

Whom
GODS Would
DESTROY



BEA



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WHOM GODS WOULD DESTROY...

By Bea

Hello. My name is Ingrid. When you read that name, do you get a picture of a tall, attractive, Nordic blonde? If you do, your imagery is quite accurate. I am 5' 8" and about 137 lb. of healthy good looks. I am also blonde - naturally - and have been so all my life. Got my height from my mother, my smarts from father. I am considered to be an imposing woman, with more than a little justification. I know that my looks are generally thought to be the basis for this, but prefer to think that it comes from my brains and confident mien instead.

I was spoiled as a child I guess. My mother died when I was quite young, so I have no accurate memories of her at all. Father lived until I was into my twenties. Being as pretty as I was, and motherless, he and his friends all took pains to make sure I was happy and protected - he even had a nickname for me ... But more on that later.

We were well to do. Moved to a smaller house after mother died, but father always had a staff of young maids on hand - to make sure I was well taken care of, he said. I discovered later that it wasn't just me that he wanted taken care of.

At high school I wasn't too popular. Clever, pretty, and rich. The girls were jealous, and the boys were probably scared of my self-possessed attitude. My relationship with both sexes was not helped when I became a successful model in my late teens. First of all for swimsuits, later on cosmetics. I became wealthy on my own income well before I was a junior at college. I also learned the way of the world – let's face it, any kind of selling commercial would never be described as puritanical. I also started to learn of what my own desires were.

I didn't associate with the other models - a bunch of crazed ninnies as far as I was concerned - but focused most of my spare time into the art of wise investing. With the amazingly good money I was making and an instinctive eye for good investments, it didn't take long before I was worth a couple of million in mutual funds, stocks, and (prime) real estate. I didn't tell my father about this. I could see already that he was in some financial

trouble and, at the same time, was starting to roughly lay out some plans of my own.

I graduated from Wharton, magna cum laude, and went directly to managing my own affairs. I was shaken by my father's death just before my graduation, but got over it after a long period of non-acceptance on my part. Just before he passed away he was approaching bankruptcy, and I had been so enjoying the thought of him coming to stay with, and being dependent on, me. Was really looking forward to that.

Looking back, it was probably the first time that any plans of mine had been thwarted. I must admit that I was very immature, and threw quite a tantrum as a matter of fact. Naturally, I got over this and learned to adjust. Now, reviewing it from this point in time I've convinced myself that things worked for the best.

I was a virgin for a long time. At college it was a lot more difficult to make the guys understand that I wasn't interested in them than it'd been at high school. I also found though that by dropping hints that I preferred girls, they'd turn their attention elsewhere. Naturally, word of this got out, and I was approached by some of the more curious young women on campus. With them, I was actually tempted but acted very secretively, hinting of a "love that could not be revealed" - and it worked very well. Happily, I went my own way without a mess of emotional baggage to slow me down - because I was beginning to know, very well, what I wanted in the way of a partner - and had more than a very good idea as to how I was going to acquire one. But later, much later.

Then, at age twenty seven I decided that I was finally ready to start a serious search for my life's companion. Everything was now in place. I had the facilities - I owned small firms of different types scattered around the state - and a staff of brilliant women that I paid extremely well to support my activities in many ways more than pure economics or accounting. Not only that, unbeknownst to them, I had state of the art audio and video surveillance in every office I owned and the same type of access to apartments, hotels, condos etc., where I housed my more important employees. (This may not sound very democratic, but I've always believed that I was paying the piper - and therefore entitled to be calling the tune).

I knew that a lot of my girls were guessing that I spied on them - but at the retainers I was paying, they weren't too vocal in their complaints. (The dumber ones usually opened their mouths a little too much - and suffered the consequences of being insulted publicly, demoted, or fired). Over time, the smarter girls noticed this and learned to never, ever criticize me verbally. Also learned to do exactly what I asked them to do. Frankly, I enjoyed the power.

Getting back to my plan. It was simple to initiate. I'd had a list of physical and mental criteria that I wanted my prospects to have, and that list was made up well in advance. Once I decided that it was time, it took no effort whatsoever to distribute these requirements throughout the human resource departments of the various firms I owned, with specific instructions as what to do if a qualified male came along.

