

THE FIRST NOVEL IN THE PENDRAGON TRILOGY

JACKCB



WHEN THE MEDIA BUSINESS
IS JUST A FRONT FOR CRIME...
HOW MANY CREATIVE WAYS
WILL IT TAKE THEM TO
PROTECT THE 'TALENT'?

1
**OPERATION
PENDRAGON**

52 BY 11

**EVER WONDERED WHAT HAPPENS BEHIND
THE CAMERA IN THE MEDIA INDUSTRY?.**

**THE OPERATION PENDRAGON SERIES IS
BASED ON TRUE EVENTS FROM TEN YEARS
OF INTELLIGENCE GATHERING.**

**ALL NAMES AND EVENTS IN THE SERIES HAVE
BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE IDENTITY
OF THE KEY WHISTLE BLOWERS IN THE
POLICE, SECRET SERVICES, THE
GOVERNMENT AND THE MEDIA INDUSTRY.**

**THE PENDRAGON TRILOGY
1 - FIFTY-TWO BY ELEVEN
2 - THE SPRINGBOARD
3 - THE EDIT CLAUSE**

**E-BOOK
VERSION**

JACKCB
OPERATION PENDRAGON

The Operation Pendragon Series
Part One – Fifty-Two By Eleen
Part Two – The Springboard
Part Three – The Edit Clause
The Prequel – The Dark Pitch
The Intel - The Crime Association

Other Crime Thrillers by JackCB
No Fixed Abode

For my Grandfather Peter

This digital version of the published version must not be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

Solitude does not have any control over, or any responsibility for, any third-party websites referred to in or about or on this book.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. This book '52 x 11' is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher or authors prior consent in any form of binding or cover or other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Please visit www.JackCB.com for more terms and conditions.

First published by JackCB / Solitude © copyright 2010 - 2025

When the media business is just a front
for crime, how many creative ways will it
take them to protect the 'Talent'?

JACKCB

52 x 11

For ~~Queen~~ King and Country



By Solitude

One

The Interview

The car hit the kerb and launched into the air, twisting as it ascended like a corkscrew going into a bottle of Beaujolais. The mechanical underneath of the BMW now on full show to the passersby, like someone up-skirting a Scotsman in his kilt at a Caeli.

Callum braced himself for impact. Shutting his eyes, clenching the steering wheel and hoping it wouldn't hurt. The windscreen shattered on the first impact and shards of glass exploded inside the vehicle in slow motion, floating in mid-air as if someone had violently shaken a snow globe.

Jagged pieces of glass scratched Callum's face and drew blood as the passenger window also caved in as it hit its side. The BMW rotated and smashed down on the tarmac a further three times and started sliding across Tower Bridge on its roof like a stone being pushed along the ice in a game of 'Curling' - slowly spinning to a stop like a roulette wheel about to land on 'blood' red that Callum had put his life savings, but more importantly... his 'life' on.

Rob the sole occupant from the lead pursuing vehicle screeched to a halt and jumped out of the unmarked car.

Picking up his police issued gun from the passenger seat he proceeded to walk slowly towards the vehicle with it pointed at Callum who, with a broken arm and in agony was now trying to slide himself out of the upside-down car wreck.

Rob took the safety off the gun and pointed it directly at Callum's chest, screaming for him to put his hands behind his fucking head, which was impossible with a broken arm.

The TV News and Police helicopters were now hovering above the iconic bridge on either side, both having a clear and prime view of the crash scene.

The tourists on Tower Bridge were running away in sheer panic at the sight of a firearm being pointed at a bloodied man - drivers abandoning their cars on the bridge were being aided to safety by the armed police that had started to close the bridge on either side.

The TV helicopters descended - now able to get a side on view of the stand-off between the two men but unable to able to pick up on the conversation between them. The live broadcast with its shocked and confused 'Talking Head' news anchor back at BBC News Studios was relaying what the motives were, embellishing and serialising what was playing out in front of the millions of viewers who were watching live.

The death toll was increasing rapidly on the 'Breaking News' info-bar that scrolled along the bottom of the screen - 'one boy has been kidnapped and sources say eleven innocent pedestrians have been killed' - it read. This was to be award winning footage for the production company that owned the helicopter and the price for the footage for international rights would be enormous.

Rob continued to scream obscenities at Callum, mixed in with questions about why he had led them

both on a trail of destruction through the financial capital of London. Callum stood there bloodied and confused by what was happening and unable to give a reasonable answer.

Numerous ambulances and police were aiding the injured victims of this highspeed car chase dotted along the trail of destruction both men had taken through the narrow streets of the city - and now in the final scene of this car chase being filmed live from this iconic London landmark it would go down in history, like the OJ Simpson pursuit, and the British public would have never imagined something like this would happen for real in London, because it was like something Hollywood would have dreamt up.

“*Cut*” was what you expected to hear from the Director - but this call never came.

Callum stood there transfixed by the awards staring back at him in the boardroom - they were iconic, instantly recognisable as they had been imbedded in his minds’ eye over the years – their images plastered everywhere in newspapers, magazines and on TV.

He read the names of some of the artists, actors, musicians and productions and started to visualise these huge global acts holding them aloft on stage at a black-tie event - like a high priest presenting the still beating heart of a human sacrifice to the baying crowd.

These superstars reading their religious acceptance speeches intoxicated by champagne and all of them most certainly with traces of cocaine flowing through

their bloodstreams, fuelling the fire of their inflated egos.

Rows and rows of these awards looking back at him gathering dust on white shitty MDF shelves which laughably looked like they were bought from IKEA and put up by an intern. Certainly not of a high enough quality to support such historical achievements, they should at least be teak or rosewood he thought.

The intern drones that worked for the company (the MDF of the business) - the uneducated, talentless, useless humans propping up the greatness of 'The Talent' they worked for - he smiled to himself at this thought. Perhaps that was a good metaphor for the media industry itself, that pretty much summed up the whole fucking media business.

The hundreds of interns that were paid next to nothing - all being tricked by the glamour and the 'shiny, shiny' of the grubbiest industry ever created - an industry designed to enslave and confuse, to split, divide and conquer.

He had seen it over the years - these young University grads being groomed by the 'pervs' at the top and only a handful ever going on to make it in their careers, and most so 'fucked' up on drugs and alcohol by the end of it, they were just shells in the end - and the ones that did make it were now just as psychotic with power as the mentors that had groomed them. It was an ever-evolving stream of nutters at the top, repeating itself over and over again through the generations like a syndicated series. The ones that sadly didn't make it found out the hard way and ended up trying to forget about it all through booze - no one would ever believe their stories - not even their

councillors, their solicitors, or the police for that matter.

