

Sophia Seductress



Cirstin Redman

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank my family and close friends for being there for me. I know I can count on them and that they will support me through anything I want to do, no matter how big or small.

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance of characters to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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Published in 2014 by [Any Subject Books](#)



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Chapter 1

<where do u live? i want to meet u asp>. The white text appeared, letter by painful lethargic letter, in a slightly ornate font on the lime green chat-screen background of the *Love2Chat2Love* private room I'd specially rented out a few minutes earlier.

"Not in this shit-hole - you've got to be kidding. Flush the john at bedtime and everyone knows what you ate at lunch," I muttered under my breath while I spelled out:

<mcdonalds on washington sat 11am will wear brwn jckt + ...

"Sophia, darling? Are you coming down to dinner?" my mother's shrill, affected voice interrupted my train of thought. It posed a startlingly simple question: which is more important - pandering to my mother's misplaced idea that I gave a shit about her stupid inedible family dinner, or getting a fuck-date for the weekend? "No brainer," I said out loud again. Ignoring her repeated summons, I carried on typing in my best one-finger-one-thumb way:

... u have 2 wait 2c ;o'>.

Had I thought about the consequences of who I was proposing to meet? Did I really care? Anything was better than Saturday spent in Crapville, USA. Population 6 - two hicks, their sister/wife/daughter/aunt etc, some very nervous pigs and other assorted farm animals (yes, I saw that film, too) and my adorably sweet Mom, Dad and me. And what can be said for Crapville (known on the road-signs as Curzon but I think the name Crapville suits it better) other than that a river runs by it - yeah, but there ain't even a shitty bridge, that's how 'important' it is.

It's not even that I'm here through an accident of birth, either - just because we've supposedly got roots in Curzon. My lame parents actually chose to work here - why? Why on earth would anyone want to live in this backwater of West Virginia?

But that was them all over. Just thinking of themselves, their own careers, their own wants, needs, desires without ever really giving a thought to the consequences of having children - well, one child, to be precise. Indignant at this gross injustice, I wanted to rail back at my mother and her protestations about a meal that mattered so much that neither my father (often still working in his office at my school), nor I, could give a rat's ass over it. However, and 'however' was the key word here. I wanted a lift to Charleston on Saturday and that was only two days away. Picking a fight with the dumb bitch now might just get me grounded - depending on how

much Dad could bring himself to care.

To help focus my mind on the greater cause, I bit down hard on the inside of my lip – the sharp pain cleared my head and brought me to my senses; the bleeding wouldn't last. Just what I needed – my alternative therapy working again. So you see, quacks - sometimes the patient knows best.

Not being one who likes their business made public, I carefully logged out of my laptop so as to protect my stash of porn, private messages and even more private purchases from discovery. A strange collection for an innocent girl, p'raps, but then people who go in for sexual stereotyping deserve all they get.

In an effort to stay sane over dinner, I reflected on an imaginary discussion with the school's careers adviser – a particularly useless specimen of humanity whose repertoire was limited to 'home-maker', 'fashion stylist' and teacher (which would be the worst?).

"Well, Sophia, what do you think you might like to specialize in when you leave our little academy?"

"I quite fancied a career in porn, actually."

Shocked careers adviser desperately trying hard not to look shocked: "Um, I don't really think that's something you should aspire to, Sophia."

"You mean it wouldn't look good in the annual 'Where are they now?' bit of our yearbook?"

"That's not the point. The point is ..."

"Maybe if you'd just spent the afternoon having it good and hard with two other girls and a black guy with a dick like a wrestler's forearm, you wouldn't be such a pent-up misery-guts, you know?"

"Would you pass the beans, please, Sophia? There's a darling."

For f... "Here you go," I gave my best plastic smile and obliged her with the ghastly beans that she insisted on both over-cooking and over-salting so that they ended up like a mouthful of gloopy sea-water. *Don't forget that lift on Saturday. Either that or a lonely afternoon in my room with Mr. Bendy-toy and some new batteries. Not an altogether depressing alternative but the main event promised better action.*

"Thank you, dear." She then turned to my father – his chance to get plagued by her special brand of inanity. "Did you have a good day at school today, Michael?"

