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THANK YOU AND ENJOY!

The Good In Mister Philips.

By

P.A. Davies

One

James Philips certainly wasn't a man that people would describe as a *player* in the world of romance. He was married to his childhood sweetheart by the time he was twenty two and then divorced by his childhood sweetheart a mere five years later when she decided that *his* so called best friend could offer her more worldly excitement ... that lasted for eight months.

Though James was undoubtedly liked by his friends and work colleagues, most of them would not hesitate to describe him as being your typical Mr. Average ... average height, average build, with looks that were attractive but not strikingly handsome. He worked as a manager in the underwriting department of a large insurance company, ate a Tuna Mayo sandwich and an apple every lunchtime and for the past five years since his divorce, had lived in a moderate yet comfortable apartment in an average part of the city. He never attended any works parties, never had a *quick pint* in the pub on his way home from the office and, as far as people could tell, had never had a girlfriend since the *Bitch* had left him for the *Bastard!* In fact it may have been said, in certain circles, that James, aside from being Mr. Average, was also perhaps a little boring.

Surprising then, that a woman who would ordinarily have been classed as being way out of James's league, was now lay sleeping next to him after the best sexual experience she had encountered in a long time!

###

TWO

Friday 1st March (pm)

The restaurant was unusually quiet for a Friday evening, which suited James fine, as fewer people meant that he was less likely to be seen by anybody that knew him. Having said that, James knew that the chances of that happening were very slim.

Salvi's was a restaurant that he had used on many occasions but not before he had satisfied himself that it met with his own criteria. Out of the city centre? Check. Unheard of/unfrequented by any of his friends or work colleagues? Check. Good food? Check. And the main ingredient in James's scrutiny? Discretion. Check. In this game, James thought, the latter was paramount.

The manager of the restaurant greeted James like he was an old friend, except that an old friend would have known that James was using a false name. "Welcome back Mr Good, it's a pleasure to see you again!" James returned the salutation and handed his coat to Martin ... it always amused James that a born and bred Sicilian immigrant bore the name Martin. Maybe, he too was operating under a pseudonym? "Your usual table is ready for you," Martin continued. "And I took the liberty of laying an extra place setting?" He added this with an assumptive tone, though had no doubt that what he was assuming was correct.

"Excellent. Thank you Martin!" James responded.

Martin smiled. "I will have Mario bring you your drink right away. And your guest will be arriving ... ?"

"At half past!" James replied.

Martin nodded. "Then I will show them to your table as soon as they arrive Sir!"

###

James's table was set back in a small, dimly lit alcove to the rear of the restaurant which suited his requirements perfectly. During one of his initial *reconnaissance* visits to the restaurant three years previously, he had chosen this particular table to be his regular spot as its position allowed him to see anybody entering the establishment way before they could see him. In fact, to ensure that he would be able to reserve the table at any given time (even at short notice) he had given Martin an extra large gratuity ... a gratuity so substantial that Martin had no problem in accommodating the request.

James liked to get to the restaurant well before his guest. That way, he could have a drink, relax into his role and from the position of his table, watch his guest arrive. This gave him the opportunity to *weigh-up* the person he was about to meet in the couple of minutes it took for them to be greeted by Martin to the point where they were actually stood by his table. It was a small talent that James had developed over the years yet it was a talent that hadn't failed him so far ... and tonight, it seemed, would be no exception.

###

He'd seen her enter the restaurant and watched with interest as Martin had greeted, gesticulated and finally shown her over to his table. In that small interlude, James had guessed that she was in her early forties, married to her career (in which she no doubt held a powerful role that she'd fought and worked hard for over the years), had been in a number of short term relationships and liked to drink dry white wine. She gave off an air of high class, though James surmised that this had also been worked at, based on his assumption that she'd probably hailed from a lower class family ... father a miner, mother a cleaner, that sort of thing.

