

THE FALL OF KING RICHARD

A TASTE OF HONEY STORY

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

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The Fall of King Richard

A Taste of Honey Prelude

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Dedication

To Alysse, for motivating and inspiring me with affection, support, and love.

Definition

Honey Trap: (noun) a strategy where an attractive person coerces another person into doing or revealing something.

—Source: Dictionary.com

A Winter in Geneva

Richard Pengrove was determined to end his affair with Dominique as he walked up to the Hotel Beau Rivage. The frigid night air blowing off Lake Geneva pushed him toward the door with eagerness that some people might take the wrong way. But he decided that his speed came more from a need to escape the cold than any desire for the warmth inside her.

He passed through the ornate crystal and marble lobby without raising his head or making eye contact with any of the evening crowd. He knew exactly where he was going, and he didn't want to risk running into a client or colleague. Several men in his circle met their lovers here, under the flimsy pretense of business meetings. The ones who didn't have mistresses would simply pick up a prostitute in the private lounge or order one with their phone. The outcome would be the same, even if the transaction was different. Either way, he didn't want to see them. He certainly didn't want anyone to see him.

The wide, immaculate white staircase carried him up, away from the throng of decadent executives and toward the guest suites. His shoulders relaxed as he looked down on the other liars. He imagined how much lighter he would feel once he broke things off with Dominique completely and went back to a normal life. He could share quiet evenings at home with Sarah. He could be there to watch his son grow up, instead of just liking videos of him on Facebook as if he was some random, distant uncle. After tonight, he would be free to live an honest life, unlike the well-dressed pigs who roamed this expensive sty.

He approached her door and saw the standard Do Not Disturb sign hanging on the gold-finished knob. That was her signal for him to come. Would it be more disturbing to go inside? Richard considered not going in at all. He could just say what he needed to say in the doorway. He could watch her absorb the finality of his decision and then leave before she had a chance to cry or make some other type of plea. He had nothing more to say: just hello, good-bye, and have a nice life.

But there was no reason to be rude, was there? What kind of English gentleman ignores a lifetime of proper schooling just to be rude to a whore? It's not as if she'd ever been cold to him. In fact, from the moment they met in the gallery, she'd carried herself with the perfect blend of affection and discretion. If a man couldn't be civil with his mistress, who could he be civil with? So Richard knocked on the door, willing to share a good-bye drink with her, for her sake, of course. With luck, he could still be home for dinner.

He forgot about his family dinner when Dominique opened the door. He saw the shining, black curls piled high on her head like a Grecian goddess. He could see her lips glistening with some unknown moisture that instantly implied sex. But it was her eyes that captured him. They looked him up and down, with a quiet control that banished every other thought in his head.

Richard didn't know how long he stood in the hall, staring at her like an idiot. He must have looked quite awkward, because she tilted her head and grinned at him with amusement. Dominique reached out to take his hand and lead him into the shadowed suite. That was when he noticed the crisp, white robe that was supposed to protect her from the winter chill. It couldn't serve its purpose the way she wore it. She had it completely open to reveal the naked body underneath.

Richard didn't consciously cross the threshold of Dominique's door. It was the click of the lock that snapped him back to reality. He knew he shouldn't be here. He needed to go, naked former lover or not. Just say hello, good-bye, have a nice life. It was over.

"I'm surprised, King Richard." Dominique turned to him with a languid and disarming purr in her voice. "I didn't think you would come."

Richard tried to stare at his feet when he spoke. He thrust his hands into his coat pockets to reinforce the image that he wasn't staying long. His eyes caught sight of her small, bare feet and soft, curved thighs. "I thought it was the proper thing to do, that's all. Perhaps I'm old fashioned, but a text just seems rude."

Her wet lips looked so generous and inviting. "That's very thoughtful of you. I appreciate it a lot."

He was on her then, gathering the heat of her face in his icy hands and pressing her against the door with his body. Her tongue was sweet and moist in his mouth. All he could do was moan and drink her in. Dominique wasn't surprised or put off by his outburst. Her hand gripped him with authority. His erection throbbed through his pants and into her palm.

