

California Dreaming

Career, Eroticism, and Tragedy

Iris Pinson



California Dreaming

Who doesn't want to become rich and achieve fame? A dream that surpasses reality? Isn't that what many people strive for in life? Or does the cherished dream end in a nightmare?

Micky and Dana form an ambitious couple. They are at the beginning of their careers and are willing to make sacrifices for it. Dana is a beautiful young woman who has her fair share of admirers but is also critical. She has mapped out a career path for herself, cleverly using her charms. This approach proves to be highly lucrative, with Dana discreetly letting go of her principles when it suits her.

Life smiles at Dana with a glorious career, wealth, and happiness in love. But is her portrayal accurate? Is she really as successful as she makes everyone believe, or are they merely dreams to make her miserable life more pleasant?

One of her lovers has a wish that he would like to see fulfilled. The path to this wish is filled with milk and honey, but the destination is not heaven; it's hell, where Dana is mercilessly exploited. The bars become visible behind which her life unfolds.

For Dana, it proves to be a daily struggle to survive. The pain in her heart is unbearable, but she is a fighter and willing to fight. It's a cycle of falling and getting up. By believing in her dream world, she finds the strength she needs to escape her ordeal. Or is the harsh reality the actual nightmare from which Dana awakens?

Pinson Publisher

Publication: 2014

Translated edition in American English: May 2023

Writer: Iris Pinson

Photographer: Ron Jeffreys

Cover design: Pinson Publisher

ISBN: 978-90-833342-1-9

© Iris Pinson

This book does not contain a personal life story. What is it then? It's fiction. The story was entirely created in the writer's imagination. All names were randomly chosen and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and refers to the frequent occurrence of similar thought patterns, behavior, events or dreamed fantasies of people.

Part I - High Heels

What goes up must come down

Chapter 1

Summer 2000

"Dana, can you schedule all the appointments we discussed yesterday?"

"Yes, Ben, I'll do it right away."

Dana placed her mobile phone on the desk and pulled the computer keyboard towards her. She took out the notes she had made during the meeting with her manager, Ben Eksels, and started working through the list point by point.

It took some effort, but Dana managed to secure the commitment of all the participants for the first meeting. For the final session, she immediately reserved a suitable meeting room at the conference center.

Dana Hendrix had succeeded in starting her job as an administrative assistant at Translude right after obtaining her vocational diploma. She owed her internship opportunity, which preceded her job, to her father, who had business connections in the technological security industry where Translude was a market leader.

Translude was an international company specializing in security systems for computer networks. Its headquarters were located in the Netherlands, with branch offices in Paris and Willemstad. In addition to developing intelligent software, Translude conducted research on digital crime. Dana quickly found her place within the organization, took on new assignments confidently, and often stayed ahead of the game. At this moment, she had only one ambition: to take the next step in her career.

Dana looked good for her twenty-two years. Slim, not very tall, beautiful brown eyes, and a mane of naturally falling brown curls. Her large eyes had a friendly expression, but when she was angry, they turned black and shot fire. She distinguished between her professional and private wardrobes. While it was customary for the office to dress casually on Fridays, not for Dana. She always dressed professionally, wearing stylish suits with skirts at the appropriate knee length and pumps with a modest heel. Her favorite perfume was Volupte by Oscar de la Renta.

Dana had gone through a few boyfriends, but she had never really fallen for a man. Usually, her boyfriends had something that ultimately

couldn't captivate her. Dana was very critical. She had mapped out her future and the right man was a part of it. A man with a career path who had to match or preferably surpass her father.

Dana was proud to work for Translude, and she could still vividly remember her first day at work. The sun was shining brightly on the ultra-modern glass building, giving the impression that all available energy was being absorbed through the glass. She had reported to the reception in a science fiction-like environment. The back wall was a huge dark blue sphere. On the sphere, a digital human head was depicted, with its shape artfully transitioning into a circuit board. It was as if the human brain was connected to it, and the eyes, nose, and mouth were the key to intelligent design. When Dana was escorted by the department secretary, she felt like being admitted into the pulsating digital heart of Translude.

The office was spacious and filled with light, with large open-plan workspaces where elongated planters separated the departments. There were relatively many young people working there. Dana occasionally chuckled at the nerds who walked around in baggy pants with loose chains. They often gathered around a computer, gazing mesmerized at the screen as they discussed programming codes.

