

It's All About the Money By John Marsh

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Chapter 1

He stood at the counter and let the necklace dangle from his hand. It sparkled in the white lights from the glass counter making it gleam with wealth with its £6000 price tag. Pete looked around the room to see if anyone was taking any notice of him. This was the third necklace he had had the shop assistant take out of the cabinet. The assistant that served him was an older lady, hard looking, but with a pleasant smile and a warm and comforting voice, not his sort, he would have preferred the younger girl who stood at the far end of the counter to have served him, but she just stood looking bored staring out the window at the traffic that circulated Sloane Square.

As he played with the necklace in his hand, the door buzzer rang and someone entered the shop, he turned to find it was a young blonde girl about twenty-four years old. Pete smiled to himself and watched her taking in the girl's appearance. She had nice slim legs, she wore a knee length skirt and a slim fitting blouse that showed off her figure.

As he watched her from the corner of his eye, she made her way over to the counter and stood a few feet away from him. She looked into the glass counter and he then turned to her and asked. "I wonder if you could help me?"

With a look of annoyance, she twisted her head in his direction.

"I can't choose between this necklace or this one." He indicated to the counter. "For a present for my Niece. It will be her 21st birthday next week."

The girl looked into his eyes, then at the necklace in his hand. The diamonds glistened in the light and she then she smiled at him. Pete felt himself become aroused as he was swallowed up in her wide blue eyes.

"That's a nice necklace to buy a Niece." She moved a little closer and held her hand out in order for him to pass the necklace over.

Pete looked into her big eyes and noticed how fresh faced she was. He passed the necklace to her well-manicured hand, taking note of the lack of a wedding ring or engagement ring. As he handed it over he brushed his hand against her soft skin. She looked down at the necklace and then back to Pete's face; he smiled, his blue eyes glistening. "This is very nice."

"Why don't you try it on, so I can see what it looks like." He encouraged her.

The older lady behind the counter looked as bored as the girl that was watching the traffic.

"What's your name?" Pete asked as he unclasped the necklace.

"Sophie."

Pete held the necklace open and she moved forward, he put the necklace around her neck, and as he did, he took in the smell of her perfume as he moved in close to do the clasp up at the back of her neck.

He stood back and admired the look of the diamond pendant in the open neck of her blouse.

"Now that does look good. I think I will take that one." He turned to the lady behind the counter. "In fact, I will take two of those."

"Two?" The shop assistant asked.

"Yes, for being a lovely model, I will also have one for the beautiful Sophie here."

Sophie looked at him and then protested. "No, you can't do that."

"Yes, I can, you have been the perfect model and I would love for you to have it from me."

"I can't. I don't even know you." She continued her protest.

"Well, why don't you let me take you to lunch and I will introduce myself."

Sophie studied Pete's face for a few seconds. "OK, but I can't accept this necklace as a gift."

"Well, let's have lunch and we can decide later if you want to keep it or not."

Pete turned to the assistant and asked if she would gift bag both necklaces.

A street away on the Chelsea Bridge Road, Max Edwards walked out of Chelsea Barracks with his kit bag in his hand and a very heavy head. That was his ten years' service with The Royal Corps of Signals completed. His heavy head self-inflicted from drinking the previous night where he had celebrated the fact that he was now a civilian; something he had been dreaming of over the past year. He had completed his initial nine years that he had signed up to, and had completed an additional year, while he had completed his HNC in Electronics and Communications Engineering at the University of North London on day release.

He turned right at the barracks gate and headed for Sloane Square station in order to catch the tube to Theydon Bois, in Essex. The army had given him his last travel warrant. He was on his own now.

The journey took about fifty minutes and he had stopped in at the Bull Pub for a hair-of-the-dog pint, before he made his way along Theydon Park Road to his mum's house.

When he arrived, he let himself into the bark of a small King Charles Spaniel that was so old, it should have died a year before, but his mother was all for keeping it alive as long as possible with the aid of Lucozade.

His mother greeted him with an offer of a cup of tea and a sausage sandwich and while he tucked in, she asked him what his plans were. Max advised he was going to get a job and find somewhere to live. He had £6000 saved in the bank which should be enough to survive on for the next few months.

His mum told him that his board and rent would be £100 a week, and in the meantime, he should go and sign-on at the Job Centre until he found himself that job. Max smiled, there was never any free loading with his mum.