Richard could only pull away from the kiss when the pleasure of her grip turned into the pain of unsatisfied frustration. He tore off his coat, but he didn't dare take a step back. He needed to stay close to feel her turn against him.

First, her cotton-covered hip grazed his erection. Then she pulled that aside to let him ogle the plump curves of her ass grinding into his pants. The slow twist of her hip was the sweetest torture he could imagine.

That movement drove him to stop clawing at his own clothes and to pounce on her again. His teeth found her bare shoulder. One hand scooped up a waiting breast. The other slipped between her

legs with shocking ease. She was already so open, so wet for him. Her lower lips felt as moist as her upper lips looked. He needed to lose himself there. It had been too long since he had fallen inside her.

Dominique opened his pants, wrapped him in a condom, and guided him in with a confident and practiced hand. All he needed to do was hold on and watch the show. It was all he could do to keep his hands on her hips and watch her dance. She moved with the same primal grace that Richard marveled at whenever he saw black girls take over the dance floor of a club. He was always too timid to approach them, but if they fucked the way they danced, then Richard married the wrong woman. By the time his orgasm hit, his shirt dripped with sweat. His legs shivered from exertion.

After he pulled out, Dominique turned with a slightly submissive and slightly teasing look. Richard busied himself with fixing his clothes so he didn't have to look her in the eye. "I should go."

She nodded like an eager child. "Do you have something for me?"

Richard stuffed his hand in his inside jacket pocket and pulled out a small, white envelope. This was the part that always disgusted him. This forbidden transaction shattered the facade of their romance.

Dominique slipped it from his hand and leaned in to give him a soft kiss him on the cheek. "Thank you, King Richard. I hope I get to see you when I'm in Berlin. Shall we set up a date?"

Richard nodded without eye contact and leaned for the door. Dominique opened it for him. "I'll be staying at Das Stue, I think. You can decide to meet me when I get there."

Richard nodded again as he walked out, with no intention of seeing Dominique in Berlin or anywhere else.

A Spring in Berlin

Richard sat down on the king-size bed, unbuttoning his jacket, his eyes downcast. He shouldn't have worn the suit. The too-warm streets and the quick plane ride didn't justify the clothes he wore. But he didn't have time to plan or pack. This was a last-minute trip.

He knew he shouldn't be there at all. Sarah waited for him at home. She never had to know about this, but he couldn't keep it a secret forever. How many business trips could he fake before she found out? Then what would he do? Is this what his life would become? Would he be reduced to empty nights with strangers in random hotel rooms after she took Peter and left him?

A glass appeared in front of him: whiskey on the rocks. Richard decided to ignore the glass and walk out on Dominique, but his hand took the drink and clinked glasses with her instead. She stretched herself out beside him on the bed, propped up on one elbow to sample the liquor and display her delicious skin, barely covered in the red silk robe. She was close enough to touch.

"What troubles you, King Richard?" Dominique started calling him King Richard on the first night he spent in her bed. Was that in Bern or Bonn? It didn't matter. She said he reminded her of a British knight, with his proper English accent and chivalrous manners. The name felt stupid now, because he didn't feel at all noble in her presence.

Still, he responded to the name in an attempt to change the subject. "Things are becoming complicated in the office, I'm afraid. Nothing official has been announced, but people are beginning to talk."

"Talk about what?" Her voice was still sweet and slightly sleepy. She didn't even look at him when she asked the question, choosing instead to take another sip. In other circumstances, it might have been a casual question, but not now, not with her.

Richard forced down the two fingers of liquid courage in one painful swallow. "The Russians are increasing their investments. They see opportunity in the global downturn. They know the markets are desperate. They're using the bank to press their advantage."

"That's good for you, isn't it? More business means higher bonuses for your trading desk and for you personally, yes?"

