

Extract – Stalker

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Warning: This extract contains language which some people may find offensive. It also contains depictions of sexual acts.

Ritu

Tom climbed into his car and settled himself into the driver's seat. It had been a good day, for a change. No dramas, no crises, and his boss had even commented on how good his report on the product launch had been. All that deserved some reward, Tom thought. He reached out to his mobile 'phone where it nestled in its hands free cradle. He thumbed through the names till he reached the one he wanted and pressed the dial icon. The 'phone didn't take long to be answered, always a good sign.

"It's Tom, can I come round?" He asked.

He listened to the answer and agreed a time. "Don't forget my favourite." He commented, before hanging up.

The drive didn't take too long, so he had a few minutes to wait before his appointed time. It didn't do to rush things, he knew. Take time to savour the experience, he always thought. The radio cut to a news bulletin, and that told Tom the time of his appointment had arrived.

Tom pressed the bell and gave his name when it was asked for, pushing the door open as the buzz announced that the electronic lock had been released. The lift was out of order, as usual, but he was still fit enough to take the stairs two at a time. He prided himself on his physical condition. At last he stood outside the plain yellow door and rang the bell.

The door opened, apparently without human aid, but Tom knew that Ritu would be stood behind it, out of sight. He edged sideways through the narrow gap and there she was, just as he had imagined.

She was short but curvy, the sari she wore hiding none of her natural charms. Her eyes were richly made up in the traditional eastern style, and she had glittering gold chains linking her pierced ears to the piercings in her nose. The chains highlighted the rich ruby lipstick she wore. More gold decorated her neck, dripping down to overlap the sequinned long sleeved choli she wore, which struggled to contain her large breasts. Between the bottom of the choli and the waist of the sari her coffee coloured skin framed the blue jewel that nestled in her naval.

Tom stepped back so that he could take in the full length of her. The gold and jewels were fake, he knew, but that didn't concern him any more than knowing a stage prop was fake. The sari served to accentuate the curves of her hips. He let his eyes wander downwards appreciatively, until he reached the slippers she wore, sequinned to match her top.

Tom palmed some money into the woman's hand, and she led him into a dimly lit room. It was hung with silky material that coloured the lights that shone from behind. The smell of incense filled the air. Ritu left the room for a moment and the sounds of sitar music seeped in from hidden speakers. Drums joined in to create an exotic rhythm. Tom sat himself in the armchair that was the sole piece of furniture in the room.

A spotlight sprang into life, which served to deepen the shadows in the rest of the room, particularly the corner where Tom sat.

Ritu swayed into the beam of the spotlight and started to move in time to the music, picking up the beat and allowing her feet to move to dance steps that had probably first been used a thousand years before. Her hands formed shapes, her wrists appearing to bend round each other. All the time her head was bowed modestly, her eyes half shut as she entertained

her 'lord and master' as Tom liked to imagine the situation. He was a Maharajah, and Ritu his favourite concubine.

Ritu swayed forward, so that as she took each tiny step she closed on Tom, who sat in his chair, leaning forward, mesmerised by her sensuous movements. At last she stood within reach and Tom stretched out his hand to take the loose fold of material that rose from the skirt of the sari, across her breasts over her shoulder and down her back. Ritu pulled back and the cloth slipped from her shoulder. Tom took a strong grip as Ritu started to spin away, back across the room, the sari unwrapping itself from around her waist until it eventually fell to the floor. Tom released his end.

Ritu stepped back into the spotlight. She still wore her choli, but now, revealed beneath it, was a far from traditional frilled thong. Ritu picked up the rhythm of her dance again, but only with her feet. Her hands reached behind her and unzipped the choli, pulling it down and over her arms. The bra she was wearing was as untraditional as the thong. It had peepholes which her nipples were forcing their way through as the cooler air of the room made them harden.

Tom was feeling anything but cool.

Ritu danced her way towards Tom again, until his hands could reach her breasts. He cupped his hands over them, feeling her nipples hard against his palms. She continued to sway. He let his right hand slip downwards, over the jewel in her naval, and onwards until he reached the top of the thong. His hand caressed its way over the thin wisp of silk and continued until he turned it palm upwards to cup her pussy in his hand.

