# Signed Submission

The sky was balancing between the thick blackness that cast a navy fog over the swaying trees, and the flashing fiery white bolts of lightning that lit up the dark night as if it was early afternoon. The fat drops of rain fell from above like liquid bullets, fast enough to bounce off any object before being absorbed into the forming puddles on the ground below.

Heaven Deville stood outside the brightly lit restaurant “Platinum,” her large black umbrella and matching rain jacket her only defense against the storm. She knew she should just walk into the restaurant and avoid the unpredictable bolts of electricity cracking through the sky above her, but she just couldn’t bring herself to go inside.

Julian King was inside waiting for her, waiting with his demands and his retribution—his sole intent to degrade and humiliate her. He wanted to pay her back for the three years she’d bested him, and for all the times she’d mocked him. He wanted to be declared the victor of their competition, their long three-year battle for the top spot. Now he finally had his chance.

For the first time in her twenty-six years, she was truly nervous.

She looked at the enormous silver sign, with the restaurant’s name in bold black letters attached to the red-brick building above her head. The light bulbs inside the thick shadow box were beginning to flicker with the beat of the lightning, and Heaven felt a sliver of hope. She looked up at the pale silver moon, surrounded by a heavy fleecy darkness, then shut her eyes and silently prayed a hurricane would suddenly appear and whisk the restaurant away, then distribute it in tiny pieces over the northern side of the state.

Heaven opened her eyes to see the sky had calmed down a little in response to her, denying her request as the last bolt of lightning curled into a snide grin, before dissipating before her very eyes. It was at that very moment she knew; nothing could save her from her lecherous fate, even her own karma was eager to make an example out of her and force her to pay for her lack of judgment.

She took a deep breath, then extended her hand to the highly polished silver door handle, but when the brightly hued, stained glass door opened up, she quickly drew back as if bitten by a snake. She stepped to the side, hiding her face with her umbrella, as a finely dressed couple exited the establishment.

“Platinum” was an exclusive restaurant that catered to the elite of the elite. There were some who got lucky enough to get a reservation almost a year in advance, but most couldn’t get in at all; unfortunately she fell into the latter category. *Of course, Julian King could get in; he probably had a permanent reservation and his own personal table*, she thought.

“*Spoiled prick*,” she murmured to herself. The irony of the situation wasn’t lost on her. “Platinum” was the one and only place her superior skills of persuasion were useless to her, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t get a reservation. Before tonight, she would have sold her best friend’s kidney to be able to dine potential clients at such a swanky place, but now she’d give her own right leg not to have to go inside.

As much as she hated Julian King, and would love nothing more than to blame this entire unfortunate incident on him, she knew she couldn’t, she had no one to blame but herself.

That was the worst part about the whole situation. She just couldn’t leave well enough alone; she had to go and do the stupidest thing she could think of. Really, what was wrong with her? What had been going through her mind that she honestly believed she would get away with something so unethical, not to mention illegal? She’d worked very hard to get where she was today, and to that she may have ruined it all with such an impulsive act of desperation, completely sickened her.

She should have known better, not just for the obvious ethical reasons, but how could she have been so stupid to think that a sex-crazed freak like Julian King wouldn’t have cameras in his office. She assumed they were installed to document his sexual conquests. She imagined him smiling into the lens, as he and his temporary slut for the night performed lurid acts in front of the camera. She knew in her heart the twisted pervert had probably left the camera rolling, and just gotten lucky by catching her breaking into his office.

How could she have been so foolish? Had she truly believed she’d get away with it? It had made sense at the time, considering everyone at the firm knew of the secret saboteur out to sabotage Julian King’s career. She’d assumed everyone at the office would automatically think it was another act committed by the mystery villain, but never once did she consider the fact that all the previous misdeeds could be pinned on her.

She’d be blacklisted indefinitely if the word ever got out about what she’d done. No firm in the state of New York would dare work with her.  She took one last look up to the sky, giving it one more chance to produce some type of natural disaster, aware of the fact she was just delaying the inevitable. She was stuck between a rock and a chainsaw. There was nothing she could do to get out of this situation. She refused to quit a career she loved, and jail was out of the question; she had no other choice but to go inside.

She’d just have to force herself to submit to the demands of a lunatic, because that vengeful beast had her right where he wanted her. She took the deepest breath she could muster before reaching for the handle. She slowly turned the doorknob and opened the large glass door, before finally walking inside.