“More of this kind of business means more scrutiny, more danger of being caught.”

“So your superiors will be watching you more closely now, making sure you’re not stealing for me?” The smile she flashed him over the glass was dark and wicked.

Richard shook his head. “It’s not the bank. It’s the clients. Their lead executive is a man named Pogrov. Rumor has it that he’s former KGB and current Russian mafia.”

“That’s not a surprise. A lot of secret police went into organized crime after the Soviets fell.”

“But this one’s supposed to be extra paranoid about his transactions. I suppose he’s so used to robbing others that he’s always vigilant about someone doing it to him. We can’t keep doing this. They might be watching me.”

“I understand, King Richard.” She arched her back to rest the glass on the nightstand behind her. The movement stretched her body across the bed. Richard should have looked away. Her toe brushed his wrist. He wanted to ignore the casual contact. “I’m not trying to put you in danger. We can stop whenever you need to stop.”

Richard curled his wrist around her ankle before she could move it. He raised the tender foot and pressed his lips to it. There was a warm floral smell on her skin that mixed with the liquor in his head to cloud his mind. Dominique shifted her hips to let him get a better grip.

His lips moved to her ankle. Dominique opened her legs for him. Richard tossed aside his glass to kiss her calf, then the inside of her thigh. Her hand found the back of his head and guided him up, into the taste he couldn’t stop wanting.

Richard worshiped her sex with his mouth, exploring the moist, savory folds as if it was the last time, as if he wanted her as his last meal on earth before dying. With each pass, Dominique demanded more and more attention. Her hand clamped down on his head. Her soft whispers filled his ears with French curses, and when the spasms of her hips shook the mattress, Richard tasted the explosion.

Then he stood to answer the call of his own aching sex. He threw off his suit, shirt, and tie as if they were on fire. Dominique lay waiting for him. Her hand traced lazy circles between her legs. She bit her lower lip in anticipation.

Richard climbed on top of her with no pretense of subtlety. He stretched the condom on and found his way inside her with a grunt. Dominique arched her hips to welcome him. Her arms and legs entwined his body completely.

Richard abandoned himself in Dominique. His thrusts beat out a savage rhythm that shook the bed and the lamp on the nightstand. The jostled light cast wild shadows around the room. Dominique

absorbed each blow with a delicious moan and a tempting stroke across different parts of his body. His heart raced so hard and the heat from his skin burned so much that Richard thought he might pass out from the strain. But in time, Dominique released him from his labors by gasping out his name and quivering with the shock of a second orgasm.

He shambled around the room, stooped over like a hunchback to retrieve his clothes. Dominique curled up under the covers, as if she wanted a nap. Her voice trailed off at the end. She couldn't stay awake.

"Do you have something for me?"

Richard fished the white envelope from the inside out pocket of his slacks and rested it on the nightstand. Dominique reached out to pat his arm. He felt like a small boy being given a silent maternal compliment for fetching a loaf of bread.

"I need to be in London soon. I'm staying at the Corinthia. Why don't you meet me there?"

Richard thought of several reasons not to meet Dominique in London or anywhere else. But he didn't say any of them. He simply carried his armful of rumpled clothes into the corner to get dressed.

A Summer in London

Richard lay naked in her bed. The horns of after-work traffic crawling through Charing Cross echoed through the room like a symphony of frustration. The sticky heat had everyone on edge. It would take him longer to get back to Heathrow tonight. Maybe if he left now, maybe he could get a head start.

Dominique untangled herself from him and padded into the bathroom as if she heard his thoughts. She wasn't the same flawless figure who met him at the door. His hands had pulled her hair into a tussled mess. Her bare skin was discolored from his abuse and damp from the summer sex sweat. But the sight of her nudity walking away was only enhanced by their sex.

The shower began to pulse. Richard imagined her under the spray. This would be the best time to leave. He could grab his clothes and walk out before she could say anything to stop him. Of course, he should have left before. He should never have come in the first place, but it was too late to regret that now. He had his fun, one more for the road, but now it was time to end it. Dominique would understand. She'd want it to be this way. It wouldn't matter if she didn't. He would be gone, and that would be the end of it. He had nothing left to give her.

