

# The Role Model

Maybe it was the click of the door which woke him up or even the Jasmin perfume of the intruder, but his eyes flew open to see a Goddess standing before his bed. An overcoat fell and pooled at her feet.

As if responding to a silent appeal the clouds cleared, fine-spun moonbeams caressed her, their threads of lights played with her femininity. They were not eager and didn't deign to show her in colour but subtly in monochrome. The exquisite play of light and shadow displayed her deliciously, attenuating her curves revealing a sexual woman in a way that spot lights would have failed to achieve.

He heard a swish of silk as her gossamer gown joined the coat. NOW the moonbeams were eager. Unimpeded by clothing, the light frolicked happy to fondle her curves to dive and gambol in her valleys. She would have been beautiful even if the light didn't love her. As she moved towards his bed, shadow and light fought in a dance of adulation. His earlier thought of Goddess didn't cut it, he toyed with Angel but her lascivious smile promised a paradise that had nothing to do with heaven.

The bed rocked as she sat and pulled the sheets off him. Thoughts of adjectives failed, had he been cognisant he would have realised where the blood-flow necessary for thought had migrated.

'Mm-mm!' she purred.

Her hand caressed his bare body. She mounted him and grasped the only part of his body that was not confused, she directed it towards her warmth. Her eyebrow raised in question, he nodded.

He was more inflamed by her libidinous smile than her invading warmth. He would have thought it impossible for anything to be more provoking than the physical. But the promise in her prurient smile would have roused him, even had he been swimming in an Arctic pool.

Her smile slipped from libidinous to wanton yet despite her obvious arousal she dawdled as if testing his resolve to continue. The only resolve he could find had nothing to do with stopping her, he lifted his hands to her hips and echoed her movements. Nodding she increased her pace as if acknowledging he was now complicit in the action.

He took her in, his focus had funnelled, she was intoxicating. All of her body moved, a symphony in sympathy. Her breasts rocked in counterpoint to her body as she undulated, her nipples shouted her arousal.

Observing his gaze, she said, 'Good boy, you like my breasts?'

She lifted his hands from her hips they willingly followed to cup her. Her perky orbs fitted his hands to perfection. She coached his hands to pleasure her.

The moonlight that adored her enfolded him in its embrace; it loved the two humans who were revelling in the oldest dance. Maybe it was a waltz; slow and elegant, or a Cha Cha; vibrant and cheeky but whatever the dance after two circuits of the floor the conclusion was fast and inevitable.

He watched her left eye twitch, her stomach muscles flutter, as her velvet sleeve pulsed her pleasure in a Morse code which his body understood, he joined her. They screamed their pleasure in harmony. A scouring flame scorched them, coursing through their bodies tripping nerve endings and pleasure centres to feed their joy.

A chemical cocktail of neurohormones, oxytocin, endorphins and prolactin flooded their brains. The high was too high, they slumped together boneless. Savouring lingering pleasure, shared warmth and gentle caresses, they slept.

Alex awoke feeling serene but sad, he focused to account for the strange feelings. He was sad because he was alone. Was it real?

The dampness in the bed gave the impossible event credence, yet the hydraulics could have been a solo enterprise. Then the unmistakable smell of aroused woman and the lingering trace of perfume convinced him his memory, although surreal, was true.

'Christ, no one will believe me,' he said to the room. Then he realised the moment was too intimate for sharing, it was a gift of great value, a memory to take to the grave.

He had intended to shower, but he now understood why his niece refused to wash the hand that touched Justin Bieber. He found fresh clothes to avoid diluting her essence.

Alex was gathering his reports preparing for the tribunal when an envelope appeared under his door. More interested in the postee than post he rushed to the door and stepped into an empty corridor.

‘They were bloody fast!’ he mumbled to himself as he knelt and picked up the missive and pressed it to his nose. It disappointed him it didn’t smell of Jasmine.

He was representing the Shire; he was the Mayor of Koojahvale, the town most affected by the proposed development. His friends said if he could not quash the proposal, he would kill the antagonists. It was a joke, but it reflected the strength of his opposition, the development would destroy his town whose only sin was being too close to the city.