I was actually surprised by how quickly this provided results. There were actually two candidates referred that nearly met my specifications within a month or so, but failed on closer examination. Then Ross appeared at one of my sites.

One outlying office got his application for a job as an accountant and, seeing that he fell within my 'envelope' faxed his application to me immediately. The girl who processed it picked up a nice bonus later. I read it once, then twice – then avidly.

My intuition quivered - it actually did. At five feet four in height he was a little taller than I actually wanted, but other than that was a perfect fit physically; even his hair was the perfect shade. I've never really believed in women's intuition, but in this case I sensed his suitability from the beginning. On my standard instructions for a well-qualified candidate, he'd been scheduled for the next step without the need for my personal go ahead, although I was so taken with him that I called and made sure that he was not to be let go now, without my specific approval. I also started setting some other smaller wheels in motion – just in case.

The day of his next session, I cut myself off from all interruptions. I viewed the next screening interview, secretly of course. Was practically jumping up and down with excitement. My girl at that particular office, though not very high in my esteem up to that point, got herself a two thousand dollar bonus for the way she handled him - absobloodylutely great!

She was the perfect small office hirer. Busy. A little frantic, projecting feminine incompetence. 'Awe' shining out of her eyes at the chance of interviewing someone of his caliber. (She was as aware, as I was, of the inflations in his resume).

“Mister Elder? Middle name 'Emile'? First name Ross?”

He shifted uncomfortably in his chair, not used to this level of deference. Smiled a rather weak smile (my heart melted). “Call me Ross.” He said.

“There's been some awful mistake.” She said, (At this his smile wilted) and paused for dramatic effect. “You're far too qualified for this office.. Lori should never have referred you here.” she finally added when he looked as if he was going to deflate completely.

He gulped. “Well, maybe. But jobs are kinda hard ..”

“Oh! Please don't get me wrong!” She interrupted. “Our firm believes that people of merit should be hired quickly and paid what they're worth.” She

smiled at him. "You obviously made a mistake in stating the salary you'd accept. It's far too low!"

His astonished look made me giggle. He licked his lips.

"Well? As I said.." He started.

"Mr. Elder? Please excuse me for interrupting, but we can't afford to hire you - regardless of your salary requirements. Our owner would fire me if I didn't pass you along to a more important office, where the compensation would be more commensurate with your abilities.."

She scribbled out a warrant as he looked on silently, astonished out of his mind. Signed it, passed it over to him.

"For candidates like yourself, I'm allowed to authorize accommodations at the Plaza - the penthouse suite of course. If you present this at the reception desk, you'll be made welcome.."

"The Plaza? I don't know if I could afford...."

She shot him a mildly reproving glance.

"Mr. Elder! At the company's expense of course. All meals, laundry - and I believe you can rent an automobile for your stay - a Mercedes of course - though a sedan if you don't mind. Sports cars are considered flighty. All expenses incurred by you will be picked up by our company. Everything!"

She started to look through some papers. Mumbled "Let's see. This is Thursday, right? I should be able to get you an interview with the CEO of our satellite office by next Tuesday." She looked up at him and smiled conspiratorially, "I know that you must be a very busy man, but why don't you take this opportunity to tour the town - see if it meets your requirements for a living area - live it up a little? You can charge all of your expenses to a card that the hotel will have at the desk for you." She looked at her watch. "Though it may not be ready until later this afternoon ... If that's all right?"

He was so sweet. Gulping in stupefaction. Not having any idea of what to say - how to carry it off. Taking the voucher from her outstretched hand.

"I take this to the Plaza...?"

"Any time from this moment on, Mr. Elder" she gushed. "Thank you so much for coming in. I'll call you there on Monday. Confirm your appointment with miss Andrews - she's CEO at Ingrid's Financial Services. She'll be very interested in talking to you ... Just one thing?" She was whispering confidentially.

"Yes?" He said, leaning forward.

"Your hair?"

"I've been meaning to get it cut.." He started.

“Whoof!” She exhaled. “Please don't do that! Whatever you do!” She urged. “Trust me. Not a good move!”

“Thanks.” He said, puzzled. “O.K. I'll leave it alone.”

She nodded, visibly showing she was impressed at his capacity to take advice.

“And just one more thing before you leave?” She asked. “Would you have any objection to being interviewed by our resident psychologist?”

He shook his head. “Resident psychologist? Why? Not that I've any objection of course, I'm an open book.”

