

The Simons family mansion is, in a word, *huge*. No, perhaps *massive* would be better. *Wealthy? Opulent?* With a click of your secateurs, you idly consider the best description for the property you help maintain. As the new private gardener for the Simons family, it's your job to maintain their extravagant garden. Some people would see the job as a huge sink of time and effort, but for the last two months, it's been a *privilege*.

All around you, you can hear the familiar hum of nature. Birds are chirping, insects are buzzing and the wind is rushing through the leaves of the huge garden around you. This is exactly where you belong in life. Some people worry about what they want to do with their lives, but not you. You're a gardener, and you have been long before you were earning money as one. Even as a child, you took a keen interest in nature, especially plants.

And nature has been kind to you in turn. Gardening is a physically demanding job, and pots and bags of fertilizer don't lift themselves. You'd hate to toot your own horn, but you've cultivated a pretty impressive body. Each and every muscle inside you is strong, and no matter what size shirt you buy, they always seem to feel tight.

While for some reason people seem rather drawn to you, especially women, you've never been much of a social butterfly. You never did well in school either, even though you had a lot of friends, even among the teachers. Honestly, sometimes you wonder if you might be a little... well, *dumb*. But you're probably just overthinking things. In any case, gardening doesn't demand much other than passion and effort, both of which you can give in spades. Literally!

So, it was only natural that you'd become a gardener when you grew up. As soon as you turned eighteen, you were hired by a pretty large gardening corporation as one of their gardeners. And as it turned out, passion tended to translate into effort, and effort tended to translate into skill. After only working for a gardening company for a few years, you'd been approached by the Simons family and offered a job as their mansion's private gardener. You'd hate to say you were *poached*, but the amount you were offered was substantially higher than your old job. And for someone who grew up poor, it was hard to resist the allure of a higher paycheck for an easier job. And then there was the allure of being in charge of a vast garden of plants. They wouldn't be *yours*, but still, it was hard to resist. So, you didn't.

The garden in the Simons family's manor... The family seems to think of it as a normal house, but you can't think of such a large home as anything other than a mansion. Anyway, the garden is *massive*. Set between the house and the distant street, the vast garden covers almost an acre of lush land, cut in half by a wide driveway that leads up to the mansion itself. As daunting as that might sound, your job is made much easier by the fact that the mansion was built only about ten years ago, and enjoys a host of lavish modern conveniences, such as an automated system that waters the plants for you. The rest of the mansion's ground is a vast plain of perfectly maintained grass and even a small forest of trees. Those are maintained by a private landscaping company though, so you can focus on making the garden a work of art.

The garden has clearly been installed for the mansion's residents to stroll around in at their leisure, though in reality, you've come to learn that only Mrs. Simons actually properly lives here. Her husband is far too busy with his job as a CEO of a global corporation to spend much time at home.

You know this because, over the last two months, Mrs. Simons has made herself quite well-acquainted with you. She was the one who spoke to you on the phone, to give you the job offer. She had been the one to show you around the garden on your first day, and ever since then, she'd made a point of speaking to you each day you'd been scheduled to come in. Truthfully, you suspect that the wife of the Simons family might be a little lonely. And, now that you thought about it, it was probably about the usual time for the older woman to come out and greet you today.

Though, it would be uncharitable to describe Mrs. Simons as simply an 'older woman'. She's *beautiful*. Not simply pretty or sexy, but downright gorgeous. She looks to be in her late thirties or early forties, yes, it was true. From your perspective, as a fresh twenty-two year old man, she might be old, but simply calling her an *older woman* would be so incorrect, it almost felt like an insult. Pale skin, full lips and just a light scattering of freckles along her cheeks. Mrs. Simons must be a model or a celebrity or *something*, there's just no way a woman who lives in a house like this and looks like *that* could be a normal woman. Not for the first time, you think that *Mister* Simons must be quite an exceptional man to have married someone as gorgeous as his wife.

"Alex!" Mrs. Simon's melodic voice snaps you out of your reverie. "Are you working out here today?" You can hear the older woman walking nearby.

You gulp nervously and step back from the rose bushes, lowering your secateurs. "Yes, Mrs. Simons." You call out, and hear the older woman turn toward you. "Working on the roses today, Ma'am."

