

BIRTH OF AN AMERICAN GIGOLO

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[Chapter 1 Only](#)

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"Attraction begins with the eyes and the body. But seduction begins with words.
Charm the mind, and the body will follow. "

Henry S. Alabaster

Love, Life, and Other Bric-a-brac

Part 1

Chapter 1

Lindsey's nose hairs curled as odor from the bag on the floor assaulted her. She pushed the brown paper sack away with her foot, but the aroma still besieged her, encircling her head like rabid biplanes taking down a giant gorilla before it destroyed New York City. The little waiting room provided no alcove to escape the stench and no window from which to throw it.

Laughter echoed from behind the closed conference room door, and she drummed her fingers against her crossed arms. If she could have shot laser beams from her eyes, she would have singed the inhabitants.

The voices drew nearer, and her husband, Stewart, emerged from the entrance, though his attention remained absorbed by someone behind him. "Thanks for taking care of that, Cindie." He pointed his finger like a gun and dropped the thumb hammer. "Pa-pow! You're the best!"

A shrill little laugh replied, "Anything for you, Stewie."

Lindsey ground her teeth together until her jaw ached and her temples threatened to split open like the San Andreas Fault.

Stewart halted mid-stride, breathed in deep through his nose, and rolled his eyes. Inhaling the stench should have sent him into a spastic seizure. He smiled a goofy, lopsided grin. "Smells so good." His I-just-had-a-nasal-orgasm gaze settled on Lindsey. "Hey!"

Before she could reply, he grabbed the bag and headed across the hall and into his office, motioning with his head for her to follow. "Come. Join me."

She groaned but trailed after him.

Underlying music thrummed, meditative and medieval, in the background. Every time Lindsey heard it, she imagined primitive natives dancing around a fire, chanting, and beating their drums...right before they cut the heart out of a sacrificial virgin in the name of some manic rooster god. Stewart claimed he liked to lie on the office couch and "become one" with the music. It gave him time for "introspection and reflecting." But Lindsey had suspected for weeks that Stewart got laid on the couch, and the only thing he "became one" with was Cindie.

Lindsey didn't have solid evidence...yet. But along with the arrival of Stewart's new secretary had come long hours at work, frumpier-than-usual clothes, his weird new diet, an odd affection for drum chants, and lots of meals at the office. The coincidental life changes created a clearer picture than the best Canon on the market. Her day of reckoning awaited.

Stewart rummaged through the bag, placing the items on his desk. Vegetable spring rolls with hemp tofu sauce, kimchi, natto. He frowned and popped the lid of a large plastic bowl, releasing the smell to waft out uninhibited. The stench, almost visible to the naked eye, attacked Lindsey. Her runny nose turned into a torrent of snot, and her pupils shrank to pinpricks as though retreating from Stewart's sustenance.

She glared at her husband's downturned face. "What's the matter?"

He sighed, shook his head, and tapped the ToYuck label stuck to the lid. "I was reading an article about the dirty conditions of this place." He eyed the salad as if the owners of the food processing plant had snuck in and sprinkled botulin toxin on it just to mess with him.

She grabbed the bowl and peered inside. While it smelled like a roadkill smoothie, it still looked like the usual mulch and mixed-weed blend he always ate. She scowled at him. "What are you talking about? What article?"

He plopped into his chair. "Cindie showed it to me. You should read it; you'll never eat pre-packaged food again. The place is disgusting: rats, roaches, and worse. Squalid conditions for the employees. They never clean anything. Failed two of their last three health inspections. Plus, they've been caught using illegal migrant workers."

Her blood started to boil. Stewart's assistant, Cindie, the curly-but-fake-bleached-blonde haired, hundred pound elfin, who wore earthy, billowy dresses and no bra—not that her teacup-sized tits needed any support—health-nut, woman of the soil, everything-has-to-be-organic-and-no-impact-on-mother-Earth hypocritical bitch.

Lindsey referred to the little trollop as *Cindie Brady* or simply *the Elfin*, which, to Lindsey's delight, drove Stewart crazy. Cindie often extolled the healing powers of bean sprouts grown on the side of some mountain in South Africa, which had to be harvested by a virgin medicine woman during the first full lunar eclipse of the year.

But today, the Elfin prattled on about the planet-saving benefits of her homemade, Earth-friendly laundry detergent. "Oh, Lindsey, you should try it. Your clothes smell and feel great. Plus, you have a clear conscience knowing you aren't ruining the habitat for the endangered mole rats of Nicaragua." Or some such nonsense; Lindsey had tuned out right around the time the Elfin had been born.

She'd hated Cindie on sight and loathed her asinine blather about tree-hugging this and eco that. The woman rode a scooter or walked everywhere, ordered everything online from planet-saving sites, paying the premium energy

credit to have it shipped via sunbeam, and looked down on anyone who didn't do the same.