He opened and scanned the documents in his hands. Southern Star Global now owned the project. They were no longer fighting Dodge Constructions or Dodgy Con as the opponents of the project insisted on calling them. He scanned the memorandum finding a slew of keywords; sympathetic development, enhanced agrarian synergy, collegiate planning, partnership in amenity, it was just corporate speak, Southern Star would screw them without a smile.

The tribunal was as he expected corporate double speak from those who wanted to do, and emotive tangle talk from those that didn’t. He was tiring of hearing two minutes of value spread over ten minutes of speech when the room stirred.

‘No wonder she’s doubled the value of Southern Star looking like that.’ His neighbour mumbled.

He thought it was an “old man” comment, sure she looked nice but businessmen were too canny to be swayed by a trim figure or gentle ways. She manoeuvred almost diffidently to a seat towards the back, every eye followed her. She at least achieved something useful the speaker stopped pontificating until she sat. When seated she gave a subtle bow of acknowledgement to the massed eyes. After that display he decided that HE was too canny to be influenced.

The speaker resumed, his monotone had surrendered to interest or more accurately he was trying to interest a particular audience member. Alex looked at his watch twenty minutes till coffee. For him the refreshment table was the most interesting thing in the room.

Alex sighed, not only was the coffee excellent, but he’d snagged a glazed doughnut and a Danish as a dunker. He zigged and zagged around the crowd to a quiet corner; he didn’t want a careless elbow to interrupt dunking.

‘Will you help me save your part of paradise?’ He heard behind him.

Turning, he saw the woman of the moment and sensed the aggression of the men she had ignored to reach him.

‘Sorry, I’m Gina North,’ she said, offering her hand.

‘Alex McKee,’ he took it.

‘Don’t let me stop you from dunking.’

‘You won’t,’ he said defensively, how did she know he was about to dunk?

She looked at him expectantly; he was still wondering about the dunking.

‘Paradise,’ she prompted.

‘Ms North, I don’t trust you. Corporate speak overwhelmed English in your explanatory document. I believe Southern Star will screw us without even smiling.’

She shook her head, offended. Then her creased forehead surrendered to a cheeky grin.

‘You smell nice!’

He blushed, he knew the genesis of his perfume; he hoped she didn’t. Her crinkled eyes and the mischief in her grin showed he could hope all he liked, she knew.

‘Yes, it’s a new male perfume,’ he bluffed. ‘I don’t know what it’s called.’

‘Unobtainium, maybe?’

Her grin morphed into a monster smile, which licked his face as she turned away to grace someone else with her presence.

She spun back, ‘I smiled,’ she added before striding back to her seat.

Christ, his midnight visitor was Gina North. He thought she’d seemed familiar but Gina North was a total stranger, Why?

The facilitator who was shouting over the still boisterous crowd interrupted his thoughts.

‘Attention... Attention... Southern Star is the new developer and to present their perspective is Ms North. Ladies and Gentlemen Gina North!’

He held up his hand like a Ring Master as she weaved through the chairs to the podium. The room fell into an attentive hush as all eyes followed her slalom.

After the opening address Gina looked at Alex.

‘I hope to melt the heart of my sternest enemy,’ she held his eye, ‘but ONLY through the strength of this proposal.’

Her eyes left him to sweep the room to draw others, through emotion, to her viewpoint.

‘I don’t want sycophants! I want people who identify with Southern Star’s objectives. I have told by a witness to this tribunal that Southern Star will screw you without even a smile. I’ll come back to that later.’

Her eyes settled fleetingly on Alex again. There was a subtext to her words. If she didn’t visit his room to influence him, then why did she? Alex was having trouble concentrating, his head was spinning. Every time he reined his thoughts to focus on the speaker he saw moonbeams and her body, but it didn’t fit. He knew she was panchromatic even though he’d only seen shadows play with her but now she seemed veiled. Shiny rather than colourful, showy rather than vibrant, chromed rather than lusted.

‘What the...’ he grumbled to himself. ‘Whatever she proposes, I will oppose-’

‘Can you be quiet I’m listening... or trying to!’

Alex glared at his neighbour, it wasn’t listening the old bugger wanted to do. His anger settled his brain, he found focus. When the laughter subsided, he framed her words not her body.

