

# Ten Commandments



**Julie Harris**

An "Adult TV" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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# “Ten Commandments”

by Julie Harris

## 1: Rich Family Problems

Who would have thought that I could ever be this beautiful? Gazing at the reflection in the mirror, I see a stunning beauty looking back at me! What a hot babe! Big round sparkling eyes. A cute little button nose. Luscious lips for kissing. Long blond hair down to the middle of her back with large curls that bounced with every movement. Pierced ears with three diamond earrings in each lobe. Long smooth lean legs. A tiny waist attached to a luscious round ass. Fit as a fiddle! As you trace up that flat tummy, you move north to find a nice full set of perky tits. Big nipples sticking up proudly begging to be pinched and fondled. With every slight movement, there is a corresponding giggle in her ample chest. Was this

real? It seemed too good to be true! Yes, that beauty smiling in the mirror was me.

Two years ago, my life was a lot different. I was just an average dude. In fact, I was less than your average looking guy. I was dull and boring, less than an ordinary guy with little to look forward to and no future. Growing up I had everything handed to me. No chores at home. No rules or guidelines. No boundaries. No limits to how much I could spend. I was a spoiled rich kid that took things for granted. I had very little direction and no close ties to anyone. Not even my family.

While my family was wealthy, we weren't very close to one another. Money was all that my family cared about. They owned lots of real estate both in the public and commercial markets. It was hard to keep up with who owned what. After a while, I gave up trying to understand the business. All I cared about was my monthly allowance checks that insured that I would never have to work again.

My dad, Mr. Peterson, was extremely wealthy. He was a billionaire many times over. He inherited his fortune from his parents, who in turn, inherited their fortune from their parents. Through the generations, the family wealth grew and grew. Lucky for me, my lineage traces back many generations to English royalty. All I had to do was sit back and wait my turn, and money would land in my lap. Better than the lottery! I would be sure to win. An instant billionaire!

During his prime, my dad was a very powerful man controlling a large percentage of real estate on the East Coast. Our family-owned multiple properties in the United States, including properties in California, Maryland, New York, Connecticut, Florida, Massa-

chusetts, and Virginia. In addition, we had a number of commercial real estate holdings in the UK, France, Italy, and Germany. I never took interest in where or how our family got their money. I just knew that one day, it would be my turn to control the Peterson empire.

I grew up going to the finest schools with all the best things available to me at the time. Money was no object. Everything could be bought. Yes, I grew up as a spoiled rich kid and had no problem flaunting my status to others.

Over time, I noticed that my dad was slowing down. Often tired, he seemed sickly and low on energy. I was concerned, but never stopped to ask him how he was doing. I thought like everything else; things would get better. It turned out that my dad was sick with lung cancer. His form of cancer was a slow growing disease. My dad knew that he was sick so he prepared his final will and testament.

Dad wanted his fortune to stay within the family when he passed. He worked with his lawyers to cover every possible outcome to ensure that the wealth stayed with his family. Through every possible scenario, the vast wealth that was accumulated would stay within the Peterson family.

Since I was his only legitimate son, I didn't think much about what my future would be. Of course, I would be the one to inherit the family fortune! All I had to do was be patient, stay out of trouble, and the family fortune would eventually be mine. "Be a good boy Andy," I'd tell myself. It's just a matter of time before I'd be calling the shots.

Once I'm in charge, then I can truly do as I pleased. With that much wealth and power, I'll be able to live life to its fullest! Private jets, private yachts, multiple homes, servants, and helpers everywhere I go .... sky's the limit!

Dad was no fool. He knew that I was just a nobody. Being his only blood-related son was all that I had going for me. I was just average in height, slender build and not particularly good at anything. He knew that I was spoiled, arrogant, and felt that I was entitled to all the wealth of his family. I had my mother's features, not particularly masculine in any way. My dad was right in that I thought that everything comes easy and that I will always get my way.

My treatment of others did not go unnoticed. I didn't have anyone that I considered my friend. My dad saw that I treated others with disrespect, especially the girls that I dated. Even when those girls get paid to be with me, they resent how they are treated as a sex object. "Stop thinking with your little head," he would say. "Start using your brain!"

Dad had a stepson named Thomas, who never got along with me. Thomas was 6' 2" tall, a good-looking well-built guy, liked sports, and sometimes worked as a fashion model. He spent time over the years learning about our family's business. Dad seemed to like Thomas, although I wouldn't know why.

