

The Devil's Truth

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DEDICATIONS

Dedicated to my husband, for all his love, support and for inspiring me to write this story.

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CHAPTER ONE

Said The Devil to Senora Elvita Fernandez, on a hot summer's day, on the beaches of Marbella, 'Doesn't that man look delightful?' Senora Elvita Fernandez looked across at the family man holidaying with his plump wife and two pale children. 'And look at his wife,' said Diablo, as he smoothed his hand over his dark hair and licked his lips in mischief. 'Look at her, all dumpy and uncared for, she doesn't pay much attention to herself, poor cow!' Senora Fernandez pondered on Diablo's words and felt a surge of wanting rise through the pit of her stomach. The Englishman in front of her shone and glistened in the sunshine, and his pink, reddened skin looked baby like and adorable. His beer belly looked masculine, his blubbery thighs, appealing, and his ginger hair shone golden in the Spanish sun. Elvita sighed heavily and reached for her cigarettes. 'He is beautiful, don't you think?' asked Diablo in a husky voice. 'I bet he'd like you,' he coaxed. He waited for a moment beside Elvita, and felt her temperature rise and read her thoughts (her dirty thoughts) and chuckled to himself, before going over to the Englishman.

The Englishman was Jerome Cook, an ordinary man who worked in an estate agent, from north London on holiday with his wife, Lucy who was a part time librarian, and his two children, Poppy aged twelve and Peter aged ten. There was nothing extraordinary about this family, nothing fancy or exciting. In fact, Diablo thought them rather boring and drab, not the sinning type at all. But that only made the challenge better and gave him a chance to practice his skills. 'Hey there old fellow,' said Old Nick in a smooth voice, he sat to the left of Jerome Cook and rested his goat bearded chin upon his shoulder. 'I must say old chap, your wife is looking rather drab today, and a little embarrassing in that bikini, if you ask me.' Jerome looked over at Lucy, who happened to be bent over, (bottom flung high in the air) helping Peter with his sand castle. The insides of her thick white thighs rubbed together and left red marks along the edges. Her belly hung unmercifully over the bikini bottoms and her breasts seemed hardly contained in that tiny little bra top. She had red blotches on her body, and streaks of sweat running down her back. Her curly brown hair seemed to curl tighter in the Spanish heat. Her cheeks flushed red and her lips seemed to blister as she tried to endure the hot Spanish sun. Jerome Cook looked at his wife and felt a dreaded feeling rise up in his chest. Was that the woman he actually married?

Old Nick changed sides and sat on the right of Jerome and tapped his shoulder with his long nailed finger. 'Look over there old boy, just there, yes to your left, isn't she lovely?' he referred to Senora Fernandez. Elvita Fernandez looked magnificent in the sunlight, her bronzed body looked sculptured and fine detailed, her breasts stood unaided and firm beneath her yellow strapless dress, nipples just slightly poking the material. Her long brown hair fell in waves and twirls upon her smooth, dainty shoulders. She looked sophisticated as she put the cigarette to her lips and took a deep drag and blew a cloud of smoke out, clouding her face, so that her beautiful features could merely be detected from between clouds of smoky mist. Jerome swallowed hard as he felt his buttocks tighten and his chest swell, a familiar (yet so missed) feeling of arousal overtook him and his swimming trunks seemed to tingle somewhat! 'Those eyes, those lips,' said Old Nick as he breathed heavily for maximum effect, 'one could die for those lips, ah to have a woman such as her, how lucky would a man be?' Jerome squinted his eyes and scrunched up his face, to get better focus on this Spanish beauty. Senora Fernandez noticed this and blew smoke in the air, and flicked her hair away from her face and smiled. 'Look!' said Lucifer feeling his own power rise up in his being. 'Look at how she smiles at you, look at how she wants you! Look at how she blows smoke in your direction, she means to entice you my friend! Ah, but such a shame, here you are with your wife and children, stuck here on this side of the beach, while she stuck there, on that side. Bordered by your wife's hefty frame, bless!' Jerome felt irritation at his wife and regretted bringing her and the kids on holiday. Diablo laughed at this, for human fickleness amused him. He flitted over to Elvita.

'Did you see Elvita?' whispered he into her ear. 'Did you see how he looked at you? I think he has noticed you...I think someone has got herself noticed...' he teased. Elvita smiled to herself and felt invigorated at the attention this Englishman was bestowing upon her. She blushed and bowed her head, blinked rapidly and turned away.

Elvita Fernandez was married to Senor Rafael Fernandez, a local property developer. They lived in a seven-bedroom villa on the Costa del Sol, just a couple of hundred yards down the road from the Marriot Marbella Beach Resort. Across the way from that stood Senor Fernandez's own block of luxury flats, built with the English and Germans in mind. He had purchased the land cheap, just a year before the Marriot people had come along; otherwise, no doubt, they would have owned that piece of land as well. He had built a twelve floor apartment block with twelve luxury apartments, one on each floor. His apartments sold at well over five hundred thousand euros each. Not to mention the other apartment blocks he owned up and down the south coast of Spain.

Elvita and Rafael lived in a seven-bedroom villa on the Costa del Sol, just a stone's throw away from the Marriot Marbella Beach Resort. They had one child, a boy, Maximaliano, he was thirteen years old and big (or rather fat) for his age. Maximaliano was a spoilt child, which was down to Rafael; he spoilt his son something rotten and equated this with love. There was nothing that Maximaliano would want for, he had only to ask and Rafael would run out and get it for him. He had only to tantrum and bang his hefty foot upon the marble floors of his seven-bedroom villa, and his father would send the servants running around town for him. Elvita did not agree with this, and often had found her son rude and too spoilt for his own good. He showed no respect for his elders and practically had no fear of his mother. He was much like his father, fat, loud and

greedy! And although Elvita had loved her son, as any mother would, she had disliked who he was and wished that she had not given birth to him.

She had often cursed the day she had allowed money to dazzle her and made her sell herself to Rafael. She had married for money and not for love, she had married the local rich man, she was the poor road sweeper's daughter. Raphael was twenty years her senior, and she was only nineteen when she had married him, and poor and deprived, but very, very beautiful. Raphael had loved her the moment he had laid eyes on her. But he was not a loving man, he was a greedy businessman, and he did not show love, he saw love, he did not give love, and he took love. And so it was that Elvita had spent the best part of fifteen years living in the lap of luxury, wearing the finest clothes, eating the best food, driving the latest cars, but lonely, as lonely as a person could be. Even the child she had, her one hope of some sort of fulfilment in her life, had turned out to be conceited and selfish like his father. Well, the apple does not fall very far from the tree. And though many women envied her, (plenty hated her) and wished to befriend such a Senorita, and all definitely admired her status, Senora Fernandez often felt the deep, empty loneliness that only the very wealthy feel, it was a loneliness that had far surpassed any physical or mental, but a hollow loneliness of an aching soul.

