

Chapter Twelve

"You look disturbed," Connie Raymond remarked to her husband, while seated at the breakfast table.

Ignoring her question, he continued to stare at the San Francisco Chronicle's front page. Curious, she rose from her seat across the table and gazed at the newspaper from over his shoulder. "Oh, the poor man," she cooed, "he must have been terribly depressed."

"I wonder," the senator responded.

"What do you mean?"

"I met with that man not long ago, he didn't seem depressed to me."

"Why would you have had dealings with him?"

He hesitated, then replied, "For research ... my committee and all."

"Well, you're not a doctor, honey, you're not expected to make those judgments."

"What time is it?"

"Eight-thirty," she replied, while gazing at the microwave's clock, "but where is your new watch?"

"Upstairs, it stopped--I've got to get to the office," he said, while dropping the newspaper and rising from his seat.

"Oh, I almost forgot, I have to do some traveling around the state for my committee. I'll be gone for three or four days."

"Here we go again," Connie said, sarcastically, "why am I always the last to know?"

"Sorry, honey, but you know that I have obligations to my constituents."

"What about me, your wife. What am I supposed to do while you're away on all these little trips?"

"Maybe you should think about getting involved in some charity. It might help our image."

"I didn't sign on for this life, John," she sobbed, while wiping away a fallen tear, "and what kind of life is this anyway? We hardly ever have sex anymore, with you out late at meetings or locked behind your office door."

"Can't we discuss this later," he implored, impatiently.

"When later, John, at the end of the week or the end of our marriage?"

"It won't be this way forever," he replied, apologetically.

"Where have I heard that before?" she mumbled, while leaving the room.

He hung his head for several seconds then turned and headed for the garage.

Connie returned to the kitchen after hearing the front door slam closed. The housekeeper had been out sick and she had reluctantly assumed her responsibilities. Although the spring season had officially begun, it was hardly evident in San Francisco, where the climate rarely changed. Staring out of the window at a patch of blossoming flowers, while washing the breakfast dishes, she began to feel the onset of a familiar tingle. Damn, she remarked to herself, I'm getting horny again ... I should have married the vibrator, at least it's here when I need it. Oh crap, who's that? she wondered, at the sound of the ringing telephone. She removed her yellow rubber gloves, dropped them into the sink and lifted the receiver. "Hello?"

"Connie? It's Diane."

"Oh, hi, been thinking about you. We haven't spoken for awhile."

"Yeah, I've been traveling with the old man. Booring."

"Where to?"

"Oh, just here and there."

"Did you have a good time?"

"I just said that it was boring."

"Sorry, my mind is elsewhere."

"Want to talk about it?"

"Not right now."

"Well, my b-o-r-i-n-g trip gave me a lot of time to think."

"About what?" Connie asked, now trying to pay attention to her friend.

"About our old college days. We had a blast, didn't we?"

"Well, you sure did. I don't know how you slept with all those guys."

"Yeah," she giggled.

"C'mon, you can tell me now, did you really do it with all of them that same night?"

"Yup, each and every one. I came dozens of times."

"Wow, all I have these days are fantasies and my battery powered lover."

"What's with John? A hot chick like you should have a hard time keepin' him off."

"Off? He can't seem to find the time or interest to get it on."

"Well, there is a work-around for that problem."

"Oh really? Connie replied, coyly, as she felt the tingle of anticipation accelerate her earlier yearnings.

"I know this place, a very private and discrete club."

"Tell me more," she said, her breathing quickening.

"It may not be your cup of tea but I've gotten into the S&M thing."

"Doesn't that involve pain?"

"It doesn't have to, there are all degrees but it's a huge turn-on and there are some really hot guys."

"Sounds exciting but I don't know, a senator's wife has certain standards to follow."

"Does it include celibacy?"

"I hear you. Let me think about it some."

"OK, but just in case you get real horny, I'm planning on going, by myself of course, on Thursday."

"Thanks, but I don't think so."

"Call me if you change your mind."

She placed the receiver into the wall phone's cradle and headed for the upstairs bedroom. Reaching under the bed, she retrieved her battery operated boyfriend, along with a small jar of lubricant, and drifted off into the heady world of sexual fantasy.