

World Domination

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Ray rubbed his hands together in glee, laughing maniacally. His first test had been a resounding success. Nothing stood between him and world domination now. He rolled his one remaining hypno-ball around in his hand. What to do; what to do? He'd only had enough materials to make two -- and he'd used one in the test this morning. That left him one. He wanted to use it on Tiffany, the boss's executive secretary -- the way she dressed, showing off her figure, throwing herself at that fool -- Ray knew that she was going to be his. He laughed at the thought of what he'd have Miss Executive Secretary doing for him.

But Ray had more pressing issues, such as how to get more hypno-balls. He'd puzzled it over through the weekend, and now that he knew it worked, he knew what to do -- the solution had come to him in a flash. He nodded his head and took out a notepad, sketching out the commands he'd give them.

It would be simple, and poetic, he thought with an evil grin and another cackle. His next conquests would be Doug and Karen, the two people who were the company's purchasing department. Their new job would be to procure more hypno-balls for him -- at the company's expense! Call *him* crazy, would they!

He stroked his frizzy eyebrows in contemplation. He'd have to do things differently though, than he'd done this morning. What else could he learn from that first trial?

He'd decided to make his first test in an anonymous location. He chose a combination gas station and mini-mart, more or less on the way to work that morning. He needed gas in his car, after all. The place was deserted, except for the pimple-faced attendant in the small attached mini-mart. Ray pumped his gas, then went into the store. But rather than putting money on the counter, he slammed down his first hypno-ball, and stepped back.

When he slammed the ball down on the metal counter, the outer and inner glass spheres of the quarter-sized object broke, allowing their liquid contents to mix. The attendant helped a great deal by leaning over the mixture, and managed to say, "Hey, duuude...." before the powerful drugs formed by the mixture took control of his mind.

Ray had taken another step back -- he'd felt a twinge of dizziness. He said in a loud voice, "Listen to me!" The kid behind the counter looked at him, eyes and face blank. "The gas was free! Take care of it!" Ray told him. The kid pushed some buttons. Ray smiled. "Give me a large cup of coffee and a donut. Now!" The kid moved slowly, but did as he was commanded. The liquid contents

of the hypno-ball had pretty much evaporated, but Ray moved forward to collect the coffee and donut with caution. He stepped back again.

Then with a leer, he said, "Hey! I gave you a twenty-dollar bill! Where's my change?"

The kid moved slowly to the cash register, opened the drawer, and counted out change. Ray stepped forward to collect it.

"Sit down and close your eyes!" he commanded. The kid complied. "Forget I was ever in here! Nothing happened! You don't remember a thing! Count to a hundred, and then go about your business!"

Ray walked nervously and quickly back to his car, got in, and drove away, heading to work.

His hands were shaking as he drove. The coffee was lukewarm and the donut stale, but he'd done it! After all that work, his hypno-ball was a success!

In his office, he thought out the commands he'd give to Karen and Doug. The office the two of them shared was small. How could he do it without being overcome as well? He typed things up on his computer. He'd think of something.

He'd made a second set of revisions when he figured it out. He went to his useless secretary and had her find a handheld dictation machine that worked. When she finally brought it to him, he made sure it worked, then recorded his commands for the purchasing agents. He played the tape back once to make sure it was all on there.

He gathered his hypno-ball and the recorder and went down the hall to the office shared by the purchasing agents. He listened at the door. Good, they didn't seem to be on the phone. He took a deep breath, and opened the door.

He stepped in, closing the door behind him. Doug and Karen looked up at him. Holding his breath, he threw the hypno-ball on the linoleum floor between them. They both looked down at it as it shattered. He saw them waver after a few seconds. He put the dictation machine on a desk, turning it to play. He stepped out quickly, closing the door behind him. He walked briskly down the hall, to move the air around him, clearing out any fumes. He exhaled as he strode, then inhaled cautiously. He smiled and went back to their office, waiting patiently outside the door. The tape ran a little over four minutes. After a minute, he heard two voices in the office say, "Yes Master!" in response to a taped question. Ray laughed and went back to his office. The rest would be easy.

