

In the Meetings of the Committee Designed by a Horse
(Good for Business)

The four men sat around the large oak desk. They were men of great standing in the business sector. All four were the same age and had the same upbringing and schooling. They were lifetime friends. Each had grown up in the small town of Cooroy, a sleepy little hamlet an hour's drive north of the state capital. In high school an event had occurred that brought the four together.

Her name was Marsha but the kids knew her as Horse. She was a big girl. Not fat but tall and broad. Her looks were...unfortunate. Some wag came up with the name of Horse and it stuck. Names like that often do. She tried to get through her life by making herself as inconspicuous as possible. And in truth no one really noticed her much. The jibes and name calling came less frequently until it was only the occasional eighth grader would hang his head from a passing school bus to yell "Hey Horse. Eaten any good hay lately?" It was an unfortunate life for an unfortunate girl but she made her way the best she could.

"First item of business is the acquisition of DelCorp. Final transaction will be on Wednesday. I don't think there will be any problems with that. Kevin?"

"Thanks Joe. Quarterly projections are on track. Looks like another record breaking year. Let's celebrate."

"Not yet gentlemen. We still have one item of business left. Tony would you be so kind?"

Tony got up from the table and walked over to a wooden cabinet in the corner of the room. He bent down and pressed a button concealed in the surface.

Marsha had spent the day at the beach. It was one of the few things that gave her pleasure in her life. She liked to spend the whole day on the beach. Just swimming and walking along the sand. It was an atmosphere that seemed to breathe new life into her lungs. For a brief time she could forget about her life. And most of all she could forget about school. The way the other kids would treat her like dirt. Worst of all was the way that Aaron treated her. Or didn't treat her. Truth be told he totally ignored her. Which was not exactly how she wanted to be treated by him. Marsha had a crush on Aaron. She would often dream of him rescuing her from her life of misery. As she walked along the roadside to the bus stop she thought again of his piercing blue eyes. But he never so much as said hello to her. So it surprised her when he pulled alongside her in his panelvan.

"Hello Marsha." The sound of her name on his lips sent a thrill through her. She clutched her bag to her breast and smiled at him, the biggest, sunniest smile she could muster.

"Hi Aaron." She thought that she might just float away.

"Pretty hot out today. Do you want a lift home? There's plenty of room in the back."

She looked at the passenger seat and saw that his friend Tony was sitting there, grinning at her. She didn't like Tony. Marsha was sure that Tony was the one responsible for her nickname. But the chance to be in the same car as Aaron was just too good an opportunity to pass up. She almost skipped to the back of the van and pulled open the rear doors. Hands reached out and grabbed her by the arms. Before she had time to so much as yelp she was pulled into the back of the van and the doors were slammed shut behind her.

Tony walked back to table carrying four glasses and a bottle of French Champagne. He opened the bottle and poured the sparkling liquid into the glasses. He then handed them to his three colleges. They each took their glass and stood around the table. Six eyes watched Aaron as he lifted his glass.

"Here's to Horse, the girl who started our partnership twenty years ago. Wherever you are, thank you."

They raised their glasses and drank them dry in one swallow. Aaron placed his empty glass on the table and bent to the intercom in front of him.

"Miss Briggs, please send in the entertainment."

The three men turned towards the large double doors as they opened.

Marsh stumbled along the roadside towards her home. She wasn't really aware of her direction, she wasn't even aware of where she was. All she could think of was the hands. Rough, forceful hands pulling and pushing her. Tearing her clothes from her body, running over her naked body. And the laughter. That laughter would haunt her for the rest of her life. It was an evil sound that told her that no amount of begging or pleading would help her. And the loudest laugh of all came from Aaron. Her heart was broken before they even started to take their turns with her.

She stumbled into her front yard to see her mother standing at the top of the steps. Marsh wanted to run to her and throw herself into her arms. But one look at her face told her that no sympathy would be found there. She slowly dragged herself up the stairs and in through the front door. Her mother turned to watch her as she passed and Marsha thought she would get to her room without any comment. But the stinging remark that she expected was not long in coming.

"I knew this would happen to you. What do you expect with the way you flaunt your body like that?"

Marsha considered retaliating but decided against it. She just wanted to get to the safety of her room.

"Wearing those skimpy clothes. A lady would never wear such a thing in public."

"Mother please. Everyone wears shorts and T-shirts. Neck to knees went out in the twenties."

"Don't you smart mouth me young lady. You just watch your tongue or you'll feel the back of my hand."

Marsha could feel something welling up in side her, something she had never felt before in her life. It was rage.