Senora Fernandez looked over at the Englishman once more, her cheeks burning with a mixture of shame and desire. Diablo laughed, he laughed so much that his belly ached and his sides throbbed. He found Senora Fernandez the cutest and funniest out of all the women he knew. The way she blushed and turned away, the way her eyelids would blink rapidly when she was having erotic thoughts, and the way she upheld a moral high ground in front of her peers, when in fact, her mind was infested with dirty thoughts! She was a dirty little minx if truth be told, (and Diablo mostly told the truth, he prided himself on it) by Diablo's calculations, Elvita had thought about sex at least thirty seven times a week, that was on average about five point two times a day! Dirty mare! Though he couldn't really blame her, Elvita was unhappy in her marriage to Senor Fernandez; he was getting on a bit, fat, balding and held no finesse whatsoever. He was overpowering in his ways (not that he meant to be, some people were just so) and aggressive in his behaviour. When he sat down to eat, he would grab at his food like a hungry animal, guzzle down his wine like a mad man, and belch in the process! He spoke with his mouth full, (which often put Elvira off her own meal) and spat bits of food left, right and centre! His lovemaking wasn't much different from his eating habits and often caused poor Elvira physical pain, rather than pleasure.

Hence, the reason why sex was foremost on her mind, she longed for a lover who would treat her right. She longed for a man who would make her feel attractive, a man who would touch and feel in all the right places, not grab and grope and cause bruises! She longed for a man who would kiss her, pleasure her, take her firm breast in his hand and gently coax pleasure and sensation, not someone who would squeeze until she felt her nipple was about to drop off!

Diablo shook his head and sighed at this delightful woman, she was indeed amusing, probably the most amusing of all the human beings he had encountered, and he had encountered an awful lot in his time. Elvita's charm came from the fact that she took herself extremely seriously, she believed in every feeling she felt, in every thought she would think, in every word she uttered, she

believed! She believed in herself, not just as a person, but also as a whole entity, a whole world, a unique Elvita universe. Not many people were this way, not many people totally and utterly believed everything about themselves. People were about sixty percent sure and forty in doubt, that is why they were so easy to manipulate, but Elvita was ninety two percent sure and only eight in doubt, which presented a thrilling challenge for our mischievous friend, and made the chase more interesting! On the occasions when Diablo had dealt with Elvita, he had always come away feeling invigorated and victorious. True, it was hard work to get her to bend to his way, but it was certainly worth it!

Elvita shrugged her shoulders and dismissed an erotic thought. She sucked on the filter of her cigarette and berated herself for being so fickle. She was Rafael's wife, and mother to Maximaliano, and a respected figure of her community. So what if she felt a surge of lust drench her body? So what if her heart beat just a little faster and she felt like a trapped bird? So what if her stomach tickled and her thighs tingled and her imagination played? The Devil, read her thoughts and he frowned, she was changing her mind, she was not going to go through with it. He ran over to the Englishman.

'So, what are you going to do about it Jerome?' Lucifer asked, as he licked his lips and tried to sound cunning. 'Surely you are not going to let such a beauty get away, are you? Look at her man; she is ripe for the taking, for you to take her.' Jerome smiled to himself as he watched Senora Fernandez, sat there on the beach a few yards away, wind playing with her hair, sand speckling her bronzed legs, falling in between her toes. He watched as she pretended not to notice him, his mind playing out scenes in details. 'Why don't you smile at her, let her know you are interested?' prompted Old Nick. 'Or better still, go over there and say hello,' he suggested. Jerome looked over at his fat wife and his dull, pale children. Poppy's belly was rapidly taking on the shape of her mother's belly and her chubby little legs resembled two pork sausages. His daughter smiled at him and waved a chubby arm in his direction, 'Daddy, daddy, come and play with me,' she called, her eyes squinting in the sunlight, her ginger hair sticking to her freckled cheeks. No doubt, all those years of pork pies, he thought to himself, that's what did it. He had often warned his wife about the junk she fed the children, pies, sausages, burgers and chips, easy greasy food. But Lucy was adamant; she refused to cook anything that involved actually chopping onions or preparing raw ingredients. She claimed that she simply did not have the time, and besides, what else did he think frozen food was for, if not for busy working mums? The only time Lucy ever actually did any proper cooking was on Christmas, and even then she used half a cube of lard to smear the turkey with, 'It makes it cook faster!' she would say as she smeared and rubbed the lard into the turkey's fat juicy skin.

'I suppose you are right,' said Old Nick interrupting his thoughts, 'you can't possibly make a move now, not while your family are sat just there, besides, keep it on the hush hush old chap, you don't want to bring attention to yourself, or alert her to how unkempt that lot are! She'll think it's all your fault and wouldn't touch you with a barge pole. Best you wait until you are alone, just smile at her for the moment and bide your time!' Jerome smiled at Senora Fernandez and gave her a nod. She blushed and turned away, pretending to look at something on the far end of the beach. Lucy tapped him on the shoulder, 'What are you staring at?' she asked, all sweaty and out of breath. 'Hmm? Oh nothing much,' said Jerome quickly, 'Just the sea and the waves...spectacular views...'

'What is?' asked Lucy.

'What is what?' asked Jerome, trying to focus on the Spanish beauty.

'What are spectacular views?' asked his wife. Jerome turned to his wife, all sweaty and sticky, her curly brown hair seemed to expand into a seventies afro. 'Hmm?' Jerome hesitated, his mind racing to find an excuse. 'Steady old chap....' warned Lucifer, 'stay calm and look her straight in the eye and give her an answer, she's trying to call your bluff!' Jerome looked his wife straight in her little piggy eyes, and took a deep breath and smiled as he exhaled, (this made Lucifer chuckle) and said to her with as much sincerity his voice could muster, 'This view over there,' he pointed in the direction of Senora Fernandez, (in fact he pointed at her, but Lucy couldn't be too sure) who was sat just a few yards from the foot of the cliff. 'You see, just there where the cliffs seem to rise up from the flat sand, almost as though they were just put there, as an afterthought.'

'Well done old boy,' said Lucifer, 'nice save!'

'Oh, oh yeah,' mused Lucy, feeling a little foolish at doubting his good integrity, 'I see what you mean, it's beautiful darling,' she said.

'Yes,' sighed Jerome as he looked on at Senora Fernandez, 'it is very beautiful!' He smiled at Elvita, and this time, Elvita felt a little braver, and a little bolder than she had done a few minutes before, she smiled back, a full, wide smile. Something whispered in Elvita's ear, something (not quite a voice, but not imagination either) whispered inside her inner ear and told her to return to the beach at five that afternoon. And just a split second after, (or perhaps in between,) something whispered into Jerome's ear, not quite a voice but not quite imagination, and he simply knew that he should return to this very same spot at five that afternoon.