My father. The man that they modeled The Invisible Man after. Only difference being that The Invisible Man had a voice. My father could have been mute

at home for all the difference it made. Some kids moaned about their mother and father always arguing but at least their parents were still communicating. We'd gone beyond that in our household and into the Silent Zone *dun-uh-dun-uh-dun-uh*. The way I saw things, if we were going to play the Three Wise Monkeys game, those two had already shared the roles of 'Hear No Evil,' 'See No Evil' and 'Speak No Evil' between them. With deaf ears, blind eyes and dumb lips all around me, what a shame to waste an opportunity to actually be evil!

I really couldn't tell you if he did answer her dumb-ass question that she insisted on asking every dumb-ass night as my mind was on weightier matters like having some serious fun and scratching the itch that had been building up in me all week.

Perfectly normal behavior, I would say, for someone stuck in an all-girls academy in the middle of nowhere where the news highlight of the year is someone's 'shine still being trashed by the Sheriff's Office. Two hundred girls aged from 4 to 16 in an elitist school run by a bunch of sexually frustrated nuns, and with your own father as president just to cap it all. Ten grand a year for a chance to live out your Alcatraz fantasies. Cool - NOT!

Not surprisingly a few girls in my year had turned to cheesecake. We all got to release our feelings somehow not that this was my bag despite my imaginary suggestion to the careers adviser.

Still, things were on the up since Kaeloni had started.

Tongues had well and truly wagged at the idea of a colored girl in the midst of the exalted company attending Santa Maria's Academy. When they discovered she was there on a scholarship, most of *The Bitches'* jaws got so slack they looked like they were going on a photoshoot for Yokel of the Month. From my perspective - the only one that mattered, after all - it made a nice change for them to have something new to gripe about with the added bonus that it wasn't too mentally taxing, either. Even the dimmest of them was fairly quick to switch their attention from:

"Your Dad's the president," to "But she's a nigger".

Did they get help with that amazing discovery? Better still than having the limelight veer away, it presented me with a golden opportunity to counter such incisive wit with either:

"I know, let's go to Dad's office right this second and you can tell him why he did wrong allowing Kaeloni into the school" or "Why don't we go and tell Sister Bernadette, the head nun, that not all of God's Children are equal and please can we

have some white sheets and gasoline for a burning next Friday night?"

Even the hardest of *The Bitches* had struggled with those counters. When your family's paying what those losers' parents were shelling out, they don't want you sitting at home with them (which is why they were prepared to pay so much in the first place). Most went quiet while a few muttered 'Yeah, well, we don't want no nigger' as they mooched off. At the end, it'd just been the two of us left to laugh about it.

Kaeloni's a good kid but she just needs to loosen up a bit. Her up-tightness is totally understandable, being marginalized because of her skin color. It's particularly ironic when you consider how much the biggest *Bitches* in our school shell out in Curzon's one beauty salon to get an all-over tan.

Both of us being enforced loners, it'd been a natural enough progression for the two of us to start hanging out together although we didn't tend to visit each other's homes, being sensitive to some mutual constraint.

"How was your day, dear? What did you study today?"

Oh God. The woman's back asking me again now. Don't you get it, mother? No-one wants to talk to you. We all hate you and your sad little back-stabbing Hickville socialite friends. "*She makes a wonderful pecan pie and have you noticed how her husband whistles on his way to the office these days?*" Can't you see how ... irrelevant ... they are, mother?

"It was OK. The heating's gone in the gym again and it's damned cold there this time of year."

"Please don't swear, dear. It's not ladylike and think what the Head nun would say if she knew the president's daughter was using such language. I'm sure your Dad will get it fixed, won't you?" She turned towards my father - thank goodness for the respite, however brief. You could measure the irritation on his face.