He carried his bag up to his room, unpacked and lay on his bed. He was twenty-eight years old, fit, slim, with dark hair and brown eyes. He stared at the ceiling and wondered what the world had in store for him.

Pete bought another bottle of wine and smiled at Sophie, as she sat in front of him explaining how she worked in an office for her dad, but didn't really need to go into work that much, as her dad spoilt her rotten and paid her whether she turned up or not. This

caused some animosity amongst the staff, as her dad was known as a taskmaster and everyone else got the brunt of his moods. Her dad owned a property development company and she just did some basic admin work, but really it was her colleagues that did the admin work. It was her dad's way of keeping an eye on her.

Pete explained he was in the entertainment business, owned some clubs, media company, and various other businesses that 'people' run for him. Sophie seemed to be interested in the clubs, when Pete explained they were based in and around London and that he was directly involved in the Live Music and dance industry. He also mentioned that he looked after a number of the doors for other clubs.

"You sound a bit like a gangster." She smiled over another sip of wine.

"People get the wrong idea about some things, I wouldn't say gangster, I would say Entrepreneur." Pete smiled over his glass and winked.

They finished their meal and Pete walked Sophie to his Maserati that was parked on a side street. "Can I give you a lift somewhere?"

An hour later Pete returned to Tiffany & Co and returned one of the Necklaces for a full refund.

Chapter 2

Sophie sat in the bar, just off Kensington High Street, with two of her closest friends and showed them the necklace. They both looked at it and smiled. "Who is this guy?"

"I don't know. His name is Pete and he lives somewhere in Kent." She explained.

"What's he like, how old?" The girls seemed to ask in unison.

"I reckon he's about forty and he's quite sexy, mean looking, but in a sexy way, if you know what I mean. He has lovely sparkling eyes." Sophie smiled.

"What's your dad going to say Sophie?" Tiffany asked.

"He's not going to know." Sophie scowled.

Max walked out of the Job Centre and felt like shit. 'What the fuck was that about?' he asked himself. He had just been in there for over three hours and came out with nothing. He was not entitled to any unemployment benefit because he had £6000 in the bank. He was not entitled to any housing benefit as he was living at his mum's house and he was not actually homeless. He was not entitled to any support in setting up a business, as he had money in the bank. He did, however, have to come back to the job centre every two weeks to get his book signed, so that they would pay his national insurance contributions. After everything had been explained to him, he had then asked what he would have got if he had been a foreign national who had just come into the country and not a British soldier that had just served ten years, fought in two wars and a number of conflicts, paid his taxes and saved his money?

The Asian lady with the head scarf behind the desk, had explained that if he carried on talking like that, she would call security and they would have the police come and talk to him about racist his behaviour.

Deflated and angry he jumped into his mums Citroen AX and made his way back to Theydon Bois, stopping off again at the Bull pub. He sat at one of the window tables and drank a couple of pints trying to get his head around it all. For all those years he had been paid by the Army, paid his taxes, being careful with his money and all he wanted was his job seekers allowance, which he had paid into for years and here he was with nothing. He had now applied for over twenty jobs and had not heard a single thing. In the news it was all about the Dot Com crash and the whole IT and communications industry was in crisis. Marconi had gone bust along with a number of other high profile communication

companies. This was defiantly not the time to be looking for work in the IT industry. As he sat at his table, he noticed a women walk in who looked his way and then did a double take when she reached the bar. He looked up at her when she turned to him for a third time and smiled. She smiled back and walked over.

"Max?" She asked "Max Edwards?"

Max's clearly showed no recognition of the women.

"Max, we went to school together. I'm Judy... I was in your class."

Max looked at the women again. 'Shit' he thought, she looked a lot older than him and she had put on quite a bit of weight since he had seen her ten years ago.

"No Shit... Judy! What are you up to now....?" He asked, not really knowing what to ask.

"Do you mind if I join you? She asked, motioning to a chair on the other side of the table.

"No, of course not." Max smiled as she joined him.

"I heard you joined the Army when you left school. You still in? You look fit and that's some short haircut!" She exclaimed.

"Ha! Thanks, yes, I've just left, about a week ago. Living at my mums for a bit while I get myself sorted out." He explained.

"I'm back with my parents too, I've got a lot of shit to sort out because of a little shit called my husband." Her face looked bitter for a second, but then returned to a smile.

