

Trish H – Initial idea (continued)

They had been invited to a charity evening put on by the local Rotary Club. It was in aid of raising funds to buy a special wheelchair for a young child who lived in the town. Connie knew Fred had no problem with contributing towards the charity but he absolutely hated having to get “suited and booted” and then making small talk all evening. Connie had always loved the chance to get dressed up and go out, whereas Fred had somehow morphed into a stay-at-home old man, who almost needed to be surgically removed from his shapeless cardigan and baggy cords. They had had a massive argument about going and, of course, Connie had won. She had gone out and bought a new dress to celebrate while Fred had sulked in his shed.

At last they were both ready and Fred had passed Connie’s rigorous scrutiny. He still had to suffer her instructions, however. “Now don’t get drunk and show me up. And don’t leer down Janice Thompson’s cleavage like you did last time we went to a Rotary do. And for God’s sake, put your face straight!” Fred thought Connie was being unfair – after all, he’d only got drunk at a do once, and he hadn’t been *leering* at Janice Thompson’s bosoms, just watching in fascination as the cocktail cherry she’d dropped slowly meandered its way down her vast décolletage, but he knew it was no good arguing anymore, so he surrendered and just nodded.

The evening passed without incident. Connie thoroughly enjoyed herself, gossiping with some friends, and Fred was on his best behaviour, whilst secretly counting the minutes until they could leave. Connie had bought raffle tickets and Fred knew she would want to stay until the prizes had been drawn. Rotary dos usually meant excellent prizes as they were often donated by companies and wealthy people, not just unwanted bottles of wine or boxes of chocolates.

The raffle was announced and the drawing of tickets commenced. Applause greeted each winner: first, a laptop; then a weekend stay at a spa hotel, followed by a meal at a local posh restaurant. And so on. With one prize left to be drawn, Connie had so far been unlucky but, at last, one of her numbers was called – for the “Mystery Prize”. “Fred, we’ve won!” she exclaimed, frantically waving her ticket aloft. “I wonder what it is?” She was invited on to the stage to receive her prize. From the wings emerged a bronzed and handsome young man, his biceps and pectoral muscles bulging from his half-naked body. His lower half was encased in a short leather loin cloth. Fred almost fell off his chair. He glared at the young Adonis, while around him, everyone laughed and clapped. “It’s a joke,” thought Fred, recovering his composure, “He’ll just present her with tickets for something, probably a screening of “Gladiator” at the cinema – yes, that’ll be it,” he reassured himself. However, to Fred’s horror, Connie was informed she had “won” Marcus as her slave for a day, the date to be arranged. She laughed and blushed a becoming shade of pink. Fred turned puce and definitely wasn’t laughing. Connie returned to their table and Fred, whilst attempting to smile as people were

looking at them, muttered through clenched teeth, "Give it back, tell them to redraw it. Let somebody else have it." Connie, still smiling broadly, muttered back, "Not on your nelly, Fred! I've won him and I'm keeping him!"