Unlike Lindsey, the Elfin had never pushed any linebacker-sized babies through her little Barbie Doll hips, not that she would have even survived such an ordeal. If she'd tried, she probably would have insisted on doing it in a Chinese bath—the water having to have come from a mother effing spring on the top of Mt. Fuji, collected by the damned Buddha himself.

Cindie didn't have to drive kids all over town to various soccer, dance, and football events. Didn't have to do piles of laundry because *no one* in her family knew that it was okay to wear the same set of clothes all day. *Yes, you can put those same jeans you wore to school back on after debate and soccer and football.*

Stewart opened his laptop.

She huffed. "What do you want to eat then?"

He clicked and started typing. "HmMMM?"

She took several deep breaths to keep herself from shoving his face into the keyboard and slamming the lid on his head. "Lunch." She gave the word special emphasis to highlight his idiocy. "What do you want for lunch?"

He continued typing. "Let's go to Veganismus down the street. Let me finish this email, and we'll leave."

Anxious to be out of the noxious, fume-filled room, Lindsey spun on her heels, but she marched out of the smoke and right into the fire. Cindie sat at her secretary's desk to the left of Stewart's door.

The Elfin gave her a placating smile. "Oh, hi, Lindsey. I thought I heard your voice."

Lindsey considered the merits of ignoring the bitch and walking out of the office, but her pride wouldn't let this wisp of a woman have the satisfaction of seeing her run.

Cindie held out a tissue. "You've got a little something here." She tapped the skin under her little button nose.

Lindsey snatched the tissue and wiped the snot that had collected above her upper lip. *Damn Stewart and his Asian spiced crap.*

"So, Lindsey, I've been meaning to talk to you. As you probably know, Stewie and I are reading this book about holistic child rearing."

"You've what? What book?"

Cindie smirked. "It's one in a series by Dr. Crock. I keep my copy by my bed. Reading it helps me float off to Slumberland, dreaming about the day I get to be as lucky as you and have little ones of my own."

Lindsey pointed then dropped the thumb-hammer of her make-believe gun. “Pa-pow! You can have mine.”

The Elfin’s shrill little giggle scraped Lindsey’s nerves, giving her a rug burn more vicious than the sharpest cheese grater. Cindie’s fake smile faded. “Anyway, I wondered if you still let the kids watch TV.”

“Huh? Still? What are you talking about?” Lindsey had been prepared for more of the Elfin’s organic diet blather, but this question caught her off guard. Her thermostat began to rise again, the mercury pulsing hot and hard through the veins in her forehead as she glared down at the little waif.

“Well...” Cindie had either missed or blatantly ignored the Charles Manson look in Lindsey’s eyes—the one that could peel wall paper and kill small mammals with its laser-like intensity. Even Stewart knew to shut up and slink away when he saw *The Look*. But Cindie either hadn’t cared or had simply been too stupid to realize the danger, so she plowed on.

The Elfin folded her hands on her desk and assumed a professorial voice. “According to Dr. Crock, U.S. children watch five hours of TV a day and even more on the weekends. That’s one of the reasons all the other countries of the world are passing us intellectually.”

She pointed at Lindsey as if driving home a particularly vital piece of information. “Did you know the average fourth grader child in Asian countries actually scores better than most U.S. high school seniors in both math and science?” She held up her hands. “Why, the Chinese can’t even *afford* the TVs they make! Instead, they use that time for meditation and studying the ancient arts of their ancestors. And the children spend at least three hours a day working with their parents.”

Cindie reached over and placed her hand on Lindsey’s arm. “Usually with their *mom*, on homework, religion, and family values.”

The Elfin dropped the hand Lindsey had been about to bite and placed it on her hip. She’d tapped her lips with a chewed, rough fingernail. “You know, they really have that right too. We are so messed up here in the west with all our conflicting religions vying for your dollar. They just have the one religion over there, at least they did before missionaries from the U.S. decided to ‘help’ them ‘see’ things our way.” She did air quotes for both “help” and “see.”

Lindsey “saw” red. Her brother had died serving his country. She seethed over the ungrateful hypocrisy of this hussy putting down the nation that gave her little immigrant ass the freedom to say such things. Nothing short of jumping up on the Elfin’s desk, wrapping her hands around the woman’s scrawny little neck, and squeezing until her itty bitty eyes popped like champagne corks could have

adequately expressed Lindsey's disapproval of the Elfin's foreign policy opinions. *Here are some family values for you, Cindie Effing Brady. How would you like to discuss these ideas with your ancestors personally?*

Stewart walked out before his wife committed a felony and must have summed up the situation—Stalin vs. Gandhi, David vs. Goliath, Hitler vs. Muhammad—because he guided Lindsey away from a scene that could have resulted in her incarceration.