Max looked at her and could not believe how much she had changed since he had last seen her. He remembered a young fresh faced, shy girl and now she was quite dumpy and a rather forward, loud women. He looked around the pub and could see a few of the patrons looking on and she spoke.

"Yeah, he took me for a fool and I bloody let him. He sold our house because he said the market was about to crash and we should get out, get the cash and then buy again when the house prices dropped. Once the house was sold and the money was in the bank, he went off and left me for a slag he met in his office." She paused as if thinking about something then added. "Left me with two kids, no money and a rented house."

Max didn't know what to say. He looked at her as she finished her glass of wine and then asked her if she would like another. She nodded, and he got up and bought another beer, a large glass of white wine and a couple of packets of crisps. When he got back to the table, she asked.

"So what was it like in the Army?"

"It was fine, just like any job I suppose. I was in the Signals and worked as an Electronics Technician so spent most of my time in workshops fixing stuff."

"Did you not get to the war in the Gulf?"

"Yeah, I did, but again, I didn't really do anything. I was in the rear working in a workshop. I was not part of a battle group, so I didn't do any front-line stuff." Max smiled, his time in the Army had been great, he had not seen any action, he had spent his time in the rear with the gear and was happy with that, let the green army bastards gloat in the glory of muck and bullets. A soft bed and a well-stocked bar was his army.

As the afternoon rolled on they had more drinks together. "You know when we were at school, I really fancied you..." Judy smiled.

Max didn't know what to say. He didn't fancy Judy, she was not his type, never had been. He couldn't even imagine being with a woman like her. She was a twenty-eight-year-old, who had turned into a bitter, cold woman with nothing good to say about herself or her life and she had let herself go and blamed everyone else for her predicament.

"Would you like to have sex with me?" Judy asked outright.... "I really could do with a bit of sex and you're the first person I've seen that I know."

Max looked at her and stood up. "I'm sorry Judy; I really do need to go. I have some work to do." He apologised and started to make his way to the door.

“Max, we could do it in my car in the woods. You don’t know what it is like for me. I’ve two kids, no money and no husband, so I don’t get to go out much.” She begged. “I need some fun, something.” Max felt sorry for her as she looked as if she was about to sob. “Judy,” Max smiled, “It was nice to see you again, but I really must go.” Max opened the pub door and stepped into the cold air. The door closed behind him.

Pete sat in his chair at his desk in the basement of his nightclub in Maidstone. The desk was an antique with a leather inlay, his chair was a green leather captain’s style. He scanned the spreadsheet in front of him that detailed the takings of the week; from the door and the bar. It was another week where he had made over £10K in this club alone and that was just on the door takings. He was still reconciling the bar takings, and with all the other businesses including the door security and car clamping, he was likely to take around £180K this month. With staff costs of about £22K he was in for it good whack again and the best thing of all; most of it was cash, so he wasn’t going to declare all of it to The Governor, who was the real boss of the business.

‘The Governor’ was a South London gangster done good, who moved into Kent in the mid 80’s, when things were going well and now lived a high life; putting the money behind various bosses, Pete being one of them. In return for buying businesses, like this club, Pete would run it operationally and the lion’s share of the money would go to The Governor with Pete taking a percentage. Pete always skimmed more off than he was entitled to, but he was sure all the other bosses did it.

He flicked back to the screen of his desktop computer, used his mouse to find a file and then clicked to open it. The image of a young girl having sex came on the screen. Her face to the camera while a man fucked her from behind. He smiled, the girl was in her early twenties, very pretty with a nice figure, and only weeks before she had shared his bed. There was a knock on the door and he turned the monitor off. “Yes.” He called out. The door opened and a young man walked in with a bag of cash and some receipts. “This is the bar takings and stock count.” The young man placed a bag of cash, book and receipts on to Pete’s desk.

Pete picked up the book and looked over the numbers. “Good profits again Chris. We still getting the booze in from the ferry runs?” Pete confirmed

Chris nodded. Chris had been the bar manager for six months now, Pete had met him in the Kings Head, a pub he owned. He was a local kid with no prospects, spending his weekly giro on booze. He had been at the bar feeling sorry for himself when Pete had decided to try him out as a barman at the newly acquired club. He had been a good reliable barman, and when he caught the previous manager with his hand in the till, he promoted Chris to the role of Manager and both hadn’t looked back.