The door to the bathroom was opened. Steam drifted in and carried the scent Richard remembered from her skin. He imagined her dripping wet from head to toe. He got out of bed to find his underpants. He reached the doorway of the bathroom without them.

The sight of Dominique under the shower aroused Richard more than anything he could imagine. The opened glass partition and the steam did nothing to conceal her. The dark hair stuck to her back, slick straight from the water. The droplets shined on every inch of her, highlighting every curve. The simple motion of lathering her arm aroused him all over again.

Dominique saw him, and she saw his growing excitement, but she didn't mention it. "How is work going? Are you still making money for the Russians?"

Richard nodded, trying to stare at the floor but only able to lower his eyes enough to see the water dripping off her nipple. "Their investments are aggressive, but not reckless. Pogrov has a substantial amount of money poured into shipping and lorry companies. The activities aren't likely to raise red flags, but he's building quite an impressive pipeline for materiel."

"Inside or outside the Union?" she asked, rinsing.

Dominique was getting close. He wouldn't be able to hide it much longer. "Outside mostly. He targets private firms in Spain, Argentina, and Angola. He's also exploring relationships in the Americas, but that's not locked in yet."

"And is Monsieur Pogrov still looking over your shoulder?"

Richard opened his mouth to confess but found that his voice had left him. He couldn't find the words to break away. The look on Dominique's face held anticipation and longing. Her body promised so much pleasure. How could he disappoint someone like that?

He didn't know how long he stood naked in the doorway, staring at her like an idiot, but it must have amused her, because she held out a hand of invitation. "Come, King Richard. He's not looking at you now."

Richard didn't remember taking her hand or getting into the shower. All he could remember was the cool spray of water on his face and the warmth of her tongue in his mouth. Then Dominique was all around him. Her teeth bit down on his nipple. Her hands grabbed his ass and took control of his hips. Her body dropped, and her lips began to suck his brain away.

The submission in her eyes when she looked up at him was a reflection of his own helplessness. Dominique licked the sides of him. She nibbled on his tip. She devoured his whole length. Every movement was better than the previous one. Every second made more of his strength melt away. His hand grabbed her wet hair to guide her mouth. Her hands grabbed his ass to guide his hips. A wet finger squirmed behind him and found its way inside him. Richard squealed in pain, but he didn't reach back to pull her finger out. He came, letting the shower fill his mouth at the same time he filled her mouth.

Dominique was still wrapped in a towel by the time he got his shorts and sandals back on. Another towel sat on her head like a turban to dry her thick hair. She rubbed his back when he bent down to pick up his T-shirt.

"Do you have something for me?"

Richard shook his head, unable to admit his failure with words. The look on her face was quizzical for a brief instant before she spoke again.

"What happened to this quarter's transaction records?"

Richard tried and failed to look her in the eye. "Pogrov insisted on restricted access to his account activity. I've been placed behind a Chinese wall as of last week. The whole desk has, really. I can't save records of the transfers. I can't even see them anymore."

Dominique's pout of disapproval was small and short. It was like she'd been told the dessert shop ran out of her favorite flavor of ice cream. Then there was a shrug of her bare shoulders and another warm smile. "This Pogrov is quite annoying, isn't he?"

"Sorry, I tried to find another way, but the whole firm is tightening up on security."

Dominique nodded without irony, then stroked his arm. "I understand, Richard. We knew you couldn't supply data forever."

Richard forced a smile. "Well, may I still see you when you come back to Geneva?"

"Of course." Dominique's kiss on his cheek was welcomed warmth, even in the sticky summer heat. "I'm not angry at you. There are just some things you can't control. I definitely want to see you again. Perhaps you can bring me another type of gift instead."

Richard felt himself nodding like a schoolboy. "Absolutely. I'll bring you anything you want."