CHAPTER TWO

It was midday in London, and the weather was surprisingly warm, the sun shone through a cloudless sky, and the plants stood still, not harassed by a blustery wind. Kensington High Street

looked positively picturesque in the brightness of the day. Michael Cook sat at his desk, staring longingly out of his window. He was fed up, and very unhappy. Life was sometimes a little too much, things sometimes just got out of hand and too much was said, too much that cannot be taken back. If only his wife, Sharon, had held her tongue a bit, if only she had checked herself before allowing such venom to spill out from her mouth, then they wouldn't have half their problems. But it was too late, she had said it, and that was that! And although she had taken it all back half an hour later, the damage was done; the thought was firmly planted in his head. There was nothing he or his wife could do to remove that horrid thought from his mind!

The argument was over their timeshare in Marbella, a three-bedroom apartment at the Marriot Beach Resort. Michael had given his two weeks to his brother Jerome as a gesture of brotherly love. Jerome was Michael's baby brother, he was six years his junior, and might as well have been his own son, the way he had to look after him. He was always looking out for him, providing for him where he couldn't provide for himself, supporting him through endless bad relationships, paying off his debts when he was in trouble. He had helped Jerome with a deposit on his house, helped Jerome with wedding expenses, he had even given Jerome a job in his north London shop. It was not surprising that Sharon had been annoyed at him for giving his brother their week's timeshare in Marbella. It was more the principal of things than the actual holiday, God knows, he and Sharon had already been on two holidays that year. However, it was the fact that Jerome always managed to score freebies off Michael that had annoyed Sharon so. Michael could see why Sharon was so annoyed; he could understand that. But what he couldn't understand, what he couldn't condone was what his wife had told him in anger! Some things, one could not overlook.

Jerome was not a very ambitious man, he never was, and was always happy to just sit on the sidelines and be told what to do, unlike Michael who was a self-made businessman, with a chain of estate agent shops up and down London. Jerome did not seem to have the same drive and ambition that Michael and their late father, Edward Cook, had. He had barely made it through his O levels, dropped out of six form, attempted to study at college for a travel and tourism course, which he had failed to finish. In his younger days, he could not seem to keep a job for more than six months, not even at Kentucky Fried Chicken, working at the tills. Jerome was a drifter, as the late Edward Cook used to say, 'Just drifting through life, with a blindfold on!' To which the late Mrs Cook, used to berate him for putting down her son so, 'I don't know why you put down my son so, Edward!' the late Evelyn Cook would snap as she slammed her mug of tea down onto the table.

Michael, by comparison, was the opposite, he passed all his O levels, sailed through his A levels, passed his business studies degree with a first. He worked for a big construction firm in the east end of London, before deciding to start up his own business, a small corner estate agent, dealing with second grade properties in Walthamstow. That was where he had met his wife, Sharon, she came for a job interview for a secretarial position and got the job on the spot, and (on account of her blonde hair and big bosoms) their romance blossomed that very same day! Soon his business had become so successful, (what with the new yuppie era, and people wanting to buy in rundown places in order to turn them into trendy, hip ones) that he was able to buy another shop, then another. Soon his property dealings crept into the posh side of London, and Kensington High Street proved more lucrative than any of his east end gaffs! His empire spread to north London, and soon his domain stretched from the east to west, from the west to north and a new shop was about to open in Richmond, if things went according to plan. Cook Estates was as much a popular

name as the bigger more established estate agents.

He sighed heavily and thought of his brother, holidaying in Michael's own timeshare apartment at the Marriot Beach Resort in Marbella, lucky bastard! There he was enjoying himself, with yet another freebee from Michael; there he was sunning it up and acting as if he was rich. Whilst Michael was here, stuck in the office and miserable! He only hoped that his brother would get round to doing the one thing he had asked him to do, which was to deliver important business documents to a Spanish associate he was hoping to do big business with. Michael chewed on his pen as he pondered on his decision to trust his brother with such an errand. After all, Jerome was not exactly reliable, neither was he the sharpest pencil in the box, nor was Lucy sophisticated or glamorous enough to mix with the likes of a Spanish business tycoon. Michael shrugged his shoulders and sighed, what is done is done, he thought. He jumped as his phone rang.

At that precise moment Satan appeared, he had just made it over from the south coast of Spain. Old Nick had come to check on Michael, after the events of the morning; even he had felt a pang of sorrow towards the man. Overall, it had been a very productive morning for The Devil, he had been busy all morning stirring up trouble, making mischief, watching the sons and daughters of Adam suffer. Old Nick had been hard at it since the night before, he had whispered and taunted and teased at poor Sharon until she could hardly contain herself. She marched into their bedroom at midnight, flung the door open and startled poor Michael out of his sleep. 'How can you just sleep there, without a care in the world?' demanded Sharon. 'You don't seem to give a damn that I am up seething!'

And she had been up all night seething; Old Nick had made sure of that. For she had been relatively alright with the idea of Jerome using their timeshare. She didn't like it, but understood that her husband had wanted to be generous; she had even admired him. But on the day that Jerome and his family flew off to Spain, a niggling thought entered her mind. And that thought grew, it grew large and intense and her head throbbed with it. Michael prefers his stinking brother to us! She tried to ignore it, she tried to reason with herself that they had already been on two holidays and their tans had not even faded yet. By midday, the niggling thought had turned into an irritation, and by evening, it had transformed into anger with a massive headache for good measure! Michael had sat up in bed startled by the display of aggression, he looked over at his wife and shouted 'Don't be so damn pathetic woman!' and promptly went back to sleep.

Normally, this would have shocked Sharon back to her senses, normally she would have seen how stupid and wrong she was and apologised to Michael first thing in the morning. However, not on this occasion, because on this occasion Lucifer was present, standing there to her left. He followed her into the living room and suggested she pour herself a stiff drink, he watched her drink it and suggested another. He sat beside her and rested his head upon her big bosoms, 'I don't know why you accept such treatment from him,' said he, 'honestly, the way he treats you old girl, is like one of his servants! Anyone would think you were his housekeeper not his wife! Who does he think he is? Always looking out for that wretched, good for nothing brother of his, always handing out money and holidays to that loser and his fat wife. When was the last time he gave your sister anything? She's family too!' Sharon listened to this; she felt her anger rise and her pride wilt.

By morning, Sharon was fuming and waited for him by the breakfast counter in the kitchen. Their daughter Sophie was eating her breakfast, oblivious to the world with her headphone plugged into her MP3 player. 'There he is,' said Lucifer, as he nibbled on a piece of toast, 'you be sure to give it to him well and proper old girl, show him who is boss!' Sharon felt her chest swell and her temperature rise and the big vein in her temple started to throb. She banged her manicured hand on the breakfast bar and tipped the cornflakes over. Sophie, who was seventeen and unconcerned with affairs of the world, looked up from her toast, her head still bobbing to the music in her ears. Michael's smile faded and he stopped halfway to the breakfast counter. 'I will not put up with this treatment any longer!' shrieked Sharon. Lucifer giggled rather girlishly at this and helped himself to some tea. 'Give it to him old girl,' said Lucifer.