A few minutes later, Ray leaned back smiling in response to the knock on his office door. "Enter!" he said imperiously. But it was just his secretary, with things for him to sign. He signed them and dismissed her gruffly. She was on his list to get readjusted, once he had his hypno-balls. Where were those two? He was starting to worry when Doug and Karen walked into his office, bowed, and said together, "What is your wish, Master?"

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Ray felt much better. He told Karen to close the office door. Then he took out his plans, and told them of the new, high priority, top-secret company project they were to handle. They left his office half an hour later. Ray laughed out loud -- the wheels had started to turn.

Doug and Karen had always worked hard for Ogilvy Enterprises. They were happy they'd been selected for this important, secret project. The information their Master had given them was clear.

But, it presented some problems. Because of the volatile and controversial nature of some of the compounds it used, legitimate companies refused to build it for them. But thanks to NAFTA, there were other companies who were more than willing -- especially when they had one company producing the filled inner spheres, and shipping those to another company, who completed the assembly with the second batch of chemicals in the outer sphere.

A week later, they were able to inform their Master that he would have the first batch of 100 within a month.

It actually turned out to be seven weeks, and for Ray, they were seven weeks of hell. He was tormented continually with the way Tiffany dressed for her boss, Mr. Ogilvy, and the way Ogilvy seemingly ignored her. Ray shook his head, wondering what the older Ogilvy would say if he could see what his son was doing running the company. The old man had put his son in control and retired six months ago, and then died of a heart attack in a hotel room in Las Vegas. The old man's wife, who hadn't been there, had been quite distraught, at least until the insurance money came in.

Ray also had to deal with the departure of his secretary -- she came into his office screaming one day, screaming at him about some nonsense, and announcing she was quitting. Well, good riddance. The new secretary he had wasn't as bright, but she was efficient, and didn't get in his way.

And things seemed to be more efficient around the company. Everyone had commented on how much more productive Purchasing seemed to be. When Ray heard that, he smiled. Soon they'd all understand.... He laughed his evil laugh again, a laugh he knew made his co-workers cringe -- as they should! Oh, the changes he was going to make!

Mindy, his new secretary, interrupted his thought, putting a small cardboard box on his desk. One corner of it was crushed. It had just arrived. Was this the shipment he'd been waiting for?

Ray urged her out of the office, filled with glee. He opened the box.

He was disappointed. He was mad. He called purchasing. "Both of you! Get down to my office right now!" he shouted.

Doug and Karen appeared quickly, bowing and scraping before their Master.

He showed them the contents of the box. It should have held 20 hypno-balls, but three had been crushed during shipment, and one space was empty -- that left 16. "Where are the other 80?" he demanded. He shoed them off to find out.

Karen had the job, two hours and some substantial language difficulties later, of informing her Master of the news. The fabricator claimed to have shipped all hundred in lots of twenty, almost three weeks ago. All should have arrived. They were attempting to trace the shipments.

Ray was enraged, holding one of his 16 remaining hypno-balls. How could they be so stupid! Where were the rest? They'd just have to get another order, and have it shipped reliably this time! The box was labeled "Christmas Ornaments," for God's sake! He picked up his phone, setting the ball down on the desk. He punched the intercom button for Karen. Busy! He slammed down the phone, turning away as he did so.

He slammed the phone down so hard that the receiver bounced up out of the cradle, and landed on the fragile glass ball on his desk. He didn't notice it until he started feeling dizzy, and then looked over at the broken glass on his desk. He tried to move, but it was too late, and he found himself staring at the spot, breathing deeply.

Some time later, he heard a sound, and turned. His door had opened, and standing in it was Mindy ... his Goddess in Spandex. How beautiful she looked, standing there snapping her gum, the light behind her turning her frizzy, dyed-blond hair into a shimmering halo. How was it he hadn't noticed her beauty until now?