Lindsey took a deep breath and snatched her arm away from his grasp. "Where are my containers?"

"What containers?"

Why do the stupid seem to be so drawn to me? Do I have "dolt magnet" written on my forehead or something? "The bowls your lunch was in. You know, the meal I brought for you that you aren't going to eat."

Stewart shrugged. "I guess I left them in the office." He paused, looking at her as though he expected praise for remembering to pull his pants up after taking a dump.

Lindsey rolled her eyes. "No. No. Don't trouble yourself. I'll go get them."
"I..."

But she'd already marched away. She stomped past the Elfin—who didn't bother to look up from texting on her phone—and stormed into Stewart's office. As she began to pack the bowls into the bag, she knocked the ToYuck container that had so offended her husband onto the floor. Stewart hadn't fastened the lid and seaweed soufflé spilled onto the carpet.

To keep from screaming in frustration, she rolled her head back and stared at the ceiling while rubbing her neck. *One... Two... Three... Four... Five...* When she reached ten, she grabbed some napkins from the bag and began to sop up the mess. She had to choke down the bile in her throat that threatened to make her lose her gorge right along with the disgusting concoction...not that there would be much difference between her vomit and Stewart's lunch.

She scooped up the first batch of goo then paused when something shiny caught her eye.

Lindsey reached further under Stewart's desk and retrieved a small foil pouch. *Intense Pleasure Organic to Orgasmic.* Her mind raced. New secretary. New couch. Long hours. Now a used condom wrapper. All these added up to a lying, cheating bastard.

Leaving the napkins and mess on the floor, she stood, spied a letter opener on the desk, and started to reach for it. She paused just before her fingers wrapped

around the shiny but potentially lethal metal stake that would both free her from this humiliation and also land her behind bars for the rest of her life.

She sucked in a lungful of air as she pulled back her hand. *He's not worth it. You will find another way to get back at him, but going to prison isn't it.* She tucked the damning little foil pouch into her purse and walked out of the office. Her mind floated like a balloon, tethered to the rest of her by the thinnest of ribbons—as though her conscience and her body had become two separate things.

Stewart saw her coming and pressed the button for the elevator. As the doors slid open, he tried to grab her elbow and guide her in. Lindsey yanked her arm free. “I’m not in the mood for lunch. You’d best go by yourself.”

Stewart held up his hands. “What’s the matter, Linds? Are you still upset by what Cindie said? You really need to get over that.” He moved as though to join her, but she shoved him back. “I said, I’m not in the mood to eat.”

Lindsey shot daggers out of her eyes until he shook his head and stepped back, and then she pressed the down button.

He offered a limp wave as the door closed. “Hey, I thought you were getting the dishes...”



On the ride to Stewart’s office, Lindsey had stuffed the foul concoction her husband called a lunch into the back of the car. But after several such deliveries, the smell had seeped into the upholstery, split open the plastic and rubber trim, and rusted the hull of the vehicle.

The odor haunted the car like a poltergeist. No one wanted to ride with her anymore—not her friends, not her kids, even the cat objected more than usual on the way to the vet. The menacing, unrelenting olfactory phantom assaulted her anew as soon as she climbed into the driver’s seat, feeding the flames of her fury with roiling, boiling kerosene.

A scream emanated from deep in her tortured soul, shaking the windows and rattling the dash as her primal fury tore from her throat. She jammed the key into the ignition, slammed the transmission into drive, and peeled out of the parking lot. Squealing around corners and flying down the street, she bypassed the road to their home and drove the eighty miles to Yahatts instead. There, she traded in their conservative Subaru wagon for the largest hulking piece of Detroit chrome and steel the U.S. auto industry had to offer.

She'd walked into the dealership, seen the beast, asked if it came in leather, and said she'd take it. After that, Lindsey had driven the hulking monstrosity from the lot to an electronics superstore, where she'd purchased the largest Chinese-made, flat screen TV they had in stock.

This year's Christmas cards would picture her and the kids dressed in camo, posed in front of their new SUV with a dead deer strapped to the hood, each holding a rifle and a turkey leg.

Merry Friggin' Christmas from the Newmans.

Breaking about every road law created since 1945, Lindsey flew back to town. She didn't slow as she crossed the bridge and directed the beast to Stewart's office. Cindie's little Vespa scooter sat parked on the sidewalk in front of the building. When Lindsey's large vehicle bumped up onto the curb with nary a complaint, she floored the accelerator and aimed down the walkway. With a satisfying crunch, the SUV hit the Vespa, smashing it under large, all-terrain tires.

Lindsey slammed on the brakes, dropped the hulking beast into reverse, and drove over the efficient little mode of transportation again. She smiled as one little scooter wheel rolled pathetically out into the street, pirouetted a couple of times, and then came to rest on its side.

She put the SUV into drive and drove the beast home.