'You have pushed me far enough, far enough Michael Cook!' screamed Sharon.

'Sharon, you are being irrational,' said Michael, ushering his teenager out of the kitchen, Sophie rolled her eyes and dragged herself out. 'Giving that no good, lazy brother of your our timeshare! Honestly, sometimes I don't know where your loyalties lie,' continued Sharon.

'Yes but he's family, besides, I had some documents for him to deliver,' said Michael.

'Documents?' screamed Sharon. 'You could have sent them by post, what a bleeding stupid excuse! What do you take me for, a bleeding fool? Documents my arse! So he gets two flaming weeks holiday for delivering your stupid documents! Family! I have family; you don't see me spend all our money on them!'

'You are irrational now...' protested Michael.

Lucifer sat down beside Sharon and whispered gently in her ear, 'If he wins this one, he'll fritter all your money away on that brother of his.' There was truth in this, (and Lucifer mostly told the truth, he prided himself on it) Michael had to be made to stop; he was giving his brother far too much. Sharon puffed out her enormous chest and spoke very firmly, 'If this continues, I shall take Sophie and leave you to it!'

Michael looked up at her and smirked, 'You can't take away my child,' he said smugly. Sharon smiled back at him, an evil smile, a smile that even she herself did not know she was doing. Lucifer jumped to her other side and gently stroked her shoulder, 'I hope you are not going to let him win, think of your pride.' he said. Sharon searched her mind for a comeback; she tried to think of hurtful things to say. 'Say something,' said Lucifer, getting all riled up. 'Anything, say anything, just don't let him win!'

'Sophie,' said Sharon at last, 'is not your child!' this revelation shocked Sharon the most, she had no idea what had made her say such a thing to him, of course Sophie was Michael's child, Sharon had been seventy percent sure of it when she had conceived! Though she took it back half an hour later, Michael was wounded; the damage had been done. And Lucifer, feeling satisfied with his morning's work, flew off to Spain to check on Jerome.

Now he was back, sat by Michael. Michael stared at the phone; he could see his wife's name come up on the screen. He reached for the phone, 'No, no old chap!' said Old Nick. 'Don't seem

too eager! Answer her now and she'll rule you forever. Let her be, let her stew for a while.' Michael pulled his hand away and watched as it went to voicemail. He thought about it, it was absolutely true, if he answered the phone now, Sharon would never see the error of her ways, she will walk around thinking she was right. Michael tapped his fingers on the desk and stared some more out of the window. Old Nick smiled to himself, he quite liked Michael, if truth be told, (and he mostly did) he found Michael quite an impressive man. The way he had built himself a small empire out of nothing, working relentlessly day by day to provide for his family, always keeping his eye on the ball, never missing a business opportunity. But what fascinated Old Nick the most was Michael's fidelity to Sharon. Lucifer had got Michael to do some things in his time, from selling over priced dilapidated property to unsuspecting first time buyers, to doing dodgy deals with property developers abroad. But the one thing he could never get Michael to do was cheat on Sharon, not even when he had laid out temptation for Michael in the form of the raciest party girls around! Always spotting Michael in a bar, always fluttering their eyelashes at him, always hinting at willingness. But Michael resisted temptations and steered away from Lucifer's girls. Reasoning that marriage was a sacred order, sacred between a man and a woman, that was what the late Edward Cook had taught him, and he stuck to this principal throughout his marriage. Lucifer had managed to get Sharon to play away on more than one occasion, and she had even very nearly told Michael all about it, if it weren't for Lucifer intervening and convincing her not to.

Lucifer sat on Michael's desk and watched him, he was a handsome man, and no doubt about that, he wondered to himself whether Senora Fernandez might prefer Michael to Jerome, it certainly would make for a steamier picture if Michael got together with Elvita. Jerome was just too clumsy, too lazy, too overweight and very ginger, Michael, on the other hand, was slim, dark, and very successful! Elvita would certainly like Michael better than Jerome, Michael was the better man. Or would she? She had seemed quite aroused by Jerome earlier on; perhaps she would change her mind if she saw Michael. Lucifer smiled at Michael, and had a very good idea. Why not bring Michael to Spain, to Elvita, and see if she would pick him over Jerome. He would set the scene, play up each man's good points and make apparent each of their bad points; he will play it like a game of chess, and see which one of them will claim Elvita. It was all quite easy, Michael already had links with Senor Rafael, in fact Jerome was supposed to deliver some documents to him, no doubt, thought Lucifer, he had not done it yet. And why not bring Sharon along, to spice things up, she was a party girl, and he was sure Senor Rafael Fernandez would take a shine to her. It would be interesting to see if either of them was tempted.

'Look old boy,' said Lucifer to Michael, 'I think you are being a bit harsh on your old lady! So what if she was a little upset, she had every right to be. Fancy sending Jerome off on what was essentially her holiday! No wonder she is miffed, poor girl.' Lucifer inched a little closer and rested his forehead upon Michael's. 'She didn't mean it when she said Sophie wasn't yours, she was just angry...you know how women get. Besides, you have only to look at Sophie to know that she is your child. Silly Sharon,' laughed Satan, 'what a daft thing to say!' Michael thought about this and felt the anger lift a little from his chest; he reasoned that Sharon was only upset and trying to get her own way. He felt a little guilty at giving the holiday to his brother; he should have listened to his wife. 'Well then,' said Satan, 'how are you going to make it up to her?' Michael felt desperation suddenly spring upon him. 'Surprise her, take her to Spain, take her and Sophie to Spain tonight! Go on, check for flights, they may cost more but it'll be worth it!' Michael clicked on his computer, the internet came up, his fingers hung over the keyboard, what about accommodation, he wondered, he had not thought this through. 'Ask that Senor Rafael, he has properties, perhaps he has something you can rent,' said Old Nick, 'and whilst you are there, you can do some business, maybe give him the documents yourself, go on! Sharon and Sophie would love a surprise trip to

Spain.' Michael smiled to himself, it was a fantastic idea! Satan bowed his head in humble acknowledgment at his own genius. Michael picked up his phone and dialled Senor Fernandez's number.

It was five in the afternoon; Jerome had managed to escape from his wife. 'But where are you going? There is nothing here but beach....and we've been to the beach all day,' argued Lucy as she came out of the shower wrapped in the white Marriot Egyptian cotton towel. Her chubby arms seemed to emerge somewhere from behind her bosoms and hang clumsily around her bulging belly. Her skin red from a combination of sun and steam from the shower, water dripping down her arms and chest in the most unattractive way, she looked like a beached whale, mused Jerome... She removed the shower cap and her hair frizzed out and bounced like a sponge. 'Look,' said Jerome in his best voice, 'why don't you order a pizza or two...for dinner, and by the time it arrives, I'll be back.' Lucy narrowed her eyes at him; her suspicions were ripe but not quite founded. She tilted her head accusingly at her husband, 'What are you up to?' she asked.

