

GOLD DIGGERS

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Bertha was a gold digger and she had been preying upon different men marrying them for their money and then leaving them...no her daughter Gwendoline is on a similar path..

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The man was made to earn and the woman made to squander the money made. Women like husbands who earn a lot because they have innumerable desires that must be satisfied. Each woman comes in with a built in gene that motivates and inspires them to spend as much as possible. To them the ideal man is like a credit card with no limit. The sex is all secondary to women and primary to the male species.

Edward had been enthusiastic about marriage since he had been a young child and had grown up with this inspiration. Over the course of time, he had numerous affairs with women that ended, rather with a whimper. But he had been an all-rounder. He had been a brilliant student and had graduated from Harvard University with a Master's Degree in Business Administration. After completing his MBA, he had flown home back to England where he had pursued a successful career as a banker.

He had been rather enjoying his life as a Bachelor when he met Gwendoline at a bash thrown by one of his colleagues at the bank. Edward had instantly fallen for Gwendoline. To him, she had been a goddess. Unfortunately Edward had been blessed with an extremely romantic mind and heart. His weakness was good looking women. They always seemed to have figured prominently in his life even if it had been for a while. With an extremely flirtatious heart, Edward had been unable to take his eyes and mind of Gwendoline.

At five feet nine inches, Gwendoline resembled the fabled American Super model

Cindy Crawford. She was smart and sexy. And yes she was a gold digger. She was exactly like her mother in that aspect. Her mother had taught her that most men thought only with their dicks. Therefore they made easy targets. Looks and brains were vital in her profession. The perfect sucker was always someone who had a weakness for good looking women. Her role was that of a predator. And she was scouring the crowd for a suitable prospect. Her eyes fell upon someone young and handsome; quite charming in fact; someone who had been eyeing her carefully the entire evening. She had been unable to keep her eyes of him for some reason. But she reminded herself, that she was there on business and not pleasure.

Fortunately for her, Edward had sheepishly strolled over to her and asked her if he could join her. And Gwendoline had acquiesced. His deep blue eyes and handsome face were simply irresistible. There was something within him that affected her so much. Was it that deep voice? Was it his good looks? She seemed to know him and yet she did not. However she quickly regained her composure. Where was her cold heart devoid so devoid of emotion or remorse? Edward started talking to her in a rather mundane and monotonous tone complimenting her on her good looks. He had then ventured forth to tell her how attractive she was and that he found her to be a goddess of love. It was all this silly nonsense that he kept on uttering. Unfortunately Gwendoline was oblivious to such flattery. She had seen men become so utterly stupid at times. But she was a good listener and a remarkable actor. She quickly put on an act that could have won her an Oscar had she been acting in movies. It was quite remarkable the way she could quickly use facial expressions and different tones and phrases to suit the situation. Right now she was acting as she had been truly fascinated by Edward. She told him how handsome he was and that she had been truly won over by his charisma, achievements and

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personality. Edward had quickly and naively poured out his heart to her. She had between words and phrases quickly ascertained that he was very well educated and held a fantastic job. Yes, the fruit was ripe for the picking. Edward was the host and she was the skillful parasite.

So she quickly attached herself to the impressionable Edward. They were soon seen together at various parties and were soon the talk of the town. It was a beautiful couple. That's what so many of Edwards friends thought. And Edward had been taking her to expensive restaurants, to night clubs, to see opera, and even shopping. And Gwendoline had been playing the role of someone who had fallen head over heels in love with Edward. On a visit to his apartment, they even had sex. Then they started having sex frequently till Edward could only think about Gwendoline and marriage.

Edward then took her home to visit his parents. They had been very happy to meet Gwendoline and of course she had put on a perfect act. She portrayed a woman who was love struck, someone who passionately desired to be Edwards wife and to bear his children. When they had asked about her parents, she had lied when she told them that she had been raised by a foster family. Now they too were dead. The truth was that her mother had divorced her father when she was only three years old. She had taken Gwendoline away. Over the course of the next two decades, Gwendoline mother had married three or four times always preying on rich old farts who had one step in the grave already. She could still hear her telling her that there was no such thing as love. According to her love was secondary but wealth and money was primary for attaining happiness.

She looked at Edwards's parents who seemed so warm, so loving and affectionate. It looked to be a tightly knit family. Gwendoline had yearned for such a family. During her childhood, the only thing that she could remember was her mother constantly quarreling with her dad over money. Gwendoline's mother Bertha had been a good looking woman but when it came to morals and dignity, she had none. She had worked as a waitress at a local diner. But as the money had not been good she decided working at a strip bar. It was over there that she had met Alan whom she married three months later. Alan was a used cars salesman who made a decent amount. However Bertha had no place for love and affection. She only worshipped money and lifestyle. Unfortunately Alan could not provide her the life of glitz and glamor that she had wanted. Therefore Alan and Bertha were often found quarreling. In the meanwhile Bertha was looking about hunting for some rich unsuspecting fool. There were considerable rich and lusty old men in the city.

One of her friends Isabel who had married into an extremely rich business family had invited her over at a get together. It was over there that Bertha had befriended an old and rich aristocrat named Lord Alfred. He had lost his wife a year back and he was looking for a suitable companion and wife. And Bertha, who was only thirty years old and extremely good looking had no difficulty in befriending the old fart and convincing him that she was interested in him. Bertha filed for a divorce from Alan. She married Lord Alfred and took Gwendoline with her.

It was a dream come true for Bertha. At his large mansion built on acres of land somewhere in Sussex, Bertha came to live with Lord Alfred who was thirty years her senior. The only other people living there were the servants who resided in their own quarters. Soon Bertha was introduced to Alfred's existing family

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members. Though they had welcomed her with open arms but there had been some objections to Alfred's marriage to a woman half his age. However they had been very affectionate towards young Gwendoline.

