

ANDREA



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Note from the Author

A reader who requested specific characters and scenes commissioned this book. The commissioned edition contained original drawings by an artist as well but this public version has been confined to the words with the names of the main male character changed.

Please note that this *is* a fantasy!

1. Meeting Andrea.

1.

The boss came through the gym and it was plain she was looking for someone. I focussed on assisting the client with his bench presses and congratulated him on his improvement, conscious that Sienna was watching me.

‘Thanks, Ethan,’ he said as I helped him put the weights on the racks. ‘You’re quite the motivator.’

I accepted the compliment and moved towards a group of women who were eyeing some of the men on the treadmills.

‘You should hit the stairs, ladies,’ I called and they smiled at me, eyes flickering over my body.

The boss insisted that all staff wear the tight, streamlined uniform and I knew the cut of my chest drew the eyes of the females more than once.

If only they knew I poked a sock down the front of my trousers to give me some extra oomph!

‘Ethan!’

I turned around to find Sienna, the owner of the fitness centre, standing near the water cooler. ‘Do you have a minute?’

‘Sure, Boss,’ I said easily and walked over to her. Sienna was lithe and extremely fit. I hadn’t worked at the fitness centre for long and hadn’t had that much to do

with her but had slyly examined her lithe body in the figure hugging lycra from a safe distance.

Truth was, I was quite shy around women, never knowing what to say or how to make the first approach.

‘Walk with me to the office,’ Sienna said and moments later, I was sprawled in her visitor’s chair while Sienna sat behind her modern desk.

‘Do you know Andrea Germaine?’

I shook my head.

‘Andrea came to the fitness centre for a quick visit last week. She is very, very rich!’

‘Nice for her,’ I said.

‘I’m trying to persuade her to invest in the centre. We need to change so much and I don’t have the money to do it. I need a partner.’

I waited, not really caring about Sienna’s money problems.

‘She wants a fitness program...’

‘Tell to come in and I or Jacquie will do it...’

‘I can’t do that!’

I looked up and Sienna sighed.

‘Andrea made it clear she doesn’t want to come into the fitness centre.’

‘Then how is she...’

‘Apparently,’ Sienna said, cutting me off, ‘Ms Germaine has a well equipped gym in her house. Knowing her wealth, it’s probably as big as our entire fitness centre.’

‘Sienna,’ I sighed, ‘will you get on with it?’

‘She wants a personal trainer and will pay for it. She requires a trainer to work with her everyday for a week.’

‘A week, just a week? What on earth for?’

‘Not just for a session but all day for a week!’

‘That’s weird!’

‘She wants to get into shape for something. I didn’t ask. You will find,’ Sienna said wryly, ‘you don’t get many opportunities to get a word in with Ms Andrea Germaine.’

‘I have a full client list. Get Mia or Jacquie to...’

Sienna shook her head.

‘Andrea made it very clear that the trainer was to be male.’

‘She hates women or something?’

‘I don’t know but she wants a bloke! You!’

‘Me? Why me?’

‘You know Colin couldn’t do it, Ethan. It has to be you. She promised to double our fees so you’ll get a lot of extra cash from this.’

‘Are you serious?’

‘Of course I am. Ethan, Ms Germaine has a great deal of influence! She could make or break our Centre! And you can’t deny you want the money!’

‘It would be handy...’

‘Ethan,’ she asked hesitantly, ‘do you know Andrea Germaine?’

I shook my head.

‘Are you sure?’

‘I don’t think I’ve met her. Probably not if she hasn’t come to the gym...’

‘It’s *not* a gym, Ethan!’

‘Sorry, fitness centre.’

‘It’s strange because she asked for you.’

‘Asked for me? Why?’

Sienna shrugged and handed me a piece of paper.

‘I don’t know.’

‘What’s this?’

‘The address of Andrea Germaine’s estate; I said you’d be there at nine tomorrow morning.’

‘Nine! You’re joking!’

‘No, she wanted you to be there at eight! Be grateful I got you another hour to sleep!’

‘Bloody hell!’

‘Ethan,’ Sienna said seriously, ‘you’ve only worked here for a short time and I don’t know you that well but I hope I can rely on you. Be on your best behaviour, Ethan,’ Sienna warned. ‘Don’t make a mess of this!’

2.

I rode my racing bicycle up the hills to the part of the city where the rich and famous congregated. It wasn’t usual for me to visit these affluent suburbs with their palatial mansions and I openly ogled at some of the estates as I wheeled down the tree lined streets.

The racing bicycle was my preferred mode of transport as it kept me fit and was inexpensive.

A high wall surrounded the Germaine estate with closed large iron gates in the centre of the paved driveway. I leaned on the intercom button.

‘Yes?’

The voice through the intercom was male and gruff.