She enjoyed herself and felt at home at Translude. Ambitious as she was, Dana didn't miss a beat. When she enjoyed her lunch, she strategically chose a seat that allowed her to oversee the cafeteria. Dana closely observed the influential managers and executives as they entered the cafeteria. She paid attention to who they sat with and how they interacted. One of those interesting individuals was Ben Eksels. His self-assured demeanor immediately caught her attention. During her observations, she got the impression that he held significant influence at his level. Ben intrigued her.

However, it took a few more years before the vacancy for a Personal Assistant to Ben Eksels, the Technical Director of Translude, became available. This was the ultimate opportunity for Dana to ride along with his authority for her future career plan.

She gathered the courage and knocked on Ben's door to personally express her interest in the position. Despite his busy schedule, he spontaneously allocated ten minutes to listen to her and hear why she had approached him.

Dana expressed her eagerness to work for Ben and mentioned a few responsibilities she had read in the job listing, linking them to her current work experience. She delivered the perfect elevator pitch. Charmed by her direct approach, Ben said he would sleep on it for a few nights and get back to her the following week.

Ben Eksels was a serious manager. He always looked impeccable and exuded authority. His dark blond hair was always neatly groomed, and he had a good physique. Despite his directive attitude, his bright blue eyes had a friendly expression.

His career was exemplary. As a high-potential talent, he had been recruited by Translude during his university education. He quickly rose to a top position. Ben was someone who projected authority but also had a human side, enabling him to accomplish a great deal. Despite his busy schedule, he regularly took the time to chat with employees on the work floor.

Dana had approached him spontaneously. Ben was looking for someone who could assist him through thick and thin and who would be unconditionally available. She possessed the right qualifications to successfully support him.

After Dana's spontaneous action, Ben informally gathered background information about her. Everything he heard was only positive. In addition to her excellent interpersonal skills and the accurate completion of assignments, she also looked attractive. Ben looked at Dana's photo on the intranet once again, and he intuitively felt that there might be more in the future. To maintain appearances, he completed the application process, but his decision was already made. Dana was the one for him.

A few days later, the official job interview was scheduled. Ben was sitting at his desk, focused on his work, when Dana entered his office.

"Hi Dana, take a seat," he gestured towards the empty chair. She modestly sat with her knees together and slightly leaned forward as she placed her notepad on the table. His eyes attentively observed her.

Ben's office appealed to her. The glass exterior wall gave the effect of a helicopter cockpit, from which the company was operated. Behind his stately desk hung an enormous painting. Due to the spatial illusion of the medieval scene, it resembled an Escher, but it wasn't.

Ben looked her straight in the eyes.

"Last week, you knocked on my door and applied for the position of PA. I thought it over for a few nights and now I'd like to have a conversation with you about my expectations for the PA role, such as the responsibilities and the corresponding competencies.

I worked closely with my previous PA for five years. I regret her departure, but I understand that she wants to take the next step in her career. She only needed a few words, and she managed everything properly. I expect my new PA to be available for me and to efficiently handle my schedule, operational appointments, and ongoing assignments. They will also be my eyes and ears within the organization. Additionally, my PA will frequently accompany me on trips for appointments both domestically and internationally."

After explaining his expectations, he asked Dana to briefly describe herself as a person.

"Spontaneous, eager to learn, and I enjoy working for professional managers. I prefer working independently on assignments and being available to an inspiring manager."

She paused, allowing him to regain control of the conversation.

"Can you tell me about your key competencies?"

"Result-oriented and no-nonsense. I work for a commercially innovative company, so Translucide can also expect dedication from me."

"How are you as a person when you're not working?" Ben asked, closely observing her.

"In my personal life, I enjoy going out and having fun with my friends. I come from a sporty background and I engage in running."

Dana knew she shouldn't talk too much because managers didn't appreciate it.

"What is your ambition in five years? What position would you like to be in by then?"

"I would prefer to be in a management position, but I realize that I currently lack the necessary qualifications and experience. That's why I made the decision to pursue a bachelor's degree a few years ago, which I will soon complete. So far, I have passed all the courses. The future will determine if I will achieve my personal goals, but the intention is certainly there."

Ben had a confident smile on his face. This young woman had such audacity. He asked about specific tasks in her current role to assess how she performed under pressure and tight deadlines.