Had he become bitter and twisted?, Callum was well in his forties and had been in the media business for twenty odd years, but no he wasn't delusional, he knew it was true - he had worked it all out quickly straight out of college when he got his first job at Riker Media and then with Pendragon Media – twenty years for the two Media giants, and now it was time to move to the third and other side of the fence.

Some would say Callum is handsome – he had a lot of female admirers – he kept himself in shape, is slim, tall, brown haired (slightly receding – not worthy of a comb-over yet), a bright forty something media development executive at Pendragon Media - his job title is irrelevant as he pretty much had his fingers in everything in the business. Pendragon was listed as one of the major producers of cross platform content in the world and he had worked with some of the biggest stars in Music, Publishing, TV, Film and Digital.

The door opened abruptly.

"They are fucking beautiful aren't they son - trouble is you can never have enough of them." - said the booming voice which enveloped him, and then dispersed all around the office to state to all assembled 'he' had arrived. Then a waft of old spice cologne stamping its presence in the room like a full stop at the end of a sentence.

A tall thin man in his late fifties with dyed brown hair slicked back to cover a bald spot on his crown stormed in.

What the fuck was that jacket he was wearing thought Callum - he looked like he had chosen the fabric from a sofa sample catalogue.

"Take a seat Pal." - the instruction was clear and concise as the man looked like he wanted to get a move on.

Clearly he was a busy man and getting ten minutes with him meant you might be worthy of his time.

"So, you're Callum - forty-two years old.... ah I see you are working for me old friend Peter down at Pendragon - has he been caught yet?." - laughed the man.

"I don't think so Sir... not yet ha." - came the carefully thought-out reply with a tinge of humour approval.

Callum took a seat and now finally had a good look at the man that he had only ever read about in trade journal articles - the private man that was hopefully going to give him a job - a very good job.

James Victor Simkin owner of JVS Media looked like he had seen it all and probably seen it numerous times as well. A Glaswegian, from a poor background - the son of a docker from the Gorbals, ten brothers and sisters all living in a cramped tenement block in 1960's Glasgow. Well, that's the backstory the PR team spun for him repeatedly as he was now a billionaire and probably owned half of Glasgow, and one of their football teams as well.

He gave the impression that people to him were a commodity, a number on a spreadsheet, expendable, and once the purpose was served they would be discarded, and a new version would replace them.

"So young man what have they told you."

"Not much sir... your assistant said it was a Senior Executive role working with you directly - which in all

honesty I now feel I'm ready for at this stage of my career - as you can see, I've worked with Peter Osborne at Pendragon directly side by side for years, so I feel it is time for a new challenge."

"Ah fuck them wankers - fuck him Ha - they won't be around much longer."

He started to flick through the pages of Callum's resume - his turtle shell reading glasses perched on the end of his nose - scanning the document for anything of interest to bring up in conversation which worried Callum because he was flicking through it far too fast for his liking and missing out on some of his better work that he wanted to elaborate on in his pitch.

"Oh god, Celebrity Abortions..., you did that crap!."

Callum didn't reply and hoped the conversation would now move on quickly to another production that was more worthy - granted it wasn't his finest output.

"I was joking, I'm jealous, I lost the tender on that show to you lot at Pendragon, great concept and a great way to keep the morons of this country brain dead and staring at a screen every evening for months on end." - came the overly honest commentary from the working-class man.

Callum laughed and was relieved that it wasn't so much about his work on the show as a researcher and producer, but more that his future possible boss was 'pissed off' at losing out on the production rights to his rival 'Pendragon Media' - and with the show grossing just under fifty million globally in international rights he could see why.

"You haven't had much press outside of the business done on you I see - that's good to see."

Callum didn't seek the press. No, he knew the 'Talent' were the ones placed into that cesspit of shame,

degradation and witch hunting - they were the puppets, and he was the master - controlling them like an organ grinder and manipulating them into doing what he and the company wanted to do - like dancing monkeys - especially the ones they had dirt on like the wife beaters or dog fuckers.

Callum had some online presence. He was on Wikipedia and IMDb which he used to check regularly and moan about its accuracy to his PA 'Alexandra' who if he got this job would be bringing her over with him.

Although he had numerous articles written on him in the trade press and would regularly give keynote speeches on the future of media, and its importance in the world.

He used to enjoy public speaking to his industry peers at seminars in Cannes - but found it became a chore after a while as he was getting type cast, but he knew when the offers of public speaking do dry up that's when you know your career is, buggered.

"Any weird sexual shit I need to know about son."

"Nothing out of the norm for this business sir." - they both laughed.

"I see you support Spurs."

"Yes, all my life, thick and thin." - replied Callum.

"The Hun for me Glasgow Rangers. I own some shares in them." - stated Simkins pointing to a large silver cup on the shelf which was the Scottish Premiership trophy.

Yeh - you own 51% of the fucking team and half of the city thought Callum.

"I'll take you up to a match son."

"Sounds great, I've never seen a Scottish premiership match" - replied Callum.

Callum had never been asked this question before, not even in journalistic interviews.

It threw him a bit as it was becoming a bit more personal now and off script - i.e. his CV.

"Nothing much to shout about sir, I have parents both retired now living in Norfolk, no brothers or sisters".

"What about a girlfriend or wife?"

"No one long term sir, I'm not really ready to settle down just yet."

"Well, you're in your forties sonny, getting on now, most men that aren't settled down by now haven't made up their mind if they support Rangers or Celtic or Spurs or Arsenal." - he laughed.

Callum knew what he meant - he was asking if he took it up the Arsenal and wasn't offended by the question.

He'd had this for years. His smart appearance, his desire for neatness and owning nice things. He was in 'his' mind 'heterosexual' - it wasn't his fault that he had dedicated his life to his career and had risen through the ranks whilst his friends around him had got married and 'Spunked' up a couple of kids and now so fucking miserable at the self-made prisons they had constructed for themselves.

"Ha - yes I get that a lot - No I'm one hundred percent a Spurs fan sir." - laughed Callum.

"Arsenal fans would say that meant you were on the other bus." - replied Simkins with a smile.

"That's a good one Sir - but it should be case closed as the clue is in the name of their team." - replied Callum punctuating the reply so they now had to move the conversation on from Callum's wanking and gender fucking default specifics.

There was a pause whilst Simkins scanned the CV again.

"How corruptible are you?." - stated Simkins.

This made Callum sit right back and his brain went into defence mode... 'Test'.

"I mean, given a situation would you fuck someone over to get the company on top."

"I suppose I would sir yes, I don't see why I wouldn't, I think my loyalty to Pendragon for twenty years shows I'm company first."

"Yes - but you are now leaving him to come and work for me - Peter's my main rival, has been for years, after I fucked him and left him to found my own empire."