‘Dodgy Con... ops sorry, Dodge Constructions were optimistic in their estimates of density and underestimated local sentiment. Southern Star's research convinced Dodgy Con their proposal at this tribunal would fail. We offered them an alternative which they took. I hope you all received your envelopes, under your doors, this morning?’

There were general murmurings of consent.

‘The same delegate also told me that although the document comprised words, none of them were in English-’

Laughter interrupted, she held up her hands; the merriment stilled.

‘And I agree. The document should have said we love the area and we want to do the right thing.’

The applause was generous; she had won most of the delegates but without Alex she would not win the day. He was representing the town and the Shire. They had changed the planning overlay, at the next Council meeting they would adopt it, it doomed her project. He couldn’t help sharing his smug grin. Gina took a big breath and pulled her shoulders back, a fight it would be then. She held up her hand, again the room stilled.

‘Back to an earlier point, Southern Star never screws people without a smile,’ her eyes found Alex again, ‘we always smile, because we always win. Let me tell you why.’

There was nothing coy about the glare she focused on Alex.

‘We always win because Southern Star Global has the cheapest financing cost of any Australian developer. A loss in Hicks Town to many would not be costly, to us it would be. Anything that erodes our investors' confidence would increase the cost base of ALL our projects.’

She scanned the crowd and caught the eye of each individual.

‘Once we put our imprimatur on a project, that project WILL go ahead.’

The mood had changed, no one saw a pretty girl but a powerful woman. The power and the sway she had on the delegates impressed Alex, but he was no pushover. He raised his hand.

‘Yes, Mayor Alex McKee, you have a question?’

‘Yes, Ms North I do.’

‘Before you ask your question Mayor McKee, you may like to know the State Government have vetoed any change to the planning overlay.’

Alex sucked in a breath, he didn't know but he didn't doubt her; she continued.

‘Alex, will you work with me, please?’

The words sounded ordinary to everyone else's ears but the pleading smile which accompanied them shouted to Alex. He watched the play of emotion on her face.

‘Yes, I will,’ he said.

Alex looked around, he expected backlash from the “don't want” crowd but they all smiled at him.

After the breakthrough the tribunal meandered through the motions and ticked all the tribunal boxes while the delegates snored, lunch couldn't come soon enough.

Alex took his sausage rolls to a quiet corner and gave them the attention they deserved, he looked up when the hub-hub in the room stilled. Gina walked towards him in full colour.

‘Thank you for your support Unclex, it wasn't why I visited you. I've wanted to do that for years.’

‘Georgina... Georgie Dillon?’

She kissed his cheek.

‘Why Gina?’ he stuttered more for something to say while his brain re-booted.

‘Gina is a better name for a rich widow. Gina is also the CEO construct.’

He pulled her into a hug. She was one of his niece's coterie of friends, a solid group of five. They called him Unclex, claiming it was better than Uncle Lex.

'I'm sorry I missed Helen's funeral, my husband chose that day to die.'

'I'm sorry too Georgie.'

She smiled at the name. The silence stretched.

'Why me Georgie, I thought you would have forgotten me. Plus, you could have anyone?'

She hugged him this time; it reminded her of earlier hugs he'd shared with the group of silly girls. Who could only express their desire by repeatedly prodding him with their pubescent breasts. But he'd ignored their immature advances and instead treated them like adults.

'Unclex I've thought about you almost every night, guess what I've called my vibrator?'

'Lex?' he asked laughing.

'No, Unclex, like the rest of the girls.'

His eyes flew open.

'Your niece too is a strong, sensual woman.'

'Christ, Georgie don't tell her.'

'She already knows, they all do.'

'But... but... why?'

She took pity on him.

'We loved Helen as much as you otherwise we would have all visited you carnally. But Unclex the wait was worth it.'

She caressed his cheek.

'All five of us married well, lasting relationships with love. That's not a surprise, you were the hurdle other men had to jump. From all five of us, thank you!'

She walked away, the noise in the room restarted. She threw a parting comment over her shoulder. 'Unclex, they'll all visit, lock your door if you find that unpleasant.'

Her colours faded, she was once again a stranger. Maybe she stepped back behind the corporate cloud where automatons were currency and real people treacled the works?