“The girls still dishing out free drinks to the early sado-punters, and leading them on?” Chris nodded, “Yes Pete, and that new girl took one of the regulars into the toilets and gave him a blow job like you suggested. Since then, he’s been in every night ploughing his cash over the bar.”

“Good, I gave her £50 bonus to do that. Keep an eye out on anyone else you reckon can be pulled in on that one. I’m sure she’ll do it again for another £50.” Pete smiled.

“OK Pete, I’ll send her in to see you again when she comes in tonight.” Chris said in a matter of fact kind of way and left the office.

Pete smiled to himself, Chris was doing well; kept his mouth shut and did what he was told. He had been given the opportunity to lift money from the tills but had not gone for it, which Pete respected. He liked his staff to be honest with him, and work his way, with no questions asked.

The desk phone rang and Pete pressed the speakerphone button, not liking to have the

phone to his ear. "Pete." He answered.

"Pete, it's Mike." The phone answered back. "We've been working that girl you sent us. She's shot several scenes already. Do you really want us to do the gang scene with *her*? I was told she was one of your exes."

Pete smiled to himself. "Yes, I want her in the scene tonight with Harry and those big cocked blacks. As you rightly said. She is my 'ex' but she loves it."

"OK Pete, just wanted to check with you. This is all new to me."

"She was my girl, but not anymore. Treat her just like the rest, she now works for us and I want those films done and distributed as soon as. Franky loves her look and loves the classy bird getting fucked scenes, none of this tramp housewife shit. He only wants to see classy birds." Pete explained.

There was a pause on the phone.

"Another thing Pete, have you heard about these live sex feeds that are coming online? I think we need to take a look at it. Apparently, people log their credit card details in on a website and then get a live sex show. The credit card details are recorded and kept... it can't be right, but check it out for me will you."

"OK, no probs, I'll get back to you."

Pete looked at the phone, and smiled.

Max switched on the computer for the first time. He was sitting in a shed, at the bottom of his mum's garden, a shed that had taken him the last two weeks to turn from a leaking, cold out-store, to a comfortable, clean, insulated office. His mother's garden was long with the central line tube tracks running along with back, he had laid some wooden decking down and refurbished, re-roofed and extended the small wooden shed into an impressive 18ft by 10ft office building.

It contained a desk, a TV, a couple of phone lines and a kettle. His mother had been quite happy with the idea, as his job searching had come to nothing. He had now decided to go out on his own. His big idea; to build websites for people and local businesses. He had organised the installation of a broadband line and had purchased the necessary software. His six grand was now down to two grand, because of the initial expense, and now here he was, a Director of 'Your Page Web Design Ltd'. All he needed now was customers.

His own web page took a day to build, all the stuff he had learned on his HNC came into practice and with several books he had borrowed from the library, he was up and running. He had placed adverts in news agent's windows, in local papers and walked around the local towns of, Loughton, Debden, Buckhurst Hill and Chigwell putting flyers through people's doors. He'd also been on the phone cold calling specific businesses.

Success was not instant; until he spoke to a comic book shop, who had returned his call. They wanted a web page built to include an online shop. Max looked into the shop side of things, and after buying some additional software, built them a suitable site. He didn't actually make any money from it, as the monthly fee for designing and hosting came nowhere near what he had already laid out. He was still a few thousand short of his investment, but at least he had a customer, and a customer who was willing to pay him monthly, after an initial design fee. It was a start.

Pete walked up to the entrance of the club with Sophie on his arm. The doormen nodded at him as he arrived, and each one shook his hand with a smile as a show of respect. They

made their way down the neon blue lit stairs into the Basement.

"This is where I base myself. This was my first ever club." Pete mentioned as they walked into the main area, that boasted a full length bar along the complete length of the dance floor, and a DJ in a booth positioned in the middle.

Sophie smiled as people greeted Pete as made their way to the bar. Waiting for them was a bottle of chilled Bollinger with two glasses. The club was full of people dancing and the sofa's that fringed the edges, were full of people, drinking and chatting.

Once they had reached the bar, the barmaid came over smiled and poured out the two glasses of Champagne and passed one to Sophie. Pete smiled as he looked at her in her short silver satin dress. She looked amazing, he could see people admiring her and whispering to one another.