Mindy was a little thick in the thighs, and maybe in the head as well, but she was basically a good girl. She loved puppies and kittens, voted regularly, donated blood, always obeyed the speed limit, and wouldn't think of cheating on her taxes, even if she could figure out how. She didn't mind working for Ray -- she thought other people just misunderstood him -- he must have a nice side, somewhere -- after all, didn't everybody? She'd gone to check on Ray -- his phone had been off hook for a while.

She opened his door and stood there. After a little while, he turned and looked at her. He smiled, and got down on his knees and came over to her.

She was surprised and flattered by the way he talked, apologizing for his behavior, and telling her over and over how beautiful she was. Before she knew it, she'd agreed to go to dinner with him that night. She finally smiled at him, put a hand on his head, and told him to get back to work. He smiled and went back to his desk eagerly.

Doug and Karen sat looking at each other in their small office, the office they'd shared for many years at Ogilvy Enterprises. They'd let their Master down. He was displeased with their performance. Karen rolled the little glass sphere she'd taken from the box from one hand to the other, watching how the inner sphere moved within the larger, outer one. She looked to Doug again and sighed. Doug shook his head and extended a hand. She flipped the ball to him. It sailed through the air, he missed it, and it landed on the old yellowing linoleum floor, shattering. They looked down at it, then back at each other.

Some time later, Karen realized she was looking into Doug's face. She'd worked with him all these years, and never really gotten to know him. She knew he was single, as she was -- both of them were married to their jobs. Still, he was fairly good looking, if you ignored the perennially stained and threadbare shirts, and ill-fitting, rumpled pants. She felt a stirring in her body, a feeling she hadn't felt for a long time. She really should get to know him better. Why not now? She extended her hands,

putting them on his legs. He took a breath and smiled a bit. She leaned forward, closing her eyes and pursing her lips.

Doug took a breath, surprised by the stirring sensation of Karen's hands on his legs. He looked at her with ... desire. Why hadn't he noticed her before? As she leaned closer, he was filled with the scent of her cheap cologne. Her lips looked so luscious, with their lopsided lipstick, and crowned by her faint moustache. And as she moved, he saw a strap from her bra peeking out from under her sleeveless blouse, a blouse he'd seen so many times before, never realizing how her luscious breasts puckered and strained the faded, worn fabric and the buttons in front, especially that mismatched button three from the top. He leaned forward, closing his eyes, moving to kiss her, moving his hands to caress her breasts.

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Sam Ogilvy walked down the hall nervously. He'd just gotten off the phone. He couldn't believe it -- questions from U.S. Customs, and the Food and Drug Administration? Ogilvy Enterprises wasn't in those lines of work. He'd never heard of the things they'd asked about. He couldn't even spell the chemicals they wanted to know about, let alone know what they were used for. Shipping told him to check with Purchasing -- as usual, shipping didn't know anything.

At least one part of the company had been running smoothly lately -- if anything, Purchasing had really turned the place around in the last month, saving them a lot of money, from prices of materials, to revamping the way they handled inventory, even reaching into production.

He thought he heard noises coming from the Purchasing office as he stepped up to the door. He listened, not sure of what he was hearing. He opened the door.

And closed it again in shock, gasping. He blinked and shook his head, then opened it again for a quick peek.

Glancing in, he saw Karen and Doug, both naked on the floor, Karen riding Doug in an obviously sexual encounter, and a very pleasurable one, from the noises they were making. He closed the door and sighed. He walked back to his office -- he'd have to look at the management books to figure out what to do with this one. But the sight and thought of Doug squeezing Karen's large milky-white breasts as she rode him, her body jiggling like pale Jello, stuck in his mind, and he thought about not only the management books, but the magazines he kept on the top shelf in Business Management Monthly binders. Where had that one been, with the milky white skin? April?

Tiffany couldn't believe what was going on -- the whole place was going crazy, worse than usual. First she heard wild things about Mindy and that crazy, creepy, Ray, with his wild frizzy eyebrows, leering looks, and evil laugh, and then the noises coming from Purchasing! She walked to Sam's office, and opened the door without knocking.

