

Sub Rosa

by Sho Botham

Rosa flopped down onto the bed for the third time that evening, forcing a practised smile. The well-dressed but exhausted client sat on the edge of the sagging but clean, mattress. He was undoing his expensive tie before taking off his fine lawn cotton shirt and undershirt. Rosa took a deep breath, got up and sprang into action helping him to remove his black, handmade shoes, matching silk socks and Saville Row suit. She hung them neatly on the short rail on wheels standing beside the Art Deco, burr walnut, stylish but now, shabby, chest of drawers.

“So, what is it tonight darling dear?” asked Rosa her eyes growing big and innocent looking. “You look exhausted.”

“You’re right as always. I am exhausted. But never too exhausted to spend time with you, my little Rosa. Would you mind if we just talk tonight?”

“Of course, not darling dear. Come and lie down next to me and I will rub your tired, aching body while you tell me all about your week.”

“You are so easy to talk to my little Rosa. Do you not get tired of me talking about work in such detail?”

“No, darling dear,” said Rosa, her expert hands moving lightly across his unfit muscles and body. “It is good for you to get all the stress of your week off these tired shoulders of yours. I am happy that you talk to me and relax. And if you feel like it, later, you may want me to do something about this,” as she slid her strong hand into his midnight blue, silk boxer shorts and squeezed him with her hand.

Sometime later, he stopped talking and let Rosa do her work. It only took a moment or two before she grabbed the small towel to cover him as he orgasmed. She was an expert in keeping client underwear dry as they never brought a spare pair with them.

Seeing her client out and reassuring him that she would see him at the same time next week, Rosa returned to her room and opened the tall wardrobe door. She pulled out the computer, started typing intensely for two minutes before stopping abruptly. Her eyes went to the buttons on the machine above the computer and she pressed three of them together and listened to a few seconds of the recording. She was just checking it was there. She didn’t need to listen to it for it was a recording of the conversation she’d just had with her client.

Once she had reset the machine, she closed the wardrobe door and prepared the room and herself for her final client for the evening. A younger man who, like, all her clients found Rosa easy to confide in about work matters as her expert hands flowed across his body encouraging him to talk.

So far, Rosa had never had to do more than give her clients a hand job. She dreaded what might happen if her expert hands let her down and one of these men expected full blown sex. She knew that she couldn't do that and at the end of every work evening she heaved a sigh of relief that she'd managed to keep everything within her boundaries. But it was getting increasingly difficult for Rosa. This was not what she'd expected when asked to do a very important job for the department.

"I want to quit," said Rosa with as much confidence as she could muster.

"You can't quit," her boss shouted across the desk.

"I can't do this anymore. You can't make me," said Rosa trying to hold back the tears.

"We'll see about that," said her boss as he slammed down onto the leather chair, "we'll see about that."

Rosa felt the fear rise in her throat as her boss got up out of his chair and came round to the other side of the desk where she stood. Rosa stood her ground, facing the large burly man wearing an impeccable handmade dark business suit. Her boss returned to his leather chair and started shouting at her again. Rosa sighed and ignored him. She found her mind wandering to that client she called, 'darling dear', his suits were handmade, as were his shoes, his shirts and possibly even his boxers. Maybe they got their suits handmade at the same tailor. Despite all his finery, 'darling dear', visited Rosa as a client, not realising that Rosa wasn't at all what she appeared. She let her thoughts drift to her boss. Was he a client of his own Rosa woman? And was she, like Rosa, not at all what she appeared?