She’d no more then stepped inside and closed her umbrella when the smell in the air over took her. The strong aroma of caramel with just a hint of vanilla drifted through the brightly lit restaurant. She felt her knees wobble and her stomach flutter as the smell enveloped her. She absolutely loved sweets; it was her one true weakness since childhood. As a child, she was unable to resist, but as an adult, she forced herself to; she wouldn’t succumb to her cravings. She was in a war of wills against herself and it was a battle she refused to lose. She had a hard enough time trying to tame the curves of her body as it was, and she didn’t need the extra pounds making it harder. Still, in stressful situations like this, she felt that familiar weakness nagging at her. She opted to hold her breath and try not to breathe in such a delectable scent, as she walked over to the host.

“Miss Deville here for Mr. King,” she said, and the host looked taken aback.

“Of course.” He attempted to smile, but it looked as if the very act had brought intense pain to his face “May I take your jacket?”

“Yes,” she answered, removing her black rain jacket then handing it to the host who held out his hand as if he was expecting a pile of manure, his eyes skimming over her with a look of disgust. “And this.” She handed him her umbrella, watching his reaction.

She’d gone out of her way to look especially unattractive tonight, and she could tell by the look on the host’s face that her plan had obviously worked. She’d carefully picked out the most unflattering suit she had in her closet; it was two sizes too big, unaltered, and she was sure there was a small hole somewhere near the bottom of the hem. She also went the extra mile with her hair; slicking it back into a bun so tight, she feared her hair was de-rooting as she stood there. She wore the worse granny shoes she could find at the local supermarket and then to top it all off, she pulled out her special ‘man proof’ glasses; they were thicker and more unattractive than the ones she normally wore to work.

The host, keeping a few feet ahead of her and being careful not to look at her directly, led her to the back of the restaurant where it managed to get even swankier as well as dimmer. He stopped at a private little area, well secluded from the rest of the diners; it wasn’t a true room, but the half walls did a good job of shielding them.

“Miss Deville to see you, sir.” The host spoke directly to Julian then quickly turned to leave. Even though the host was a snob, she was half-tempted to tell him to stay around for a while. She wasn’t prepared to be alone with Mr. King yet. Instead, she stood as tall as she could as she looked down at Julian over the top of her glasses.

There he sat, as smug as could be behind the circular table, smirking as he sipped at a glass of liquor. He was looking at her as if she was the main course he was ready to disassemble, then devour. She felt her knees begin to wobble again, as an intense dread washed through her body, and tiny beads of sweat attempted to form across her skin. She knew by the look in his eyes he was elated, and anxious to make her pay, and she felt her pulse begin to race. She also felt her hand itching to slap his face. She would love nothing more than to slug him and tell him to go fuck himself, before turning around and walking away. If it was under any other circumstances, she would, but she refused to lie down and give up without a fight, no matter the destructive toll it would inevitable take on her psyche.

Julian looked her up and down; she was obviously nervous as well as irritated. He was gloating, thrilled to see her in such an anxiety-ridden state. He also noticed she’d really gone out of her way to make herself appear unattractive, and he wanted to laugh at her ignorance. Did the little fool not realize that nothing would make her look less attractive?  He never understood that about her. Most women he knew, even successful lawyers like her, didn’t go to such extremes to look ugly.

“Sit down, Miss Deville.”

“I prefer to stand.”

“I prefer that you sit,” he said, but she waited a few seconds before she finally sat on the edge of the seat, as far away from him as she possibly could.

“Come closer,” He said, taking another sip, already knowing she would test his patience to the limit.

“I can hear everything you have to say from here,” she objected, refusing to budge.

“I said come here,” he demanded with an authority that made her want to smack him. Was he crazy? She didn’t take demands! Whom did he think he was talking to like that?

*Oh, that’s right*, she thought to herself. *He was talking with the woman who broke into his private office, stole his important files, and set a virus through his computer that destroyed the entire system*, she reminded herself of her folly. He had the upper hand and could demand whatever he wanted from her. Unfortunately, there was nothing she could do to stop him. For right now, she had to keep her big mouth shut, and try to get herself out of this self-inflicted fiasco.

“Whoops,” she said, knocking over a tall thin glass of water. He caught the glass before it hit the floor, but the contents still managed to spill all over the seat between them, accomplishing her goal. “The seats wet,” she shook her head, “I’m not sitting there.”

Julian couldn’t wait to break this stubborn bitch. He couldn’t wait until he had her all to himself in the privacy of his own home where no one would hear her scream. He couldn’t wait until she was on all fours, naked, and begging him to stop. Most of all, he couldn’t wait to rip that ugly fucking suit off her body and see what was underneath. He knew that would finally wipe that smug smile off her face, and bring a smile to his.