"If you don't mind mother I just want to go to bed," she said evenly.

"Fine, go then. I don't want to talk to a whore anyway."

"What did you call me?" Marsha was seething now. Her body trembled with a fire that threatened to consume her.

"You heard me. What else would you call someone that does what you obviously did?"

"I didn't do anything mother. I had no choice in the matter."

"You made your choice when you went out looking like that."

"I was raped for Christ's sake. They held me down and took their turns raping me. Do you know what that word means mother? Has it ever crossed your mind that people don't ask to be raped?"

"You asked for it. Dressing like that, wearing all that make-up. You look like a whore"

Marsha rushed at her mother and grabbed her by the lapel of her dress. She pushed her face against her mothers and screamed at her.

"I was Raped you fucking bitch! Can't you get that through your thick skull? Or do you really believe that your only daughter wanted this?" She looked into her mother's eyes and saw the answer to her question.

"Oh my god. You really believe I wanted this. You really think I wanted them to do this thing too me. My God mother, how could you? Your own daughter." She turned and walked to her bedroom. Her mother was dead to her now. She would never again admit that her mother was still alive.

Two weeks later she moved out of home.

The four men watched as the leggy blonde walked into the room. She wore tight shorts and a baggy T-shirt as requested and she carried a large leather bag under her arm. Placing the bag on the table she opened it and pulled out a portable CD player and placed it next to the bag. She reached out with one long manicured finger and pressed the play button. Two beautiful blue eyes scanned the occupants of the room, making contact with each one before moving on to the next. The CD player came to life and the heavy rock sounds of Kid Rock's Bawiddabah pounded out of the speakers. The Blonde burst into life, dancing with an energy that was astounding. In a matter of seconds her T-shirt was draped across the table to reveal a black push-up bra. She played to each man in the room, rubbing her breasts in their faces as she straddled them and dry humped their Armani suits. Aaron was the last to receive this attention but he was also the one to receive special treatment. The stripper grabbed his hands and placed them on the sides of her shorts. Making sure he had a good grip she pushed back from him, causing the specially weakened seams to give way to reveal a black G-string. She wagged her finger at him in a mock naughty boy fashion then continued to dance to the music.

The four boys arrived back at Aaron's home and immediately went to his bedroom. There was a small bar fridge in the corner and Tony went straight for it. He opened it and pulled out a six-pack of Fosters that he handed to his companions.

"Damn that was one hell of a fuck," he grinned as he drained his beer.

"Oh Christ, what did we do?" Kevin could not believe what had happened. He was not handling it well.

"We got you laid Kevin. You should be grateful for what we did." Tony placed an arm around Kevin's shoulder and looked him in the eye. "And don't forget, you fucked her too so don't get any ideas about telling anyone."

Kevin shook off Tony's arm and went to sit on the end of the bed. He looked at Tony with disgust then drank his beer in one gulp.

"I'm not an idiot Tony. I know I'm as sick as the rest of you bastards and I have no intention of sending myself to jail. But what do we do when she calls the cops?"

She won't," said Aaron. "She won't tell a soul about what happened. I know her type. But we have to stick together on this. We can't breathe a word of this to anyone."

He looked around the room at his friend's, holding their gaze till they dropped their eyes. Aaron held a certain power over the group. There was no doubt that he was the leader.

"Are we agreed?"

They nodded and murmured their agreement.

The blonde was dancing up a storm. Aaron thought that she was the best stripper they ever had in here. She was merely part of the tradition the foursome had developed every year on the anniversary of the event that brought them all together. After that fateful day they had become as close knit as any group of friends could. They had finished school together, attended university together, gotten jobs in the business world at the same company and, when the time was right, they had left to start their own company. Ten years after hitting out on their own they had become one of the top fifty companies in the country. And Aaron had no intention of stopping there. He wanted to steer this company to the very top. As he sipped his champagne and watched the stripper perform a very seductive lap dance for Kevin he thought back on that day in the bushland behind Noosa Junction and smiled.

"Whether you know it or not Horse, you where damned good for business."

When Marsha moved out of home she had no family or friends to stay with. She was lucky that she made enough at her part time job working at the Hot Bread shop to afford a cramped caravan. It was not the best of accommodations but it had kept a roof over her head. She had to give up school to get enough hours at work but it meant she no longer had to see their faces so she considered it a blessing.