Lord Alfred was popularly known to people close to him as Alfie. Now Alfie was not a very demanding individual. All he asked of Bertha was sex and she had regularly complied with that. He bought her anything she had wanted for herself or her child.

Bertha was soon shopping around buying expensive jewellery, designer dresses, mink coats, shoes and a lot of other things. She was chauffeur driven in a Rolls Royce which was at her disposal. And in secrecy she also had a lot of sexual adventures and escapades with male escorts whom she hired especially when her husband was away on business to other cities. Of course, these escapades were carried out in secrecy at a hotel room booked by her for the purpose.

Bertha had hired an elderly governess to look after Gwendoline. She was to take care of all Gwendoline's needs. When Gwendoline had been six, Lord Alfred passed away in his sleep. He had died due to a massive coronary heart attack. It was an absolute setback for Bertha. In his will, Lord Alfred had left her about a hundred thousand pounds. The real estate and property was to be sold and the money handed over to charities that he had named. Though a hundred thousand pounds was a good amount of money but Bertha had not been happy.

She placed Gwendoline in a boarding school whilst she looked about for another suitable catch that she could feed on. Once again one of her old friends had invited her to a luncheon where she ran into a businessman who had made quite some money selling scrap iron. He was forty five years old and he had never married. According to him, he never had had the time for women in his life. And now he wanted to settle down. So Bertha married again for a third time.

His name was Roger Walter. At forty five years of age, Roger was a sharp and alert man, someone who detested artificial people. Too bad, he had not spotted the real person that Bertha was. Bertha had bought Gwendoline to stay with them and Roger had quickly taken a liking to the little girl with those sad green eyes. Roger would pamper her buying her books and toys or taking her out to the park or to the zoo. Gwendoline had never received so much love and attention. She was soon admitted to a school in Salisbury.

Meanwhile Bertha soon found out that Roger was someone who was not willing to squander his money. He was very careful where the money was spent and why it was spent. It was unlike the free hand that she had enjoyed with her previous husband. Roger was a stubborn man; a man wed to principle and morality. Moreover he was an intensely suspicious person. He was also a keen observer and a good judge of character. His sixth sense kept on warning him that there was something amiss about this woman. So he hired a private eye to watch her movements. When he came home from a business trip, the private eye that he had hired told him about her booking a room at a local hotel and spending a night with a hired escort. A few photographs of her with the escort settled the matter. Roger was quick to file for divorce.

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Bertha had been shocked when Roger had produced the photographs of her and the escort and she knew that her game was up. So she left quietly with Gwendoline. Gwendoline did not know why her mother had left Roger. She had grown so fond of him.

It was within such circumstances that Gwendoline grew up. And her life had never achieved any stability. She grew up into a kid with behavioral problems. Deep within her heart she had developed repugnance for her mother as well. At school and college, she was a poor student and her fiercely swinging moods did not win her many friends. She slipped in and out of depression. Psychiatric evaluation and help aided her in bringing some normalcy in her life. The only thing that she knew quite well was manipulation of people's emotions and masking her own. She knew very well which string to pull and what effect it would have.

Of course she had killer looks; looks which attracted the best of men and the worst of men as well.

And here she was with an unsuspecting young man with an excellent career and a very nuclear family. Edward sat in front of her across the table. He had been unable to lay his eyes on her.

Prior to her meeting Edward, she had already been attached as a wife to two old gentlemen. One of them had been an old army general who had died of natural causes and left her about seventy thousand pounds and the second had been an old property tycoon who had been shot and killed by someone. He too had left her about a hundred thousand pounds in his will. Gwendoline was following the same life that her mother had led.

At times, Gwendoline's inner conscience would hurt her when she reflected back on her life. There was a lot of pain inside; pain that she had been bottling up within her. The heart, mind and soul were in anguish and suffering. It had to end. She could not bear it anymore. At times she would break down and cry. On other occasions she wished she had never been born. She had led a miserable life. Who was responsible for this? And her mind would drift back to her mother again and again. Oh how she wished she could kill her! She then made a decision and that was she was not going to play around with Edward.

Edward had no idea of who Gwendoline was or what her past was like. However he had noticed her to be a little uneasy. As the evening progressed, things soon took a change for the better with Edward playing the grand piano placed in the drawing room. And then Edward's father, John took the acoustic guitar to play some soulful tunes, both present and past. The hours seem to drift by. And then Edward took Gwendoline out for a walk in a nearby park. As they walked around, they soon reached a bench placed beneath a large oak tree. It was there that Gwendoline told Edward about her past and about her life. Edward was shocked to hear what he did. However he was pleased that Gwendoline had related to him the bare truth about her. Gwendoline had thought that Edward would walk away or lose his cool at least. But nothing happened. Edward looked at her and took a hold of her hands and said "We all make mistakes during our life and we should try to learn

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from them. You have had a miserable past thanks to your mother who was a gold digger. It is perhaps the only thing that you have learnt. However it is good to see that you are conscious of the fact that you have committed a lot of moral wrongs in your life. That you have come out with the utter truth about yourself is most praiseworthy. I am sure that this confession by you must have done a lot to alleviate the guilt and inner turmoil present within you. I can be of valuable assistance to you in case you seek reforming your character. As a friend, I will be always there for you.

It was a speech delivered with so much sincerity that Gwendoline couldn't help crying but the comforting embrace of Edward did much to alleviate her pain and sorrow.

So Gwendoline worked hard to change herself and her attitude towards life and Edward was there for her whenever she needed him. A year later they were happily married and they both lived happily ever after.

As for Gwendoline's mother, Bertha, her mutilated body was found in stashed in a garbage bag somewhere in Essex. Her murderer or murderers have never been identified or apprehended. However no one really misses her.

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