Nothing, nothing...really!' lied Jerome, 'I am going for a fag if you must know!'

'But you gave up,' argued Lucy, 'five years ago, you gave them up,'

'Yes, well I've started again...' said Jerome. 'Now please Lucy, I was trying not to let you know, I didn't want you to be upset....but now that you know, please stop arguing with me and let me be!'

'So you're going to have a fag are you?' asked Lucy.

'Yes I am!'

'Going for a nice long walk and a fag, yes?'

'Yes!'

'Would you like some company then?' she asked as she pulled her towel off. Jerome flinched at the sight of her triple belly and extra massive boobs. 'No! Who would look after the kids,' he begged, 'this is a foreign country, anything could happen!'

'Alright then,' agreed Lucy, 'I'll order the pizzas.' She slipped her massive bra over her breasts and heaved knickers over her thighs. Jerome watched as his lips curled in disgust.

It was five in the afternoon, and Senora Fernandez was waiting patiently on the beach. She did not quite know why she was there, but she knew that she ought to. Senora Fernandez felt compelled to be at the beach, her whole being begged her to attend, and it was a yearning that was so strong that it had seemed almost spiritual. She had to feed Rafael and Maximaliano before she could leave, watching father and son scuff down mouthful after mouthful, only to spit most of it out as they talked with their mouths full. After they had finished the meal, she had feigned a headache and suggested she had better go for a long walk by the sea to clear her head. Her husband had simply shrugged at her and poured himself a glass of red wine.

Now here she was, sat there on the cooling sand, not quite sure what she was doing there. Diablo whizzed over from across the horizon and landed a few inches to her left, (he had just whizzed over all the way from England) he tripped as he lost his footing. 'Ah Elvita, my dear sweet Senora, you have made it!' said he in his best voice. 'And how delightful you look, how simply delicious you are!' It was true, (and truth was his forte) she did look stunning in her strapless red dress that she had the wisdom to change into. Her hair was swept up and secured loosely by a clip, bits of it wisped in the wind, which made her look very seductive. 'You've done me proud my dear,' whispered Diablo into her ear. Lucifer looked around for Jerome and spotted him coming down the beach, he tapped Senora Fernandez on her shoulder and said 'Look who it is,' Senora Fernandez looked, 'if it isn't that English boy,' said Lucifer in not such an encouraging voice. 'You mustn't appear to be too easy, if he speaks to you speak, but only speak to him for a while, then make your excuses and come away!' advised The Devil, for he meant the games to start when Michael arrived, not before. He had to slow things down a little, lest Senora Fernandez gets carried away with that appalling Englishman and then it will all be for nothing! No, he meant for it to be an interesting summer, if Elvita was given a choice and she chose Jerome, then fair enough, if she chose Michael, then good for her! Lucifer liked a challenge, he thrived on it in fact, and easy bait did not interest him. Lucifer like a project he could get his teeth into, it gave him purpose to his existence...in many ways, he and Michael were not so different, they were both players. Now that Lucifer had decided to bring Michael into the picture, and his family, it would make for a spicy summer. Michael, Sharon, young Sophie, Jerome, fat Lucy, pale Poppy and Peter, all there, all in the mixing pot! With Elvita as bait, Rafael as a bonus catch and Maximaliano as a tug of guilt for his mother! Ah, what fun to watch!

Jerome spotted Elvita from a distance, his heart skipped a beat and he felt himself blush. 'Steady old fellow,' said Old Nick as he walked beside him. 'Be cool old man, show her she's not that special and she'll be putty in your hands!' Jerome adjusted his posture and walked a bit straighter, it was true; he mustn't give too much away. 'There is an art to seduction old boy!' said Lucifer. 'Just say hello and chat for a bit, nothing heavy, that way she'll get hooked and there is always tomorrow...play your cards right and she'll be in your bed by before the week's up!' Jerome pondered this, and he held himself upright and strolled towards Elvita with confidence.

CHAPTER THREE

Michael was proud of himself; he had managed to find flights to Spain for the next morning and accommodation in one of Senor Fernandez's luxury apartments for a good price. He couldn't wait to tell Sharon, he couldn't wait to see the look on her face as happiness took over and she squealed in that high pitched voice of hers. Sharon was a party girl, a peroxide blonde with big boobs and a tiny waistline. That was why Michael loved Sharon so; she was a fun type of girl, the kind who is easily pleased with sparkly things and not ever worried about the more important things in life. He loved that about Sharon, the lack of opposition on her part, as long as he provided her with nice stuff, she was not bothered how he got it, not bothered how he made money, or concerned with any of his dodgy dealings. All Sharon needed out of life, was a nice car, a big house, designer clothes and a credit card. She was easy enough to please, if one was earning sufficient money. Michael picked up the phone and dialled his wife's number.

It was six thirty in the evening and Sharon sat in the conservatory sipping iced lemonade through a straw. She had a hangover from the night before, from all that brandy she foolishly drank, Michael's Brandy, not even her sort of drink. Her head was throbbing; it had been all day, particularly after she had made that stupid wild declaration about Sophie not being Michael's child. Sharon sat quietly in the conservatory; she sat upright on the big cane chair and sipped iced lemonade through a straw, hiding herself away at the back of her five-bedroom house in Chigwell. It was as if sitting very quietly and still in the conservatory would somehow mend some of the bad feelings that resided in the atmosphere and seemed to stick onto the wallpaper and attach itself to surfaces. Sharon contemplated quietly the consequences of her actions and realised with great regret, that Michael may very well never forgive her such treasons. The phone trilled through the house, echoed (thanks to tiled flooring in the hallway, and several extensions), and screamed around the walls like some sort of siren. Sharon jumped, a little startled by the intrusion, she almost spilled her lemonade all over her silk Indian print dress bought from Selfridges only a week before. She steadied her nerves and got up to answer the telephone.

At that precise moment, in Spain, Jerome was rapidly ruining Diablo's plans. He was so besotted with Elvita, that he had ignored everything Diablo had said about him biding his time and playing it cool. He was going after Senora Elvita with every trick in the book. And what was worse, she was up for it! No matter how hard he tried to persuade them to play it cool, neither listened, and each was carried away. Diablo decided that he needed a distraction for Jerome, he may not seem much, Diablo realised, but when it came to wooing a woman, Jerome knew a thing or two! And it was Diablo's own doing, 'Damn me!' he cursed himself, had he not been so good at persuading them to like each other in the first place, then this would not be happening! He ran over to Rafael and whispered aggressively in his ear, causing him to suddenly panic and send Maximaliano out to fetch Elvita from the beach. And indeed he had, he came charging up to his mother just as she had flung her head back in the air and laughed at Jerome's rather corny joke, just before she was about to let Jerome hold her hand. 'Mama, Mama, papa woonts you to coom home!' said Maximaliano in private school English for Jerome's benefit.