She caught him as he was reaching for the binder on his top shelf, where she knew he hid his girlie magazines.

“Yes, Miss Benning?” he said, recovering quickly and sitting down behind his desk to try and hide his erection.

“Have you heard what’s going on in Purchasing?” she asked loudly, pointing down the hall.

He nodded and said, “And what do you suggest I do about it?”

She shook her head incredulously. “Well, fire the perverts, for a start! Are you completely spineless?” She turned and left his office, closing the door behind her.

Sometimes she didn’t know what she saw in him. He was clueless -- she dressed for him, showed herself off, covered for him, ran the company for him, did everything she could for him, short of pulling down his pants in his office -- and she knew he did that often enough by himself. Still, he was single, and the sole owner of this place, and worth a fortune, if he ever figured it out.

She was surprised when ten minutes or so later Sam walked out of his office, looking a little flushed. She followed him down the hall, where he stuck his head into Purchasing, and said loudly, “When you’re quite through, you’re fired! I want you out!” He closed the door and turned quickly, bumping into Tiffany.

He bounced back from her ample chest, and trying to gather his wits, told her, “Please call Betty in accounting and get their final checks together, would you please?”

She smiled. “Yes, Mister Ogilvy.” She turned and walked away, swaying her hips.

The rest of the day passed in chaos. Tiffany watched Doug and Karen leave without picking up their checks, or underwear for that matter, announcing they were off to get married. Then she’d watched Ray leave, grinning like a love-struck fool, falling all over that dim-bulb Mindy. What was going on? Sam took off early, leaving the questions from the Feds unanswered. She sighed. Somebody had to figure out what was going on around here -- it might as well be her.

So, after everyone else had left for the evening, she started in Purchasing. She crunched what seemed to be little bits of glass on the floor as she started digging into files. Soon she found the project file for something Ray had been working on, something using suppliers she’d never heard of, and marked “Company Secret.” She frowned -- that was news to her. The list of chemicals was especially troubling. She frowned as she remembered some of her organic chemistry from college -- most of the things listed were quite volatile.

The next stop was Ray’s office. That’s where she hit paydirt. She found the 15 remaining glass spheres, Ray’s notes, and the dictation machine with his recorded instructions for Doug and Karen.

Listening to his voice, she pieced together what he’d done. She shook her head at his wording -- he’d obviously never studied psychology -- his commands had carried over to their regular work. That’s what had changed them. She looked over Ray’s calculations of reaction products, mentally correcting some of the errors he’d made. She smiled -- he’d done better than he thought.

And finding the little bits of broken glass on his desk, and remembering the little bits on the floor in Purchasing, she surmised what had happened. She smiled, and gathered all the files, the dictation machine, and very carefully, the last of Ray's so-called hypno-balls. She took them all to her office. By eight o'clock she'd figured out what she was going to do. By ten, everything was in place.

Carl shook his head, looking at the attorneys crammed in the small meeting room. He turned on the overhead projector and put on his first slide.

"I'm sorry for the competition, but I'm sure they're no match for a group of skilled trial attorneys," he said. The group laughed in response. In the larger meeting room next door was a group of saffron-robed religious folk of some sort. They'd been banging gongs and cymbals, and chanting, leading up to an address by their guru. Carl had tried to get things moved, telling the hotel they were pissing off an influential group of attorneys, but the hotel management told him they were fully booked, reminded him they'd provided the room to him as a courtesy, and there wasn't much they could do.

Carl shook his head again. He was getting to recognize the rise and fall of the din next door. They'd taper off in a minute or so. He put his notebook over the box of trinkets he'd planned on giving out -- twenty little glass spheres within spheres, containing some kind of liquid. He'd had them painted as little globes, with his name on them. But a quick count showed he had 37 people attending. He'd save the trinkets, give them out as Christmas ornaments or something.

