
Flown By The Billionaire

By

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Flown By The Billionaire

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Chapter One

Thomas Wolfe believed that, 'you can't go home again'. He obviously hadn't ever been to my home; because, in ten years, precious little had changed. In fact, my parents hadn't altered the décor of their house in over two decades. My bedroom was unchanged since the day I left for college. My twin bed still had the predominantly pink patchwork quilt laid on it. The cream drapes hung in the window. My dressing table still had rosettes, for gymnastics and horseback riding, placed neatly around the mirror. It was the room of an adolescent girl.

So, the fact of the matter is, when I finally accepted the cold hard truth; after three months of searching for another job and desperately trying to make ends meet, I *did* go home again. And it was as if I'd stepped back in time.

Mom and Dad professed they were happy to help me until I got back on my feet, but they were also predictably self-righteous, and I suspected it took everything within them to not scream, 'I told you Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) so' from the rooftops.

"Life in the city can be tough," Mom said. "Your dad and I feared this might happen."

Breathing deeply before responding, I tried not to start an argument. "You had a premonition about Blue Rock laying off a hundred people?" I murmured.

Turning from the bread dough she was mixing, she brushed her floury hands on her white apron. "These things happen," she said tartly. She was only twenty-one when she'd given birth to me. Now, as she started to nudge fifty, she looked pretty good for her age. She was slender, just as she'd been Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) throughout my lifetime, and still had most of her hair color, with just a hint Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) of gray peaking at the temples.

"You're right, Mom," I replied, trying to focus on the laptop that sat before me. "They do."

She continued to lecture me about how I should have been satisfied to get a job locally. I didn't see the sense in arguing with her. It seemed fruitless to point out that I'd been living and working successfully in New York City for just under seven years. She wouldn't have listened. In her opinion, living in the city was the surest way to ruin my life. So, while she relished telling me that I'd made the wrong decision, she was secretly glad that I was back in Woodbridge, Connecticut. It was a sleepy, affluent town, a bubble (or so my parents believed) Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) that kept out all the nastiness of the world.

And God knows Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) they tried to keep me away from the "world". At thirteen, I attended Sacred Heart Academy in Hamden. It was an all-girls Catholic school, which offered the obsessively religious, guilt-laden education that my mom in particular was eager for me to receive. Mom and Dad were both devout Catholics, as were their parents. They expected me to follow suit and become a God-fearing Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) woman, who retained her innocence until Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) marriage. They viewed sex as nothing more than a means of procreation.

Sending me to an all-girls school was intended to help on that front, to keep me away from temptation and ensure that I didn't create temptation in any young man. It worked, at least for a while. By the time I left home for college, I was socially awkward around boys and artless in my conversations with them. Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) I also learned to always be suspicious of Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) their motives. However, I didn't buy into all the Catholic Church had taught me. Gradually, I stopped attending mass on Sundays. Then, I met a guy who pulled me even further from the faith my parents had so desperately wanted me to Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) follow.

Greg was a physics major, a staunch atheist, and one of the most handsome men I'd Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) ever met. He talked to me about the vastness of the

universe, and convinced me that Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) creation myths have always existed in some form.

“Organized religions are a human’s way of trying to understand what seems incomprehensible,” he would tell me. “Nothing more and nothing less.”

My Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) own doubts, which I suspect had simmered under the surface for at least a few years by that point, were stoked Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) by his persuasive arguments. He was incredibly intelligent, charming, and witty. Falling in love with him was ridiculously easy. Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) It was a naïve first love, the kind most of my peers had experienced at sixteen. But it was a fervent, fierce kind of love; one that made me feel that I would do anything Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) for Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) him. However, there was one thing he wanted that I shied away from for a time, not because I didn’t want to give it, but because I was scared. Thankfully, he was much more understanding than I could have hoped for. Slowly but surely, he Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) chipped away at my insecurities.

After nine months of dating, and at the age of twenty-one, I took the final step of defiance against the religious dogma my parents had forced upon me.

Having received absolutely no sex education, my first time was exactly what you might expect: a little clumsy, painful because I was so tense, and, I dare say, it didn’t rock Greg’s world, either.

Afterward, I Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) felt a bizarre mixture of emancipation, coupled with an overriding sense of guilt. Whether I believed what my parents believed or not, I’d let them down. I knew they’d be terribly disappointed if they ever found out.

My relationship with Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) Greg continued for another year after that, but things were strained. We were having sex regularly during that time, but I can’t say I ever really enjoyed it. My mind was always drifting to the things I’d been taught. As much as I wanted to disregard it all, I couldn’t—not entirely. Eventually, once we’d drifted so far apart that neither of us could ignore it Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short

Story) any more, we parted amicably.

That year, we both graduated; he moved to California and I headed to New York, where I'd already secured an intern position Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) at Blue Rock. I moved up quickly, putting in more hours than my fellow trainees. By the time I was twenty-five, I was the fund manager's assistant and I was content.

My love life was sparse and I'd had two boyfriends since Greg. Neither relationship lasted longer than a few months, and just like before, the sex was a disappointment to me. Frustratingly, I knew the problem was mine and not the men I chose. Even masturbating, I found it hard to reach an orgasm, and I would feel misplaced shame at the act. However, sexual gratification quickly became the least of my concerns.

Blue Rock suffered a major hit in the economy crash, and I Flown By The Billionaire (A Sexy Short Story) was one of its casualties. At first, I was disappointed, but not overtly concerned. After all, I thought, I'd be able to get another job without too much hassle. But as the weeks turned to months and every application was either ignored or responded to with a curt decline, I started to panic.

Despite attempts to pinch pennies and beg a little leniency from my landlord, I eventually had to admit defeat and give up my apartment.

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