Ben was the mentor from whom Dana could learn a lot. In a certain way, he seemed approachable. She estimated that with his influence and connections, he could expedite her career. At the end of the conversation, Ben said he would consider everything and provide her

with feedback next week. They said goodbye, and Dana walked out confidently, but internally she wondered if she had adequately emphasized her qualifications.

On Wednesday evening, Dana went to her parents' house for dinner. She did this often when it fit with her schedule, but also because her brother John would be there.

Mother was still in the kitchen when Dana walked in. It smelled delicious, with roasted beef, boiled potatoes, and fresh cauliflower. Curiously, Dana lifted the lids of the pans and inhaled the scent with satisfaction. Father entered the kitchen and opened a bottle of red wine. He smiled at Dana, poured a glass without asking, and handed it to her. She tasted the wine. It was delightful, undoubtedly a bottle from his ample wine cellar.

After dinner, during coffee, they discussed their recent business experiences. Dana took advantage of the situation to tell John about her job application as a personal assistant, as she had questions about her chances.

John was a few years older than Dana and had been working in commercial roles in the business world for years. He was an outgoing personality and enjoyed challenging Dana.

"How do you plan to build a career as a secretary? Wouldn't it be better for you to apply as a junior account manager?"

"You can easily say that because you already had your bachelor's degree when you entered the business world. Job opportunities were readily available to you. I'm still working on my evening education."

"You need to choose a clear direction. If you start working as an assistant now, it will be difficult to transition to a commercial role later. Recruiters will always want to know why you aspire to a different path during job applications. If you take a focused step now, you can steer the conversation in the future by highlighting your achievements, something employers would like to hear from you. Why don't you take this step?"

Dana provocatively looked at John. "It seems much more practical for me to gain specialized knowledge with Ben and gain insight based on the decisions he makes. In the meantime, I will complete my evening education. My plan is to take the next step in my career within two years."

John shook his head. "You're turning it around, because I would never do it that way."

"That's right, because you're a man and I'm a woman. You have it easy because you were lucky enough to enter the right position in an organization that was expanding at that time."

"Yes, that's true. But the route you're taking carries a great risk because you never know how the director will develop. If Ben doesn't meet his objectives and gets fired, you'll be left empty-handed."

Meanwhile, father and mother had reentered the room, sat down at the big table, and listened with interest to the conversation between their son and daughter, consciously refraining from interfering. Their children belonged to a new generation in which the office world had drastically changed with the advent of computers and remote work.

John continued his argument: "You have perseverance, so you'll make it, but you're not choosing the easiest path to reach your goal. Another point is the salary because with your choice, you'll always be at a disadvantage during salary negotiations. It will take you an extra three to four years to reach the desired salary level."

"My goal is to learn the subject matter from Ben. He can open doors for me at a higher level. And John... in the meantime, I'll learn all the ins and outs of the profession from you."

John burst into laughter. "You're quite clever, and I suspect this will work for you. Just please don't use your feminine charms to get ahead through Ben because I find that so vulgar: women who sleep their way to the top."

Dana looked at John with surprise. "What's wrong with that?"

John looked indignant at Dana. "Are you serious?"

Dana laughed challengingly. "Of course not. I just managed to rile you up again."

John shook his head. "I hate women who use men to climb the ladder."

"John, the business world in the Netherlands is a male-dominated realm with managers who like to have their egos affirmed."

Mother sensed exactly where the conversation was heading and said, "Shall I pour the coffee?"

She got up from the table and walked to the kitchen. Father had sat down on the couch with the newspaper, distancing himself from such discussions.

The second conversation with Ben was a deepening of the first conversation.

"I think you're a good candidate because you're driven and already familiar with the organization. But I would still like to delve deeper into the role of PA.

What are your negative experiences within this company and how would you handle them?"

Dana looked cautiously at Ben. "I find that the vision of Translude doesn't always come across in the way things are presented. As a company, we say that we strive for high-quality technological contributions to a safe society. But due to budget cuts, some projects have been canceled which I believe would actually bring in extra money for the organization. It could be more efficient, therefore."

Ben listened attentively, and Dana noticed him making some notes. She patiently waited for the next question.

"Have your observations had an impact on your performance?"

"Yes, because I always see it as a challenge to see if there are any new perspectives in a project. It's not part of my duties, but I sometimes discuss this with a project leader. My ambition is to lead projects myself in the future."

