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## The Pleasure Home

by Sho Botham

Darkness is cheap and it can lead you astray. Many have found themselves seduced by gloomy lighting and temptation in high heels. It starts with music making love with your ears helping you to part with your money. Beautiful creatures dripping with diamonds and breathy talk hang on your every word. Soft breasts encased in silk gowns presented like offerings on a plate – yours for the taking.

Luxurious, corporate lifestyles left behind in the bright lights of the city centre in favour of backstreet clubs where cloaks of anonymity are worn like a uniform under the cover of darkness.

The Pleasure Home is where money is king. It makes dreams come true for high rollers with lustful appetites. Skilled experts give their clients what they seek. What they are addicted to – the pleasure of pain.

Hearing the loud crack of a whip biting into flesh is not uncommon for anyone walking the corridors leading to the exquisite private rooms rented by the hour. Muffled screams of ecstasy hang in the air from clients already in their very own, cash for pain, experiences.

Cade Carter was well known in The Pleasure Home. His capacity for pain was jaw dropping - only overshadowed by his ability to shock in the amount of currency he tipped his experts. No one needed to be persuaded to spend an hour with CC.

If it wasn't that these experts had themselves become addicted to causing pain and pleasure at levels most people have never experienced, they could happily take the rest of the week off after spending an hour in the pain penthouse with CC. But they choose to work and use their expertise to fulfil the desires of rich men condemned to lead a life of lies about what they really wanted.

New clients starting out at The Pleasure Home have no idea of what is possible. Under the guidance of highly trained experts, it doesn't take long for them to feel helplessly addicted to pain induced pleasure. If they are not sufficiently rich, this is the start of their downward spiral. For the CCs of this world, money is no object but for those trying to play in the pond beyond their bank balance, their demise is quick and their suffering long. For once enrolled into the world of pain and pleasure it is all they crave in life.

CC always asks for his experts by name, even if he is yet to meet them. He doesn't like the idea of a line of experts parading in front of him and having to choose. He knows their training is top class and they could all satisfy his needs. Tonight, CC picked a name he wasn't familiar with and felt an added anticipation for someone new.

He looked in the gloomy light and saw a beautiful feminine outline in a shapely basque, wearing high-heeled boots up to her thighs and a long, black wig cascading over her shoulders and down her back. In her right hand she held a leather whip. CC smiled and walk towards her.

*Crack*, she brought the whip down like a knife across his face. CC tasted blood.

"What the fuck, are you doing?" he shouted at his expert as he looked her in the face. Eyes he looks into every morning stared back at him defiantly, and his heart shattered into a million pieces.