What struck James the most though, was her incredible beauty. Layered wisps of shoulder length, dark Auburn hair fell stylishly about her face accentuating her porcelain complexion which,

James imagined, needed little or no make-up. Even in the half light of the restaurant, her hypnotic deep green eyes shone like marble to a point where any onlooker may have been blind to her other striking feature ... her lips ... pale pink, full and beautifully defined. What they might have been capable of, entered James's sub-conscious for just the briefest of moments.

To complete the faultless picture, she wore a well tailored, burgundy coloured dress that complimented her full, hour glass figure well, giving her an aura of being both sexy yet undeniably classy. It was a look that pleased James no end. And those breasts!! Given any other scenario, James mused as he rose to greet her, this lady would have been way out of his league ... so why then, did she need the services of an escort?

###

Three

James glanced at his watch. It was earlier than he had anticipated but there again, he hadn't anticipated the directness of the woman who now lay sleeping beside him.

The rendezvous in Salvi's that evening had ended half way through the main course, which, despite his experience, had taken even James by surprise. Normally, he would lead his guest through a tried and tested agenda of pre-dinner drinks (which helped put the more nervous of guests at ease), a starter, a main course with carefully selected wine, followed by a light pudding, coffee and an after dinner liquor. During this time, James would ask just the right amount of questions to evoke a conversation without appearing to pry. He would listen intently to what his guest had to say ... empathise, sympathise and laugh in all the right places ... and only at the end of the evening would he suggest a night cap back at the hotel in which he was staying. This he used as a *get out* clause for his guests. It was a way to avoid any embarrassing or uncomfortable situations and

didn't rely on the study of body language to second guess how the night would pan out. If the guest, at any time during the evening, decided that the inevitability of the rendezvous wasn't for them, then they could bring it to an end by declining the offer of a nightcap. Simple but effective. The guest would then be seen safely into a taxi cab and that would be that. Not only was it a safeguard for the guests but a strict condition when hiring the services of this particular escort. It didn't matter to James whether he ended up in bed with them or not, he was paid either way.

There were, of course, other golden rules that James adhered to. One. Never ask guests about their current relationships because A, it was none of his business and B, he wasn't a marriage guidance councillor. Two. Never assume anything. Three. Never refer to guests as *customers* or *clients* ... he also wasn't a shopkeeper or a whore. Four. Never think or take any part of this charade personally and five. Never, EVER, become emotionally involved.

Oh, and one more thing. Never ask a guest why they needed an escort! James had fallen foul of this stupidity once before by posing that very question to one of his first guests.

###

"So," he had started. "Why would somebody as beautiful as you need an escort?" Tacky, patronising and amateur.

The lady that James had been entertaining on that particular occasion, had stared at him intensely for what seemed like an age. And then, as though finding the answer to a question she really should have asked herself in the first place, frowned and simply replied. "I really have no idea Mr Good!" And without another word, she stood up and left, leaving a red faced James to pick up the bill.

It had been an important learning curve for James on that memorable evening, not least because it taught him to apply yet another rule ... always get payment for his services in advance.

###

"Mr Good?" the woman asked in a formal tone as she arrived at the table.

"Marcus, please," James replied with a warm smile. "And you must be Helen?" The woman smiled slightly and nodded. "It's a pleasure to meet you," James continued, holding out his hand.

"Perhaps," Helen replied, before taking hold of James's hand for the briefest of moments. James frowned slightly as they took their seats suddenly feeling like he was at a job interview.

"Dry white wine," she announced unexpectedly.

"Sorry?" James asked. In truth, he knew what she had said but was somewhat taken aback by the abruptness in which she had said it.

"A dry white wine Mr Good," Helen repeated. "I assume you were going to ask me what I would like to drink?"

"Yes. Yes, of course," James replied and immediately gestured towards Mario. *'Wow. This woman is tightly wound,'* he thought. *'I was right about the drink though!'* "A dry white wine for the lady please Mario and the same again for me!" he instructed the sombre looking waiter. Once Mario had left, James turned to face Helen and smiled. "You managed to find this place ok then?" he asked, thus attempting to begin the small talk.