Tom allowed one finger to push the material aside, slipping into her cunt. She was wet, ready for him.

Ritu took Tom's hand from her breast and gently urged him to stand. Turning her back she led him to the back of the room, pulling aside the drape to reveal a doorway.

The bedroom was decorated in the same way as the other room, but was lit with more than twenty candles, arranged around the room on low tables. In the centre of the room was a four poster bed, covered in expensive looking silk-like materials. Ritu had once told Tom that some of them had been in her family for generations, but they looked too new for that; he doubted they were even silk. The centre of the bed was lit by a spotlight, it's narrow beam not penetrating the rest of the room.

Ritu undressed Tom, quickly and methodically, but making the experience seem as though it took hours. As she pulled his trousers down over his hips she took Tom's cock in her hand and licked along its length, teasing it with her small, pointed tongue.

When she had Tom naked she led him to the bed and he lowered himself into the middle of it. Ritu slipped her sequined slippers off and stood on the bed, astride Tom. She slipped the bra from her shoulders and tossed it aside, then lowered herself so that she knelt astride Tom's face. Tom grabbed her thighs and pulled her pussy down onto him. His tongue struggled to push the silk of her thong aside so that it could penetrate her cunt. He let out a sigh of contentment as he tasted her juices on his tongue and felt them trickling down his chin. Her soft skin had a thin shadow of stubble on it that tickled his face, and he stifled the urge to sneeze.

Ritu let out a low moan and her fingers scrabbled at the silk to move it aside so that Tom could get at her more easily. She didn't come very often when she was with a 'client', but Tom had a way with his tongue that always got her going so quickly.

Ritu let her orgasm vibrate through her to its conclusion, then she turned herself round so she was facing along Tom's body, her pussy still firmly planted on Tom's face. She leaned forward until, she was able to take Tom's cock into her mouth.

Gently she teased his cock with her tongue, bringing him closer and closer to his climax. When she judged that he was ready she turned herself round once again, retrieving a condom from under one of the many pillows. She placed it in her mouth and then lowered her mouth over his prick, rolling the condom down along the length of it. Once she was sure he was properly covered, she adjusted her position so she was astride his hips, facing him and pulled her thong to one side before lowering herself onto him. His length filled her, taking her back towards orgasm once again. She let out another low moan, then cried out as her senses exploded once more. She felt Tom shudder towards his own climax, then start to soften inside her.

Ritu disengaged herself from Tom, taking care to keep the condom in place until he was fully out of her pussy. She quickly wrapped it in some tissue and drew it from his now flaccid penis, dropping the tissues into the bin beside the bed before stretching herself alongside Tom and cradling her head in his neck. She would allow him five minutes like this, she told herself, before starting to tidy herself and the room. If he wanted to talk she would talk, but that was his choice. Today he didn't want to talk. After five minutes, most clients took the hint and started to make themselves ready for parting.

* * *

With Tom gone, Ritu completed her tidying of the little apartment, then went through to the kitchen. She retrieved the money Tom had given her from its temporary hiding place and opened up the cupboard beneath the sink. Tucked in at the back, under some old cleaning rags, was a small safe. She pressed the buttons to set the combination and opened it up when it beeped. She added Tom's fee to the ever growing pile of money. The safe was nearly full again, she noted. It would soon be time to make the risky transfer to the larger safe in her home.

The 'phone rang and she hurried to answer it. Clients weren't always patient, and she didn't want to lose one because she was slow in answering.

She kept to a simple "Hello, this is Ritu" and let the client work out for themselves whether they had got the right number. This one had.

The voice on the line sounded nervous. Probably the first time he had talked with a working girl. She told him a bit about herself and finished with a quick rundown of her fees. He asked for a booking and named the time, which she agreed to.

"What would you like me to wear?" she asked quickly, before he could hang up. Clothes were an important part of her service. Give them the right costume and they could attach their own fantasy to it, which always made it more pleasurable for them. She wasn't too worried about that of course – that was their problem, but she had found she could keep a string of regulars going by pandering to their fantasies – and business was business.