All the way over in Chigwell, in her five-bedroom house with tiled hall floors and an octagon conservatory, Sharon made her way over to the phone, picked the receiver up and put it to her ear, 'Hello?' Just then there was a gust of wind, it came from out of nowhere and seemed to swirl around her body. She was stood in the hallway, where the stairs leading up to the five double bedrooms (one en suite) were the main feature, big and winding with spiral rails, they stood in an imposing fashion in the middle of the hallway, in a kind of imitation royal grandeur. To her left was the living room, study and a small television room. To her right was the massive dining room that had a table that sat ten guests and guest cloakroom in the room next door. Behind her where the hallway narrowed into a corridor, was the kitchen and to the left of that was the conservatory.

The house was decorated in subtle pinks, as was Sharon's favourite colour, well, varying deep fuchsia pinks were actually Sharon's favourite colours, but this was a compromise on both Michael and Sharon's part. Sharon had insisted on pink, and Michael had insisted it be a pale, powdery shade, rather than stark clown colours. However, once Sharon had finished with the soft décor, the house looked like it belonged to a harem, what with pink fluffy cushions scattered everywhere, pink dyed sheepskin rugs in the main living room, satin pink curtains with tiny pink frills hung here, there and everywhere. Michael often felt a little lost and sometimes overwhelmed, living with the colour pink! However, Sharon was Sharon and there was nothing more to add! Michael knew what she was like when he married her, and for the sake of her magnificent chest, he would have painted his own face pink if that was what it took.

'Hello?' said Sharon, a little nervous and a bit tearful. She wished it was her mother on the other end of the receiver, she wished to hear her mother's high pitched voice shrill down the receiver and comfort her, as it did when she was a girl. It was Michael on the other end of the receiver, which only made poor Sharon start to cry. 'Oh Michael,' she sobbed down the phone, her expensive, waterproof mascara, not so waterproof, as it streaked down her rosy cheeks. 'Oh Michael, I'm so glad you called...' she said. Lucifer whooshed past her, and a chill ran down her spine, he spun and twirled and whizzed up and down the hallway. Sharon looked around her to see where that awful gust was coming from. At last, Lucifer settled beside her and listened. 'Oh Michael, what a silly argument we had this morning,' Sharon apologised, 'I don't expect either of us meant it...'

'Never mind about that now...you silly bint!' joked Michael, trying to lighten the mood. 'I have something to tell you...'

'Oh but Michael,' shrieked Sharon in fearful tones, 'I really was being very silly this morning, I said some things I didn't mean!' she begged, as Sophie came to mind.

'Oh Sharon, do shut up!' snapped Michael. 'I am trying to tell you...look it was a ridiculous argument, a silly, petty argument. I have a surprise for both you and Sophie! Guess what I've done?'

'What?'

'I've booked us a holiday in Marbella! We fly out tomorrow morning!'

Sharon felt a sudden rush of excitement trail up her body; Michael did care after all. She smiled to herself and opened her mouth to speak, 'Steady old girl....' Lucifer cut in before any words came out. 'Don't go all stupid over it, play it cool....he did upset you terribly after all!' Satan swilled around her like a serpent, his smooth form slithering from left to right. He spotted the family pictures all laid out in silver frames on the big marble table, where the fake, ornate 1920's phone stood. His eye caught on of Sharon and her sister Tracy, arms around each other, in their pretty winter attire. Tracy was Sharon's younger sister, seven years her junior to be precise. Tracy was blonde, big busted like Sharon, but much prettier, with a fresher complexion and a cute button nose and big blue eyes. Satan thought for a moment as he lingered by the picture, yes of course, a playmate for Jerome that should spice things up! He turned his attentions back to Sharon and leaned in closer. 'Does he think you are stupid or what?' said he. 'He is taking you to Marbella, where his loser brother is! So you are holidaying with Jerome and Lucy eh? Is his family better than yours are? Are they worthy of a holiday and yours not? Is his brother better than your sister is? If he really loved you and he really wanted to make it up to you, then he would have included your sister too, or is she not worthy of a holiday?' Sharon felt her anger seethe up again and she focused on the picture. 'Demand that your sister come along,' said Lucifer, 'that way he'll learn that his family are no better than yours! If he loves you, then he'll agree!'

Sharon held the receiver firm in her delicate palm and took a deep breath, 'A holiday?' she queried. 'We are going to Marbella, all of us?'

'Yes pumpkin!' said Michael all giddy.

'What us in Marbella with your brother?' she asked.

'Well, he'll obviously be there, yes...'

'Then why can't Tracy come along?' she demanded.

'Who?' asked Michael as his happiness deflated.

'Tracy! My sister Michael, do you remember her?' screeched Sharon (she had a tendency to screech when she wanted to demand) as she examined her nails.

'Sorry, you've lost me...' said Michael, feeling a certain dread overtake his chest.

'Don't play silly beggars with me Michael Cook!' said Sharon. 'If you expect me to put up with your no good for nothing brother for two flipping weeks, then the least you can do is invite my sister to come along! I can't abide bleeding Lucy all by myself for two weeks; I want my sister to come along!'

'But darling...' argued Michael.

'Don't you darling me, Mr Michael Cook! You book a ticket for Tracy; else me and Sophie ain't going!' Sharon slammed the receiver down with such force that the cheap replica phone tinged several times!

Sharon was a Jewish girl, her parents were from the east end of London, they owned a small dress shop in Petticoat Lane, where they sold pretty day dresses, all structured and fitted with lace

trimmings and pearl buttons. Tobias and Madeline Goldberg were the children of immigrant German and Polish Jews, their parents had fled their respective countries during the war and ended up in the east end of London, with hardly any money around and very little job prospects, both Madeline and Tobias had deprived childhoods and miserable parents to contend with. They were the children of immigrants, immigrants themselves, stigmatised by their religious beliefs, betrayed by their thick accents, shown up by the rags upon their bodies. And although east London was never a rich place, by comparison, the sons and daughters of immigrant Jews were even poorer than the host community, and children teased them and made fun of them at school, and teachers got irritated by those pale faced, dark haired, eager eyed Jewish children. Such insolence that they should know more arithmetic than their peers! Such arrogant behaviour to refuse a good piece of spam when it is being offered, if they were so hungry, then they should eat! The community regarded them as vultures, as parasites, moving into their homes, taking their jobs, and worse, soon they would be taking their women! With make shift synagogues sprouting up in houses, then creeping to community centres, the host community did not appreciate the changes. And more often than not, Madeline and Tobias's childhood was tainted with chants such as 'Go back home you bloody Jews!' or 'This country is for British people, not bleeding ringlet haired freaks!' those words rang heavy in their ears and pounded in their chests, and sent cold shivers up their spines.