"True - however - like you said earlier - they are 'fucked' and you believe they won't be around much longer - you're saving me by offering me a life raft is the way I see it."

Callum knew he had him, that was a textbook 'PR' reply - a 'bridging technique' - which put simply was take a difficult question and throw it back at them with a reply that shuts the question down.

Simkins smiled - he knew the technique well and was impressed with Callum.

"Are you sure you're not an Arsenal fan Callum." - laughed Simkins - "They are fucking slimy and shifty sods." - Callum and Simkins laughed together.

"So...." - the man looked up at Callum and stared at him squarely - his eyes just leaning over the top of his reading glasses on the end of his nose.

"When can you start?." - a hand was extended which put Callum on edge.

"Don't you want to talk a bit more about the productions I have worked on?." - asked Callum.

Now consulting neurologists and doctors would say that Callum was now having an auditory schizophrenic hallucination.

A voice jumped into Callum's head, he often heard this voice especially in times of stress and this voice would often give Callum advice like:

'What the fuck are you doing?'

'Shut up you idiot!'

'He's just offered you the job and he 'seems' by the sounds of it like someone who can change his mind in a heartbeat!'

Callum had always resisted the urge to argue or talk back at 'Matt' which was the name he gave his inner annoying monologue generator. A clinical diagnosis which Callum had never had would point the fingers to 'schizophrenia', but it wasn't that.

Matt was the one that gave him ideas throughout his career... and bloody good ones. He would give him advice in production meetings or interviews like this one he was having now. Matt came in and went and knew when he wasn't wanted. There was a time he popped in Callum's head as he was fucking this girl, but Callum let Matt hang about as a voyeur, that turned him on more and cum a bit harder.

The hand was still outstretched and ready for shaking by Callum... 'it's not lost yet -you better grab that hand' said Matt even louder, ... 'Quick!'

"I know what you've done son - I've been watching you for years." - said Simkins.

"The time is right for you to come over to JVS and do something a bit more worthwhile than the fucking shite you have been working on at Pendragon for that prick Peter - god rest his soul!." - Osborne said - "When can you start pal?."

Callum didn't really hear the hidden meaning in that statement from James Victor Simkins one of the biggest media moguls in the world. Matt his inner voice also was keeping quiet as well. Anyone else who had just been told - 'I've been watching you for years' - might have been a bit suspicious - but in this industry weird shit like that occurred daily and was part of the course and you generally didn't look too much into the black and white to find the grey or you would see things you really didn't want to see.

"I am delighted to accept your offer and thank you - I can start Monday - I put a clause in my contract that Pendragon can't put me on gardening leave so I'm all yours."

He put out his hand to bond the deal and felt an electrical surge go up his arm as Simkins shook it.

The power was real - Simkins was powerful - he had made more media content than anyone else on the planet and like a Frankenstein's Monster must have been a conduit for terrestrial transmissions, radio waves and now fibre optic data in this digital revolution.

It would be the first time Callum would be privileged to experience this power by standing side by side next to this media giant of a man. He was getting excited about the new chapter in his media career.

The deal was done, the handshake confirmed it, he was now a Senior Executive for JVS Media.

Two Merchant Bankers

Money flows into the city of London like a tide every morning, every pound a drop in the ocean, and then it all floods back out again after lunch, all around the world – every corner of it.

The world's biggest financial market was ill-equipped to keep an eye on every pound coming in and going out. You could hide your illicit funds in with other bona-fide transactions, and no one would be able to spot it. The British Empire had a second empire once the empire shrunk on land mass after the Suez canal crisis.

The 'Black Empire' was setup to replace the colonisation of a third of the world and was a financial one. The British want your money, they will deposit it in centuries old financial institutions for you which have Royal branding, and we won't ask where it came from, mums the word.

The securities report from the bank's compliance team came in over lunch which annoyed Rob because he wanted a quiet afternoon. He was now in his mid-forties and had been in 'banking' for coming up to twenty years. In his career he had seen three recessions and survived them all.

He missed the old days of a pub lunch in the city of London. Everything had changed and back in the 2000's you could sink two pints of beer at lunch, then make a few phone calls in the afternoon to place some of the 'low hanging fruit' trades for a few million for a pension fund, or some dodgy charity.

Years of experience he had become an expert in the 'art' of timewasting. One of the preferred activities was having a crap for half an hour reading the gents shared toilet copy of the Post newspaper, which started to get a bit ragged by 4pm, the irony being a shit rag it certainly started to smell that way.

There was never any point in filling in the crossword as 'Stevens' in accounting got there first when he had his morning dump. He liked to write-in swearwords like two down, 'Tosser' - five across 'Wanker' - six down - 'Penis' - the lads all assumed Stevens was a repressed homosexual because it was mostly swearwords relating to male appendages.....

.... eleven across 'Bollox' - nine down 'Foreskin'.

Rob missed those hedonistic days when he started out as a graduate trader for Penworth Securities in 1998. Two pints at lunchtime then five o'clock a few more, and on a Thursday going out and getting smashed, maybe some lines of coke and trying it on with some receptionist from Essex before getting the last train home.

He was now married, and like every man his age in life moving on from his twenties to forties meant you drank Rosé instead of Stella.

The bank had now become a bit too corporate and American which Rob hated, not that he hated Americans in general, but he loved the fact that the City of London was an English institution and was slowly being sanitized by the 'Septic tanks'.

Rob was resigned to the fact that he was becoming what they called in the city - 'A Lifer' – or to give him his official title - 'Senior Financial Criminal Investigations Officer - Wealth Management' at Penworth Securities.

Twenty-one years at the same company rising through the ranks - someone who when they hit sixty would probably regret the wasted life looking at spreadsheets - but Rob, well Rob always wanted security, and his pension would keep him well long into his old age playing golf and spending money on legal fees to get his youngest son of the three out of criminality.

The afternoon suspicious activities report he had been sent by compliance highlighted a 'dormant' bank account registered in Amsterdam..

Suspicious bank accounts like these are red flags to a bull for Rob - do they ever believe that they would get away with it he thought.

You have a guy trying to wash money, great at crime but just not creative enough to not turn on the banks radar. He always laughed that if he were 'bent' he could do it better. Something he and his co-traders at Penworth liked to brag about when they were in their twenties dancing to shite 80's music at a godforsaken nightclub near Liverpool Street.

All of them pretending they were hanging out with Colombian drug barons but in reality, they were buying coke from the Bangladeshi waiter from one of the Brick Lane Curry houses – who padded it out with potato flour, so it stuck to the insides of your nostrils.