“I can make you pay for that.” He spoke in a low voice, glaring at her.

“Really? And how is that?” She asked in a condescending tone. He held his anger, as he grabbed her arm and slid her down the seat to sit in the puddle of water. She gasped and tried to pull away, but he held her still.

“Stunts like that will only make it harder on you,” he explained as she tried to stand up, but he put his large hand on her upper thighs and forced her to remain seated.

“Let go!” she hissed, as she felt her long skirt soak up the water.

“Sit still,” he demanded as he reached down and pulled a folder out of his briefcase, and then laid it on the table in front of her.

“What is this?”

“Your contract.”

“Contract? It’s a blank sheet of paper.”

“I know—sign your name at the bottom.”

“I’m not signing this.”

“That’s one of your choices. You don’t sign the contract and I turn you in, have you charged with breaking and entering, destruction of property, and theft. You’ll be disbarred for unethical actions, and never work as an attorney again.”

“And what’s the other choice, again?”

“You sign yourself over to me for the next thirty days.”

“Excuse me?”

“This paper means for the next month you live in my house under my rules.”

“I can’t in your house.”

“That’s a rule.” He wrote it down on the sheet of paper.

“I have to work.”

“I’ll take you back and forth every day.”

“What are the other rules?” She decided to humor him, still looking for a way out of this.

“Whatever I decide, that’s why the paper is blank. I can make them up as I go.”

“I’m not doing anything dirty or perverted.”

“Everything I intend to do to you is dirty and perverted,” he said honestly.

She felt her heart race and she couldn’t breathe for a moment.

“I won’t do it.”

“If I write it on this paper you have no choice.”

“I can’t,” she said, unable to look into his eyes. She swore he could see her weakness and smell her fear. As if reading her mind, he wrote on the sheet of paper

*‘Does everything that I ask of her with no hesitation.’*

“What does that mean exactly?” She asked, already knowing the answer, but hoping it wasn’t as bad as she feared it might be. He hated her, why would he all of a sudden want to do anything sexual with her?

“That means if I say I’m thirsty you bring me a drink. If I say I want to see you, you take off your top and sit in my lap.” She gasped and her chin dropped as he continued. “If I say I need to be inside of you, you pull up your skirt and drop to your knees. If I tell you to strip get in the middle of the table and spread your legs so I can eat you after I finish my meal, you’d better be naked before I finish my demand,” he finished.

“You really are a twisted pervert. I know I‘ve joked about it in the past, but I had no idea just how depraved you really were.”

“And you’re a thief, but you need to know exactly what you’re getting yourself into,” he said then grinned, “and how deep I’ll be getting into you.”

“You can’t just say stuff like that to me,” she snapped at him, uncomfortable with this type of talk.

“Say stuff like that to you? Princess, I’m going to do stuff like that to you, plus ten times worse,” he raised his brow “but like I said, it’s your choice, you can refuse, but if you accept, know that I’m going to turn you inside out. And don’t look so shocked, what did you expect? It’s your own fault; you broke into my office and destroyed my proposal.”

“Look, I’m sorry I broke into your office. You’ve made me pay enough. I get it, I’ll never do it again,” she said with a look of irritation, and he was torn between slapping it off her face, or kissing her hard enough to make her realize she had no control over this situation. “You need to stop this.”

“If I hadn’t caught you, you would never have given yourself up. You would’ve made me look like a fool in front of my family, and for that you haven’t even begun to pay, but you will.” He took a sip of his drink. “Now take off your panties.”

“Excuse me?” She raised her bows in shock.

“You heard what I said.”

“You want me to take off my panties?” She stammered, partially from shock but she was also trying to stall him.

“Yes.”

“Here?” She looked around in terror.

“Where else?” He was getting irritated with her approach at playing dumb. The girl was anything but dumb; she was hands down one of the most intelligent people he knew.

“I can’t do it. I absolutely refuse! I can’t remove my underwear in a public restaurant.” He was surprised to hear this well-spoken girl falter with her words. “That’s absurd and you’re sick for even suggesting it!”

“Fine,” he made a move to leave the table “the deal is off, I’ll see you at work tomorrow.”

She watched him move away and she wanted him to leave, wanted to kick him in the ass just so he’d hurry up and get away from her. Nevertheless, she knew she couldn’t let him walk away, she’d worked too hard to quit now.

“Wait,” she said softly.

“What?”

“Are you still going to turn me in?” She already knew the answer, but she had to try.

“Yes,” he answered, then turned to leave again.