‘Ethan Pitt to see Ms...’

I didn’t get to finish my stammered sentence as the gates creaked open and I wheeled my cycle down a wide paved driveway which was lined by leafy trees. Through the trees, I saw manicured lawns, well kept gardens and flowerbeds.

She must have an army of gardeners and servants, I thought, to keep it all looking like this. I thought of the small house I had grown up in and how my mother had attempt to build a small garden in the back. Mum had dreamed of having a garden but had never managed to achieve her dream.

I then wondered if Andrea Germaine was married.

After parking my bike against a tree, I walked across the driveway, up the steps and rang the doorbell. As the chimes sounded faintly through the house, I wondered what on earth I would say to the woman who owned all of this.

How will I keep the conversation going?

The man who opened the door was huge and dressed in a dark suit, white shirt and a black bow tie. The suit and shirt strained under the threat his massive

shoulders and chest would burst through. His head was hairless and shiny like a chrome bullet and his eyes were small and darting.

He wasn't at all handsome in a traditional sense and even bordered on ugliness. In spite of all this, he looked familiar and with a sudden flash of memory, I recalled seeing him at the fitness centre, working with extremely heavy weights, lifting them like they were made of feathers.

'You follow this way,' he grunted and I followed him down the hallway to an opulent living room. Seated in an expensive leather chair, reading a book, was a woman that I assumed was Andrea Germaine.

She was, I estimated, approximately ten years older than I, although it's always hard to accurately gauge a woman's age, and she was dressed in an understated but elegant fashion in a smart grey skirt, matching half-jacket and cream blouse.

As I approached, she looked up and smiled at me before putting the book carefully onto the polished timber coffee table beside her.

Professionally, I examined her and saw her face was taut and I doubted she was overweight, although she was frankly curvy and a little voluptuous. Perhaps the large breasts that pushed enticingly against the silken fabric of her blouse rendered that impression.

'Mister Pitt,' Andrea Germaine said, her voice full and plummy with upper-class tones. She rose and extended a slender hand with red polish on the

fingernails, bracelets tinkling as she did so and I saw two rings on her fingers. 'I'm Andrea Germaine.'

I was about to mumble something but she ignored me and said to the man who had escorted me, 'thank you, Nikolai. We will, I think, enjoy some coffee.' She turned her dark eyes onto me. 'You *do* drink coffee? Or is it unhealthy or something?'

'I have one cup a day,' I mumbled.

'Excellent. This will be your cup.'

Nikolai left the room, Andrea sat down and gestured at another chair. 'Please sit.'

She watched me as I sat down and then crossed her legs, carefully arranging the hem of her skirt. Ms Germaine was wearing nylons and I wondered what she else was wearing under the skirt.

'I'm going to call you Ethan,' she pronounced, 'and you may call me Andrea. We'll have coffee and then we will have our first session. Is there anything you won't to know?'

'What gym equipment do you have?'

Andrea laughed.

'I *meant* you might want to know some things about me,' she said, eyebrows raised. 'For example, my exercise routine, my height, weight.'

Nikolai arrived with coffee pot on a silver tray and arranged the cups and saucers on the coffee table.

'Leave it, Nikolai,' Andrea said calmly, 'Ethan will pour.'

I blinked at her in surprise and then slowly picked up the ornate coffee pot and poured the black elixir into the cups.

‘I have just a dash of cream,’ she said with a wry smile. ‘I’m afraid I over indulge in the good things of life. However, I balance that indiscretion by not having sugar.’

Silently, I handed her the cup and sipped my own black coffee.

‘I exercise once a day,’ Andrea announced, ‘but I have become a little lax. I need to tighten up so I will look my best for a party I am hosting this coming Saturday evening.’

Andrea put her cup and saucer down onto the coffee table.

‘I haven’t had a drink of alcohol for a week and will not until Saturday night. I don’t smoke and do not eat red meat. How old do you think I am, Ethan?’ Andrea asked sweetly.

‘Ah...I’m not...’ I stammered.

‘My goodness, you’re blushing! Why on earth would a young man full of vim and vigour blush when asked to guess a woman’s age?’

She giggled and my face was quite hot.

‘Let me guess your age’ Andrea looked at me critically. ‘I’d say you were twenty two?’

‘Twenty five,’ I mumbled.

‘I was close. Now,’ Andrea said, uncrossing her legs and recrossing them again, the nylon whispering against itself and I tore my eyes from her legs to look up

into her smiling eyes, ‘take a guess, Ethan. How old do you think I am?’

‘Ah...thirty?’ I asked hopefully.

Andrea laughed and picked up her coffee cup.

‘My dear boy, how *wonderful* of you! No, Ethan, I am not thirty. I am thirty-nine. In fact, the party on Saturday evening is to celebrate my fortieth birthday.’