"Our main concerns for the next few months," he started in again, "are to stall proposed reforms which would allow lay people to file their own no-fault divorces in some circumstances, and to block proposed changes in fee structures which would limit our recovery in contingency fee litigation. These are all ..." Carl paused as a real roar started next door. They heard someone being introduced.

Carl brushed the table, knocking a marking pen to the floor. He leaned over to pick it up, and in doing so, leaned heavily on his notebook. The flimsy cardboard box containing the glass trinkets collapsed, crushing the delicate spheres as Carl almost lost his balance and pressed harder to try and keep from falling.

"Shit," he said as he stood up. He lifted his notebook. All twenty spheres were crushed. He felt dizzy as the blower in the overhead projector quickly blew the vapors all through the small room.

Thirty-eight trial attorneys listened in rapt attention, listened to their guru speak next door.

Guruji finished his talk and invited his followers to come up to receive his blessing. Some were surprised to see a group of business-suited men and women come in the back door of the room, lining up. Some devotees tried to keep them out, but Guruji laughed, saying, "No, no! They are welcome! All are welcome!" He laughed -- the Wheel turns in such interesting ways! He was always glad to see new followers, especially when they had the look of the truly devoted.

The Reverend Paul sat in a small business room in the same hotel, a room directly above the lawyer's meeting. He was watching a videotape of his last night's performance, taking notes. He could improve his delivery a bit, he thought. Improve the delivery, and improve the take. He'd done quite

well last night. With a good gate tonight, this could be a quite profitable trip. He smiled as he watched himself on the television screen -- once you learned to fake sincerity, everything else was easy.

He felt dizzy for a moment -- something funny in the air? Then he looked with rapt attention at the man on the screen, preaching redemption and salvation through giving. He got on his knees and prayed with the man on the screen, vowing in tears to give all that he had, and preach to the masses.

Mary arrived home in a rush. She had a few minutes to see what she needed from the grocery store before going her doctor's appointment.

As expected, the house was a mess. It looked as if her son Mark had gotten home from High School. A cereal bowl a third full of milk was still on the counter, the cereal box and milk jug nearby. Their dog was waiting patiently, drooling on the floor.

"Good girl," Mary said as she put the bowl on the floor for the dog to finish. At least one member of the family was dependable.

She went upstairs to check on Mark. She opened his door without warning. He was sitting at his desk, on the other side of the room, which was its usual ghastly mess. She must have startled him -- good. Did she hear something break? She saw him look down at something on his desk. He looked up at her somewhat slowly and blankly.

She shook her head and gave him the same speech she'd given him countless times before, on how he needed to clean up his room, keep it clean, help around the house, and study hard so he'd make something of himself. It was practically a litany for her, but she went through it anyway. Surprisingly, he actually seemed to listen to her. She shook her head, closed the door, and headed back to her car.

She really should find that Reader's Digest article and read it again, she thought, to learn the signs of kids on drugs. She sighed -- she hoped traffic wouldn't be too bad. She needed to get her prescription refilled -- she *really* needed to get her prescription refilled -- it helped her so much in getting through the day.

Almost two hours later, she'd been to the doctor, the pharmacist, swallowed a pill with a sip of water from a drinking fountain, something very hard for her to do, done the shopping, and gotten dinner in the oven. She was finally able to sit down for a moment and feel the warmth and relaxation spreading through her as she sipped her gin and tonic. Oh, those pills helped so much.

She finished her drink and got up to check on things. The world felt so much better now. She thought she'd seen a pile of dirty clothes in the laundry room when she came in. When she checked, there they were -- Mark's. And the washing machine was running! She checked it -- all whites, and it smelled as if he'd even put in bleach, as she'd scolded him to do countless times.

She walked upstairs, curious. She listened at his door -- quiet. She opened it, and looked into his room in shock.

It was clean, and he was sitting at his desk with a book open! She held on to the door for support. Mark looked up at her and smiled. He asked, "Would you like me to feed Bitsy and set the table for dinner?"

Mary smiled. She thought about going to Church again. She'd finally gotten through to him. "Yes dear, that would be a big help. Do you have a lot of homework to do tonight?"