The lady of the house is tall, even taller than you, and that's saying something. You're rather well built for a young man your age, but Mrs. Simons still manages to eke out an inch or two of height. And not only that. She's... Well... not to be crude, but she's quite voluptuous. You're really not a crude person by nature, but gosh it's hard not to stare sometimes. No matter what she wears, the older woman's incredible body would still show off her magnificent curves. And today is no exception. As she comes into view, you can see her outfit... Oh, *wow*...

She's wearing what looks like a silken dressing gown, with artificial white fur lining the top, and the neckline plunges down just far enough to give a hint of a black bra underneath. The robe is loose and leaves the area around her neck quite visible, and see two black bra straps over her tanned shoulders. The soft shape of the robe leaves a lot to the imagination, but the way it curves around her chest gives your mind a lot to work with. The whole thing seems to shimmer like silk, and you're sure it's worth more than what you're going to make in this entire week. As incredible as her outfit is, you remind yourself that you're in *her* home, and such a stunning outfit must be normal for her.

“Oh, lovely!” Mrs. Simons steps into view and gives you a bright smile. Even for something as basic as talking to her gardener, the older woman has taken care to do her hair, a sleek black ponytail reaching down to her shoulders. She’s even done her makeup! Mrs. Simons must be quite a kind person to go to such effort for a normal gardener like yourself. “I’m so happy whenever you come, Alex. You’re so talented! Just look how beautiful those roses look!”

Mrs. Simons is usually quick to praise, you’ve discovered. “Oh, I, er... I’ve only just started, Ma’am.” You wave your secateurs vaguely at the rose bush in front of you.

“R-right! So it’s going to look *even better* than it does right now? Alex, you just can’t stop impressing me, can you?” Mrs. Simons sighs happily as she looks you up and down. “Honestly, I can’t thank you enough for all your lovely work. You’ve only been coming by for a few months, and I’ve never seen the garden so beautiful!”

“O-oh, just doing my job, Ma’am!” You feel your cheeks warm at her praise. “Besides, it’s your garden. I’m just helping you maintain it...”

The older woman reaches out and places a soft hand on your shoulder. “Oh, don’t be so *modest*, Alex!” Her touch is... firm yet soothing. You feel your muscles shiver slightly as her skin connects with yours. “You’re a wonderfully talented young man! You’re handsome, so little bit of pride would be wonderful...” You feel her squeeze your shoulder again. “Oh my, you *have* been working hard. I’ve never felt such lovely muscles before...”

You know a refined woman like Mrs. Simons surely doesn’t mean anything rude by it, but her touch is shamefully giving you indecent thoughts about how wonderful her touch would be in *other* parts on your body. “A-actually, this garden is probably the best I’ve ever seen!” Not just in sheer size and wealth, but the plants that grow here are just *magnificent*. “I don’t know what your previous gardeners were like, but I’ve never seen plants so vibrant and full of life!” Even the roses in front of you are magnificent, a stunning hue of red and bigger than any rose flower you’ve ever seen before. They could win world-class competitions, you’re certain.

“Oh...” Mrs. Simons turns to look at the roses, a cheeky smile dancing across her sharp cheeks. “I think that might be due to me...” You turn and give her a curious look, and the older woman smiles at you, a strange amusement in her green eyes. “I use... well, let’s just say it’s a *secret* fertilizer, shall we?”

You blink for a moment. “What’s the fertilizer?” You ask without thinking.

“It’s a secret, silly!” The older woman playfully slaps you in the shoulder. “Didn’t I just say that?”

Oh, that’s right! “Oh yeah, It wouldn’t be a secret if you told me, would it?” You chuckle, feeling a little embarrassed. Mrs. Simons laughs along with you, and then gives you an enigmatic look. “I-is something wrong?” You ask after a moment.

“No, nothing wrong.” Mrs. Simons smiles at you. It almost looks like a smirk, but you’re sure that the older woman would never do something so crude. She looks you up and down for a moment, her green eyes lingering on your chest for some reason. “Just thinking about how wonderful it is that God never gives with both hands.”

You have no idea what that means, so you just laugh nervously. It’s your usual response in the event in which you have no idea what someone smarter than you is talking about. Which is pretty common, really. A moment later, Mrs. Simons laughs along with you.