She smiled and shook her head a little. “I think it's going a little overboard in your case, but there's a lot of sense in making sure that our top execs will fit in with the others.”

His eyes widened. “Top execs? Oh yes. I see! When do I need to talk to him? Now?”

She was perfect! I could practically see the temperature drop. “Actually sir, Doctor Elway is a woman.” She held this for a pregnant pause. “Do you have a problem with that?”

“Oh no! Of course not. I'm sorry, I meant no offense..” He babbled. “Perfectly O.K. by me...”

She had cracked the whip, just a little, and he had come to heel like a good little puppy. I longed to put an arm around his shoulder and comfort him, even though I know how important a little firmness is.

“Fine.” She said, warming up a little. “If it's all right with you, Dr. Elway will get in touch with you at the Plaza over the week end.”

“Thank you” he said humbly. And the interview was terminated within a minute or so.

Later, I watched him in his suite at the plaza – the one I wanted him in of course. Impressed at the size and opulence, obviously not believing his luck. Nervously calling room service - then the relieved look on his face when he verified that all of his expenses, both in and out of the hotel, were 'comped'. I smiled lovingly (he was just so cute!), when his shoulders lifted and he started to swagger just a little. Then I watched carefully as he unpacked. Wasn't too impressed by one of the cameras: it wouldn't zoom in properly on his clothes as he emptied his suitcase, but the others worked just fine. His clothes were somewhat cheap. I made a note of that. Also found out what I wanted to know with regards to his copy of the work application he'd filled out for us.

I saw his physical shape when he stripped for a shower. Just about perfect! Probably around one hundred and thirty pounds, with some of that being a nice soft little tummy - I'd soon have to get him on a diet I

thought. He didn't have too much in the way of musculature and apart from a nice head of auburn wavy hair, was practically hairless. Not very big in the sexual areas either. He actually sang in the shower. Didn't have one of these 'big' macho sounds. Somewhat on the quiet side, a little soft. As I said? Physically he was just about perfect!

My first inclination had been to hurry any candidate through the evaluation phase but I was so sure of Ross's passing that I'd heartily approved him having five days to get used to being pampered - see how he took to it. Not only that, it gave me a chance to get Dr. Elway into play. I wanted her input, see if her professional evaluation matched my intuition. If it did, I'd really get moving on the team that I'd need. I also wanted to set up all the facilities exactly the way I wanted them. If he was the one, I certainly didn't want him getting away, now did I? Though I must admit that when I relaxed, I got a great deal of enjoyment – seeing my little acquisition and the web that was already forming around him. Wouldn't be long now!

I really wanted to watch Dr. Elway interview with him, but knew I'd be jealous if I saw him being attracted to her - which was part of the approach I wanted her to take. Though neither as smart, or as good looking as I am, she is nevertheless a very attractive woman of the same physical type as myself, and I wanted to know if he'd try to hit on her. It took a lot of self-control on my part, but I waited until she reported to me on the Saturday morning.

She's very professional. Carries herself well, dresses superbly - though, if she didn't with the money I pay her, I'd fire her. She's a tad scared of me I think - would give her right arm to get me into therapy and under her thumb a little; keeps dropping hints. Has a deep curiosity about what makes me tick. She's not going to be able to scratch that particular itch though. No way.

I greeted her warmly. Poured her coffee myself and hung up her suit jacket. (I know that many people wonder why I don't surround myself with personal staff at my office - secretaries and so on. I've listened in on many conversations about this. Nobody, not one solitary soul has ever come up with the right answer - I don't trust anyone enough to let them even close to my business affairs).

“You met with Mr. Elder?” I asked when we were both settled.

“Oh yes, Ingrid. Friday night, just as you suggested.” She paused, then blurted out. “Ingrid? I must say this. Some of the questions you want answered go somewhat beyond the bounds of job evaluation - more into the person's psychological makeup?” She paused, waiting for some sign from me.

I didn't give her anything. Not a word, not a facial expression.

She continued. “And I'm not so sure ... ahem.. about the ethical side..”

I stood up, my face blank, my voice bland, raging inside - was this stupid bitch trying to hold me up? Ethics my ass!

"I'm very sorry to have put you in such a position Dr. Elway," I said, "Of course you realize that..."