The voice made a few ums and ahs as he considered what he wanted. Definitely a first timer – not sure what he really wanted from the encounter. At last he made his mind up and told Ritu what she needed to know. “That’s not weird, is it?” he sounded panicked.

“No dear, that’s not weird at all. In fact, it’s one of my most frequent requests. Now, what’s your name?” The voice paused, and Ritu knew he was about to lie. No problem, names weren’t important. She just had to know what name to expect when the intercom buzzed.

“Garry” the voice decided at last.

Ritu gave ‘Garry’ instructions of how to find her, then terminated the call with an assurance that she just couldn’t wait to see him. She then speed dialled a number on the ‘phone.

“Hi Davie. Are you home yet?”

Davie assured Ritu that he was.

“Got a first timer coming, so if you could hang around, just in case I have to hit the panic button.” Davie agreed to stay at home until the new client had left. He always did.

Ritu had made Davie’s acquaintance when he had made an appointment, not knowing that she worked from the apartment right above his head. He had hesitated about keeping it when he realised that it was so close to home, but he had nothing to lose really, so eventually went ahead.

During the five-minute respite period after he had come, Davie had opened up the subject of risks she took letting strange men into her apartment. Ritu acknowledged that she had been beaten and robbed a couple of times, but refused to have a protector, who would probably take more than he was entitled to and might be just as bad as any of the punters. Davie suggested that he install panic alarms for her, and if she was seeing a new client, or one she thought might be a bit dangerous, she could hit the alarm and he would come running.

Ritu had agreed, and they also agreed a way of recompensing Davie for his services. If she hit the panic button then he would get a ‘freebie’. He was satisfied with that. The arrangement had worked. Davie was a big bloke, certainly big enough to intimidate the sort of bullies that might attack her. She had called on his services twice in the six months since he had installed the alarms, discretely hidden behind the coloured veils she hung the rooms with. Davie had never needed to use his fists. His bulk looming over the bully was enough to convince them to leave and to not come back. And Ritu had kept her end of the bargain.

So, tonight, Davie would stay in his apartment waiting for the buzzer to announce that he was needed. Davie went across to his PC and switched it on. He called up the software package that he had bought and installed 6 months earlier and opened it up. He selected the feed that he thought he would need first and waited for it to connect. The camera flared into life and adjusted itself to the dim lighting while it also focused on the armchair in Ritu’s apartment, the one where the action usually started. Davie unzipped his jeans and slid them down his thighs.

Installing the alarm buttons, with their associated wi-fi connections, had provided Davie with the opportunity to install a number of miniature CCTV cameras in Ritu’s apartment. They, too, communicated via wi-fi and had been expensive, but well worth the money as far as Davie was concerned. He was just sorry they didn’t have sound as well, but that would have made them too large to go unnoticed.

* * *

Ritu checked her appearance in the full-length mirror to make sure she had the affect she was looking for. Tight white blouse, at least one size too small, unbuttoned to reveal cleavage. Striped tie, loosely knotted, an unspoken rebellion against authority. Tight grey skirt with a hem that stopped well above the knee. White knee length socks inside black patent leather sandals. She didn't need to check what was underneath the ensemble. Plain knickers and bra, the sort that a mother would buy a cherished and virginal daughter. Ritu hadn't been lying. This was one of her most requested costumes. In fact, she had to maintain three complete sets in order to keep up with the laundry.

She checked her watch. 'Garry' was late. No surprise there. He was almost certainly sat or stood outside somewhere wrestling with the thought of fleeing. He wouldn't, she was sure. Curiosity almost always got the better of the first timers.

The intercom buzzed and Ritu acknowledged it.

"Its Garry." He had almost forgotten what name he had given. "I've got an appointment with Ritu."

Ritu told him to push the door when the buzzer sounded, and then pressed the button at her end to make it happen. Lift out of order. Two minutes if he ran up the stairs, three if he took a more leisurely pace. The doorbell sounded after two.