I never trusted Thomas. I always felt that he was there just to take my inheritance. I was the only true blood relative to my father. I should be the sole person to inherit his estate. Thomas and I acted civil around each other but weren't the best of friends. When no one else was in the room, we ignored each other.

Thomas was very different than me. Thomas was tall, dark, and handsome. Well educated from Harvard and Yale University. Well respected with a good job in a law firm. Thomas is not blood related to the family. He was adopted during Dad's first marriage.

Thomas always has pretty girls around him, but never seems to want to commit to any one girl. He liked being around pretty girls but wanted more in the bedroom. Thomas went through high school and college without having a serious girlfriend. Very odd for such a handsome looking wealthy man.

What dad's stepson Thomas was really looking for was a special kind of girl. Someone that understood exactly how to make a man feel good because of first-hand experience. Someone who knows what it was like to be a guy. What Thomas was looking for was a "transsexual" type of women.

Thomas and I would disagree on everything and anything. The news, the weather, sports, politics ... sometimes we would argue for the sake of arguing. We were polarized opposites. It was clear that we couldn't stand each other and did not get along.

Dad recognized the dilemma between Thomas and me. He wanted us to get along and be a family. Dad set out to create a plan that would keep the money in the family and eventually bring us together. If his plan worked, it would bring peace and happiness to everyone involved.

I, of course, was not briefed on my dad's plan, and did not see any of this coming.

Dad passed away in late November. It was a very cold day. The leaves were falling from the trees as



winter set in. His funeral service was full of stories about how my dad helped those around him. He was a kind and caring man. Well respected and loved by everyone in the community. Someone who wouldn't hesitate to help others. I never realized how many people actually loved my dad and was genuinely concerned about his passing. I learned a lot about my dad during this funeral service and developed a new sense of regard for him.

## **2: The Rules of the Game.**

When dad passed, Thomas and I were called in to the company's office. We found out that Dad's Will had two distinct sections. One section of the document was written for me his son, and other section of the document was for his stepson Thomas.

Thomas sat outside the lawyer's office while I was called in to hear my part of the legal Will in private. Being clueless as I was in those days, I just went with the flow of things to come. I was confident that I would inherit everything, so this was just a formality for me – or so I thought.

The lawyer was very starchy. No emotion, very formal. No joking around. He sat there without any expression, read my section of the document, and asked if I had any questions. To him, it was plain and simple. This is what was being offered, either take it or leave it.

“Andy, did you hear what I said? Do you have any questions?” He glared at me as if to intimidate me.

I must have been daydreaming about all the money that I would soon be able to spend. In a few moments, I would have no worries in the world. All I

heard was “blah, blah, blah ...” I had no idea what the lawyer just read but was confident that my life would soon be better, and I would be a rich man.

“No”, I replied. “I want to get started right away. Where do I sign?” I replied in an arrogant tone.

For me (his only son), I needed to agree to 10 rules. I would be required to pass a test for each rule as I progressed through the list. Once I passed the tests for all 10 rules, would I be able to receive my inheritance.

“Simple enough”, I replied. “What are these rules that I need to follow?”

Rule 1: Thou shall follow a healthy diet.

Rule 2: Thou shall stay physically fit.

Rule 3: Thou shall be mentally fit.

Rule 4: Thou shall keep an appropriate physical appearance.

Rule 5: Thou shall maintain proper social etiquette.

Rule 6: Thou shall have poise and appropriate movements.

Rule 7: Thou shall dress appropriately.

Rule 8: Thou shall be proud of oneself.

Rule 9: Thou shall have meaningful intimate relationships.

Rule 10: Thou shall commit to a relationship and be wedded.

I of course, thought this was just a formality, and quickly agreed to the terms. My arrogance got the best of me as I thought that these rules were just a simple check list. I quickly trapped myself in a new future with no return.

With a smug look, I signed the contract without reading it, legally binding me to what would soon change my life forever. Like everything else in my life, I was expecting all of this to be handed to me on a silver platter.

I did not bother to read the fine print. The contract said that I needed to earn my inheritance.

If I am unable to pass the test at the end of each of the 10 rules, I can try again, up to a total of three times to pass the test. If I fail, I will be given \$5,000.00 and cut out of the family fortune with nothing more than the clothes on my back.

For each of the tests, there would be preparation classes that I needed to attend.