"Obviously Mr Good, or I wouldn't be here now would I?" she replied but immediately regretted her sharp response, especially when she saw the expression on James's face. "I apologise Mr Good ... "

James held up his hand. "Marcus," he reminded her softly.

"Yes of course. Marcus. It's been ..." She paused and glanced to her right as Mario returned with the drinks. Helen smiled her gratitude towards Mario, though he returned this with a strangely unnerving yet vacant stare before leaving for a second time. Helen frowned slightly, dismissed his attitude with a shake of her head and picked up the glass sitting in front of her. She took a large sip of her wine, sighed her approval then looked back at James. "As I was saying Mr Goo ... Marcus!"

she checked herself and emphasised the name with a slight smile. "It's been one of those days I'm afraid but that doesn't excuse my rudeness and again, I apologise!"

James waved his hand dismissively. "Forget about it," he said. "I'm a big boy now!"

"I'm sure you are," Helen said in a near whisper before picking up her glass and taking another sip of wine. She watched James over the rim of her glass, her deep green eyes seemingly probing his mind. She was pleased that he appeared to be un-phased by her comment and hadn't responded with any mindless metaphors that he assumed she would just love to hear ... unlike the others, she mused. They had either become flustered by her direct approach or used her similar comments as a cue to become imbeciles, with their stupid school boy jokes and suggestive quips. And not one of them had managed to satisfy her, bringing the same immaturity into the bedroom as they had displayed out of it. Useless.

This man was different though, she could tell that even from the brief time that they had been in each other's company. *'But the question is Mr Good,'* she thought devilishly. *'Just how far can I take you?'*

###

Helen was pleased with Mr Marcus Good so far. He was smartly dressed, courteous, attractive and thankfully, taller than she. At five feet eight (almost five ten in heels) it had amazed her just how many men she had met on previous occasions that had fallen way below her expectations ... and not just in the height department.

Marcus seemed a lot younger than she was but that also pleased her. Not because he might find her, a woman fifteen years or so his senior, attractive ... he was being paid to give that impression regardless, she thought. No, it was the fact that she might just be able to take control of this youthful man with her maturity and experience and lead him down the path of her own sexual preferences ... like a lamb would follow a wise old ewe.

She gazed at the man opposite her and found herself mentally undressing him, her

imagination threatening to take full control of her body. She knew that she should have resisted but if truth were told, she had absolutely no intention of doing so. And when she felt that first surge of pleasure in between her legs, she knew that it was time to satisfy her urges.

She lay down her knife and fork, picked up her glass of wine and sat back in her seat, staring at her escort. James looked up and frowned.

“Is everything ok?” he asked, concerned that she appeared to have finished with her half eaten meal.

“May I ask you something Marcus?” Helen replied, swirling the wine around her glass.

James put down his own cutlery, wiped his mouth with a napkin and picked up his own glass.

“Be my guest,” he offered, before taking a mouthful of his drink.

Helen smiled and studied him for a moment. “Do you find me attractive?” she asked. “I mean, your occupation apart, would you be attracted to me if we met in different circumstances?”

“Different circumstances?” James quizzed.

“Yes. Let's say that we had met in ... oh I don't know ... a bar or a shopping mall for example. Would you consider me to be attractive in those circumstances?”

James put down his drink and leaned forward slightly, looking Helen directly into those hypnotic eyes. “To be perfectly frank,” he began. “I would find you incredibly attractive if we were to meet in a coal mine!” He smiled warmly, content that for once, he didn't have to lie to a woman about her looks. He had done a lot of lying in the past ... an occupational hazard when you have to instil that *feel-good* factor into the less attractive of guests.

“Have you not wondered then,” she added. “Why I would need the services of a gentleman such as yourself?”

‘*It had crossed my mind,*’ James immediately thought. “Mine is not to reason why,” he answered. “Merely to accept that I am blessed to have ladies of your calibre that actually require my services!”