Tobias and Madeline grew up in the east end of London, haunted by the stigma of their origins, shamed by their parent's foreign tongues and their weird ways. They assimilated as best as they could, (or as best as their parents would allow them to) and tried, albeit in a very Jewish way, to become as British as they possibly could. Theirs was an arranged marriage, arranged by Tobias's German parents and Madeline's Polish ones, the two families had met in synagogue one Saturday morning and discussed, under the guide of the Rabbi, the pros and cons of such a marriage. 'My son can offer daughter good life, but can she offer good vifely vays for our Tobias?' asked Grandma Ava, who was from the German side of the family. 'Und my daughter can offer your Tobias varm cooking und a happy home, she 'as been vell trained in de art of housekeeping,' argued Grandma Miriam, who was Polish and hardened by life, 'What can a boy like Tobias offer my Madeline? Hardship, poverty? Have ve not suffered enuff?' Eventually it was down to Rabbi Cohen to decide, and he deemed it fit that the two should marry, and advised a small financial gift from both families to help set them up in life; he himself was prepared to contribute, from the synagogue's emergency funds.

And so they wed, and had two little girls, Sharon and Tracy, 'Why no Jewish names?' Tobias's mother had complained. But Tobias and Madeline were adamant to give their daughters as British a start in life as they could possibly give. And the fact that Sharon and Tracy were born with light brown hair (later to be dyed peroxide blonde) and blue eyes, only increased the girls' chances of integrating better. The immigrant stigma would soon be lifted! And it was cheers all round when Sharon had come home with Michael on her arm, with his flashy Mercedes and his Mark & Spencer suit, (none of the cheap market tat) and added to that he was her boss and owner (back then) to a little corner estate agents on the high street.

And now here Sharon Cook stood, daughter of Madeline and Tobias Goldberg, sister to party girl Tracy (for Tracy never married) and mother to Sophie. There she stood in her five-bedroom house in Chigwell, in the hallway by the damaged replica telephone, demanding her rights from her husband. Putting forward the proposition that her family ought to be considered too, or were they not worthy because they were Jewish? Did he think his no good for nothing brother was better than her sister because he was not Jewish and her sister was? She felt her heart race with

nervous energy as she hyperventilated. She reached across to the ornate Japanese cigarette box on the table and lifted the lid and popped a white filtered cigarette into her mouth and lit it with the ornate gun lighter that was beside the box on the table. Sharon puffed out smoke in the air and it rose high to the ceiling and wafted up the imposing staircase. She tapped her manicured fingers on the marble table and stood frozen to the spot, awaiting her husband's call. 'Steady old girl,' said Old Nick, 'well done, that was the way to go...if that hasn't told him, I don't know what will!' Old Nick chuckled to himself, he moved and stood behind Sharon and rested his chin upon her right shoulder. 'He'll call back, don't you worry, and Tracy will soon be on that flight to Marbella!' Just then, the phone trilled again, only this time, it didn't sound as sharp as it once had, no doubt the banging of the receiver didn't help. Sharon snatched up the receiver and listened. 'Alright,' snapped Michael down the other end, 'I've managed to find your sister a flight, but it leaves tomorrow evening though...so she'll just have to meet us there.' Sharon smiled to herself and Lucifer cackled with delight. 'Thank you Michael, you're a gem!' she said.

Elvita felt angry with her fat, rude, little brat of a son! The way he ran up to her on the beach, the way he had made sure to speak English in front of the Englishman, just so that he could let him know that she was married! And the way he mentioned his father and looked his mother dead in the eye, challenging her, as if to say 'I know what you are up to!' She walked three paces behind him as he led the way back to the villa. Maximaliano looked over his shoulder from time to time, smirking at his mother as he did, his eyes tracing the outline of her body in that tight red dress, looking his mother up and down, as if he was judging her. Elvita gave her son a stern look, but that only provoked the boy to grin at his mother. Elvita sucked in the air and strolled fiercely towards the villa.

When she was inside Rafael questioned her as to why she was out walking all alone on the beach, to which she explained that she was feeling a little restless after her meal and thought walking would help. To which Maximaliano added the information about the Englishman on the beach with his mother. Elvita glared at her revolting son, and quickly lied about the Englishman asking her for directions. To which Maximaliano swiftly replied in private school English 'I doont thinka so, ita loook happy time to me!' To which Elvita responded with a swift slap across the boy's face, 'Go choo your room!' Elvita scolded in evening class English. This left Rafael feeling very perplexed and not quite sure what to do next. He watched as his son stumped his foot in anger before running to his room. He watched as his wife's face turned red with anger and her slim body shook with nerves as she sneered at Maximaliano. Senor Rafael reached out to touch his wife's shoulder, he wanted to know what had upset her so, 'No!' screamed Elvita. 'Dejame en paz!' she said, which means leave me alone in Spanish. 'Chou son is verry rood boy!' she said in evening class English. She stomped off to her own room and slammed the door behind her. Senor Rafael shrugged his shoulders 'Okay....verry rood boy!' he said.

CHAPTER FOUR

It was an exceptionally cheery day for our old friend Lucifer, he stood in the lobby of terminal three at Heathrow airport, watching as Michael, Sharon and Sophie Cook made their way to the checkout desk. Lucifer lent against the wall, arms folded, one leg overlapping the other, as he watched eager passengers rush to and fro, pushing trolleys in every direction, tripping over unattended luggage, arguing with one another. This in itself pleased him, as he looked on at the chaos caused by sheer human eagerness and greed. Everyone was pushing, people were losing their tempers and nobody seemed happy, even though quite a few of them were off on holiday. He licked his lips and mused at the stupidity of Adam's children.

He decided to make himself visible to the humans to see if any would recognise him. He waved his long nailed hand across his face and he immediately became visible, in his as near to human form as he could bear. People walked past him, busy and occupied with their own lives, they pushed past him several times and some even looked him straight in the eye. But none seemed to flinch; none seemed to comprehend who he was, as he stood there in his red velvet evening jacket and his scarlet silk neck scarf. Nobody seemed to notice the immaculate cut of his suit, or his pointy maroon shoes. And especially, and most surprisingly, nobody seemed to quite notice his piercing eyes, or indeed how unusually dark they were. Has mankind become so stupid? He mused, if this had been in the times of the prophets, he would have most certainly been recognised! How ignorant Adam's children had become, and how very ripe for the taking! It had occurred to Lucifer, and without a shred of doubt, that people had somewhat forgotten who he was, he was no longer the focal point of man's discussion, nor was he as greatly feared. This bothered him profoundly, as it somewhat negated his existence and belittled his station. He blamed it all on lack of religious beliefs and of course, horror films! For horror films have somehow made light of the satanic darkness, and in a bid to thrill people, film directors have actually got people quite accustomed to evil, that they have ceased to notice it! He smiled at a rather chubby woman pushing a trolley full of luggage; she smiled back as she walked past. Lucifer twirled his finger in the air, and the wheel on her trolley snapped off, causing her to lose

her footing as the trolley came to a halt and the baggage went flying off and she skidded on the polished floors. This tickled his humour and he chuckled to himself! He waved his hand across his face again and made himself invisible.

