned. It took some time to gain access to the apartment unobserved but he managed it.

Everything he needed rested inside the bag he left in the living room, a room overlooking the city where the night prepared to settle in. City lights were appearing like sparkling jewels. Before too long, it would be dark and his fun time with Jolene would begin.

Yes, this night, she would be all his.

Tonight, she would learn the importance of taking his calls. She would know never to ignore him. He would be first on her mind. Tonight, she would soothe his anger and disappointment. She would make it all right and tomorrow the damage to his account would be repaired.

As the shadows began creeping along the floor, indicating night beginning to settle in, he finally heard the key in the lock. Taking his position, he watched in anticipation as the lock began to turn. His heart thumping hard, his excitement and determination rose to ever-increasing heights.

Ducking out of sight, he couldn’t help but peek as the door began to swing open. At last, he got his first glimpse of her hand reaching through the crack in the door. Her long fingers with their manicured nails painted a nice shade of glossy red stuck in his mind.

Fingers that were about to belong to him.

Chapter Three

“Whew, home at last.” Jolene thought to herself as her door opened and she stepped into her apartment.

After dumping her keys in the silver tray on the foyer table, she dropped her purse and attaché case on the floor. Pressing her hands against the small of her back, she arched her stiff back in a graceful relaxing stretch. Stepping into the main part of her apartment, she took in the sight of the city before her.

She loved the view from her living room. The floor to ceiling windows stretched from wall to wall, presenting the large expanse of the city. This time of day, she could see the buildings cast their shadows across the face of the city. Soon, all she would be able to see would be the forest of lights from windows of her neighbors. Perhaps she would get some joy in watching a couple or two enjoined in the throes of passion.

Right now, though, a glass of wine sat on the forefront of her mind. Wine would wash away the stresses of the day and crises that would surely arise tomorrow. Walking up to her wine bar, she bent over to select a nice bottle of red from her wine fridge.

“Hmmm, yes, a nice bottle of Merlot would do the trick just nicely.”

Standing up again, she placed the bottle on the bar and brought down a tall wineglass from the rack. Reaching for the bottle opener, a premonition intruded her thoughts. Her survival instinct suddenly engaged as the hairs on the back of her neck suddenly stood up. Too quickly to react, a gloved hand suddenly clamped itself across her mouth while another wrapped itself around her waist, trapping both her arms against her sides.

Jolene screamed but only a muffled sound barely leaked out from behind the leather gloves covering her mouth. Lifted up off the floor, her legs flailing and kicking, her attacker threw face down onto the floor, landing on top of her.

“Ummpphhhh,” came the sound of air being forcefully expelled from her lungs.

Stunned from the excruciating blow to her chest and gut, Jolene was powerless to resist him. Instead, she concentrated on recovering from being slammed to the ground. She found it nearly impossible to breathe as the center of her chest shrieked in agony. As she recovered bit by bit, she felt dismayed to find her attacker lying on top of her, crossing his legs over her ankles, totally immobilizing her.

Struggling, she tried to roll out from under him but he was too strong, too heavy for her to make any progress. Chest heaving and close to panicking, she feared what he would do to her. She tried to move her arms only to find they too were restrained.

She was about to scream again but feeling his breath pass by her ear, his gloved hand still clamped around her mouth, she heard him say. “Shhh! little one, it’ll be all right. Just relax.”

Jolene tried to scream louder but the screaming existed only in her head.

“Shhh, I said. Do you not know how to do as you’re told?” he said to her.

“Hmmm, eh?” she managed through the leather glove.

“What’s that bitch?” he whispered into her ear. “Was that a yes or a no?”

“Ahhh, yes,” she managed to croak out through a nod of her head rather than the words themselves that conveyed her answer.

“Good my precious, very good. Just relax and it’ll go better for you,” she heard him say.

Nodding as best as she could, Jolene tried to calm her terror and plan her escape. Slow going and difficult, she eventually felt her chest relax and her mind retake control of her panic.

“Good, that’s better love. Will you be a good girl for me?”

Jolene could only nod her affirmation to the question but agreeing was the furthest thing on her mind. She knew being a good girl for this bastard would never happen. She would need to wait for her opportunity to escape.