All the algorithms and AI technology that the bank brought in to uncover fraud was a waste of money in his eyes - nothing got through him - primed on coffee,

a load of print outs, a highlighter pen and a ruler he began to unravel this dodgy bank account.

Carter Penworth was a third generation 'Penworth' who had taken the responsibility of looking after people of high net worth's money from his father. He was about seventy years old - a nice English gentleman who was a patron of numerous theatres, arts councils, opera societies and children's charities and boy did he love his tennis, he still played even at his age – although he was allowed the double bounce.

The bank had survived pandemics, plagues, two world wars, famine, countless recessions but always managed to stay in business and continued to make their client's a lot of money even when times were grim.

This was not the norm in the city of London as a lot of finance houses over the years had collapsed or been taken over by rivals, but Penworth Securities still stood and for some in the industry was untouchable. The bank couldn't claim to be the 'Royals' bank as the Windsor's banked with Coutts's, but they had some minor royals and a lot of prominent politicians, rock stars and TV celebrities on their books.

"Come in." - Rob knocked on his boss's door, didn't wait for a prompt, pushed it open and leant his head in.

"Sir, have you got a quick minute." – Rob enquired knowing the chairman didn't really do much.

"For you dear chap of course - come in have a seat." – replied Penworth looking over the bridge of his reading glasses from his copy of the Union newspaper, that

wouldn't have had 'Stevens' graphic male appendages written in his crossword.

"I won't sir, it won't take long, just need your advice on this one. I have found a dormant bank account that we and compliance missed." – Rob said not sure on the outcome.

"What's unusual about that? - it's zero balance isn't it?" – came the assuring - 'no one has done anything wrong... yet' - reply from the chairman.

"Well as you know dormant accounts likely turn out to be zombie accounts that when needed could be used for crime."

"What's unusual about this one?." – said Carter.

"It's connected to Pendragon Media's primary bank account." – Rob gave a grimace, knowing this would catch his bosses attention and indeed it did catch Carters' ear, as he looked straight up directly at Rob and folded his newspaper, placing it on his desk.

"Close the door son and take a seat." - he said calmly and quietly.

"Go on..." – urged Carter.

"Well, this looks unusual - the account is registered to Pendragon's corporate headquarters here in London, but the escrow bank account number is linked to Amsterdam." - he slid over the print out to his Chairman who picked it up and examined it.

"So." - came the reply - "that's not unusual - a lot of clients in the media like the privacy - in fact we pride ourselves on that – it's a nominee account." - Carter handed back the printout to Rob.

"But the account application was counter-signed by one of the McInnis Brothers at an ABD Bank in the suburbs of Amsterdam."

Rob waited for the response from the chairman - he was worried about saying the McInnis family name out loud as they were the biggest mafia outfits in the UK – only those on the inside knew of them because these guys did not seek any publicity and had been protected for years by the establishment and were never indicted.

Some said they had links to the Home office, that they had dirt on ministers and even a former PM so could operate freely in Glasgow, supplying the country from Amsterdam with Heroin, Cocaine and Livestock which was the term for sex trafficking victims.

"But it's dormant yes...."

"Yes, but it's never been linked to a major client of ours and especially Pendragon being one of the biggest media companies in the world it's not sitting right with me, and it is consistent with how the McInnis Brothers launder their money – from Amsterdam into London and then up over the border to Scotland."

"Ok Bobby - look good work - keep an eye on it and any transactions that come in let me know - don't go to compliance on this - I'll deal with them - this is to be your project, and your name is on it - ok..."

"Sounds good Sir." - Rob got up and was now most certainly in a good mood, nothing much to do other than observance each day and he had bonded with his Chairman, and things like that always helped with your bonus and appraisal discussions at the end of the year.

That would make Chloe his wife happy he thought. He might be able to afford that new conservatory she had always been harping on at him to buy.

Carter Penworth waited for Rob to leave and then picked up his phone and dialled a number he knew off by heart.

He looked out of the window at the view from the 33rd floor of The Gherkin out over the city. His attention was brought back sharply into the room by the answer from the other end.

"Callum.... its Carter – your dormant account has been fucking flagged - oh and Callum.... you know the procedure now – I want out."

Three Chatham House Rules

Cartwrights is one of the more secretive of the London Soho members clubs for the media industry.

Impossible to get into, and no waiting list because you have to be invited. It was founded in 1904 by Guiseppe Perini who had opened it as a café in the theatre district of Soho. Builders would use it in the early mornings and actors and writers would frequent Cartwrights in between matinee and evening performances.

By the mid 90's it had lost that image and became an exclusive members club owned by a consortium of media executives.

The strict rules meant they didn't have any bankers, agents or financiers; it was a sanatorium for the backbone and the players of the media industry, and the celebrities they commanded.

Callum who was membership number 1487 used to go up to the smokers' terrace on the roof and listen into the conversations of the editors of major newspapers – openly divulging to each other or on the phone the latest celebrity disgrace or what politician is dogging

again. Sadly, he couldn't divulge anything outside of the club as they were all sworn to secrecy but that didn't stop one of those tabloids putting a microphone in the flowerpot and listening in before the management found it and went ape shit at the editor.

Sitting there cross-legged in one of the nicer sofas in the club he scanned the room for anyone he knew - it was about four in the afternoon, bit too early for the evening drinking crowd and too late for the business meetings through-the-day crowd.

It was just full of the old actors falling asleep in a chair before they went off to tread the boards at one of the many theatres dotted around Soho. He liked this time of the day - quieter... a man could think...strategize.... stare at the waitress's arses as well, precisely what 'Matt' his inner voice would tell him to do.

Charlie the Maitre d' came over to him. A handsome chiselled chin man about the same age as Callum - they had known each other for years now and their friendship extended out of the member / club employee relationship so were quite open with each other.

Although a year back Callum had realised he had told Charlie quite a lot about what they were up to at Pendragon Media.

Charlie's role at the club was pretty much to infiltrate, spread and help market anything the member wanted, and Callum used him quite a bit. He was a bloody good leak point for Callum and no way would he suspect him as a potential blackmailer.

"What you been up to Cal." - he said tapping him on his shoulder which he had to do regularly to the older actors to wake them up when they were snoring too loudly.

"I've just had an interview down at Simkins." – came the alert reply.

"Nicely done sir - Jesus though didn't know you was looking, you should have said – so, spill the beans, how did it go then?."

Callum just smiled.

"Ha, - When do you start?." – came the reply.

"Next week - I've arranged to meet Osborne in here to break the news now."

"Fuck me!, this will be fun, glad I'm on today to watch these fireworks then." – laughed Charlie

"Oh, come on don't! - I know he'll probably take it badly but the times right and the job is working directly with James Simkins so in a few years I could be running the show."