He liked to be the guy that everyone talked about, the centre of attention. He knew that a lot of the people in the room would like to get to know him and he had the power to do what he wanted, but he liked to choose who he played with.

"So, are you going to show me your office?" Sophie asked.

"Would you like to see it? It's in the back, it's very private..." Pete smiled over his glass of Champagne.

"Private?" Sophie purred and smiled.

Pete looked at her face, then her breasts and felt his penis harden. He had not slept with Sophie yet, he had been seeing her for over a month now and wanted her to come to him. Tonight they had been out for a romantic meal and had drunk a couple of bottles of champagne. During the meal he had started to get a bit forward towards her and had touched her leg in the car; she had accepted his touch and allowed him to rub his hand up her thigh. He had not pushed it, but by the look on her face, she had been expecting it. "If you want to see my office, it's through that door over there." He pointed to a steel door to the left of the bar.

"Come on then, show me, you, liar!" Sophie Giggled.

They made their way to the door where Pete keyed in an eight-digit security code. He pushed the metal door open and they stepped into a darkened corridor with dark blue walls and a concrete floor. They walked along to the first door and he then tapped in another eight-digit key code to gain entry to his office.

The office carpet was claret red, had a deep pile and looked expensive. The mahogany desk had a green leather top and behind it stood a large red leather captain's chair. A desktop computer screen was to one side and a green lamp stood on the other. Around the walls were pictures of sports cars and exotic ladies in various degrees of dress. To one side of the room was a red leather sofa, to the right of the desk was a table with four green leather chairs around it.

"This looks nice; not what one would expect in a place like this." Sophie motioned around the room.

"This is *my* office, this is where I do my work, of course it's going to be nice." Pete said light heartedly.

"Shall we sit down?" Sophie motioned to the sofa.

They moved to the sofa and Sophie elegantly placed herself down and motioned for Pete to join her. As he sat, she turned and kissed him straight away. She slowly pulled away and smiled. "I have been wanting to do that for weeks."

Pete pulled her close again and kissed her, this time putting his hand on her leg and moving it up her inner thigh. Sophie opened her legs and allowed his hand to cup her knickers. He carried on kissing her as he moved her knickers to one side to feel her wetness. She panted in his mouth as he pushed two fingers inside her.

As he fingered her, she touched his face, then his chest and worked her hand down to the

belt of his trousers, he felt her undo his belt and then his zipper pulling his penis free. She pulled away from him and moved her head into his lap, taking his penis in her warm mouth.

Pete sat back and let her work her mouth on his cock. He looked up to the ceiling above his desk to the small hidden camera and smiled. While she sucked on him, he worked his fingers in and out of her and placed his thumb on her anus. When she didn't protest, he pushed his thumb into her arse and worked his fingers in and out of her wet pussy. As he felt himself start to cum, he pulled her head away, stood her up and walked her over to his desk. Pushed her face down on his desk and pulled her skirt up, parted her legs with his feet and placed his cock on her arse. He then slid into her wetness and pumped hard into her. She squealed as he drove. He smiled and looked at the camera. After he came, he pulled out and went and sat back on the sofa. 'Slowly, Slowly, always catches the monkey.' He thought. Sophie stayed spread-eagled on the desk as he took a sip from his Champagne with a smile on his face.

Chapter 3

'Your Page Web Design Ltd' was now going from strength to strength. Max had a number of websites he was managing and had employed a young lad, who was working from home to help him keep all the web pages up-to-date. He had a steady income and was now growing his money back to his original £6K stake. He was no longer using PC world for his supply of computers and software, as he had now found Martin, a guy in Harlow.

Martin was a strange man who ran a little computer shop on an industrial estate. He seemed to be able to get all the hardware and software that Max needed for well under the market value. Max had expanded into supplying computers, direct to his customers, and Martin was doing all the repairs when an enquiry came in. Max got a good mark-up, as Martin seemed to do everything on the cheap.

A few days previous, Martin had obscurely asked him if he minded or had any objection against sex movies; he had been told of some guy who was making them, and was interested in building some websites. Max had no concerns at all, and had asked what type of sites he was after. Martin at the time couldn't tell him any more than that, but had set up a meeting for them that evening.