"What have you done to prepare for this conversation?"

"I thoroughly read the job vacancy and researched what is expected of a PA. Both the enjoyable aspects and the challenges that come with this profession. I need to protect you from a large number of requests from the organization. This means I have to be well-informed about what's happening within the company, as well as in other branches. It's up to me to decide which information to relay to you and which questions to answer myself."

Ben nodded affirmatively and continued presenting difficult situations and asking questions to get a good understanding of what Dana would bring to him in terms of loyalty, knowledge, and accuracy. The only concern Ben had was her expiration date. How long would she be available to him, and when would she prioritize her own career? In the latter case, she would still remain with the organization.

As Dana undressed in her bedroom that evening, standing naked in front of the mirror, she thought to herself: there are three men I can use for my career. My father has the connections, my brother knows the ropes, and Ben is a powerful person who makes me feel like I matter more to him.

With a mischievous smile on her lips, Dana looked at her perfect naked body in the mirror. Ben was hers.

Chapter 2

When Dana returned home from work, her phone rang. It was her boyfriend Micky.

"Dana, are you home tonight?"

Dana smiled contentedly because she was in love with Micky.

"Always for you, what time will you come?"

"Can I join for dinner or should I bring something?"

"Bring something, I just got home too."

Dana felt happy because Micky knew exactly what she liked, and she gladly let him take the initiative.

Micky was an athletic young man with blue eyes and medium-length brown hair that he brushed behind his ears. About a year ago, he started his first job as a corporate lawyer at a telecommunications company. He advised the management in closing major contracts. The telecom sector suited him well because quick action and accuracy were key concepts. A few months ago, Dana literally bumped into Micky at the Haagse KoningsNach. She was standing with her friends in the large field when she accidentally collided with him, causing her beer to spill on the ground. Micky apologized and said he would get her a new one. Dana was surprised that she hadn't noticed him earlier because she found Micky attractive. She looked at him provocatively and stayed by his side. "Shall we walk to the bar?"

Dana winked at her friend standing next to her and walked with Micky. He ordered two beers, gave one to Dana, and asked, "Are you from The Hague?"

"No, I'm from Rotterdam."

"What do you think of the concert?"

"To be honest, I don't find it very interesting, but I enjoy the atmosphere at KoningsNach."

Dana took a sip of her beer, looked mischievously at Micky, and said, "Shall we sneak away together?"

He looked at her amused. "Oh, you dare." He continued to gaze at Dana, said nothing more, and thoughtfully took a sip from his cup.

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No, I don't have a girlfriend, but I'm out with my friends tonight, and it wouldn't be fair to sneak away."

Dana shrugged nonchalantly. They walked back to their respective groups of friends standing close to each other. But she couldn't help but look Micky up and down. She found him sexy. The relaxed way he talked with his friends, the movements of his athletic body, and his full lips made her heart beat faster.

After the concert, they decided to go on a pub crawl together. It was a joyful bunch, the atmosphere among them was good, and they had fun until the early hours. Dana couldn't manage to win Micky over completely. When she touched him, he allowed it, but he didn't react further. Micky talked to different friends and made jokes, but he didn't pay any further attention to her. It irritated Dana to be ignored. Micky was elusive. That had the opposite effect and only fueled her desire.

In the early hours, the group said goodbye. Micky looked at Dana with a mysterious grin on his face, and she looked at him questioningly. He pulled her towards him and unexpectedly kissed her passionately. She closed her eyes, and Micky's friends cheered, saying, "Hey, did it work?" Micky interrupted the kiss and triumphantly looked at his friends. "You guys are just jealous." He pulled Dana back into his arms as his trophy and kissed her deeply.

After the kiss, which couldn't last long enough for Dana, he passionately asked her, "Can I have your phone number?" He looked at her with his enticing eyes, and Dana's heart melted completely. She wanted him and replied, "Do you have your phone at hand? I'll give you my number." Micky immediately entered her number in his phone. Dana didn't ask for his number because the initiative was now in his hands.

She walked home with a friend, with whom she would be staying the night, and they couldn't stop talking about Micky. Her friend said that Dana had once again managed to claim the coolest guy in the group for herself.