Ritu stood behind the door as she opened it, so she could use her weight to slam it shut if there were any nasty surprises lurking outside. But first she used the door's peep hole to check him out. Even with the distortion of the fish-eye lens she was sure she hadn't seen him before, so he wasn't someone who had been warned-off and was trying to get back in using a different name. That had been tried before.

She eased the door open a fraction. Peering around it she saw a skinny young man, looking very unsure of himself. She opened the door wider to allow him to enter. She doubted she would need Davie's services to take care of this one if it was necessary. A strong wind would knock him over. In the apartment below, Davie concurred when the young man was shown into Ritu's work room.

"Shall we take care of business first?" Ritu's tone was light, but her outstretched hand made it clear that this wasn't a subject open to discussion. The young man's eyes were nearly popping out of his head as he took in the detail of Ritu's outfit. He scrabbled in his pocket and pulled out a handful of notes, passing them across the gap to Ritu's hand.

Ritu made a show of counting the notes, just to get the message across that this was a business for her, regardless of what it was for 'Garry'. She went through to the kitchen and put the money in its temporary hiding place between the pages of a magazine which she left in clear sight on the kitchen table. She had once caught a punter going through the kitchen cupboards, obviously looking for her money, but he had ignored the magazine. After chasing him from the apartment she had used a magazine as a hiding place from that day on. The stupid thing about the would-be thief was that he had paid his fee already, but not received what he had paid for. Not a very good criminal, obviously.

Ritu returned to the dimly lit room, which she referred to as her parlour. "It's your fantasy, so you had better tell me how you want it to work. I'll follow your lead, OK?"

"Well, er, um, I've not really thought about it much. What normally happens?"

“That’s what you have to decide, sweetheart. Let’s start simple. What do you want to call me?”

“Debbie. Yes, Debbie.” It didn’t go with her skin colour very well, Ritu thought, but if he could get past that then so could she.

“OK, and where are you meeting Debbie?”

“Um, er. I don’t really know. What do you think?” Ritu was starting to lose patience and struggling hard not to show it.

“Are you in school, or somewhere else?”

“Oh, yes. In school. Definitely.”

“In a classroom, the playground? Where?”

“Girls’ cloakroom. Yes. I did go in there once, for a dare. So, girls’ cloakroom.”

“Does Debbie know you?”

“Yes. We’re in the same class for English.” Unrequited love, Ritu concluded. So many of these fantasies were, of course. She would bet money that Garry was a virgin, too.

“OK. I suggest that as it’s the girls’ cloakroom I stay here, and you come in from the hall. OK?”

Garry agreed, and left the room, returning almost at once, before Ritu had time to get herself properly into position, but she reacted quickly.

“Ooh, Garry, what are you doing in here? You know boys ain’t allowed in here.” She put on a little girly tone. She had never heard anyone use it outside of a TV sitcom, but it always seemed to work.

“Shush”. Garry held his fingers to his lips. He carried on in a whisper. “Lisa told me you were in here, so I had to come and see you.”

“Why?”

“You know I fancy you like mad, Debbie. I just had to talk to you about it.” Bingo, thought Ritu. A speech he had probably rehearsed a hundred times but never had the courage to say out loud.

“Ooh, Garry. That’s so sweet. Actually, I’ve fancied you a bit too.”

Garry’s face lit up with delight. “Wow, I didn’t know. I’ve wanted to tell you for so long, but you were always hanging around with that creep Des.” The rival, thought Ritu, and probably the ultimate winner of Debbie’s affections.

“Yeah, he is a bit of a creep, ain’t he. I can’t seem to get rid of him though.”

“Can I kiss you?” More pleading than asking for permission.

“Yeah, OK.”

Garry walked forward and clumsily took Ritu in his arms, planting wet lips to hers. As Ritu kissed him back he thrust a hand between her thighs.

Ritu recoiled in mock horror. “What are you doing Garry? I’m not some slag you know. Upstairs outside only.” She took his hand, the one she had just removed from under her skirt and placed it on her chest.