Max had driven over to a council estate in Harlow, where he had picked up Martin from the side of the road. Martin seemed surprised to see him pull-up in a girly small Citroen AX and after telling him the address, subsequently ribbed him for the rest of the drive, about getting a proper car.

They pulled up outside a council house in a very average street and parked the car against the kerb. Martin led them to number 15, which was one of identical looking houses along the street, and knocked on the door. A large, black guy answered and smiled when he saw that it was Martin and then ushered them both inside. They were led into the front room where they stood waiting. The room was like any other normal living room with a sofa, a couple of chairs and a TV in the corner.

Within a few minutes, a smartly dressed guy in a sports jacket, polo necked jumper and jeans walked in.

"Hi, Martin!" He went over to Martin and gave him a huge bear-hug. "So, this is the web guy?" He turned to Max and smiled broadly.

"Hi, Max Edwards." Max introduced himself. Shaking hands Max couldn't help but notice that Mike looked a lot like 'Toad' from 'Toad of Toad Hall'. He was short, squat, had no

neck and bulging eyes.

“Mike Franks.” The man smiled. “Has Martin told you anything about what goes on here or what I want done?”

“No.” Max said. “Just do I mind sex movies and have I any problem with them.” Max explained.

“Do you, and have you?” Mike asked.

“No and I’ve seen loads of them, not got a problem with them at all. Each to their own.”

“OK. Good.” Mike smiled. “I hear you’re quite a dab hand with the web stuff?”

Max didn’t respond, but kept smiling.

“I want you to build me a website with a live feed. Video streaming. Can you do that?”

Mike asked.

“Sure, if I have the right equipment.” Max said. “You would need quite a bit of bandwidth, that would cost, and a good connection.” Max continued to explain.

“You tell me what you want and I will get it to you.” Mike stated.

“I also need to check the law. I don’t know if Porno is illegal in the UK.”

“You check out what you can do and what you can’t. I’ll do the same. You want the job?”

“Of course. How much you paying?”

Mike looked Max up and down and then turned and said. “You tell me how much, and I’ll tell you whether I’ll pay it or not.”

They both studied one another and then Mike smiled. “Do you want to see what we want to stream?”

Max paused a while. “Sure.”

Max and Martin followed Mike upstairs into a bedroom where a lighting rig had been set up. Two guys were holding handheld cameras and on the bed was an older lady, maybe in her forties with two black men. She paid no attention to Max and Martin, as she lay on top of one of the guys while sucking off the other one.

“Now take the two of them darling.” A little man in his late sixties said out loud. With that the guy that was sucked off pulled his cock from the woman’s mouth and positioned himself behind her. He pushed her forward and she put her hand behind her and pulled her arse cheeks apart and then pushed his cock into her arse. She gave out a pleasurable groan.

“This is what I want - streaming online son...” Mike smiled.

Chapter 4

“Now this is the live feed from the bedroom in the house.” Max explained to the men in Pete’s office. “The house has been rigged up with high speed SDH phone lines and the camera’s feed directly to a server in Seattle, America.”

“Why America?” Pete asked.

“It’s to do with the laws governing Pornography in the UK.” Max explained. “Not one server in the UK would host this site. I had to rent a server in Seattle who specialise in this

sort of thing.”

“So,” Pete interjected, “because this goes to a server in the US it’s legal?”

“Sure is,” Max began to explain, “because the server, where the images materialise, is *in* the US, it can be beamed *back* to the UK. Totally legal!”

“What about the money? That’s not based in the US is it?” Pete asked.

“No the credit cards are processed here and can be placed in an account anywhere in the world.”

“OK, so how does it work?” Pete asked with curiosity.

“Right, I’m going to log onto the site, as if I was a punter.” Max tapped into the keyboard on Pete’s desk and the screen showed the home page of a website. ‘Iwilldoanything.com.’ The initial page showed teaser pictures of half-naked girls. Details stated that it was a live feed to girls on camera, giving you the opportunity to command them as you would like. There was also a price list; £5 for 5 mins and then a scale of prices up to twenty minutes.

“Why only up to twenty minutes?” Pete asked.

“On doing research it is an industry standard, that most men will pop their load within twenty minutes of watching porn.” Max explained.

Pete looked curiously at Max. “You did research on how long it takes a man to shoot his load watching porno’s.” Pete laughed. “Jesus man. Where did you find this guy Mike?”