"Surely you could have had that at Pendragon, always seemed to me Osborne treated you like a son. I thought he was getting ready to retire and hand it down to you."

"Yeh well - time to move on - was getting a bit same old, same old - anyone good been in?." - he always loved to ask this question to Charlie, and it was time to change the subject matter.

"Just an ex-Prime Minister earlier - persona non grata."

"No one special then." - they both laughed.

Charlie was a good lad - public school educated but was pretty street - he and Callum had a similar dark personality. He saw Charlie as a good therapist, someone you could talk to and divulge secrets to whilst you were waiting for your meeting to turn up or your date in the evening with one of the girls in productions under the guise it was an appraisal.

All the girls knew Callum's trick of inviting them to 'The' club to talk on a one-to-one basis.

Most of the girls' thought Callum was hot and some found out he was good in the sack as well so the ones that were asked were flattered, but they also thought he was a male bimbo, completely unfaithful and definitely not boyfriend material.

Callum scanned the room again, he thought he saw Johnny Depp in the corner but that was always a running joke with mates if he brought them to the club - he loved how they would always look around when he said - fuck me it's Johnny Depp over there!

He could hear his soon to be ex-boss walk into the reception which was round a corridor and past the Damian Hurst painting.

Peter Osborne was talking shite to the receptionist about his day and how it had just started to rain like it always does up north which is where he is from.

Osborne loved to tell people that he was from the north, thinking it would impress. Callum beckoned him over. Osborne acknowledged him and started to walk over to where he had their table.

"Fook me what a day, that production Sarah's working on is grossly over budget and she won't back down on t'costs saying it's needed for the artistic integrity! - Since when did bloody artists need fucking integrity!, have you ordered?."

That was the kind of thing Callum had to deal with. The man was devoid of any personal interest in the other party and never asked questions like - how was your weekend? - how is your family? - how was your trip to Cannes? - how is your fathers cancer treatment going? - Nothing - a true psychopath and narcissist devoid of any interest in anyone other than himself.

He took his awful-patterned jacket off and sat down and picked up the menu – Hang on sunshine thought Callum – we aren't eating – you my friend are going to be leaving in about five minutes after I tell you I'm fucking you so hard up the arse you'll want the waitress to bring you some Anusol after the act for the relief.

"I can't stay for dinner sir – have another meeting – just wanted a quick chat with you, have something to tell you."

"Oh - I thought we were going to have a proper catchup, something to eat to celebrate your good news."

This threw Callum, how the fuck did he know.

"I was speaking to my old friend James Simkins this afternoon. Hadn't heard from him in a while - he was telling me about a new production he was working on and asked if I wanted to come onboard as a co-producer - it is a crime thriller - very dark - central character a lad of about forty gets fucked up in the end - proper nasty - betrayed by all those around him - some nice twists as well along the way." - his tone was getting darker throughout the speech and was whispering as he leant into Callum towards the end of the monologue.

Osborne stood up which attracted Charlie the Maître 'D's attention. Callum's now ex-boss and enemy put his jacket on and leant down to him and whispered something in Callum's ear.

Charlie walked over to Callum once Osborne was out of sight – out into the London rain but not giving a shit because there was no doubt a Bentley waiting outside to drive him wherever he wanted to go.

"You ok – you want a brandy mate?, you look ghostly, white-looking nasty from where I was standing."
"Yeh, he took it well I thought." - replied Callum
"It didn't look like he did, you look pale mate, I'll fix you that brandy."

Rob was late again - Callum couldn't work out if Rob was pulling a power trip on him but then realised he had a proper job and a boss so worked bloody hard for his cash.

But banks shut at five so what did they do afterwards? – tidy the pamphlets? - dust the gold? - untwist all the pens on those chains said Matt which made Callum laugh inside his head.

Callum had been drinking brandy and was now sitting at the bar talking to Chico the cocktail barman hearing a story about this girl he had fucked the night before that by the sounds of it was pretty young as he said to Callum he was shocked to find out she was in sixth form - although Callum forgot Chico was in his very early twenties so fair play to him.

He had been in there about two hours now after handing in his notice from one media giant to go and work for another one. It was supposed to be a special occasion and was most certainly a spontaneous celebration because he didn't think he would get the job the same day so sent Rob a text message

TEXT SENT: [meet me in Cartwrights at five u w*nker].

Rob probably had to then text Chloe his wife to tell her he was going for a quick pint after work and she probably replied with a 'wives guilt trip' text moaning at him because he hadn't seen the kids all week and was a shit dad - happy wife, happy life - Rob used to say - Callum would reply – Bitch of a wife – get a new life!”.

Callum used to like Chloe. He always said to Rob that she had nice tits.

But she had turned into an annoyance after the third boy appeared, she had wanted a girl so badly and another male chromosome laden sperm from Rob must have flipped her personality. Callum was quite vocal to Rob about it as well, saying divorce her, she's bleeding you dry mate - but what about the kids? - Rob would reply.

Callum would say 'Rob kids are a guilt trip to the partner that wants out of the jail sentence'.

Not everyone was like Callum who could probably just walk out on a family because he was cold and calculating - that's probably why women didn't last too long with him because they could tell he wasn't going to be faithful, and his career came first.

Whenever they all met up at gathering Callum would say to Chloe - you've scrubbed up well tonight love, looking after those devil boys you never get to wear anything nice, so I'm pleased you made the effort. This would fuck her off and she would then take it out on Rob and have an argument with him - Callum would feel good knowing he was driving a wedge between them.

Callum would also encourage Rob's boys to act up behind the parents back and watch the fireworks go off when one of them broke something at a wedding or

whatever social function they were all at. Once giving Rob's eldest boy who was about eleven a puff on his cigar and some of his beer then watching the kid vomit on the wedding dance floor.

Rob's boys thought Callum was awesome as he always would bring new cartoons on USB drives for them to watch from Pendragons kids' division.

Even animations that weren't launched they got to see them first, and he would use their feedback and filter it back to the researchers and especially the brunette girl who thought he was 'sweet' and cared about kids. Partly true because he did like the two eldest boys who were now 11 and 9 but the little boy - the four-year-old - he was a shit.

Rob appeared behind him at the bar and slapped him hard on the back making Callum spill his Brandy with the surprise rear guard action.

"Well done wanker! - you got it then." - boomed Rob.

"Ah it's you Bobby - I thought it was your mum as she likes to use that kind of S&M technique and language when I meet her in here." - they both hugged and Rob continued to slap his best mate on the back trying harder to hurt him for insulting his mum,

"Indian Pale Ale please."

"I'll have one as well Chico cheers mate, think I've hit the brandy limit now."