"Correct answer!" Helen replied, with the utterance of an approving laugh. She raised her glass in salute and took a further sip of her wine. When she pulled the glass away from her mouth, she purposely used her little finger to slowly remove the residue of liquid from her lips. Her gaze never left James as she began to lick the finger seductively, circling its circumference with her tongue before finally wrapping her lips fully around the tip. James watched the performance with interest, feeling a sudden stir of arousal in his loins. As though sensing his growing excitement, Helen stopped and clasped her hands together on her lap. James quickly took another large mouthful of his drink, finishing the contents of his glass. Helen smirked, placed her hands onto the table and also leant forward slightly. "Well," she began. "As we are being totally frank with each other, I would like to tell you exactly where I stand on this, *arrangement*. That way, Mr Good ..."

'*Back to the formalities again,*' James thought.

"... there will be absolutely no reason for any mis-understandings between us!"

"Sounds ... intriguing!" James's offered.

"I'm afraid that you will find little intrigue with myself Mr Good, only plain speaking and clear intention!"

"Somewhat of a rarity these days," James proffered.

"Indeed," Helen concurred, though her tone suggested she didn't want any further interruptions. James obliged. "Over the years," Helen continued. "I have taken a number of lovers ... some good, some not so ... some, I have to admit, have been for no other reason than my own personal gain!" She saw James raise his eyebrows. "Oh yes Mr Good. It is still very much a man's world out there and I make no apologies for using my ... shall we say, *attributes* ... for getting where I am today!" James's eyes momentarily yet instinctively glimpsed at her breasts when she used the word *attributes*, a motion that didn't go unnoticed by Helen. She gave a wry smile, confident that she was now getting Mr Good's full attention. "I would be lying if I didn't say that

the majority of men I have slept with, have been more than adequate in the love-making department but that often came with the hindrance of falling into relationships that required my promise of undying fidelity, however shallow!" she paused to take another sip of wine. "Truth is," she continued, "I class myself as a free spirit Mr Good, so the very idea of a long-lasting partnership is something that really doesn't appeal to me! Needless to say, most of my romantic interludes have lasted no more than a few months ... And that, Mr Good, is where you come in!" James frowned. Helen explained. "No ties, no commitments, no chance of a dozen red roses being delivered to my place of work ... I do not want to be holding hands in the park on a Sunday afternoon Mr Good, nor do I not want to be watching old movies together with a bottle of wine and a box of Kleenex ... and I most certainly do not want to be made love to!"

'There goes the night-cap!' James thought.

"What I want Mr Good ... and the reason that I sought the services of a man like yourself ... is to be taken to a hotel room and fucked like there were no tomorrow!" James's mouth dropped open. "So," Helen continued, calmly. "If we are now clear on my needs and if you are indeed the man for the job, why don't we forget about finishing this meal, as delightful as it is and move straight onto the question of a night-cap?"

As they rose to leave, Helen was pleased to notice the beginnings of an erection pushing against the cloth of her escort's trousers. *'Let the games begin!'* she thought, excitedly.

###

FOUR

No sooner had James closed the door of his hotel room than Helen was upon him, her mouth meeting his with a hungry passion the moment he turned around. There was no gentle caressing

between lips here. No. That was an action reserved for sensitive lovers in a prequel to making love and Helen had no intention of being *lovey dovey* with this man.

Her tongue quickly sought his, circling it at first before inviting it to enter her own mouth with an encouraging suck. James responded, took a firm hold of Helen's head and pulled her closer to maximise the deep probe of his own tongue. Helen murmured her delight before grabbing at his jacket, trying to remove it without parting lips. James assisted with the manoeuvre, leaving Helen's hands free to move eagerly down to his trousers, where she unbuckled his belt and released his flies with faultless precision ... she needed no assistance here. She reached into his shorts and located what she had wanted ever since they had first sat down to dinner, a discovery that made her pull her head away from James's and glance down.