“There, that’s better, isn’t it?”

“Has Des ever touched you?”

“What kind of a girl do you think I am? I wouldn’t let that creep touch my boobs, not for a million pounds.” Ritu kissed him again. “Actually, no one’s ever touched me. Not like that.”

They always liked to think of you as a virgin in these things, she recalled. Most of them, anyway. A virgin or the class slapper.

“Ooh, you’ve got something hard in your pocket.” Ritu broke the clinch and looked down at the gap that opened between them. “Oh, it’s not in your pocket.” She giggled girlishly.

“Have you ever seen a boy’s cock?” Garry asked, archly.

“My brothers, but that doesn’t count, does it? And not a hard one.”

“Would you like to see mine?” Ritu giggled, covering her mouth and looking down shyly.

“Ooh you are awful Garry. Can I?”

“Only if you show me something as well.”

Ritu acted out her part, appearing to take time to consider the idea. “OK. I’ll show you my boobs. You first though.”

Garry unzipped his trousers and pulled his erect cock from inside. It was an impressive size, thought Ritu. Bigger than she would have imagined for such a skinny young man.

“Oh, Garry, that’s lovely. Can I touch it?”

Garry was clearly taken with the idea. “Yes, do.”

Ritu took the erect organ in her hand and stroked it gently. He let out a gasp, then a moan, and spurted across her wrist.

“Oh no.” He sobbed, clearly embarrassed. “Oh, that shouldn’t have happened. Is that it then. Is it over?”

Ritu dropped out of character. “Don’t be silly. You’ve paid for an hour, so plenty of time to get you back on parade again. Now relax. Let’s carry on from where we left off.” Ritu reached behind a drape to find some tissues, wiped her hands and wrist, and then carried on as if nothing had happened.

“Oh Garry. That’s so lovely.”

“My turn now. Show me your tits ... sorry, boobs. You promised though.”

Ritu looked down shyly again but started unbuttoning her blouse. Pulling it open she fiddled with the catch at the front of her bra, before it sprang apart under the pressure from inside it to release her breasts. She made sure her tie was hanging directly between the two golden brown orbs. They seemed to like that for some reason. The tie was a potential weapon, handy for strangling, so she had stitched the knot to make sure it couldn’t be pulled tight around her throat. More than one man had made the attempt, she recalled.

“Can I touch them?” Pleaded Garry. Ritu put up a good show of reluctance, before allowing him to take them in his hands. She immediately felt the impact of his inexperience.

“Hey, go gently tiger. You’re trying to arouse me, not bloody tighten the wheel nuts on your car. Like this.” She demonstrated how he should tease her nipples. Garry relaxed his fingers and used them more delicately. He became a little bolder and lean forward to take a nipple in his mouth.

“Ooh Garry, you are naughty, but that feels nice.” One hand now free, Garry thrust it between Ritu’s thighs again.

“Oy, get off!” Ritu protested once again, grabbing his wrist. She made a show of trying to pull his hand away, but let it linger. His fingers thrust hard against her pussy and she let out a fake moan of passion.

“Ooh, Garry, that feels good. I’ve never felt that before.” Ritu play acted.

“Show me it. Please. Show me your” Garry struggled to find the right word, not wishing to be seen as crude but at the same time not knowing what to call Ritu’s sexual organs.

“My pussy.” Ritu supplied. “Not here though. We’ll have to go somewhere else, in case someone comes in. I know, we’ll go to the nurses’ office. She’s not in school today.” This excuse to relocate to the bedroom had served her well in the past. For her ex boarding school clients the nurses’ office became matron’s room, or ‘the sanatorium’.

“The school doesn’t have a nurse?” Garry blurted out, not realising what Ritu was trying to do. The penny dropped. “Oh, yes. The nurses’ office.”

Ritu took him by the hand and guided him to the bedroom. The rich silks on the bed that Tom had experienced and paid extra for, had been replaced by plain sheets and an eiderdown. On top of that Ritu spread a bath towel. She perched herself on the edge of the bed and pulled her pants down to her knees and lifted the hem of her skirt to her waist.