"So come on then, how did it play out... oh... and I haven't got long, Chloe wants me home in an hour." - Callum knew that was a crock of shite as Rob liked to use 'him' as an excuse for being kept out late and ending up in a Soho nightclub till 2am. It was always - yeh go on I'll have another one.

"It went well - Simkins seems like a top bloke - hard to understand what with his thick Glaswegian accent but

generally nice and not really like what you see on TV in his interviews."

"So different in real life then, in interviews he seems a bit nasty."

"Nah, he's solid. I remember meeting him when he was in my first year at Pendragon, so what year would that have been? - 99?."

"98" - Rob corrected him - he went on - "we started the same year."

"....and what about quitting your job - did you send an email" - asked Rob.

"No, I met him in here, just now."

"No way! - fuck! - I missed it - how did it go - you did face to face!?"

"Yeh ha! - he was alright, he likes to play games the old man, but I wasn't really listening to him to be honest - said I was off to do better things and thanks for the opportunity."

"So, no repercussions then?."

"What you mean?." - This question caught Callum by surprise.

"Well - we both know he's a nutter and a bit of a prick so I assume he would be out for revenge - you're going to work for his rival mate! - doesn't take a genius to work out there might be something planned down the line.... or already in plan."

"Ah well he'll get over it - he knows I've got shit on him, so he'd better not try anything, or I'll fuck his company over." - said Callum showing his real psychotic nature.

Rob was about to blurt out that he had come into some interesting information about a secret Pendragon bank account but thought better of it as Callum was now out of the company.

Bobby and Callum were children of Thatcher and were manipulated at a young age towards the ethos of acquiring money and success which all coincided with the explosion in new media with the launching of satellite television at the time in the late nineties, and with a strong growing financial economy, media and finance would be the perfect places for both of them to end up.

With the arrival of Blair in 97 they now had the opportunities when leaving school and university to progress in their careers - Callum loved Alastair Campbell and how he would manipulate the media to deliver an agenda. Although Callum most certainly was a lifelong 'new' labour supporter it was the press relations team of the Blair government that got his dick hard.

Rob on the other hand a staunch Tory, was someone who wanted to see order and stability - he saw past the new Labour party's blatant attempts at distorting the UK people's perception of what was really happening - 'new labour - new bullshit' is what he used to say to Callum during their heated drunken discussions in the pub in their youth.

One best friend goes in the creative industry setting off to seek fame and fortune in media, and the other friend going into finance to seek fortune and stability, but on the personal wealth side Callum had won that race.

"What did Simkins say your new job will be then?." - asked Rob.

"Well, that's the weird thing, he didn't elaborate too much on what the job would be, I think he was fact finding about me in the interview."

"What that you're a secret nonce?." - Rob said with a stern face but trying not to laugh.

"Yeh, things like that - you know general bullshit, like what team do you support, what's your family like...."

"You don't have a family."

"You know what I mean."

"No, Simkins is a bit aloof to be honest - just wanted me in and confirmed I'll be working with him directly. We didn't even talk about the productions I had worked on over the years."

"What you going to take with you?."

"A few ideas for some BBC development shows, and a sitcom for BBC3 that I've got rights on - and Alexandra - definitely taking Alex with me."

"I like Alex" – smiled Rob in a slightly creepy way."

"Yeh I know you like Alex because you always have pre-cum seeping through your trousers when you meet me at my office." - laughed Callum

"I've got an idea of a character for you." – Rob said putting his pint down, slapping his hands together trying to remove the salt from the peanuts Chico had put out for them.

"Go on." - Callum was always interested in Rob's ideas - some were good, others terrible, but Rob did have a creative mind and sometimes Callum felt he was wasted in the banking industry.

"Ok so there's this guy that stands outside our bank every morning when people are going into work".

"Go on...".

"Yeh and he starts to shout at people as they go in screaming all this weird shit at them."

"Like talking in tongues, you mean? - what like the 'end is nigh' guy that used to stand down Oxford Street in the 80's with the megaphone."

"Yeh like him, but he's all dishevelled, lives on the streets, he was probably a trader back in the eighties and was affected by the recession, lost his job, his

home, his family and now lives outside where he used to work."

"So, what's he shouting then, like your days are numbered, you will end up like me! things like that?."

"Yeh right, like he has a premonition of the future but is from the past and is trying to warn everyone."

"Yeh - I like that, has legs mate."

"He's real though."

"What you mean he's real?, thought this was in your head?" – said Callum thinking Rob also had a 'Matt' that would intrude his mind.

"He's real - we have a guy that stands outside the bank that stares as people walk in - security call him 'old Jim' - rumour has it he was a trader for the bank and wants his old job back, someone also says it's Carters son that he has disowned."

"Ooh I like that, I'll give you 250k for the rights!."

"Chico son!." – Callum clicked hi fingers.

"Chico can you see how much money we have got in the till - I need to pay Rob for his new BAFTA winning thriller!."

"Stick to the banking Bobby." - laughed Callum - Chico had come over and was starting to open the cash register confused thinking Callum wanted change.

"Bobby - you crack me up."

"No straight up, he stares at me for ages, never blinks, freaks me out. It's like he wants to say something to me but hasn't got the mental capacity anymore to converse with a human being. The drink and drugs and time travelling have taken their toll."

"Like a pissed Doctor Who then, unable to regenerate?."

"Yeh... what no!, shut up Callum you twat, I'm being serious."

"Although it does sound like some BBC producers I know."

"Talking of drink and drugs! come on.... let's go to Giorgio's - it's too early in the night here for anyone interesting to come in, wait!!!!.... look over there, Bobby... isn't that J [REDACTED] D [REDACTED] p?!"

Callum pissed himself laughing as Rob looked around - the old joke had worked again.

"The thing is Cal she doesn't love me anymore - she's frigid as fuck now - she just reads in bed - she sometimes gives me a blowjob but there's not much effort in it."

Callum thought what Rob just said was interesting, not the bit about blowjobs and that his wife didn't love him anymore - but that middle-aged people only read in bed now - he put in a reminder into his iPhone to speak to the publishing division at Simkins - perhaps an idea for subliminal messaging in text to infect dreams he thought - the subliminal karma sutra, oh that's good.

They were now sitting in Giorgio's a fine Italian restaurant two doors down from the club that was linked to 'Cartwrights' - probably the same owners had bought both - the Maître d' was a guy called 'Fabio' who knew 'Charlie' the Maître' D at the Cartwrights and always helped Callum get a table. They were now on the way to getting pissed on red wine and not eating any food because Chloe had cooked a Casserole and Rob would warm it up in the microwave when he got home - fuck me his life is shit.