Forty!

I looked her over again but couldn’t see it. She certainly didn’t look like some of the over weight, frumpy women at the gym who suddenly began exercising when they hit forty or thirty.

I struggled to find something to say while Andrea smiled, clearly enjoying my discomfort.

‘Finish your coffee, Ethan,’ she said, ‘and we’ll go upstairs to my small gym. I hope you’ll find it adequate.’

I tailed behind her, my eyes covertly watching her rotund bottom move suggestively in her skirt as we climbed the stairs.

The gym was more than adequate and I enviously looked at the equipment, noting that every piece was clearly the best and most expensive available.

‘You are wearing work out clothes under your tracksuit?’

‘Ah, yes, Andrea.’

‘Good. I’ll get changed. I’ll be ten minutes. You can set the machines.’

Andrea returned wearing a leopard skin leotard over black footless tights and soft gym shoes. Her hair was tied back and I tried not to look at her large breasts which were suddenly prominent in the tight leotard.

In her hands were two clear water bottles and she handed one to me.

She smiled, looking me over and her eyes lingered on my crotch. I was wearing tight shorts and a T-shirt and gym boots. Like a fool, I hadn't pushed the sock into the shorts.

'You have quite a body,' she said frankly. 'Nice and cut. You'll have to take your shirt off later and show me.'

I blinked at her sure manner and, strangely, found myself blushing again.

She sipped from her water bottle and I did the same to cover my confusion.

'What shall we do first?' Andrea asked brightly and I pointed at the treadmill.

'That.'

I couldn't take my eyes off her as she strode on the treadmill. Her body was quite something but I think it was also her manner. Andrea just assumed that I would obey her and I found that quiet confident air of hers to be seductive.

After the treadmill, we moved onto some exercises and I watched as her body bent and moved in the leotard.

‘You have an erection, Ethan,’ Andrea said calmly, standing with her hands on her hips.

Mortified, I glanced down and even before I saw the bulge, I knew she was correct. My cock was hard and pushing against the tight shorts.

‘Do you always get an erection when you exercise?’ Andrea asked mischievously.

‘N...no,’ I mumbled, face red-hot and feeling an idiot.

I was also becoming even more aroused.

‘We have a week together, Ethan,’ Andrea said mildly, ‘I don’t think it’s appropriate for you to be sporting an erection for most of the time. And,’ she added with a sly smile, ‘I am not going to accept you using my bathroom to wank!’

I didn’t know what to say and Andrea was obviously amused by my embarrassment.

‘I have the solution,’ she said. ‘Come with me.’

Sheepishly, I followed Andrea into the bathroom. Incredibly, my cock was as rigid as a steel pole!

Let me be honest. I am not overly endowed but I am average in length but my cock felt so tremendously hard!

‘Get into the shower, Ethan,’ she said calmly, ‘and use the cold water only.’

‘A c...cold shower?’

‘Yes. I’ve heard that’s the best thing for young men with unquenchable erections.’

She was laughing at me; I could see it in her eyes. I knew I should just walk out and forgo the money but Andrea seemed so sure I would obey.

In fact, I *did* obey!

I peeled my shirt over my head and blinked when I saw Andrea was still in the bathroom.

‘As I suspected,’ she said, eyeing my chest, ‘you are very buff. A pity about the chest hair, though.’

My fingers lingered at the waistband of my shorts and Andrea smiled.

‘I’ll leave you to the shower.’ Her eyes held mine. ‘Promise me you won’t wank!’

‘Ah...’

I didn’t know where to look.

‘I couldn’t stand the idea of a man wanking in my shower, making a sticky mess. Promise me?’

‘I...I promise,’ I mumbled, looking at the floor.

Perversely, my cock was still hard!

‘Get under that cold water while I get something to control your erections. I want to be able to focus on the exercises and not be distracted by a randy young man!’

I blushed again and Andrea smiled again as she left me alone in the bathroom. The room was opulent with large white tiles from the floor to the ceiling, marble vanity tops, a toilet, a bidet, a spa bath and, of course, a shower.

The cold water did reduce my erection and, as I stood shivering under the freezing torrent, I tried to think

of anything but Andrea's breasts in the leopard skin leotard.

'Did it work?' Andrea called through the bathroom door as I wrapped a towel around me waist.

'Yes,' I muttered and Andrea calmly walked into the bathroom.

'Nothing like a buff young man fresh from the shower,' Andrea said with a slow smile, as she looked me over. 'Another time and I would eat you right up!'

Her soft words threatened to engorge my cock again and Andrea offered me a silver tubular object.

'This is for you,' she purred.

'W...what is it?'

'It's a male chastity belt,' Andrea said in a matter of fact tone as if everyone had a weird chastity belt lying around in their home!

'A...a w...what?'