The room laughed. Mike turned to Pete. “This guy is clever mate, plus, he’s ex-Army.”

Pete looked at Max again. “Ex-Army eh! What Regiment?”

“Royal Signals.” Max answered. “Ten Years.”

Pete smiled. “Well, good for me.” Then turned back to the screen. “OK, how does the credit card stuff work?”

“Well, we have software attached to the website which is a secure payment, but it’s not *that* secure. All the credit card details come to us as clear text and we have to process them from a terminal.”

“So we get all the credit card details of the people that pay on this site?” Pete smiled.

“Yes.”

“OK, and are you the one that logs and manages those details?” Pete asked.

“Yes.”

“OK.” Pete smiled again. “OK, let’s see this working for real.”

“I’ll make a dummy payment with my details.” Max tapped away at the keyboard. On the screen came the view of the bedroom in the house in Harlow. Laying on the bed was a blonde girl in a negligée. Pete smiled when he recognised her as his ex-girlfriend. “Good choice, Mike.”

“Thought you’d like it Pete.” Mike smiled. Max had no idea what they were talking about.

“So, what she has her end, is a screen out of shot, so she sees our script written up on the wall of the bedroom.” Max explained. “You type in what you want her to do and she follows the instructions. For example, if I type ‘show me your tits’.” The room of four now

crowded round Pete's desktop computer as the girl on the screen lowered her negligée to show off her full breasts.

"Now, how cool is that!" Pete smiled. "Get her to lay on her back and open her legs."

Max typed into the keyboard and they all watched the girl lay back on the bed and open her legs.

"Shit, man. No shame in the girl." Pete slapped Mike on the back. "Not what she was like when she first came in this office, hey Mike. Stuck up little tart."

Max looked at Pete not understanding the inside joke. The screen went blank. "What's happened?" Pete asked.

"Nothing, your credit has timed out, you have to put another payment in to see more." Max explained.

"How fucking cool is that!" Pete laughed out loud. "This is like an old-fashion peep show, but from the comfort of your own home." The room agreed. "Max give me those codes. We are going to have some fun with Julia for a while. You can go to the bar and have a drink. I want to have a quick word with you. Tell the bar staff I meeting you and you are to have whatever you want."

Max stood up after he had written the backdoor code for the website down on a piece of paper and left the room. Pete turned around to the three remaining men in the room. "Now let's have fun with little old Julia."

Max stood at the bar with the remains of a pint of Kronenbourg 1664. He was standing alone as the barman wasn't interested in passing small talk. He took the time to look around the bar, the large dance floor, the dark corners with sofa's and the two poles on the stage at the end of the room. There was a DJ booth raised in the centre. The club was empty as it was still mid-afternoon and there only seemed to be Max and the barman in.

After what seemed like half an hour, Pete walked over. Max looked Pete over, it had been Mike that had asked him to come to the club today to meet Pete. He could see from his shoulders and arms that he was a powerhouse of a man. Probably did a lot of time in the gym. Max himself, was not into all that, preferring to run and be toned than muscled, but he felt he could still hold his own in a fight if he had to.

"Well done son." Pete boomed as he walked over. "You did a good job there, cost a bit to set up, but the result is perfect. The boys are still back there having fun." Pete smiled. "You want another drink? Steve get two more beers over here." Pete called over to the barman before Max could answer. "Do you know who I am Max?"

"No." Max answered.

"So how did you get this job then?" Pete asked.

Max looked at Pete and then explained. "Mike knows my computer supplier Martin. Martin put me onto Mike and here I am."

"OK." Pete looked Max up and down. "That explains a lot.... My name is Pete Yates, and I look after some interests for my boss known as The Governor."

"The Governor?" Max asked.

“Yes, The Governor that’s all he’s known as. He’s a self-made man, known to have his fingers in many pies and if crossed; is known to have all the fingers in your hands broken, also your arms and legs. So, don’t smirk when you hear that name.” Pete’s face darkened. “I look after a number of his interests, the pole dancing, doors, and clamping for him. He also has other interests around the globe, which I’m not privy too. I work for him and you now work for me.”

“Hang on a minute.” Max complained. “I’m just contracted to do this one website. I don’t work for you.”