"If she's cold, she can tell her teacher and they can file a report with the maintenance technician - that's why we have one. I can't be doing everything myself. Maybe I should wear overalls and wander around with a socket set. Would you like that?"

"There you are, dear. All you have to do is tell your teacher." My mother managed not to register my father's sarcasm and, instead, chose to beam sublimely at me like she'd just discovered how to create a nuclear fusion reactor from some leftover turkey, a knitting pattern and a few dead-heads from the roses - the centerpieces of her favorite topics of conversation, in other words.

For fucksake, are you for real, mother? Are you taking the piss or something? Because this ain't even a 'funny once' joke.

Friday morning and my favorite subject - Latin. Surprising, perhaps, but not when you consider that very important word 'amo'. 'Amo, amas, amat,' the cornerstone of the language, recognized by anyone even vaguely familiar with it.

Anyway, time to do my best. Give the long blonde hair an extra stiff combing, tie it back for added cuteness and stuff some tissues into my bra for emphasis. I don't really need to do the tissues routine as I'm a 34B - not bad for a 15 year old - but I like my blouse to strain a bit - when it suits me. To help matters, I'd even re-sewn my middle button a bit tighter so that some cleavage shows through. You wouldn't believe how big an effect that little adjustment has had on men!

But one man in particular had my attention that morning so I was going to take extra care over my appearance. Time for the specially shortened skirt that I spent ages unpicking and restitching the hem of - not too much or the nuns would've picked up on it but enough to show off my legs and anything else I care to display.

On that subject, my lacy black knickers, I thought. I hadn't been able to wear them last week because of my period as even with a heavy duty tampon there's an element of risk. I fucked a boy once with the tampon still up there. If you don't want to spend a gross ten minutes fishing the damned thing out afterward, don't do it. I think he got friction burns, too, if I remember right.

So, all dressed up with somewhere to go - school. Had I lost the plot? Suddenly discovered my parents' loony set of values? No, not a chance. One last thing and I'd be ready. Grabbing my purse, I removed a \$20 bill and, from down in the recesses, a small polythene bag that I picked up last weekend from a 'casual acquaintance'. I sprinkled the coke out on my onyx sink surround, shaped it into a line with one of Mom's old credit cards (not a current one; she might spot the powder on it) and snorted.

My head quickly began to clear and I felt good again. The muscles in my shoulders relaxed, my head and neck suddenly felt loose and I was ready for anything - even another day at Santa Maria's home for the sensory deprived.

School is such a depressing place. It was built over 200 years ago and its stone floors, dark paneled corridors and windows so high you can't see out of them (even if they'd been cleaned) make just about every lesson miserable. The one maintenance man is elderly and every few summers applies the policy 'if it don't move, slap some

paint on it quick' with the end result that everything is covered in a thick, sticky coat of gloss paint that gets onto your clothes if you make the mistake of sitting next to a radiator in winter to avoid having a cold draft whistle round your exposed parts.

Most girls take the bus (although a few of the lucky *Bitches* have got chauffeurs) but, because of Dad, I get taken in by car. It's only a ten-minute drive so our awkward silences don't tend to matter much. I knew that he didn't approve of how short my skirt was so I rubbed it in by getting into the car awkwardly. Hey, don't get me wrong, we're not one of those hick families that thinks incest is some kind of family game. My father and I? Please.

No, my attentions were set on a more worthy goal, a certain Mr Hobbert *not* *Hobbit*, my Latin teacher. He's what my mother's generation might have called a 'dreamboat'. Tall, slim, clean shaven, piercing blue eyes, strong hands that suggest muscular arms, tight trousers with a bulge in the right place, a firm butt and a well-educated British accent. Every girl in our class – well, not the two carpet munchers, of course – wanted to screw his brains out.

Trouble is, he's married.

Anyway, in a rare moment of dialogue, my father had let drop that Mr Hobbert was having domestic difficulties and his wife had moved back to her family in Seattle for 'a while', taking his two kids with her. That made things interesting, very interesting.