Garry looked dumbstruck, his jaw dropping open. Without any pubic hair every detail was visible to his stares. He reached forward and put his hands on her again, sliding a finger along her until he found the opening he was looking for.

Ritu let out a mock yelp of pain. “Garry, that hurt. I am a virgin remember.” She pulled his hand back and showed him how to use his fingers to tease her clitoris.

“I want you.” Garry gasped. “I want to fuck you.”

“How rude.” Responded Ritu. “That’s a horrible thing to say. Very unromantic. I want my first time to be romantic.”

Garry searched his brain to find the right words. “I love you so much Debbie. I want to make love to you, to make you feel happy.”

“Oh Garry. That’s so nice. But be gentle with me please. Lisa told me how much it hurts the first time, so please be gentle.”

Ritu slipped her pants over her ankles and lay back on the bed, wriggling her thighs to pull her skirt over her bottom to her waist. She spread her knees in invitation and Garry hurried to get between them. He struggled out of his trousers and pants and crawled onto the bed dressed in just his England football top and his socks. Ritu conjured up a condom from under the pillow and held Garry at bay long enough to make sure he was fully covered. Then she lay back.

Garry poked his cock around her vaginal area until Ritu ran out of patience. She took hold of him and guided him into her.

“Oh Garry. It hurts, it hurts.” She protested. At the same time she cupped his buttocks and forced him into her. “Oh Garry, you’re so big. You’re tearing me in two.” She sobbed. Should have been an actress, Ritu thought to herself.

Ritu looked up into Garry’s face and saw a painful rictus contort his features. He was coming again. This guy really had a hair trigger, even second time around.

Garry collapsed in a heap on top of Ritu and she rolled him gently onto his back. She slid the condom off him and used a wet wipe to clean him up. A quick glance at her watch showed that he still had half an hour left. It wouldn’t do to send him away too early on his first visit. With careful handling she was sure he would become a regular, reliving this fantasy over and over again.

Ritu ran her finger tips up and down his body, watching his flaccid penis to see if she was getting a reaction. She tickled his balls, then underneath them. His cocked twitched and started to harden.

Ritu lowered her face and took his cock into her mouth. She tasted a mixture of salty come and the chemicals from the wet wipe. He immediately went stiff. She used her tongue to stimulate him, knowing that he wouldn't take long to come again. She had expert timing, and knew from his movements and his breathing how close he was. Still a little way to go. Would he want to come in her mouth, or would he want to fuck her again?

"Debbie, you're a right slag." Garry announced, unexpectedly.

Ritu was so surprised she nearly bit the end off Garry's cock. So that was the way Garry's mind worked, was it? He pleads with Debbie to give him what he wants and then calls her a slag when she gives it to him. The real Debbie was obviously a good judge of character if she had rebuffed his advances when they were at school together. And as she was Debbie, at least for the time being, she would use her position of power to put him in his place.

No come in mouth for Master Garry, and no second fuck either. She felt him starting to reach his climax and pulled her mouth away from him. He tried to press her face back onto him, but she resisted. Normally she allowed clients to cum over her breasts if she didn't want them in her mouth, but she would also deny him that pleasure.

As Garry thrust his hips up to free his orgasm, Ritu pulled her head away and let him spurt onto himself, spraying a generous amount over the front of his shirt. Ritu tossed a couple of wet wipes onto his groin, pulled her skirt back down over her hips and turned over onto her belly so she didn't have to watch him clean himself up.

Garry didn't hang around once he was finished. He scrambled into his clothes in silence, then raced for the door. That's shame, thought Ritu. He's ashamed of having paid for sex, and probably embarrassed too. If he was a bit nicer to women maybe he wouldn't have to pay for it, she thought. He'd be back though. Ritu knew her clients and she reckoned she had hooked Garry for good. Maybe she would show him a few things that would spoil him for other women, so he'd never get the same satisfaction elsewhere. That would be a nice little bit of revenge for Debbie as well as for herself.