If I failed to pass the class, I would have to pay back all the expenses incurred.

If I didn't have the money to pay back the expenses, I would have to work full time as an employee making minimum wage until the debt was paid off. The type of job would be determined by my instructors.

There was no negotiation on these failure clauses. I would essentially be living in poverty - homeless with no income, stuck in a minimum paying job. I had to pass all of these classes to receive my inheritance.

“Are there any questions?” asked the lawyer. Again, no emotion. Just a stone-cold look at me.

“Yes, I replied. So, when will you be giving me the bank accounts for my inheritance?” I blurted out. I thought to myself that maybe on Monday I’ll go out and buy a new Lexus car for myself. Or maybe a BMW sports car? Or maybe a Mercedes car? Maybe I’ll buy one of each! Maybe I’ll fly to Hawaii on the private jet for a short vacation? Maybe I’ll buy a house, or two, in Hawaii? There were so many things to think about now that I have all this money! Or will soon have all this money.

The lawyer gave me a business card and said that I was to call the number on the card and report to that location on Monday morning. Without paying much attention to him, I took the card quickly and left out of his office with a new sense of confidence that I would soon be a new person!

There was no turning back once I left the lawyer’s office. The contract that I signed took effect as soon as I exited the office.

For Dad’s stepson Thomas, his part of the Will was very different. It stated that Thomas must go to London in the UK to learn how to run one of Dad’s commercial real estate businesses. If he could secure the new shopping center deal, he would be worthy of his inheritance.

Thomas was not allowed to come home until he was successful in his task of securing the new shopping center complex in London.

It was estimated that it would take him two years to be successful.

In Thomas's contract, Dad says that he is to be understanding about the changes that his brother Andy (me) will be experiencing, and that he hopes the family will stay together when he has passed on.

The contract goes on to say that after his tour in the UK, Thomas (my stepbrother) is to return home and find a beautiful girl to marry. It must be true love with no prenuptial agreement.

Thomas and I both had our marching orders. We had to obey Dad's desires of his Will if we were to inherit his wealth. I thought that mastering my list of 10 rules was a lot easier than trying to learn how to run Dad's complicated company. "Boy, did I get lucky!", I thought to myself.

Thomas and I gave each other a nod and then parted ways for what would be a few years of life altering changes.

I was determined to go all in and finish my requirements so that I could take all the money for myself! I needed to stay laser focused. No distractions. "Do it for the money," I said to myself. "Do it for the money!"

Monday morning came very quickly. Today was the day that I rightfully took my place as the new owner of my dad's real estate empire! There are so many changes that I could make to get things in order the way I want things to be.

I actually shaved today and put on a sports coat as I looked over my appearance in the mirror. "Not too bad," I thought to myself. I actually looked presentable for the office. I drove myself to my dad's office and parked right in the front, in dad's former parking space. As I took the elevator up to the top level, I no-

ticed how big this building was. My dad was on the top floor! Soon to be my office, I walked out of the elevator with a sense of arrogance as I walked up to the receptionist.

“Hello there! I’m here to see my new office,” I said to the young lady behind the desk.

“Hello Andy, it’s nice to see you. There must be a mistake. Your dad’s old office is being renovated along with the rest of this floor. For the foreseeable future, this office area is uninhabitable and labeled as a construction zone.”

Hmmm ... I thought to myself. Maybe my dad is fixing up the place for me. How thoughtful! No problem. I can wait. I turned around and headed back to the elevators.

As I got into the elevator, I remembered the card that the lawyer gave me during the reading of my dad’s legal will. Looking at the address, I noticed that I was on the wrong side of town.

Oh, my goodness, I was supposed to be at this other office an hour ago! I rushed down to the parking lot, into my car and sped away to my appointment.

GPS led me to a building downtown with a large sign on the top ... Barbizon Modeling Agency. I thought to myself, “Wow, this will be great! I’ll get to be around all these cute babes! Maybe I’ll get lucky today and get into some panties!”

I drove around to the other side of the building and found parking close to the side entrance. As always, I took up two spaces to give my car extra room from

others around me. As always, I did not care about others and that I was taking up an extra parking space. Not my problem.

### **3: A New Beginning**

I walked into the building and figured out that I needed to be on the 15th floor. I made my way to the elevators and found my way up to my destination.