You like Mrs. Simons. She’s an elegant woman, kind and friendly. Not to mention, one of the most attractive women you’re ever likely to meet, if not *the* most. Mrs. Simons doesn’t have the simple sexuality of girls your age, who like to throw their bodies into the sexual melee with cheap abandon. She’s refined and calm, her face a tranquil pool of beauty.

Quickly, you shake away your idle thoughts, glad that Mrs. Simons isn’t a mind reader. She seems to like you, and surely your rude thoughts would make her think less of you.

Mrs. Simons looks you up and down again, licking her lips slowly. You wonder if she’s thirsty, perhaps. “Yes... I’m sure you’re *quite* talented at tending to bushes, especially considering those lovely strong hands of yours.” You look down at your hands, and blush. It’s not the first time a woman’s complimented you on them. The older woman sighs theatrically. “Yes, there’s quite a few bushes around here in need of tending by talented hands, Alex. Don’t you think?”

Well, the garden *is* massive. “Yes, the hedgerows are in need of trimming.” You say, gesturing over to the beautiful green rows in the distance. “Once I’m done here, I’m going to get started there...”

The older woman raises an eyebrow at you, looking oddly amused about something you must have missed. “Well, of course!” She seems to think for a moment, and then her beautiful face lights up as if she’s had an idea. “Can I take a look at the roses, Alex? I’d like to get a closer look at them...”

Obediently, you stand aside, gesturing for her to feel free. It’s *her* home, after all. She can do whatever she wants, and you have no idea why she’d even feel the need to ask your permission. “Um... the smell from the fertilizer is quite strong...” You do feel the need to warn her of that. You’re used to such smells in a garden, but whatever it is, the fertilizer is *quite* potent.

“Oh, I’m very much used to the scent of my own fertilizer, Alex.” Mrs. Simons seems to find that quite amusing for some reason as she steps forward. “Actually, I rather enjoy it in my nostrils.” Indeed, you can see the older woman’s exquisite nose flare gently as she inhales. Then, Mrs. Simons leans down into the rose bush, inspecting one of the vibrant red flowers with great interest. “I do so love these roses. I think I’ll call this latest crop... Damiens.”

Mrs. Simons has leant over quite far to look at the roses. You can't resist the pull to look down at her hips as she bends. Her silk robe is loose, but now that she's leaning over, you can quite clearly see that her behind is just as, if not *more*, voluptuous as her chest. Goodness, she might have the roundest and biggest bottom that you've ever seen on a woman. And quite firm too, judging by the painfully alluring way that her robe seems to drape over her behind. You can actually see the outline of her underwear against her lower body and even the bra straps...

No! You shouldn't be looking at the older woman in such a lewd way! Mrs. Simons was surely unaware of how revealing her stance was, and you're ashamed of yourself for even thinking of such a thing. In fact, the only reason she was even doing so in the first place was probably because she trusted you enough not to even think about it in the first place! Thoroughly ashamed of yourself, you look back at the older woman, trying to clear your mind of such thoughts. "W-why the name 'Damien's'?" You ask, hating the tremor in your voice.

Mrs. Simons looks back at you, an enigmatic amusement in her green eyes. "Damien was the gardener before you, the one who cultivated these roses. He was a very handsome boy indeed, though you put even *his* looks to shame, Alex." Gosh, her compliments seem to come out like an assassin's blade each time, unexpectedly and sharply cutting at your calmness, and leaving a trail of red blood in your cheeks. "I like to think that he and all the other gardeners I've enjoyed over the years are still here in spirit, nourishing the plants... inside the *soil*..." The older woman chuckles to herself softly.

What a lovely sentiment. You like to think you leave a piece of yourself in every garden you tend too. "I'm sure he's a wonderful guy, Damien." You say, wondering what he was like. Probably someone you could have been good friends with, you like to think. "I hope I get to meet him someday."

"Oh, you've already met him, Alex. In a fashion." Mrs. Simons shifts her feet, and you blush as her ass tilts to the left in front of you. "And I'm certain you'll get to meet him directly soon enough. I'm sure the two of you will... *mix together* quite wonderfully." That's a pleasant thought. You'd have plenty to talk about with another gardener. "Goodness, how lovely these... *Damiens* are!" Mrs. Simons coos, rubbing her thumb against the red bulb of one of the roses. "They're just so big and juicy, don't you think?" Her stunning behind almost seems to dance as she leans in, and you have to look away before you start having indecent thoughts about the older woman. "Don't you just want to reach out and feel them in your hands?"