"I do like diamonds." Dominique smiled. "I guess I'm like other girls that way."

He kissed her lips with a smile. "You're nothing like other girls. And the diamonds I bring you won't be like what other girls get."

Dominique laughed and opened the door to let him out. "I'll remember that."

Richard laughed with her as he waved good-bye. "So will I!"

Richard ambled through the humid summer evening with a bounce in his step that threatened to launch him into the atmosphere. All that worry he had about losing Dominique when he lost the data access was nonsense. She wasn't going to leave him. She loved him as much as he loved her. The data theft was just a pretense for their meetings. She had to do it to satisfy her employers. He could have stopped delivering those data cards months ago. She didn't want them. She wanted her King Richard.

A Fall in Paris

Richard never saw Dominique again.

A week before her scheduled text, he spent ten thousand euros on a De Beers diamond-studded necklace. He didn't worry when she missed her contact date by a day. It wasn't unusual for her to vary her timing to avoid creating a pattern. But when a week passed, he thought something had happened to her. He imagined her employers might have punished her for losing access to ICB. But wouldn't she come to him for comfort if that was the case?

Maybe she couldn't contact him. He feared she was hurt, or worse. Maybe there was an accident or an attack. Maybe Pogrov and his thugs had found her somehow. He started to search online for any hint of what might have happened, but there was no news or postings about anyone named Dominique Arnaud. Her Facebook sat unused. Her paintings on Instagram and Pinterest were never updated. There was simply no word from her at all.

In time, he came to the conclusion that she abandoned him. His feelings, his marriage, his sex meant nothing to her. It never did. She only wanted the transaction data he slipped into those stupid white envelopes. He was a fool, led around by his dick to perform retrieval tricks like a pigeon or a dog. She never loved him. He was an idiot to have played her game for so long.

He considered revealing what he'd done to the bank. They could hire investigators. They could lobby the government to find out who Dominique worked for and where she was. He could make her pay for using him and expose her entire manipulative scheme.

Of course, that would mean admitting guilt to corporate espionage and exposing himself to the wrath of an ex-KGB strongman. He couldn't bring that on himself or his family. He couldn't put Dominique in that kind of danger. Richard kept his crimes quiet, for her sake.

Richard tried to forget her without success. He masturbated to her memory with a religious ferocity. He spent several months in hollow affairs and desperate one-night stands to rediscover her passion. He even gave the De Beers to his wife as a "just because" gift and asked her to wear it on the rare nights that they had sex. But on their last night, Richard called out Dominique's name as he came inside Sarah. His marriage was over soon after that.

Richard traveled to Paris to try and find Dominique Arnaud. The art broker who handled her paintings hadn't heard from her in years, but she did have a forwarding address. The apartment in the ninth arrondissement belonged to a scrawny old bat who couldn't see, could hardly hear, and reeked of old cheese. Richard went back to Geneva with the necklace in his pocket and emptiness where she used to be.

He went back to the Hotel Beau Rivage often. At first he told himself that he needed to warn his colleagues about Dominique in case she tried to seduce one of them. Then he found himself looking for her, asking indiscreet questions in the hopes of finding her. But she was just gone. Over time, Richard grew fat, pallid, and toxic to everyone he knew. He spent most of his nights alone in the hotel, chatting up prostitutes at the bar or ordering them on his phone.

When he got drunk, which happened quite often, he told the story of the affair he had to end. He talked about the woman he dumped because she fell in love with the great King Richard. He couldn't have that, so it was over: hello, good-bye, have a nice life.

The End

Thanks

I hope you enjoyed this short trip into the world of Crime and Passion. Richard might never see Dominique again, but if you want to find out how she seduces her next target, check out *A Taste of Honey* at the [Nightlife Publishing Store](#)

And if you want to find out more about the Crime and Passion world, [please join the RSVP List \(no spam I promise\) here](#)

I hope your European adventures are as exciting as the ones I dream up...

Have fun.

Gamal