When Dana was almost falling asleep, she heard a text message coming in on her mobile phone. She couldn't resist and rummaged through her handbag. The screen of the phone lit up brightly, and she opened the message. It had to be from Micky because it said, "When?" If Dana had been at home, she would have immediately replied "NOW," but she couldn't do that to her friend. So she provided her address in Rotterdam

and said, "16 hours." She received a text message in return: "OK!" Dana placed her phone under her pillow, turned around, and fell asleep.

The next day, Dana first tidied up her apartment, took a long shower, and put on a sexy lingerie set. Deep in her heart, she hoped that Micky would show up.

Dana had checked the clock a few times. It was half past four, and there was still no sign of Micky. Perhaps the train was delayed due to the altered schedule on Queen's Day. While lost in thought, she walked towards the kitchen, and then the doorbell rang. She walked to the hallway, pressed the intercom buzzer without even bothering to ask who was at the door. When she opened the front door, she saw Micky coming up the stairs. He was drenched from the rain and had a large brown briefcase under his arm.

Micky stepped inside, closed the door behind him, and placed the briefcase demonstratively on the floor. Dana took his coat and hung it on a hanger in the hallway. When she turned around, she caught Micky unabashedly looking at her. Dana smiled sheepishly. Micky grabbed Dana by the hip in one swift motion, pulled her close, and kissed her passionately. After the passionate kiss, they stood in the hallway, leaning against each other, with Dana tilting her head back, allowing him to kiss her neck. It was an enchanting moment, leaving her craving for more.

"What weather, huh?" said Micky.

Micky bent down, picked up his briefcase, walked into the room behind Dana, and looked around.

"It looks good in here."

He opened his briefcase, took out a bottle of champagne, and said, "Shall we toast to the king?"

Dana was pleasantly surprised and walked to the cabinet to get two champagne glasses.

Micky opened the bottle with a loud pop, poured the glasses halfway, and handed one to Dana.

"To the King!"

They took a few sips, and Dana looked at Micky with affection.

"You surprised me last night, I like you," she said.

He took her glass, placed both glasses on the table, and pulled Dana towards him again.

"I haven't properly kissed you yet," he whispered, kissing her deeply on the mouth. She immediately felt his sensual hands glide over her body. What an amazing man he was.

In one swift motion, she took off her sweater. Micky sighed with pleasure and passionately kissed her breasts. Dana felt his arousal, knelt down, unfastened his pants, which dropped to the floor with a thud due to the heavy belt, and eagerly grasped his erect penis. Micky closed his eyes in pleasure, lifted her up, positioned Dana on her stomach on the dining table, and took her passionately.

In the evening at eight o'clock, they were still on the couch.

"Shall we go eat something in town?"

They took the tram to the city center. There was litter everywhere on the streets because the King's Day festivities had ended. It was raining, and the snack wrappers lay as slimy heaps on the ground. Many people had sought refuge in the cafes, which were packed. They entered a small eatery and sat down at a table.

They sat across from each other with a glass of wine in hand. Micky looked at Dana lovingly and said thoughtfully, "Is this your tactic for seducing men?"

Dana lowered her eyes in embarrassment. "No, I've never done that before. When I saw you, I immediately fell for you." She looked at Micky with love.

"Let's see if we can get along in the coming time," Micky suggested, and he tenderly took Dana's hand. She thought it was an excellent idea. The conversation then went in various directions, from work to their leisure activities and their childhood.

After King's Day, the dates continued, but over time, they saw each other less frequently. Dana was busy completing her HBO education. Additionally, she was in the job application process at Ben Eksels, which also required some preparation.

On Monday morning, while Dana was at work, the Human Resources department called. Ben had chosen her as his personal assistant. The new employment contract would be drawn up today. Dana took her

mobile phone out of her bag, walked to the hallway, and called Micky to share the news.

"Congratulations on your new job. I knew you would make it. Shall we celebrate tonight?"

"Let's do that once the contract is signed, but I would love it if you come over tonight. Maybe you can help me proofread my thesis."

"You're something else. You call me with great news. I get all excited, and then I get a task thrown at me."

"But you'll still spend the night, right?"

"You're something else, but I quite like that last offer of yours."

Afterwards, Dana called her parents and brother to share the news.

That same evening Micky was at the door with a large bunch of roses. Upon entering, he lifted little Dana, carried her into the bedroom, laid her down on the bed and unbuttoned her pants.

"Hey, I thought we were going over my thesis?"