"Yeah, I do love the feel of roses..." You say awkwardly, not sure if it's ruder to look at or look away from the older woman's ass. On one hand, it's shameful to stare when she's surely unaware of the display she's making. On the other hand, looking away felt like you were treating it as a lewd sight, which you're *sure* isn't what Mrs. Simons is trying to do. Not a woman as friendly and elegant as she is!

Finally, to your eternal relief, Mrs. Simons finally leans back. Her pale cheeks are flushed, and she looks remarkably satisfied. The roses must have given her a great amount of enjoyment, from the looks of it. As she pulls back, the older woman wraps her long fingers around the rose she was admiring, and with surprising ease, she plucks the red flower out of the bush. “Oh, I quite enjoyed that, Alex. Thank you.” She raises the rose to her nose and takes a gentle whiff of the flower.

“W-well, no problem...” You’re not sure what she thinks you did for her, considering you’ve barely even begun to trim that particular rose bush. “Please watch out for thorns, Mrs. Simons.” You say, noticing the sharp barbs on the stem of the flower on her hand.

Mrs. Simons looks down at the stem and chuckles, playfully running her thumb along the sharp thorns. “Oh, don’t make the mistake of confusing elegance for delicacy, Alex.” To your surprise, the older woman presses her thumb into one of the barbs and you see her shiver in pain. “Ooh... A little bit of hurt can be a good thing, you know? I like a bit of roughness.”

Really? You’d always thought of rich women as being delicate as a matter of course. The idea that Mrs. Simons, the great beauty, might enjoy the rougher things in life had never crossed your mind. But it was quite fascinating. “No offense, but it’s surprising to hear that.” You say with a little laughter. “You’re a bit of a tomboy?”

“Well, I’m no athlete, of course. I don’t have a... strapping body, unlike some people...” Her eyes rake you up and down for a moment, seeming to drink in the sight. “But I enjoy a good run, and my body needs quite a bit of maintenance. Besides, if you’re engaging in... *strenuous physical activity* with people, which I *often* do, you need to stay active.” She snorts in amusement, and you see the rose petals beneath her nose flutter for a moment. “Especially when my... *activity* partners are often younger than me.”

So, she played sports? You’re worried that you might be overstepping the line by asking such a personal question, but... “What kind of sports do you play?”

Mrs. Simons’s eyes widen, and then she begins to chuckle softly. “Well... do you know polo?” The rich-people sport where people rode on a horse and hit a ball? You’ve heard of it, but never seen it in person. You nod at the older woman, and her smile widens even further. “My... *sport* is a lot like that. There’s a lot of riding, and I’m often holding something in both hands... There’s balls involved, usually two, but sometimes four or six, or even up to ten!” She seemed to be enjoying this, you’re glad to see. It must be fun to be so passionate about sports. “It can get rather sweaty too. It can even get *quite* messy at the end, but getting messy is the best part.”

What a fascinating sport. You can’t imagine what she’s referring to, but it’s probably some rich-people sport you’ve never heard of. “Do you usually play with other women?” You ask, more than a little curious.

Mrs. Simons raises an eyebrow at you for some reason. "What a funny question! Yes, every now and then, I suppose. When I'm in the right mood. But I much prefer men in that regard. Oh, I must have played with *hundreds* of men over the years." The older woman stares down at the rose in her hands and sighs happily. "I *absolutely* cannot get enough of it, Alex. It's so much fun every time." Then, she looks up at you, and you can see quite a lot of humor in her eyes. "I'd love to show you..."

Well, it *sounded* intriguing as heck, but you're not exactly wealthy. "Oh, I'm sure I would, but I don't have much money to try out a new sport..." You say, giving her a smile and scratching the back of your head awkwardly.

"Oh, I'm more than certain you've played some form of it before, Alex." The older woman looks you up and down, licking her lips. Perhaps she needs a glass of water. "I can't imagine the young women you've met *not* playing something like it with you. I know my daughters indulge in it almost as much as I do..." She chuckles to herself for a moment, and then smiles at you again. "And the best part of it is the meal afterward."