“Max, son, I’m only pulling your chain, settle down. Now that you’re doing this work, I want you to do some more work for me. So, this is what’s going to happen. I’m going to set you up in an office, next to mine down here. I hear you’re working out of your mum’s garden? Now that can’t be right and also you live at your mums? So I’m going to give you a place to live above ‘The Kings Head’ pub on the high street.”

Max stood in silence.

“So, what do you reckon? You now have business premises.” Pete smiled and slapped Max on the back. “You have your own place to live and you now have a business partner.” Pete raised his glass and Max did likewise. They clinked glasses and Pete stared into Max’s eyes. Max looked back at Pete and wondered what the fuck had just happened, and what he was going to tell his mum.

Max sat at the table along with his mother, Sara his web designer and her husband, in the Theydon Balti in Theydon Bois, the best Indian Max has ever visited, and he had been to a few in his time.

He was eating his usual of Lamb Tikka Masala with mushroom rice and a Peshwari Nan. His mother was having the Salmon Tikka and Sara and her husband had gone for a Gosht and a Vindaloo. Why they had gone for a Vindaloo, Max never knew, he didn’t like anything spicy, but enjoyed the mild gentle dishes.

“So what’s the news Max?” Max’s mum asked over a Poppadum. “This isn’t a normal night out, you look like you have something to say, but can’t seem to say it.”

Max smiled at his mum and raised his glass of his favoured Chianti. “Well, you know that new client, we have been working with in Harlow.” Max looked across at Sara.

“The one with the hooky porno stuff.” Her husband interjected.

“Which you have a free pass to.” Max passed back.

“Free pass, what free pass?” Sara’s husband asked out loud. “What you talking about?”

Max saw Sara’s face redden. “Sara helped me programme the site, and it has a back-door pass.” Max winked.

“And no, there is no way you’re having access to the back-door.” She turned and playfully slapped her husband’s arm.

Max interjected. “Well, they want me to work down in Kent with them. They’ve set me up an office and got me a place to live.” He looked at his mother who looked over her glasses at him. “Don’t worry Mum, they’re paying me over £7K a month to maintain their sites....”

With that he realised what he just said and looked at Sara. “And yes, I will increase your wages with that.”

“Cheers pal, I should be able to retire soon and spend my time on the golf course.” Sara’s husband piped up. Max looked at him. He was a London black cabbie and was not one for the work ethic; getting up late and working as little hours as he could, in order to just cover the bills, suited him down to the ground. Sara had had three children with him and it was because of him, she had looked for work as a web designer working from home.

“Well, I move on Monday and I’ll be based in Maidstone. Not that it will make any difference for you Sara, as you can still work from home and you can manage all the local clients. It’s only about an hour or so for me to get back here if you need me.”

“You sure about this Max? Do you really want to be working that closely with this new client, you don’t even know them?” Max’s mum asked looking a bit concerned.

“For £7k a month Mum. I’ll work for anyone, and as I said, the office and accommodation is free.”

Pete and Mike looked at the monitor on Pete’s desk. The screen displayed Pete having sex with Sophie over the very same desk.

“No good to me Pete, all I can see, is you mounting her from behind. You could have at least got her tits out for the boys.” Mike moaned.

“Look at the way she loves it Mike. She’s easily another Julia. You’ll get to play with her sooner than later.” Pete smiled.

“Yeah. I’ll look forward to it.” Mike smiled, he found Pete an odd one. Always bringing in these rich, classy girls and then sharing them around. It was all a bit odd, but he had known Pete for a while now and it seemed to be his thing and he didn’t mind, because he got to fuck some fit chicks, even if they were Pete’s cast offs.

“What do you think of that new lad Max?” Pete asked, switching off the screen.

“He’s a good kid, clever, respectable, likes the cash.” Mike said.

“You think he would be good for us? I’m looking for a front-man and I think he could be it.”

“You’ll need to test him. He doesn’t seem to be interested in the porn stuff, and shows no interest in getting involved with the girls. Colin the director offered him one of them on a plate and he turned her down flat. Didn’t even want a bloody blow job.”

“You think he’s Gay?” Pete asked.

“Nah, I think he’s just a bit up himself.” Mike offered.

“OK. He gets here Monday. I’ve set the office up next door for him. It’s wired and camera’d, so I can keep an eye on him. I have also given him a flat above ‘The Kings Head.’”

“It’s your call Pete.” Mike said. Pete smiled and sat back in his chair.