"Yeah, we're going to do that later, but I need some inspiration first."

He pulled Dana's buttocks up and slid his nose between them. She felt his tongue going around lustfully.

"Stay like that, because I find that horny."

He fucked Dana at a fast pace so that she screamed with pleasure. But Micky kept going until Dana's body began to jerk and she gasped. He was driving her crazy. After an explosive orgasm, they kissed each other tenderly. Dana knew for sure, she was hopelessly in love with Micky.

"So, inspiration enough. Shall we get started on that thesis now, then?" asked Micky with a confident smile around his mouth as he zipped up his pants.

On September 1st, Dana placed her handbag under the desk, walked to Ben's office, knocked on the door, and opened it. But Ben wasn't there yet, and she felt like she should have known. She walked to the coffee machine in the hallway, grabbed a cup of coffee with a glass of cold water, and sat down at her desk. The desk was covered with piles of unsorted documents because her predecessor had left a few weeks ago. Dana turned on her computer, checked Ben's agenda, and saw that he would be arriving later due to a car maintenance appointment. She took a sip of coffee and began sorting through the stacks of documents. When

she was nearly finished, Ben entered the room, looked at her enthusiastically, and put down his suitcase.

"Welcome, I've been looking forward to seeing you," he said kindly.

"A cup of coffee?" Dana asked, smiling at Ben.

He now looked at her with a pleased expression. "Sure, come to my office right away because I want to discuss the mail, the agenda, and the ongoing projects for the upcoming week with you."

Dana nodded, stood up, and asked, "Sugar, milk?"

"Milk, no sugar."

Ben opened the door to his office and walked in.

While Dana placed the coffee cups on the table in the sitting area, Ben focused on the screen. She walked back to her own desk, picked up the agenda that she had placed on the stack of sorted documents. When she entered Ben's office, he was already seated in the sitting area, looking at her expectantly. He closely followed her movements with his eyes. Dana pretended not to notice and immediately assumed her role.

"Ben, I would like to go through this stack of documents with you first because I noticed there are some papers that should have been addressed last week."

Ben nodded, and Dana could tell from his expression that he appreciated her approach.

Finally, they discussed the projects one by one. Ben went through the files, providing Dana with the action points she needed to address throughout the week. He assured her that she could call him anytime, even in the middle of the night.

"I don't think your wife would appreciate that," Dana remarked.

Ben smiled slyly, "My wife is frequently away for extended periods. She works for an international travel organization. Fortunately, we have an au pair. She is indispensable for the children."

Dana gathered all the files and took them back to her own workspace. Ben wasted no time, as she had been given a huge workload. She wouldn't be bored in the coming days.

When Dana came home in the evening, she flopped down on the couch and reflected on her first day at work. Ben had too much work on his plate, so he delegated as many tasks as possible to her. Dana

appreciated that he had confidence in her. She poured herself a glass of wine and turned on the television.

Not long after, Micky called and asked with interest, "How was your day?"

"Good, but it's quite demanding. I bet you're eager to come over?"

"You guessed it right. Look out the window, will you?"

Dana got up from the couch, walked to the window, and looked out onto the street. Micky was waving across the street.

"You're a strange guy. Let me tell my story first, and then you're already at the door," she said, laughing, and hung up the phone.

Dana lovingly wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed Micky. He lifted her up, carried her into the living room, and let Dana slide onto the couch.

"That Ben guy, is he handsome? Is he a competitor for me?" Micky asked thoughtfully.

Dana laughed, "What kind of thoughts are you having? Ben is married and has two children. What do you think? You're not jealous, are you?"

Micky looked dead serious. "Of course, I'm jealous, because middle-aged men with a wife and kids always want their ego validated. Maybe I'll want my ego validated by a beautiful woman like you in the future," and he pulled Dana closer.

"Well, if anyone should be jealous, it's me, because you work in that trendy telecom company with all those young ambitious women who eagerly seek fleeting encounters with a quick guy like you."

Dana rolled away from Micky and climbed on top of him.

"Well, now I'm in charge."

She unbuttoned his blouse. Micky's hands slid along her buttocks and not much later he slid down her house pants.

On Monday morning, Dana arrived at the office early, ready to work on her projects with a lot of energy. She had thoroughly studied Ben's agenda and knew his schedule for the upcoming week by heart.