“Wait!” she snapped in frustration. Figuratively speaking, this bastard had her between a sharp knife and a running chainsaw. There was nothing she could do. She was so engulfed in her frustration she feared her head might explode. “Wait.”

“What is it?” He was irritated now.

“I’ll do it,” she said, putting her head down, unable to look him in the eyes while she admitted her defeat.

“Do what?” He asked her.

“What you asked me to do.”

“What did I ask you to do?” He raised his brows.

“To remove my panties.”

“But you didn‘t.”

“I said I would.”

“But you hesitated, the deals off.”

“What? No, wait!” She grabbed his arm as she slid closer to him, then immediately let go .

“The deal is off Miss Deville. I should’ve known better, you’d never honor that contract”

“Please don’t make me beg you.”

“If I don’t make you beg me, then I spend the next thirty days having you refuse me.”

“No.”

“No?”

“No, I won’t refuse.”

“You won’t? Then convince me.” He slid closer to her. “Take off your panties and give them to me.”

“Fine,” she said softly as she looked at him, and he was shocked to see her blush. She reached under the table, reached up her long skirt, grabbed her panties, and then began to slide them off when he stopped her.

“Wait.”

“Wait?” She asked, hoping that he’d changed his mind.

“I want to watch you,” he said, then pushed the table away from the seat. “Now get closer to me.” When she slid down the seat closer to him, he turned her so she faced him. “Alright, slide them off.”

“You really are a sick, twisted pervert,” she said in disgust

“You have no idea what I’m capable of or what I would put you through to amuse myself,” he grinned sadistically. “Be happy I didn’t make you beg me to tear them off.” He grabbed her thigh and pulled her a little closer to him.

He reveled in her discomfort, watching her struggle to remove her panties without showing any skin. After an uncomfortable minute, she managed to slide them off.

“Give them to me,” he demanded, and she complied. He held the plain white cotton panties in his hand for a moment, not the least bit surprised she wore something so unappealing. When he was done, he slid them into his jacket pocket. “Good girl, now pull your skirt up.”

“What?”

“Don’t start that shit again. Pull up your skirt up to your waist, Miss Deville.”

“Hell no.” She looked around her

“No one can see you.”

“You can.”

“That’s the whole point, Princess, I need to see you.”

“I’m not going to do it.”

“So you’re breaking the deal?”

“No, but how do I know after I do all this you’re not going to turn me in?” She asked.

“How do I know you won’t break your contract because of the horrible things I’m going to be doing to you? You’re the thief here, the one whose word can’t be trusted.”

“If I break that contract, I’ll lose my career or go to jail.”

“And I want you under my control for the next thirty days, more than I want you in jail. I want to do terrible things to you Miss Deville. There’s so much to pay you back for over these last three years that thirty days will barely cover it. Now pull up your skirt.”

“I can’t do it, not here, let‘s go somewhere else.” She hated the fact she had to plead with him.

“You’d better get used to this; this is your life for the next month. You’d better be happy I don’t have your jacket ripped open so I can look at your tits while I’m eating,” he said, and she glared at him.

“Oh, I really fucking hate you.”

“Be prepared to hate me even more. Now pull up your skirt before I lay you on top of the table and pull it up myself.”

She eyed him for another moment before looking around the room. Once she was satisfied no one was looking at them, she lifted her skirt, but made sure her sex was covered. He saw her nervousness and wondered about it. He didn’t think he’d ever see this girl sweat. She’d gone toe-to-toe with some of the strongest attorneys around, and had never broken a sweat. So why was she nervous just lifting her skirt? It had to be the fact that she was in public, or maybe it was just him.

“Have you ever done anything in public before?”

“No,” she said, refusing to look at him, keeping her eyes straight and glued to the god-awful painting on the wall. He did grin a little, the side of his mouth pulled up into a slight grin.

“You don’t like being on display do you?”

“Not at all.”

“Good, then you’re in for a treat.” He reached down and slid her skirt up a little, exposing the tiniest dark patch. She tightened her legs together, and when he slid his finger up the exposed area, she jumped. He grinned, then kissed her cheek before he pulled her skirt back down, covering her.

“Treat? You mean torture.”

“One man’s torture is another man’s treat; I’m going to have a lot of fun with you Ms. Deville. Now, sign the contract,” he demanded. Heaven closed her eyes and took the last deep breath of the evening, before snatching the pen from him and signing her name on the dotted line. She looked up to him and felt her anxieties rise, as she realized she’d officially enslaved herself to the devil for the next thirty days.