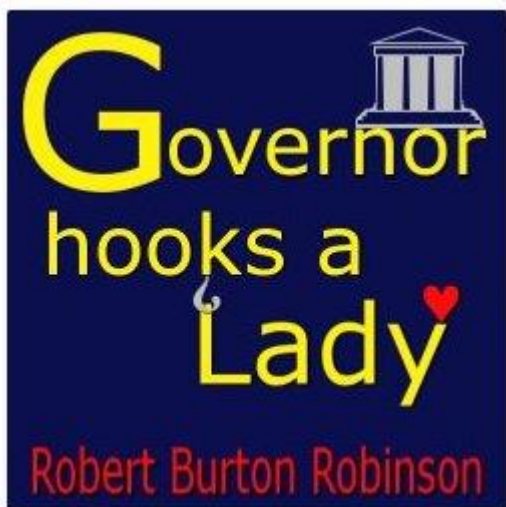


Governor Hooks a Lady

by Robert Burton Robinson



GENRE: Humor. LENGTH: 762 words. SYNOPSIS: The new governor is flying high—until a certain lady brings him back down to earth.

“I’m just not comfortable with this, Lucas.”

“Look, Henry, it’s just another task. You’ve always done everything I asked of you without question. This should be no different.”

“But, Sir, it *is* different. You’re the youngest governor the people of this state have ever elected. Honestly, I wasn’t sure we could pull it off. But we did. And now that we’re here, we just can’t take chances anymore. The other side would do anything to bring you down. And if word of this ever leaked out—”

“—just set it up exactly as I told you and nobody will ever know. She’ll never see me. She’ll never even hear my voice.” The governor stood up from his enormous desk—a not-so-subtle hint for his long-time advisor to leave.

Henry stood up, but was not ready to go. “What if she doesn’t follow the instructions? What if she turns on the lights?”

“No problem. I’ve got the National Guard at my disposal. I’ll just give them a call and—“

“—Sir, this is not funny. If anybody ever finds out, you’re dead in the water. And it’s not just you. What about your staff? You’re putting us all at risk. So, you see, Sir—it’s not really worth it.”

The governor turned around and gazed out across the finely-manicured lawn below. “Just do it, Henry. And get out of my office—you’re starting to irritate me. You don’t want to irritate the most powerful man in the state, now do you, Henry?”

“No, Sir.” He paused. “I’ll take care of it, Sir.”

Creamy was not her real name. Philip had bestowed that lovely alias upon her some two months earlier. When she had first approached him, he’d been hesitant to hire her. But after clients began to rave about her skills and ask for her by name, he knew he had made the right decision. She had quickly become a prime money-maker.

So, it was no surprise that Philip had chosen her for this \$2,000 job. He'd finally made the big-time. And he wanted to be absolutely sure this special john got his money's worth.

Creamy had been impressed when Philip told her the location for the job. She'd spent a few nights within the ornate walls of the fancy hotel, but never transacted any business there.

Philip had gone over the instructions with her at least five times. She pushed on the door and it opened, as expected. A key card dropped to the floor. She realized that the client had lodged it between the door lock and the frame.

She quickly stepped inside. In the split second before the door closed she saw that the john was in bed, with the sheet pulled over his head. This too was expected.

At first, all she could see was the moonlight seeping in at the edges of the curtain. As her eyes began to adjust, she located the outline of the bed.

Her instructions stipulated that neither she nor the john would speak. Moaning, panting, and heavy breathing were all good—but no talking was allowed.

She stripped down to her negligee. She wasn't quite sure how to handle the no-talking rule. Some of the most effective tools in her arsenal were verbal. She could really get a guy going with what she said—and the way she said it. So, this would be her greatest challenge.

Creamy lifted the edge of the sheet and slid into bed with the mystery man. Wait—did she know for certain it was a man?

The governor began to put his hands all over her body.

Feels like a man's hands, she thought.

First, he felt her chest. Very nice, he thought. And he liked her flat stomach. The thighs were firm. At any moment he would rip off her flimsy nightie and get down to business. He loved getting down to business—as a litigator, as lieutenant governor, as governor, as a lover. In each and every capacity, he was voracious and insatiable.

Creamy sensed that he was about to attack. She could handle whatever he threw at her. But she wondered what he looked like. She ran her fingers through his hair and began to feel his face. Then she felt a small mole at the top of his left ear. She quickly checked below the earlobe—and found the *other* mole. She knew she wasn't supposed to speak, but she couldn't help herself. "Lucas?"

The governor jumped back in horror. "Mother????!!!!!!!"

THE END

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