“Good. I’m glad to hear it. No tricks, though. I know you are planning something, just waiting for an opportunity. Trust me. You will not get the opportunity. Therefore, you might as well accept your situation and deal with it. It’ll go better for you. Do you understand me?” He asked.

“Ahhh uhh” she managed to utter with her resignation to his demands.

“Now, I’m going to remove my hand from your mouth. You’re not to scream. Just remember, if you do, no one will hear you. These walls of your apartment are well insulated. I know. I built this building. I just don’t want to deal with your screaming right now. That’ll come later. Are you going to scream?”

“Arghhhhh” she responded shaking her head indicating the negative.

Slowly, she felt him withdraw his gloved hand from her mouth. She thought about screaming anyway. Remembering his warning about the insulated walls, she realized the truth in his statement. Never once in the years she lived here, did she ever once hear her neighbors in the apartments next door, including when she knew they were having a loud party.

“He’s right. Screaming won’t do a thing for me right now.” She confirmed to herself.

“Well, I guess you are as intelligent as I hoped you would be.” He whispered into her ear. “I’m glad you thought twice about screaming and came to the right decision. I really want to be able to talk to you right now.”

“What ... do ... you ... want?” Jolene managed to ask, croaking the words out as she tried to use her crushed diaphragm to speak.

“What do I want? Well, that’s the question, isn’t it? What I want? I want you. I want your respect. I want your consideration.” he answered her.

“Huh? Do I know him? What can he possibly want from me?” she thought to herself.

Me? He wants me? He wants my respect? I don’t understand. Well, sitting on me is the very last way he’ll ever get my respect. Her thoughts ran wild with speculation. What was he doing here? What did he want? Hundreds of similar questions raced through her thoughts in the blink of an eye.

She found it interesting that the day’s crises, which consumed her day, the stuff she couldn’t shed earlier, vanished completely from her thoughts. She didn’t realize it now, but later, after reflecting upon her ordeal, she would.

“Surprised, my bitch?”

She could only manage a nod of her head in response.

“Well, you shouldn’t be. What did you think? Did I want to rob you? Rape you? No, not what I want. You should reconsider. As I said, I want you. I want your respect. Right now, you don’t respect me, do you?”

Thinking about his words, she tried to figure out his end game. If he didn’t want money or sex then what did he want?

“Still perplexed, well, you’ll figure it out in good time. You will certainly have plenty of time. I can’t wait until you do. In the meantime, we will enjoy lots of good fun together.”

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Author's Notes

Thank you for reading the preview to Jolene's story. I hope you enjoyed reading it. You can read the rest of the story, available on my website and your favorite book retailer.

Jolene's story continues in the next segment of this series 'Her Overseer' as a victim of human trafficking taking an even darker and more twisted journey into the realm of depravity.

I wrote 'Her Client Trilogy' simply to take my mind off a different story line I was working on. I needed a distraction. However, as the story developed, it took on a dark, twisted, and sadistic slant. I didn't intended to make it so brutal but that's how it came out. It's a better story for it.

I encourage you to share the 'Her Client Trilogy' with your friends and acquaintances. Please consider posting a review.

Other Books by Richard Verry

The Mona Bendarova Adventures

The Taste of Honey (Book #1)

Broken Steele (Book #2)

Lucky Bitch (Book #3)

Client Trilogy

Her Client (Book #1)

Her Overseer (Book #2)

Her Essentia (Book #3)

Novellas

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Short Stores

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About the Author

Richard Verry is an Information Technologies Engineer who has coded and supported computer systems for decades.

Two decades ago, he started feeling something lacking in his life. He made radical changes and began experimenting with wider social and creative avenues.

He wrote his first short story in 2007 and along the way, created a vast gallery of artwork of oil and watercolor paintings, sketches, and drawings. Shortly thereafter, he began writing full-length novels and novellas where he is finally able to capture some of the ideas and story concepts constantly invading his mind.

Richard grew up and lives on the North East Coast of America where he lives with the love of his life, Janet. He enjoys skinny, sugar-free vanilla lattes and kamikaze cocktails with a good steak.

Richard ponders, sometimes to the point of excess, the myriad of images and scenarios, which could be used in his artwork and writings. A rare few eventually come to life.