Rob's phone kept buzzing on the table and you could see alerts of about ten messages from Chloe. Callum loved this - he wanted to grab his phone and call Chloe

and call her a bitch and say leave the poor bastard alone - he's having fun.

"You know Callum - you're the only true friend I have now."

"Friends till the end bud - thick and thin - my longest serving friend." - joked Callum.

"Yeh but as you get older you start to lose them, and your family become more like friends." - he was getting a bit too pissed and sentimental now.

Rob couldn't really handle drink unlike Callum but when they were younger Rob could snort up coke like a Dyson vacuum - something Callum always admired him for. Perhaps some blow from Fabio might sober Rob up.

"Chloe's texting again mate - it's nearly ten - maybe I should head home to the old trouble and strife mate."

The fucking bitch had ruined the night - Callum was about to suggest getting some coke and then hitting a nightclub to dance with some teenage girls like they used to.

He looked at the broken shell of a man he called a friend and then called over Fabio and said put it all on his Cartwrights members club tab. No questions asked, done and 'thank you for coming' sir came the reply from Fabio - secretly pissed off they hadn't ordered any food just house wine.

The air was cold as they walked out onto the Soho streets full of benders, prozzies, meth-heads and young people who didn't have any money on them but had youthful energy which in Callum's eyes was wasted on them.

"Bobby - station is that way mate - you alright to get back or do I need to get you a taxi?."

"I'm good Cal, mate it was good to see you - come round for dinner Sunday."

Callum's instant reaction was 'fuck that shit'.... he's pissed inviting again.... will regret that in the morning when she tears him a new asshole.

"Yeh sure sounds good – night mate – love to Chloe and the kids." - he didn't mean that – he fucking hated her because he was now alone and walking around Soho.

Four

The Angel of Soho

Callum started to wander through the streets of Soho. Remembering there were a lot more strip clubs back in the 80's and 90's. Soho had changed so much, theme pubs started to replace the entrepreneurial sleazier establishments and once that happened it brought in more tourists and less dirty old men brown macs.

Originally Soho was a thriving local community before the video stores and strip shows came in. There were local butchers, bakers, candlestick makers and schools – you wouldn't recognise it if you went back in time. But the council was a liberal one in the 50' and 60's and the first licenses for adult entertainment was granted and with that men like Paul Raymond saw opportunities and built a property portfolio in the area.

McDonalds restaurants are of the same ilk as the likes of Paul Raymond the porn baron. They franchise their restaurants out and own the land, therefore technically McDonalds Restaurants Inc are a landlord and property empire.

He had once met Paul Raymond the ‘The king of soho’ very early on in his career, and Paul invited him back stage to meet some of the girls.

Young NEW media executives were presented opportunities like this so the management could work out what they were into and have potential blackmail claims against them later on in their careers. A very common tactic used in media, such as giving young bands cocaine, prostitutes and then when their album negotiations come round then management can bring out the files and drop the royalty rates offered.

Many a band has succumbed to this tactic, and that is why you don’t see many bands going into three albums. The bands that make it don’t fall for the entrapment techniques, probably because their managers have worked out the record companies’ ruses and made sure their assets are clean.

It was only ten and Soho was coming to life.

Trawling through his phone he was looking for someone in the industry he thought might be out on a Thursday night pissed ‘up’ like him, wandering around Soho, Watkins no, he’s in Dubai,.... Peters no I think his mum died last week..... Gottlieb – no he’s in Denmark at a record company function....

“You’re a right old sad wanker aren’t you.” – piped up Matt coming through loud and clear into Callum’s head.

It used to make Callum jump when he heard Matt inside his skull, but it didn’t bother now. He was used to the intrusions and didn’t even flinch. He thought maybe that is why people have ‘ticks’ – perhaps they have nutters like Matt in their heads and every time the

voice comes in loud and clear it makes them jump and 'tick' words like 'bollox', or 'fuck off'. Just an idea and not medically backed up.

"Walking around on your own, no wife or kids to go home to - just a smelly old Labrador at home you get to lick your dick and balls – sick boy."

Fuck... Matt had just reminded him he had a dog. Mrs Higgins next door probably heard its cries and realised that Callum was out (again) and used her spare key to go in and feed it.

He called a few numbers which went straight to voicemail so was resigned to the fact that it was time to call it a night and go home.

Walking down Dean Street he passed the rainbow bars - he didn't have a problem with gay people at all - he had worked with them all his life - they seem to congregate towards the kids' divisions – Matt put sinister thoughts in his head which fucked him off because that was societies suspicions of gay men, although it was media generated and very unfair.

A young lad was sitting down on the floor a few doors down from one of the rainbow bars and caught Callum's eye. Jesus, fuck, he must be about fifteen thought Callum. He's alone down Dean Street late at night and pissed enough to raise Callum's internal concerns.

"You ok mate?." – he asked as he walked over.

"Yeh, I'm good, how about you." - came the reply. He wasn't as drunk as he looked on first impressions.

"Woh, this is a new low even for you sicko... preying on a young innocent lad." – Matt was in full voice now.

"What are you doing out here late at night mate?." - asked Callum.

"It's a bit dangerous Soho at ten o'clock at night on a Thursday - haven't you got school tomorrow?."

"You going to ask him if he will wear his school uniform?" – laughed Matt.

There was no answer from the lad from Callum's concerned question.

"Son you're sitting near a bar that might be a bit dodgy for you."

"It's OK, my uncle is in there, I'm waiting for him to come out, he's just popped in to have a piss."

"Your uncle?."

"Yeh my uncle."

Callum was now on high alert. He had worked in media for years and knew the codewords of the unethical.

"How old's your uncle mate."

"About your age, but not as handsome as you." – laughed the boy, obviously winding Callum up.

"Who - mate, I'm not.... you know.... I'm just a bit worried about you."

"That's what they all say." - laughed the young lad as did Matt inside Callum's head.

"Look" - Callum leant down to him - "Go home to your parents' mate, they are probably worried about you. Have you got money for a taxi?."

"No." - came the reply.

Callum put his hand into his pocket and got his wallet out and started to pull out a tenner - a flash went off behind him which startled him and made him stand up and turn around to look from where it was coming from, then another flash.....

“You’ve been fucked” – said Matt – “Someone’s now got a photo of you handing a teenage boy money outside a gay bar.”

The boy stood up....

"Sorry, they asked me to do it." – said the boy.

"What?!"

No reply came from the boy as he started to walk off.

"Who asked you to do it? - do what?" – Callum said sounding more concerned and grabbing his arm.

A flash went off again as he held the teenage boy by his arm.

Matt was right he had just been grifted, probably by his old employer.

"Sorry mate, I didn't want to do it, but they said try and get him over to you and talk to him."