The elevator doors opened and there I was in front of a very busy business. With all the people coming and going, I noticed that this was a very happening place. There were lots of good-looking people coming and going to this business. Everyone had a sense of purpose in their walk. This was the place to be!

I announced myself to the receptionist and was told to take a seat while she called for my coordinator. I took a seat and waited. 30 minutes went by. 60 minutes went by. I was getting upset that they were wasting my time. Finally, the side door opened, and this tall beautiful blond girl walked up to me.

“Hi, my name Zoe Smith. You must be Andy. It’s nice to meet you!”

I was speechless. This girl looked like she was right out of the runway fashion show. She wore a skintight white dress and highlighted every curve on her body. I don’t know how she did it, but she moved, more like wiggled, so effortlessly in her high heeled stilettos. So, cute, and so fuckable! I couldn’t stop staring at her! Zoe knew that she had my attention as she gestured for me to follow her back to her office. I had a difficult time trying to figure out where to look as she had the perfect figure with a tiny waist, nice firm breasts, and a round ass! Not only did her looks mes-





merize me, but her sweet floral perfume fragrance captured me as well. I was like a little puppy dog following her orders to sit in her office.

All my frustrations of having to wait over an hour faded away. I was actually happy to be there with her. My mind went blank. All my uncertainties of receiving my inheritance faded away. All I could think about was how amazing Zoe's boobs looked! Perfect D-cup sized breasts with nice large nipples. Oh, how I would do anything to play with them!

"Hello, are you okay? ... Hi Andy", said Zoe with a smile.

I quickly snapped out of my daze and responded with a simple smile.

"So, I'm Zoe. I will be your coordinator to execute the wishes of Mr. Peterson, your dad. If you follow my instructions to the tee, you and I will get along well, and you will soon be a very rich person. Do you have any questions?"

"Yes. How often do I get to come in and work with you Zoe?" I asked with excitement.

"You and I will meet as often as needed. My role here is to guide you and to provide encouragement. Throughout the course of your program, you will be seeing a lot of me. I'm sure that we'll become the best of friends!" she responded with a smile.

"I can't wait to see her naked and to have sex with this babe!" I thought to myself. "I wonder what color her bra and panties are. I wonder how soft her breasts are. I'm sure her nipples are great to suck on."

“Okay. Let’s get started. Shall we?” Zoe said with a smile. Zoe was well aware that I was admiring her body and thinking sexual thoughts. Her intent was to get me in a vulnerable position to make me more susceptible to my new training. It was working ... I would have done anything that she asked.

Zoe continued, “There are 10 rules that your father has outlined. Each rule has a specific training curriculum that must be followed. At the end of each rule there will be a test. You must pass the test to progress in the program. After each successful test, you must maintain that level of skill while you work on the other rules. After you successfully complete the tests for all 10 rules, you will receive your inheritance.”

Rule 1: Thou shall follow a healthy diet.

Rule 2: Thou shall stay physically fit.

Rule 3: Thou shall be mentally fit.

Rule 4: Thou shall keep an appropriate physical appearance.

Rule 5: Thou shall maintain proper social etiquette.

Rule 6: Thou shall have poise and appropriate movements.

Rule 7: Thou shall dress appropriately.

Rule 8: Thou shall be proud of oneself.

Rule 9: Thou shall have meaningful intimate relationships.

Rule 10: Thou shall commit to a relationship and be wedded.

“The rules are pretty straightforward, and simple. If you follow my instruction, you will have no problem passing these tests.”

“I am here to guide you and to provide encouragement. Here’s my personal cell phone number. You can call me at any time if you want to talk.”

I was pleasantly surprised. This beautiful girl is giving me her cell phone number without me having to ask her. She wants me! I can’t wait to get in her panties and fuck her!

“We’ll start out slowly and then pick up the pace,” said Zoe. “We’ll start with rule number 1: Following a healthy ...”

I interrupted Zoe. “I’d like to get this done quickly, so can we start off fast and keep going until the end?” I thought that I was being cool in saying that let’s just cut to the end and get it over with.

Zoe smiled and said, “If you think you are good enough, we can go as fast as you like through the program. But it is very rare that anyone is that committed and disciplined to do this at an accelerated pace.”

I looked at Zoe with confidence and said, “girl – I am committed to this program. I want you to turn it up and help me get through this program quickly. If I complain, snap me out of it and keep me focused. Money is no object. In fact, I will give you a bonus of \$10,000 if you can speed things up for me.”