When Ben walked into the office, she smiled at him and immediately went to get coffee. Then she grabbed the stack of prepared documents and took a seat in the sitting area.

Dana observed Ben and watched the expressions on his face. He quickly flipped through the documents and nodded in approval. She could tell from his facial expressions whether he approved of the document or if he was displeased. Suddenly, Ben looked at her as if he sensed her staring at him. Dana was startled, her cheeks turning red, and she felt betrayed.

"You did excellent work. Now we can focus on the right topics. There's a meeting scheduled at the Ministry in The Hague next Thursday, and I want you to be there to take minutes," said Ben.

"I will block off my agenda for Thursday at the same time," said Dana obediently. She stood up, grabbed the empty cups, and left his office.

While she was working at her PC, she overheard Ben having a phone conversation. At first, she didn't pay much attention, but as the tone grew irritated, she perked up her ears.

"No, that wasn't the agreement... You know I'm not there and can't arrange that. Who will take care of onboarding the new au pair... No, we didn't agree to that... You're making me angry... I'll talk to you tonight." The phone call abruptly ended.

On Thursday morning, Dana stood at the reception of Translude, ready. Ben would pick her up for the meeting at the Ministry. She had thoroughly studied the dossier beforehand and looked up all the unfamiliar words and expressions. It was an important discussion as there would be an explanation regarding a tender. It was crucial for Translude to win the tender. It would give the organization the right image, leading to new clients.

Dana saw Ben's car approaching, and she immediately walked to the edge of the sidewalk. She got in, fastened her seatbelt, and smiled at him. Ben had a black BMW from the five series, which he skillfully maneuvered through the busy traffic in the city center of The Hague, like an experienced driver. She sat next to him and admired his beautiful slender fingers, resting relaxed on the steering wheel.

During the car ride, Ben briefed her on the meeting and how he intended to approach it. Apparently, a lot was at stake.

He parked his car in the underground parking lot of the Ministry, and they walked silently towards the elevator.

The meeting was formally opened. A presentation about the project was given, and the procedures and timelines were explained. Ben asked substantive questions, and Dana took concentrated notes.

During the coffee break, Ben shook hands with various people and briefly discussed the tender. Dana noticed that he made excellent use of the limited time to network. She stood by, had no role, but listened closely to how Ben initiated conversations and where he ended them because they didn't interest him. Dana found it educational.

After the meeting, Ben asked if Dana felt like having lunch.

"We can turn it into a working lunch and discuss the notes at the same time."

Dana was fine with it and obediently got into his car.

Ben set course for Scheveningen. He stopped at a luxury restaurant by the inner harbor. Dana noticed that the waiter recognized Ben and welcomed him enthusiastically. They were led to a table with a magnificent view of the inner harbor. Ben's serious and stern face brightened up. The waiter drew attention to the chef's suggestion. Ben looked at Dana with a relaxed expression and asked, "Does that sound good to you?"

Dana nodded, after which Ben ordered a bottle of wine. Suddenly, he looked at her. "What would you like to drink?"

"The wine you just ordered is fine."

Dana took her notebook with notes out of her bag.

But Ben said, "Put that notebook back in your bag, I believe it all."

It became clear to Dana that it would be an informal lunch. An animated conversation started in which Ben talked a lot about the international organization and shared his vision of the company. He also criticized the director of Translude, especially how he managed the organization. Dana found Ben very open, and the trust in her must have been significant. The waiter refilled their wine glasses, and Dana noticed that Ben looked at her thoughtfully.

"Does your boyfriend approve of you having lunch with your boss and soon going on a trip together?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Why would he have a problem with that? He also has business dinners sometimes, so I don't see why he wouldn't approve."

But Dana knew very well where Micky stood in the competition.

After lunch, Dana stood up from the table, pulled her blouse down tightly, emphasizing her prominent breasts. Ben's eyes immediately fixated on them.



Published books of **Iris Pinson**

2023

Isn't it time

Erotic relationship drama

E-book ISBN 9789083334202

2023

California Dreaming

Career, Eroticism, and Tragedy

E-book ISBN 9789083334219

2023

Dr. Norton

Career, Eroticism, and Tragedy

E-book ISBN 9789083334226

2023

Black-box Testing

Career, Eroticism, and Tragedy

E-book ISBN 9789083334233

2023

Talent Hunter

Career, Eroticism, and Tragedy

E-book ISBN 9789083334240