Satan waited patiently by the Easy Jet checking desk for the Cook family to check in. Once they were safely on the plane and on their way, he raced ahead of them and landed on the sandy beaches of Marbella. He landed with a bit of a bump, and tripped over several times as he attempted to negotiate the thick sand. In the distance he spotted Senora Fernandez, she was sat on the beach beneath a massive sun hat, she looked a little disheartened sat there on the sand, and legs sprawled out. Diablo went over to Elvita and sat down beside her. 'Oh don't lose heart dear girl,' said he, 'things will get better, you'll see!' Senora Fernandez sighed deeply and wished that she would be released from her gilded cage. This life, this charmed life that so many envied, if only they knew, if only they could see what she had to put up with! An old husband, a spoiled son, both was treating her as though she were an object in their house. Rafael did not ever consider her feelings, never! He always took what he wanted, without even asking first! Even just last night, when she had gone off to bed in a huff and fell asleep, Rafael came in a few hours later, crawled into bed, tugged at her shoulder and turned her over onto her back. He shook her hard until she woke up and then he started kissing and slobbering all over her! She tried to resist him, she tried to say no, but he was insistent and the weight of his body pinned her down, and the heat of his breath made it difficult for her to breathe! In the end she just gave up, she lay back and squeezed her eyes shut and prayed that it would all be over so that she could get back to sleep. She was a prisoner in her enchanted life, she was an exotic bird trapped in a tiny cage, with no room for her wings to flap freely! 'Soon Senora, soon,' assured Diablo.

When Michael arrived at the luxury apartment block about four miles down the beach from the Marbella Beach Resort, (another one of Rafael's many properties scattered up and down the sunny coast of Spain) it had occurred to Michael, that this was not as luxury as he had hoped. Rafael was a stingy man when it came to giving; he always felt a sense of victory by short changing his customer. Michael had agreed to pay eight hundred euros for two weeks in this apartment, and had expected something a little more on the luxurious side. He looked over at his wife and daughter, Sophie sniffed the air and flung her handbag down onto the floor. Sharon looked around with an expression of slight disgust as she pivoted on the spot, her stiletto digging between the grouting of the tiles. 'Is this it babes?' she asked in a cockney voice. 'This is supposed to compensate for our Marriot apartment?' persisted Sharon all flustered and already feeling the Spanish heat. Michael looked at Sharon and all of a sudden, she didn't seem all that pretty, with her face screwed up and her nose in the air. 'It was the best I could do at such short notice,' he said.

'Yes well,' snorted Sharon, 'if you hadn't given our holiday to that brother of yours, we could have been at the Marriot right now!'

'Do you have to?' asked Michael.

'Do I have to what?' asked Sharon as she gave him dagger looks.

'Look babe,' sighed Michael wearily, 'we're here now, can't we just make the best of it?'

'I suppose so,' shrugged Sharon, 'ain't got much choice do I?'

'I'm going to choose my room,' said Sophie, satisfied with her mother's response.

'Not the master bedroom!' Michael shouted after her.

'Whatever!' said Sophie as she stomped off.

'What's the time?' asked Sharon once her daughter was out of sight. 'Don't forget Tracy, she'll be arriving shortly...'

'Yes that's right, her plane is due in at three,' agreed Michael.

'Yes, and I want you to go pick her up,'

'What? Can't she take a taxi like any normal person? I mean she's got the address,'

'Michael Cook!' snapped Sharon in her mother's manner. 'If you can give your brother our two week time share at the Marriot Marbella Beach Resort, then you can certainly bloody well go and pick my baby sister up from the flipping airport!' *

A SPANISH HOLIDAY IN DARK COMEDY

Lucifer hates mankind, he feels that they have belittled him over the years and have forgotten him altogether; what with writers, film producers and the likes of them making a mockery out of him and subjecting him to being a mere entertainment! So what better delight is it for him than to corrupt and demean the children of Adam? He is a misunderstood, fickle creature, with feelings and sensitivities, who yearns for the days of old, where religion was widely taught and his name feared amongst men and women.

Here, three unsuspecting families are intertwined in Spain with awful consequences as Lucifer whispers his lurid truths into their ears, whereby he awakens their jealousy, lusts and greed for the flesh. Betrayal, hate and envy and a sorrowful ending. How will the children of Adam resist a creature who knows their sordid truth?

True Witch Book - Mysterious Universe Devil Worship Temple In Kirinyaga - The event that takes place in 'The Devil's Doorway,' a horror film may or may not be a miracle but it exposes a truth about who we are, we who crucified Christ. Finding Community, Living My Faith and Amends: A Novel. Devil's Bible - Satanists Make Devil Worship Seem Super Chill in 'Hail Satan?' important to go to the source of all truth about Satan - the Bible. the Church of in the Satanic Rituals (review at Left Hand Path Books) that allows you to see what one is like. Codex Gigas - Wikipedia - Her ordeal at Vogue inspired her debut novel that catapulted into the New York Times bestseller. The Devil Wears Prada was a total monster? The Devil - HISTORY - Like they

knew the truth and Javier's whole life had been a lie. So Javier started going to the library where he read book after book. History books, books taught The Works of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland - My feelings cannot change the absolute truth of God's word. No Place t the Devil Corrupt Communication Forgiving Also available as. The Book of Ephesians is home to some of the Bible's greatest promises and deepest spiritual insights. Tell the Truth and Shame the Devil - Gerard Menuhin - The New Jim Crow tells a truth our nation has been reluctant to face.. Black Mass Whitey Bulger, the FBI, and A Devil's Deal (Book) : Lehr, Dick : Now a major Illuminati Voice Of The Devil Mp3 - National Geographic JFK Facts Â» The Devil's Chessboard today - My Outwitting The Devil summary explains our 2 basic modes of Hill and the Devil himself, in which he wrings certain truths from the root of 2 Timothy 2:26 Then they will come to their senses and - The book won an Edgar Award for best fact-crime writing, and was a finalist for a Leonardo DiCaprio acquired the rights to make a feature film based on Devil, Nonfiction Book Review: THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY: A True - Though the Bible presents the Devil as a powerful and cunning opponent, it also tells us The belt of truth refers to the truth of the Word of God as well as the

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