Mark sighed, and said, "I have a lot to catch up on, but I'll be able to do it if I study this weekend."

Mary couldn't believe her ears. "That's good, dear," she said, and managed to make it back downstairs and collapse in her chair.

Upstairs, Mark picked up another little piece of glass from the funny little ball that had broken when his mom surprised him earlier. He still had one left. The owner of the junk shop where he'd bought them didn't know what they were for, but they looked cool. He knew now they were fragile, so he had the other one packed safely away. At least the liquid hadn't stained anything -- funny how it seemed to evaporate so quickly.

Mindy was still in tears as she drove in to work -- it was all so sudden, so wonderful, Ray telling her how much he loved her, begging her to marry him, how he couldn't live without her, giving her the ring. She sniffed and laughed to herself, feeling sorry for the girls she knew who didn't think that fairy tales still could come true. They certainly had for her. She was going to marry someone with a brain, someone who would take her out of the trailer park, and into a real home of her own. She'd have a real home, with a real porch, real drapes on the windows rather than pull-down shades, and maybe even a place to show her bowling trophies.

And Ray had never felt better as he drove in, his mind still clouded by visions of Mindy in all her beauty. He sighed as he thought of the way her chins jiggled as she laughed, how the light in the restaurant reflected off the gold crown on one of her back teeth, sparkling between the gap in front. He longed to run his hands over her precious body, and lose himself between her massive thighs. He was so glad she'd agreed to marry him -- he didn't know how he'd live if she'd told him no.

Ray was surprised to see Tiffany and Mindy in his office when he got in. Tiffany was smiling, and Mindy got up out of her chair and hugged him, crying in joy.

As Ray and Mindy hugged, neither of them noticed Tiffany press the play button on a cassette player sitting on the desk, throw a small glass sphere on the floor, and leave the office quickly, closing the door behind her.

Tiffany smiled as she walked back to her office outside Sam's. One down, two to go. The commands on the tape she'd made for Ray and Mindy would erase any knowledge they had of Ray's project, cement their feelings toward each other, and make them even more productive for the company, after they returned from their sudden marriage and week long honeymoon. And, both would be much easier for her to control in the future.

Luck was with her -- she heard familiar voices in the reception area. Karen and Doug were there, smiling and holding each other, chatting with the receptionist, showing off their wedding rings. Tiffany walked up and hugged them. She turned to the receptionist and said, "I'll take care of them."

Tiffany walked them back quickly to their old office.

Karen said as they walked, "We don't know what came over us yesterday. We've been so silly, not seeing it all this time."

While Doug murmured his agreement, Tiffany got them into the office and closed the door. "That's okay, we understand completely," she told them with a smile. "I want you to wait here for just a minute. I'll be right back, and we'll get everything straightened out."

The two lovebirds looked at each other, sighed, and moved into another kiss.

Tiffany walked briskly to her desk, retrieving the second cassette machine and another glass sphere. She took a deep breath as she opened the door to Purchasing. She smiled, seeing the two of them still in a loving embrace. She put the cassette player down, pressed the play button, tossed the sphere in the air, and watched it shatter at their feet as she closed the door. She smiled and sighed as she walked back to her office. That's two down, she thought. When that tape finished, they wouldn't remember anything about Ray's project, they'd destroy any records she'd missed, and then take off for a brief honeymoon, returning even more eager to work for the company, and eager to do whatever she asked of them.

She walked back out to the receptionist. "Sue, Mr. Ogilvy and I will be in conference in his office for an hour or so, and are not to be disturbed under any circumstance. Okay?"

Sue nodded with a smile, and then a wink. Tiffany laughed a little and stepped back to her office, locking the door behind her. She reached under her soft sweater top and unclasped her bra, quickly removing it. She put on more perfume, covering her breasts, as well as the usual spots.