After Garry left the flat Ritu went into her 'back to normal' routine. Reaching under the bed she pulled out the robe she had placed there, she undressed and wrapped it around herself before getting off the bed. She took the towel and discarded clothing from the bed and picked up the litter from the floor before taking it all into the kitchen; towel and clothes into the washing machine, litter into the pedal bin. She went back to the bedroom and pulled the sheets and the eiderdown into place, tucking it in around the bed frame ready for the next client.

Out of the corner of her eye Ritu saw something move and she turned to look. The intricately carved fretwork of the upper frame of the four poster bed had a small scrap of spider's web hanging from one corner, moving in the draft from the open bedroom door. Ritu reached up to remove it. As she did so she noticed something tucked into a screw hole in the carving. She climbed up onto the bed for a closer look, sure that the object shouldn't be there. Hooking one long fingernail into the hole she withdrew the object.

It was about two inches long and cylindrical. It looked for all the world like a hypodermic needle, only a little thicker. It even had a hole at one end, covered with a thin sliver of glass,

or maybe it was clear plastic. A shiver ran down Ritu's spine, as a thought ran through her mind. She wasn't sure, and would have to check, but she suspected what the thin, needle like object might be.

Ritu walked briskly to the kitchen and pulled a laptop from out of one of the drawers. On quiet days, she used it for her studies, but hadn't had any need of it that day. The laptop woke from its slumber and she opened up her web browser to access Google.

She typed in the search words she thought might help her identify the needle. It took a couple of goes to refine the search down to the range of products she was interested in, then a couple of wasted viewings of websites until she found what she was looking for.

A photograph, blown up to 3 times actual size, confirmed her suspicions. The needle like object was a miniature CCTV camera of the type used by, according to the website, spies and private investigators. She scanned the product specification to find that it had a viewing field approximately one metre wide for every two metres of distance from the object, with excellent picture quality up to a distance of ten metres. It was capable of operating in very poor light and had a fixed focal length to allow anything from nought point five to six metres to remain perfectly focused, with gradual loss of focus from there up to ten metres. It transmitted its picture by wi-fi, up to a distance of twenty metres.

A glance at the purchase price for the camera told her that whoever had planted it wasn't short of cash – at least not before they had bought it. They might well be by now though.

Ritu returned to her bedroom and measured the distance from the corner where she had found the camera to the centre of the bed. Approximately two point five metres. That made a viewing field of over a metre. She visualised what she had been doing to Garry in the centre of the bed a few minutes before and imagined what would be visible through the camera. She shivered again.

Ritu climbed up onto the bed and examined every crevice in the carved bed frame. The camera had been found in the left hand corner at the foot end of the bed, and she found a second one in the right hand corner. Two more were found at the head of the bed, again in the corners where the deep screw holes allowed access to the fixings that held the posts and pelmet together. Whoever had placed them had a three hundred and sixty degree view of whatever happened in a one metre circle at the centre of the bed, perhaps more if the cameras had overlapping views rather than being focused on exactly the same point.

How many more cameras were there? Ritu started to search the room. One more was found, hidden in a crack in the plaster below the ceiling. It was pointing at the side of the bed nearest the door. The side she and her clients would use to get onto the bed and, more importantly, would stand at to get undressed. The side where she had sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her knickers down to show her pussy to Garry.

Where next? The bathroom was the obvious place. Some clients wanted a shower and wanted Ritu to get in and soap them down as part of their play. She also used the shower to freshen herself up after each appointment, sometimes having six or seven showers in a day. Now she knew what to look for, and what sort of places to look in, it didn't take her long to find the camera hidden in another crack in the plaster coving and pointed down towards the bath and the shower head that hung from the wall above the far end of the tub. She guessed the distance at about 3 metres. Angled down as it was it would probably show everything from the top of her head to her knees as she took a shower.

The apartment was old and poorly maintained. Artificial coving and cornices had been installed at some point, but now had cracks around their edges in many places. It was why she hung the rooms with fabrics, back lighting it to create an intimate atmosphere and to hide the peeling paint and cracked plaster of the walls. This provided ideal hiding places for the miniature cameras.