Oh? Food never fails to get your interest. Especially rich-people food. Mrs. Simons must play whatever this sport was at a country-club or something. "What kind of food do you eat after—"

"*Meat.*" Mrs. Simons has a strange look in her eyes as she answers before you can even finish the question. "After all that fun, it's *beyond* a pleasure to swallow down the most marbled fat and the most delicious muscle you could ever imagine. Beautiful skin to taste on my tongue. Pounds and pounds of meat, sliding down my throat..." The memory of the food *must* be amazing, considering that the older woman is practically salivating as she looks at you. "A meal that takes *decades* of blood, sweat and tears to refine. And then I swallow it down, all that time and effort, in *one single meal.*"

Gosh. It must be one hell of a meal. You can almost feel your tummy rumbling from Mrs. Simon's description, even though you're still full from breakfast. "Wow, that sounds incredible." The older woman nods eagerly. "I don't think I could afford a meal like that on a gardener's wages."

Mrs. Simons smiles, and you see a lot of immaculately white teeth. "Oh... I'd say a gardener's wages is about how much I usually pay for the best meat." Something about her smile is strangely savage. But then, she shakes her head. "Of course, you can't just *grab* such a meal, Alex, you need to craft the *perfect* moment to enjoy it in. I'm a... *patient* woman, you see. With as much life experience as I have, one learns to enjoy the journey as much as the destination." She chuckles softly to herself. "Or perhaps the *hunt* as much as the... *end*, in certain cases..."

"Y-yes, you have a lot more life experience than me, so I'll take your word for it!" You say, the stupid words leaving your tongue before you can stop them. You reflexively cover your mouth, blushing deeply in shame. "I mean...! I don't mean you're *old*, I mean..." Shutting your mouth right now seems like a good idea. "S-sorry, that didn't come out right at all..."

But to your surprise, Mrs. Simons doesn't seem even remotely offended by your careless words. "Oh, *Alex*, were you scared I'd be angry about being reminded of my age?" The older woman winks at you, running the rose in her hands down the length of her silk robe. "I'm forty-one, *Alex*. I'm a forty-one year old woman, and I'm damn proud of it. I'm looking forward to my forty-second birthday, as a matter of fact." She chuckles softly. "Women... age like wine, *Alex*. We're wonderfully rough and playful in our youth, but when we become *older*, we become refined... polished... *powerful*."

Something about her tone of voice makes your heart shiver. Mrs. Simons has no anger or rage in her tone. Instead, there's a sense of rightful confidence and elegance. No, she isn't simply confident... She's speaking with absolute conviction.

And then, Mrs. Simons chuckles again. "Oh, speaking of... I think I'll go inside and have a glass of wine. I'm certainly in the mood for one. And I think little Damien here needs some refreshment too." She sniffs the rose in her hands again and winks playfully at you. "Don't work too hard!"

"I'll do my best not to!" You respond jokingly, and then give her a polite nod. "But I really will do my best, Mrs. Simons!"

"Well... make sure you take regular breaks! A young man like you shouldn't tire yourself out too much, *Alex*. You never know what you might need energy for!" She gives you one last look up and down, and you see her eyes smoldering. "...Thanks for the conversation, *Alex*. I enjoyed it *immensely*."

Perhaps you were right about her feeling lonely. Having someone to talk to was important, after all, even if it was just her gardener. But you're hardly complaining about getting to talk to her! "N-no problem!" You should be thanking her, really. "You're so easy to talk to, I should be thanking *you*!"

"Well, you're *immensely* welcome. I'll be looking forward to our next one." Mrs. Simons licks her lips as she walks away from you, and gives you a friendly wave goodbye. "See you soon, *Alex*!" As she's about to disappear from sight, the older woman pushes and gives you a warm smile. "By the way, it'll only be you and me here all day, so don't worry about dress codes. If it gets too sweaty, feel free to take off your shirt..."

Before you can answer, Mrs. Simons chuckles and vanishes from sight, and you hear her walking back to the mansion. After a moment, you place your hand on your chest, feeling your heart beating at a mile a minute. The older woman has that effect on you, it would seem.

Then, you sigh and get back to work, hoping to stave off all those indecent thoughts...

A few hours later, you finally finish trimming the rose bushes. They look utterly beautiful now, an artwork of green with splashes of vibrant red. You've never seen roses so beautifully blood red. You're not entirely satisfied that your skills have done them the justice they deserve, but you know from experience that you could never find yourself satisfied. But a gardener's work was never done, so you have to accept a general proximity to perfection and move on.