She picked up the third tape player, and another sphere. She sighed and took a breath. This was for all the marbles -- this tape would program both her and Sam. His love and devotion to her would be unquestioning. She'd retain all her knowledge of Ray's project. She'd also have her independence, something Sam would be giving up. He'd look to her for advice on running the company -- she'd run it through him. She knew they could make a fortune selling unused land to developers -- far more than they made as a manufacturing business. She knew Sam hadn't even returned calls to the people who were very interested in buying. That would change.

She stiffened her resolve, matching the stiffness of her nipples. She was hot, she thought, as she stepped into Sam's office. As usual, he was looking out the window, work untouched on his desk. He looked up at her questioningly. He started to speak, but she smiled and put a finger over her lips. "Shhh," she said with a seductive smile as she set the cassette player on his desk. She lowered the window blinds to give them privacy. Then she stepped around his desk, turning his chair to face her. She pulled up her sweater and sat on his lap, pulling him to a very willing nipple. He moaned as she held his head to her. She reached around and pushed the play button on the cassette. Then she put the

glass sphere on his desk, swung them closer to it, and smashed it with his stapler. “Deep breath, lover,” she cooed. He moaned again, then took a deep breath.

She took a deep breath as well, laughing as she felt the tingling spread from her nose through her body. World domination indeed -- she did have twelve spheres left.

Epilogue

Ogilvy Enterprises had never seen such a period of change, and happy change, as it had in the last six months. First it had been the Purchasing team, Karen and Doug, getting married suddenly and taking off for a honeymoon, with rumors of wild goings-on in the office. At the same time, Ray had turned over a new leaf, and eloped with Mindy. Both couples returned happy as lovebirds. People couldn’t believe the changes in Ray. He turned out to be a funny guy, and helpful. Still, it had been quite a surprise when he and Mindy showed up wearing matching outfits on her usual bowling night.

But the bombshell was from the top, from Sam Ogilvy. He’d addressed the whole company one Friday afternoon, telling them, “My dad ran this as a family business. Well, we’re going to continue it that way, with some changes. One of the changes is that Tiffany has agreed to be my wife, and will be taking the positions of Chief Operating Officer and Chief Financial Officer when we return from our honeymoon.” The rest of the day had been one hell of a party.

There had been rumors of some Federal investigation, but those were quickly forgotten, especially when Sam and Tiffany announced that the company was selling off unused buildings and land, consolidating the business, and giving cash bonuses to each employee!

Tiffany sat in her new office, reviewing plans and progress on the new house she and Sam were building. She was so happy, and was quite pleased with the way Sam had turned out. She even had him eating better and exercising regularly -- he was currently at the company gym for a supervised weight workout followed by time on the treadmill.

She’d managed the company real estate very well -- she had a very good idea how the five different parcels should be valued, and she’d sold the middle one first. Sure enough, that had driven up the prices on the remaining four. She hadn’t even had to use up any more of her magic spheres to do that -- she’d used two on nosy Federal investigators, who left reporting that the whole thing was a mistake. She’d sell the rest of the real estate over the next few years, riding the development of the area. Maybe they’d hold on to one of the parcels and develop it themselves, leasing it out. That was something to consider.

Even without the real estate, the company was more profitable than ever, now that Ray’s talents were properly channeled, and Doug and Karen were playing a more active role than merely running Purchasing. With Tiffany’s help, they’d revamped the way the company did business.

She moved a little uneasily in her chair -- it was hard for her to sit comfortably. She brought up her calendar on the computer, and Sam’s. She looked at the house plans and sighed. It was going to be

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beautiful, but not quite ready in time. Some things went in their own time, and couldn't be hurried. And then there were some things that couldn't be delayed.

She picked up her phone and pushed the intercom button for Sue, their executive secretary.

"Sue, could you schedule a meeting for Sam and me, including Karen and Mindy? We need to talk about opening an on-site child-care center. Thanks."

Tiffany stroked her belly -- she was starting to show. Karen and Mindy were due in another three months, only a week or so apart.

Tiffany looked out the window and laughed softly. World domination would have to wait.

FIN
Rev 10/7/2000

World Domination
By silli_artie@hotmail.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>