Then the shop closed down. She had no income and the rent was two weeks overdue. The last time she had eaten was two days ago. Marsha did the only thing she could to survive. He was at least twice her age and he smelled but he was gentle and after he left she had \$100 to spend. Marsha celebrated at McDonalds, buying two Big Macs and a bottomless cup of coffee. When the girl behind the counter poured Marsha her fifth cup she asked her why she was drinking so much coffee.

"To get rid of the taste."

The girl watched Marsha walk back to her booth in the corner. There was something about that customer that seemed to radiate despair. Shaking her head the girl went back to work.

Marsha finished her meal then walked out into the darkness. In the following months she managed to make enough to move out of the caravan and into a small unit.

The song ended and the blonde walked over to the CD player, pressed the fast forward button then hit play. The crashing sounds of Korn's Freak on a Leash roared out of the speakers as she walked over to Aaron and gently guided him out of his seat. The blonde grabbed his tie and led him to the table like she was leading a dog on a lead. When they reached it she spun around and sat on the edge. Aaron found himself between her long legs, staring down at her ample breasts. Her hands reached out and played with his belt

buckle. He got the idea and even though this was not part of the financial arrangement he was happy to comply. To be honest he had wanted to fuck this tart since she had strutted into the room. In a matter of seconds his pants were around his ankles. He leaned against her body as he slid into her. The blonde wrapped her legs around his hips and drove her ankles into his arse, increasing his rhythm until he was thrusting like a madman.

It was over in seconds. With a loud groan Aaron climaxed, his neck muscles straining and his teeth clenching in a vain effort to remain in control. The stripper let go of him with her legs then placed her hands on his chest and pushed him away. As he fell back into his chair Aaron realised that for the first time in a very long time he had been used. He watched as the blonde pointed at Joe, signaling that it was his turn.

When the foursome finished their schooling Marsha was making a living on her back. Over the years she had followed the careers of the four boys. She had even read an article in the Sunday paper on the newest company to break into the top fifty list. There was a picture of the four gathered around a large boardroom table drinking a toast with champagne. The title of the story had been 'In the Meetings of the Committee Designed by a Horse'. The writer of the article had no idea what the company chairman had meant when he told him it was the name of the annual meeting they held at that time of the year.

Marsha understood completely.

Over the years she had her share of troublesome customers but overall she was lucky. Some of the girls she knew in the industry had not fared as well. Some had ended up in the emergency room at the local hospital. Some had ended up two floors down in the morgue. Marsha had only been severely beaten once and had sustained a broken nose but it had healed well and didn't affect her business. But one day she had been feeling poorly so she went to her doctor. He had run some tests and the results were not good. Marsha had full-blown AIDS. She was still in relatively good health but it would not last. Her doctor did not hold much hope but advised her of some alternative medicines that might help. She thanked him for his advice but she would handle it herself. She walked out of his office and as he watched her go he thought to himself that she was one very tough lady. He never saw her again.

Aaron watched as the stripper screwed each of his three partners. Every time she controlled the sex completely. Aaron suddenly realised that they had gone from the audience to the entertainment. It was a situation he was keen to rectify. As she thrust Tony away Aaron got up and advanced on her.

"I think this bitch has forgotten her place," he said to his partners. "Isn't that right slut?"

The blonde just looked at him. She wasn't the least bit intimidated.

Aaron pushed her back on the table and held her arms above her head with one strong hand. He failed to notice her hands reach into her bag. With the other he roughly squeezed her breast. He looked at her and was infuriated to see her just stare back at him. No fear, no terror, nothing. He released her arms and thrust his hand onto her pussy, squeezing it as hard as he could.

"Aaron I really think this is going to far." Kevin was looking on nervously. He was having flash backs to twenty years ago.
Aaron whirled on him.

"Shut the fuck up Kevin. I am going to teach this whore lesson she won't soon forget."

He turned back to her but was brought up short by a gun being thrust into his face. He looked past the weapon to the woman beyond.

"You haven't got the guts," he dared.

"Got to hell," she replied and pulled the trigger.

Deborah Briggs watched the stripper leave the boardroom and walk to the elevator. It was times like this that she was glad the room was sound proof. The last thing she wanted was to hear those four leeches celebrate their stupid anniversary. She gathered up some contracts and went to the door. Deborah hoped they were decent. She opened the door and went in.

Marsha heard the screams from the secretary as the elevator doors slid shut behind her. She had found it remarkably easy to kill all four of them. She took off the blonde wig and shoved it into her bag. The doors slid open to reveal the lobby. Marsha walked through the busy lobby to the main entrance, slipping through the crowd like a ghost. Without so much as a glance backward she walked out into oblivion.

Mr Slot.