She saw what was coming. Did an abrupt about face, panic in her eyes.

"Oh! I didn't mean that I wouldn't - couldn't - answer these questions for you. Of course not..."

I sat down. Gave her a cold, disbelieving look, a false smile. "Well then? I'm very sorry Dr. Elway, I must have misunderstood..."

"No! No! Not at all!" She was stammering, reaching into her attaché case, pulling out papers, putting her glasses on with trembling fingers, knowing very well how close she'd just come to throwing away a seventy five thousand yearly retainer. I made a mental note to raise her price by another five grand or so, really admiring anyone who has the gall to think they can take me on.

"Would you like me to summarize my findings first?" She asked.

"Absolutely." I replied, my smile a little warmer now. She gave a small sigh of relief, then started reading her notes.

"He's rather unsure of himself, I think. At the same time, his self-confidence has been boosted considerably by the treatment he's been getting recently."

"He's not gay, is he?" I interrupted.

"Oh no. Don't think so. Don't see any signs pointing to that."

"Did he come on to you at all?" I asked. "In a sexual way?"

She thought for a second. "I can't really say that he did. At the same time, I sensed that he wanted to."

"Scared of you, do you think?"

"Maybe. I don't know. But from the Rorschach test, there are strong indications that he could very well be a virgin. Might be a little scared of women in a sexual relationship."

This I had not expected. Talk about bonuses! I waved for her to continue. Wasn't trusting my voice at that moment. WOW! If this were true!

"He does have a sense of humor. Quiet, but there. He would be a good worker I think - but I must say that if I were you, I wouldn't think of him for any kind of executive position. He's more of the 'steady' rather than brilliant type. Don't see him as a leader - more of a follower."

"Any hang ups about his mother, father, siblings?"

“He's been an orphan for some time. His father seems to have died while he was just a child, and his mother never remarried. She died about five years ago. No brothers or sisters. Has a couple of widowed aunts in Nebraska somewhere, but I don't think there's much contact, if any, between them.”

“So. He would accept having a woman over him, authority wise?”

She pondered this question for about ten seconds. “Probably - but I wouldn't bet the farm on it. He did seem to have some ideas about male 'superiority' you know, the 'natural' order of things? But I'm not entirely sure that he couldn't be quite happy working for a woman. Might. Might not. I think I'd need to talk to him some more.”

“No gender hang-ups that are obvious then?” I asked.

She took a second or two to think out the answer to this one.

“No. At least I don't think so. Has the inbred male thought pattern where he sees women as the 'protected' sex. Ties into the 'natural order of things' I mentioned.”

“Competitive?”

“Again, he seems to have the typical masculine mindset about games - but I have the strangest feeling that he's not really a natural competitor.”

“Has he ever competed against women in anything?”

“Didn't cover that in detail, I'm afraid.” She said. “Sorry. Missed it.”

“Do you have a gut feeling about it?” I asked.

“Oh yes. Most definitely. It's just a blind stab though. You understand that?”

I nodded.

“I think he stays away from anything like that. Being as small as he is, he realizes that there's a high probability that he could be beaten by a lot of girls, particularly girls that are bigger and maybe stronger than he is. I'm not an MD of course, and don't have any physical tests to go on, but I would guess that he isn't too powerful in that regard.”

I nodded. Pleased, but showing nothing. She continued.

“I get a very strong feeling that he doesn't really think he'll get the job you seem to have in mind for him. Thinks he's not really experienced enough. Seems to have some fear that you'll do a full check on his resume. I got the distinct impression there's been some... some?”

“Distortion there?” I asked.

She nodded. “Exactly! That's why I'd suggest a full check, before you hire him.”

'Interfering bitch', I thought, making a mental note to eliminate the extra money I'd been considering for her. Did she think that I was so goddam stupid as not check resumes?

"Oh certainly Dr. Elway. Thank you for that suggestion." I smiled at her again. "You do have all of your notes here with you? And, by the way? Did you record the interview?"

"Yes to both." She smiled. "I'll have my girl type the notes up into a more readable document, then type up the words from the tape as well.

I stood up. "That's very nice doctor, but I'd prefer for you to give them all to me just now." Held my hand out.

"But? But?" She stammered. "I usually don't give..."

I let my expression show my feelings for just a second. She caught just a glimpse of my rage, and quickly handed me everything.