The sun is beating down on you as you retrieve the hedge trimmer from your truck, and carry it over to the sides of the driveway, where the long hedges form an impressive display of green along either side. You love the look of a nicely trimmed hedge, especially one that leads up to a stunning mansion like this. Your hedge trimmer was expensive to buy, but it makes this job so much easier. You take a deep breath and tug at the collar of your tight shirt, realizing how sticky you are from sweat. Before you begin, you reach down and pick up your water bottle. It's a cheap plastic thing you bought in a supermarket, and the water inside is more than lukewarm at this point. Still, it's better than nothing.

You put down your drink and pick up the automatic trimmer in both hands. The device is heavy, but not nearly as heavy as the weights you're used to in the gym. Turning it on with the familiar mechanical buzz, you turn back to your task. Clipping the hedgerows into a cubic shape is a long, but surprisingly pleasant piece of work. For the Simons mansion, the first thing any visitors will notice are the hopefully immaculately manicured hedges on either side of the long driveway. As you sweep the automatic trimmer over the hedge, any errant branches are clipped away, leaving a seemingly flat and uniform wall of green. There... perfect.

"Alex!" You hear a voice on the edge of your hearing, over the buzz of the device in your hands. You turn and are more than a little surprised to see Mrs. Simons standing a short distance away from you, holding a parasol to protect herself from the sun. The older woman smiles and waves for you to stop. Obediently, you thumb off the hedge trimmer and let the sound of the engine die away. When relative silence returns, Mrs. Simons moves toward you. "Alex! Are you *still* working out here?" The older woman tilts her parasol and looks up at the sun with a grimace, and then just as quickly shields herself again. "It's *far* too hot to be working right now, surely?" She's still wearing the same outfit as before, the silk robe with a furred collar.

Oh, you're used to working in situations like these. Gardening is rarely an indoor job, after all. "It's okay. I'm used to working in heat like this, Ma'am!" Granted, it *is* almost the middle of summer, but you've withstood worse heat for the sake of your job. "A little bit of sun is good for you."

"And a *lot* of sun isn't." Mrs. Simons is already beginning to sweat, you can see. The older woman dabs her cheek with the collar of her silk robe. Thin as it was, you can imagine how painfully hot such an outfit must be in this heat. "I've been watching you for a while, and you need to take a break. A long one, too. And you need a drink."

A break? But you only just started on the hedges. You smile and gesture to your water bottle on the ground with the trimmer's blade. "I already have a drink, but thank you for thinking of"

"What, that little thing?" Mrs. Simons rolls her eyes. "I bet the water in that thing's practically boiling in this heat. No, you need some nice ice water." She turns slightly and gestures for you to follow her. "Come! I'm not having someone on my payroll risking their health right in front of me. You need to get out of the sun. Please come inside the house with me, Alex."

"O-oh, thank you!" You nod gratefully at the older woman, thinking how generous she is. Usually, you're only allowed in a client's house when you need something important. You'd love to accept her offer, but you couldn't possibly impose on Mrs. Simons's lovely home like that. It would just be rude. "B-but I should be done shortly, so I probably won't need to"

Mrs. Simons folds her arm under her breasts, which has the side-effect of making the shape of her chest much more visible through the thin silk of her robe. "I *insist* you come inside the house at once, Alex! It's *far* too hot to be working under the boiling sun right now!" The older woman looks down at her breasts, and seems to realize that her chest is now much more visible. But you must have been mistaken, as she then presses her arm even harder into her stomach, making her breasts even more visible. The older woman must not realize how erotic she's accidentally being. She's clearly rather *oblivious*, and you wonder if you should let her know or not. Perhaps not. After a moment, Mrs. Simons points at the parasol in her hand. "What if you get some kind of skin cancer? Did you think about that? These UV rays aren't a joking matter, Alex. You might be young and strong, but you need to look after your health!"

That's... a good point actually. You can feel the bite in the sun's rays, now that she mentions it. "I, er..." You're terribly nervous about the idea of going inside such an expensive mansion, but you can't think of a response to that. Finally, you concede. "W-well, if you're okay with me coming inside..."

A wide smile splits Mrs. Simons' beautiful face. "Oh, Alex. You wouldn't believe how okay with *that* I would be."

End of Part One of Two