"My!" she exclaimed quietly yet with undisguised delight. "You really are a *big boy* aren't you Mr Good?" She looked back at James, smiled slightly and began to kiss him again. Her fingers traced the outline of his penis, fondling the hard pulsing muscle with the gentlest of touches. Helen knew that this would heighten the senses and take his eagerness to a point where he would be mentally pleading with her to take a firm hold and stroke it with increased vigour and momentum. As it was, she could already feel him shifting his hips slightly trying to manipulate the angle so that she would take a firmer grip. *'Not just yet Mr Good,'* she thought, before moving both of her hands around to his buttocks, gripping them hard and pulling him so close that she could feel his erection pushing tightly against her. James gyrated slightly, grinding his gift from God against Helen's own mound and causing her to whimper as he skilfully pressed into the tip of her ever sensitive clitoris. Shock waves of electricity shot up through her body. Helen wanted him inside her right at that point but knew that there was so much more fun to be had with this man before that could happen. And then she dropped to knees.

James leant back against the door. Although he wasn't going to complain about what was about to happen, it did amuse him slightly: after all, they were barely over the threshold of the hotel

room and this well-to-do business woman, with her fine dress and expensively styled hair, was already heading for the buffet.

Helen drew him into her mouth: slowly at first, tasting him, toying with him ... It was an art form she had gotten off to a tee. She held onto his member with one of her hands whilst the other was placed in the moistness between her own legs, her fingers caressing and probing herself to the rhythm of the fellatio act.

'Fuck, she's good!' James thought as she brought him incredibly close (but not to the point) of release. When Helen stood up, James spun her around and pushed her up against the wall, temporarily pinning her arms with his own in a show of sexual restraint and control. As he kissed the nape of her neck he felt her push her own buttocks into his crotch and begin to grind herself against him. James slid his hand slowly down her body line glancing across her breast as he did so, causing another sigh of delight from Helen. Finding the hem of her dress, he pulled it slowly upwards revealing a brief-less behind. "Mmmm ... commando!" he whispered whilst tracing the outline of her form.

"I find panties so cumbersome at times," she gasped. "Wouldn't you agree Mr Good?"

There was no opportunity to answer as Helen turned her head slightly, reached her free hand up to James's face and pulled him in to a hard kiss. "I want you inside me," she whispered, as their lips parted. "Now!"

James obliged and guided himself towards Helen, initially teasing her with the tip of his erection, an act that Helen did not want to play along with. She reached around and grabbed his member, placing it steadily on the point of entry and thrust her hips backwards. James entered her with ease, the moisture from pre-intercourse anticipation helping to lubricate the passage. Helen moaned as he thrust deep inside her and began the steady tempo of sex, her leg raising up against the wall to take in as much of this man's piece as she could. "Harder!" she demanded. "Fuck me

harder!'. She started to move her own body in time with James's, pushing back hard so that his length was fully devoured with each inward movement.

Helen took a hold of James's hand and placed it onto one of her breasts, encouraging him to caress it. Again, James obliged and reached into her bra. He felt her smooth skin, slightly rippled from the goosebumps that had suddenly developed and gently circumnavigated the ample size with his fingertips. When he finally arrived at her hard nipple, he took a hold of it and squeezed making Helen yelp with pure delight and increase her sexual momentum.

James could feel himself building quickly towards ejaculation but again, it seemed that Helen sensed this and pulled herself away from his embrace. She turned around and began to back away from him, moving slowly towards the bedroom whilst removing her dress and letting it fall to the floor. When she removed her bra James smiled with admiration at the naked form of his guest and followed her into the room. "Do you like what you see Marcus?" Helen said, whilst running her hands over her breasts.

"Very much so!" James replied. And he did. Helen had an extremely voluptuous yet toned figure and he wondered again (if only momentarily) why a lady who looked like this would need his services. Not that he was complaining.

James closed the bedroom door behind him as Helen lay down, inviting him to enter her once more ... he guessed that this was going to be a very long night.

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