"I wasn't refusing you Ingrid. It's just that my notes contain..." She started but finally had the sense to shut up. Got up from the chair, let me walk her to the doorway. She shrugged her way into her jacket, ran a nervous hand through her hair. "I hope..?" She started.

I gave her a phony smile – which I knew that she read accurately in short order. "You've done an excellent job Dr. Elway. Thank you so much."

This was said as I opened the door, gently nudging her through the opening. I didn't shake her hand. Why not let her worry for a while?

"Good bye Dr. Elway. I'll call you if I have any questions."

With that, I closed the door quietly but firmly. Walked to my surveillance center and watched her leave. Had a quiet laugh at her taking deep breaths and showing all the signs of shaking off her fear as soon as she was away from my door.

I made myself a coffee then pulled his original application and the stuff she'd just left into a pile in front of me. Put the tape on a player and ran it as I went through her notes and compared them to his application. A few discrepancies from what was indicated on his resume, but nothing really important. I checked his recreation likes on his application. Chess? Bridge? Tennis? Reading? All looked good. Gave me something to build on. As I went through the stuff, I was writing names down for the team I wanted to put together. Added some, deleted some. Thought of the girl who'd performed so well at the interview. Decided against her - though I mentally filed her for use at another time.

Then I ran my listed names through my computer data base and checked them out. Let out an exasperated sigh when I saw that one of my favorites was on a European vacation. I seriously thought of calling her

back - but there were others who deserved a chance, and looked if they'd do as well. I scratched her name off the list. She was of the independent types that I like – but just independent enough to hold a grudge against me for interfering with her vacation – and that might prove nasty later on.

I decided on Gail, Jeanne, and Bette for the office staff. All three were close to Ross in size - and all were good tennis players. They ranged in femininity, with Bette being the most aggressive and Gail and Jeanne being more on the girlish side. I was positive that a spread of this nature was mandatory. Surprisingly, Jeanne had quite a few master points in chess - a major bonus that could be inserted very nicely into my plan.

I wanted Audrey for the role of Mrs. Foster - she hadn't had a part on the stage for quite some time and was probably rusty but the role suited her; raunchy and aggressive towards a male. If I knew her spending habits, she was also close to being broke. I never cheat on paying for performance and knew that she'd give the part I wanted everything. I was sure that she would give of her absolute best. I chose Lynn and Cynthia for my maids.

I mulled my choices over for an hour or so, then paged all of them immediately after I'd made up my mind. They were very prompt at returning my call - amazing what money can do as a motivator - and agreed to meet with me that afternoon.

Then I got onto my real estate manager. Told her what I wanted as accommodations for my new hire - and the new office set up I'd require. She wasn't too thrilled at the amount of time I'd given her, but swore blind she'd have everything set up by Monday evening. I gave her carte blanche for furnishing both areas. Also told her to keep Bette informed as to the office layout - she'd want to see it before Tuesday's interview.

I met with the girls that afternoon. Gave them their opening roles and how I wanted them played. They were all very thrilled, knowing that they were going to earn good chunks of money for a while - over and above their normal retainers. Not only that, they would also get rent free housing for the length of the project - which I estimated at roughly three or four months. Close to the end of the meeting, when we were winding down, I excused myself and left for the bathroom.

There, I listened to their chatter after I'd left. I had been concerned about Lynn and Cynthia having to play maids - they do have a sort of 'hoity-toity' attitude, but it appeared that I didn't have to worry about a thing as they both seemed to be enjoying the idea, yattering about how they'd always wanted to wear these really fancy uniforms (I really grinned at that). Not only would they be sitting rent free - their food bills would be taken care of as well. I knew of their taste in food and incidentals – and they wouldn't come cheap.

I sensed that the role I sketched out for Audrey didn't go over too well with the rest - she is somewhat outrageous - but her part is such an integral piece of my plan that I'd have blown everyone else away before getting rid of her. Luckily, it didn't come to that. Earlier on, Gail had raised the point that, if she was more aggressive than Jeanne, shouldn't it be Jeanne that was supposed to have been spanked by Audrey? She'd had a point, but I'd vetoed it. I listened to see if there was any disagreement on her part, but nothing was said along these lines. All in all, I was not unhappy with what I heard.