Ritu searched her parlour and found three more cameras. Two in the corners opposite the armchair, and pointing directly at it, and one in the corner behind the chair pointing at the spot lit area where she danced for some of her clients.

Finally, Ritu searched the kitchen and the tiny hallway. Nothing. Obviously, the person who had planted the cameras had no interest in those areas. But who was that person?

There had been no signs of a break in at any time, so she could rule that out, unless the intruder had been very professional and also hadn't stolen anything. So, it would have to be someone she had let into the apartment herself, and who had time enough to conceal the cameras without drawing attention to what they were doing. No client ever had that much time alone, so they were eliminated as a possibility. That left workmen then, that she had employed herself. She wracked her brain to work out who she had let in. She worked her way through a mental list and drew a blank. She hadn't employed any plumbers or electricians. None of the domestic appliances had needed attention. She was quite capable of doing minor DIY repairs, so didn't call on professionals very often, at least not in the apartment. Her house, well, that was different, but not here. Perhaps Davie might have some idea?

The penny dropped. Davie! She had let him into the apartment to install the panic alarms and had left him alone there for most of the day. Plenty of time to conceal the nine tiny cameras. And his own apartment was directly below; well within the twenty metres range of the cameras' transmitters. It could only be him. So, was he watching her now?

Ritu had left all the cameras in place, more interested in finding them than removing them for the moment. All but the first one she had found. What should she do now?

Ritu had three options, as she saw it. Remove the cameras and confront Davie, remove the cameras but say nothing to Davie, or leave the cameras where they were, at least for now. She weighed up the pros and cons of each option.

She tried to understand Davie's motivation first of all. Was he making money out of the pictures he was getting? The quality and limited number of angles, the inability to zoom in close, all made it poor value as porn. He could stream the camera feeds on a pay per view peep show basis, but it wasn't going to make him rich. OK, if you rule out financial gain that left Davie's own viewing pleasure. That made sense. It was simply a technological way of being a peeping tom, and Davie wouldn't be the first of those Ritu had encountered. She didn't totally rule out the possibility of Davie making money out of the views, but it seemed unlikely given the risk of being discovered. It only needed one of her clients, or even herself, to stumble on the live feeds on the internet and the game would be up. Much safer to keep them private.

OK, motive established (probably), so what did that do to her options? If she confronted Davie he might get nasty, and he would certainly withdraw his protection. If she removed the cameras and said nothing, Davie would still know he had been found out, and would have to assume that Ritu knew it was him that had planted them in the first place. Embarrassment,

and he would probably cover it by putting distance between them. That again meant the loss of his protection.

So, do nothing? He had been viewing her for how long? Nearly six months. It hadn't hurt her then and there was no need for it to hurt her now. She could take care to protect her identity, just in case the pictures were being streamed, and as for Davie – he would get what was coming to him when he was no longer useful. In the meantime, let him have his fun. He would regret it in due course.

Ritu returned the first camera she had found to its hiding place, hoping that Davie hadn't noticed it being disturbed. She assumed, correctly as it happened, that once Garry had departed Davie would lose interest in the feeds from the bedroom. After all, why would he want to watch her cleaning up? He had most likely switched to watch the bathroom camera, waiting for her to shower, which she would normally have done immediately after she finished tidying the bedroom.

Ritu went into the bathroom and started the shower running. Nonchalantly turning her back on the hidden camera she dropped her robe and stepped over the side of the bath, carefully drawing the shower curtain around her, which she usually only drew far enough to prevent the shower wetting the floor. Now, however, Davie would only be able to see the top of her head, and perhaps her shoulders. What a shame. As she soaped herself down Ritu started to think about what sort of revenge she could take on Davie. Something imaginative, perhaps, and a revenge that fitted the crime.

Ritu's business 'phone rang, but she ignored it on this occasion. She'd had enough of men for this day. Tomorrow it would be business as usual, but tonight she deserved an early night with a bottle of her special reserve wine.

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This ends the extract. The full version of the book will be available to purchase on 2nd November 2020 and you can pre-order your copy [here](#).