I wasn't surprised at the conclusions they reached regarding Ross either and what they figured I wanted him for but, as I intimated, I don't hire dummies to work for me.

Anyway they were only somewhat close, so I didn't mind. When I rejoined them, I told them all that any questions were to be directed to me at any time. I didn't mind it if some situations were played by ear, but they'd still have to play their parts within the guidelines I'd stated. They left, smiling happily and assuring me that they understood. I was pretty sure that they did.

I only checked on him a couple of times at the Plaza over the week end, figuring I'd give him some privacy for a while. I did see enough to appreciate a few of his good points - at least ones that fitted in with my requirements. He didn't splurge on booze or meals, even though they were paid for. As I have a dislike of financial extravagance, this was good. It was also helpful to my plan that he be that way. With the hotel room and maid service he was very pleasant. I liked the fact that he wasn't putting on airs.

On the Sunday evening I had June Andrews over for dinner. Had one of these 'make and serve' a meal outfits over - they were very good, so June and I enjoyed the privacy of my own home, and a meal without any of the attendant troubles of cooking or cleaning up.

June is the closest thing I have to a confidante. She's shrewd and quick on the uptake. Has absolutely no education in management, but can act the part better than anyone I know. I told her how I wanted the interview to be handled, but in her case, asked for and listened to, her comments. She made a couple of excellent suggestions which I incorporated immediately. We spent the whole meal hashing and rehashing what was needed. Some of the areas we covered were fairly unusual in nature, but I use that outfit a lot - and didn't worry about them spilling confidences. We didn't work that hard if the truth be known, it was more casual than that, but we did get a lot done. By the time she left, I was sure that she'd do a great job on the Tuesday.

Monday, I checked the new office site with Bette. It looked good. She called Jeanne and Gail to go in that afternoon. I wanted them to be thoroughly used to the area - switches, locks, file cabinets, the computer

software - I didn't want any suspicions created by something simple like an office employee who didn't know how things worked there. I also had my 'new' home checked out, and had Lynn and Cynthia move in. When I spoke with them, I verified that all their uniforms had been ordered, and were due to be picked up on the Wednesday. I told them to be moved in by that time - for pretty well the same reason that I'd had for the office workers.

Then I checked the apartment I'd had prepared for him. It actually exceeded my specifications. Three bedrooms: one of a good size with a king-size bed; the next largest with a queen; the smallest with two regular sized beds. All with adjoining bathrooms. The furniture was already in place; modern and comfortable. I was very happy with it. Paid a sizable bonus because I was delighted.

June had called Ross. Arranged to meet him there at one thirty on the Tuesday. I had one of my hotel employees go and 'borrow' his copy of his original application while he was out, hand deliver it to my forger friend. Had it altered a little then returned - and put the doctored document back in exactly the same place while the interview was being held.

I had prepared my own lunch - a nice fruit salad, and had a bottle of my favorite chardonnay on hand. Wanted to watch the interview in a relaxed frame of mind and without distractions. Made sure that I was not to be interrupted – for ANYTHING. Turned on the monitors, and on them watched June prepare for the meeting with Ross, setting chairs just the way she wanted, preparing a bottle of wine for pouring.

She was dressed in a jet black tailored suit. The jacket had a little flare to it with the top of a white silk 't' shirt showing at the neckline. The skirt was straight and short, showing off her legs, one of her best features. She also, at my insistence, wore a tiny, feminine, straw hat. She hadn't liked it, feeling that it detracted from her 'power' position. I'd held firm though, wanting to underline her basic femininity. I did not want Ross to think that he was dealing with a 'masculine' woman. Did not want that to happen at all.

He was dead on time. She let him in. Her attitude towards him was not the one he had become somewhat used to in the last few days. Pleasant, but in no way subservient. Obviously a woman high on the corporate chain. She shook his hand (firmly of course) and introduced herself to him. Had him sit at a chair separated from her by a small table. On the table were the wine and glasses and a fairly thick file folder.

She poured herself a glass. Motioned with her head, inviting him to join her. To my surprise, he accepted. He hadn't shown much sense of using alcohol and didn't seem to need a crutch, but I suppose that's what it was.

She poured his drink then, picking hers up, took a sip and leaned back in her chair, crossed her nylon covered legs at him. I saw his eyes take them in, then avert quickly.

Whom the Gods Would Destroy by Bea