"Who said to get me over to talk to you?." – he was now on high alert and starting to sweat.

"I can't say. They are paying me a lot more than a tenner though. Sorry mate, you seem a nice guy, but I need the money." - the young lad released himself from Callum's grip and started to walk off. Callum thought about following him but fuck me that would have set him right up even further. What did he mean 'they asked him to do it?.

“I think you better walk away quickly now Callum.” – advised Matt who knew the situation was serious enough to stop the banter inside Callum's head.

Two police officers were walking towards him. Oh Jesus, no fuck this. He turned abruptly which made him look suspicious to the coppers - had they seen him trying to give a young boy money outside a gay bar?.

They started to follow him down Dean Street but keeping a distance, tapping their radio mics on their lapels wasn't a good sign.

Callum kept looking behind him and saw the coppers were about fifty feet behind him and scanning forward keeping track.

He wasn't really watching where he was going because out of the blue a girl appeared right in front of him. He stopped in shock and was lucky enough not to knock her flying onto the pavement.

"Sorry, I nearly sent you flying there." – he said.

He stood there transfixed by her, not able to speak. She grabbed him by the neck and pulled in and gave him a passionate kiss on the lips. She now had her tongue down his throat and the two coppers pursuing him no turned and walked off now happy he wasn't into young boys but young girls instead, which in their books was probably alright.

He pushed her away gratefully, slowly and politely after what seemed like a minute but was probably no more than a few seconds - she smiled at him.

Turning around he couldn't see any sign of the two coppers that were in pursuit, had he imagined it? – had he had a visual hallucination to compliment the auditory ones from Matt.

There were just crowds of people walking around 'half-pissed' through Soho. He turned back to her, still confused by the incident - "I'm Louisa." - said the girl. "Why did you do that? - I mean I'm not complaining." - laughed Callum nervously.

"You look like you needed it." - she smiled.

"Well, you might be right." - which was true.

"What's your name?." - she asked.

"Callum."

"So, are you going to buy me a drink then Callum?."

"Well... it be rude not to wouldn't it." - he laughed, and she held his hand as they walked through Soho.

He was pissing like a racehorse in the basement toilets of the Arts Club along Frifth Street. They were playing 'shitty' eighties music, but Louisa seemed to enjoy it and was swaying her hips in time to Culture Club as she bought them both a drink at the crowded small bar with a twenty he had given her.

He noticed pre-cum around his cock and regretted not going into the cubicle to use some toilet paper to clean it off. He was thinking to himself about the situation he was now in.

She looked about Sixteen but when she showed her ID to the bouncers who he sort of knew, and it seemed they knew her, she proved she was over eighteen.

Could be fake is what Matt told him. The bouncers both smiled at him as they went in down the stairs to the loud noisy basement.

He left the gents and could see her over at the other side of the bar being chatted up by some twenty-year

old lad, no doubt a junior or an intern but she was giving the impression she wasn't interested in him.

Callum gave him credit though because he was still trying to chat her up even with her knock backs. She turned to him and must have told him to 'fuck off' because the lad looked like he had his heart ripped out and gingerly walked back to his mates who were all laughing at him now in the corner.

"Someone you know?." – he asked as he joined her at the bar.

"You're not jealous already are you Callum?." – she laughed.

It was quieter where the tables were, mostly taken up with other young couples all necking each other and going to second base.

"Do you come here often" - she asked - he laughed sarcastically putting his arm around her and started drinking the blue liquid through a luminous green straw. Fuck me what was this shite? - It tasted like Hooch or 20/20 which is what Rob and Callum used to drink at her age in the late 90's before progressing onto to Cognac and Whiskey as they grew in age like fine wines.

"I've been here a few times." – replied Callum.

"Those bouncers looked at you like you was a regular. Do you often bring young girls here. Are you a pimp?." - she smiled, she was teasing him, but he was enjoying it – and to be fair working in media, he pretty much was a pimp.

"Fuck me she is pretty." - said Matt in his head.

He was starting to get his morals back as the blue liquid wasn't that strong as they watered drinks down at the Arts Club. She was a red head which he liked,

hair down to her shoulders and a thin young body with small tits that were kept in place by what looked like a 36 'A' or 'B' cup.

It was her arse he liked the most because he managed to get a look at it as she walked in front of him down the stairs. He could see a pink thong strap above her jean line and that's probably what got the pre-cum leaking and why he needed to make an excuse to go to the toilet to sort out his semi.

"No, I don't come here often, why would you, I'm a member of Cartwrights, that's where I like to drink most nights." - he loved dropping that in to impress people.

"Woh, - you are a smoothie aren't you. Now let me guess, you work in media don't you."

"How did you know?."

"Well, you like young girls so it was an educated guess to be honest" - she laughed and so did he...he liked her already, they were bonding given their age difference which was starting to become apparent to him because the other young couples were looking at them now.

"Look this is all a bit too noisy in here - I want to get to know you a bit more so why don't we go somewhere else where it's a lot quieter."

"Like where, I'm easy because I don't have college tomorrow."

"What the fuck! - did she just say she has college in the morning!?" - asked Matt in a concerned tone of voice.

Callum was panicking a bit now, how old was she? - He was trying to do the maths in his head, college would mean you start at sixteen and it is for two years so she could be eighteen.

"Ask her what year she is in at college, that's a good test." – asked detective Matt.

"So what year are you in at college?."

She had worked out he was getting a bit worried about her age - "Don't worry! - I'm in my final year, I am eighteen. Besides I reckon even if I was younger, you probably would still be talking to me."

He thought about this for a minute.... well four seconds anyway before he moved on his moral compass dilemma.

Matt was silent as well... nothing to add to that comment and if he had been arrested his reply would have been 'no comment' as advised by his legal counsel. "Come on I know a great restaurant around the corner" he said as he stood up and held out his hand to take her somewhere nice, somewhere he could hear her and a lot more private.

They arrived at Giorgio's and Fabio was by the door talking to the doorman - Louisa didn't look dressed up enough to be coming into this super exclusive two Michelin starred restaurant but fuck me, he wasn't going to take her to the club as rule number one never shit on your own doorstep.

Plus, Charlie was still working and he, well he.... you know.

"Ah you're back Callum - madam - please do come in."
- said Fabio holding the door open for both of them.

She liked being called Madam as she held Callum's arm a bit tighter as they walked into somewhere she wasn't used to.

They followed Fabio into the restaurant which was now rammed. Callum's paranoia kicked in - because Matt had just piped up again and said - *'Jesus what are you doing bringing a girl your niece's age in here for everyone to see!'*.

She gripped his arm and whispered.
"Is that [REDACTED] [REDACTED]?" - she had spotted the UK institutional rock star sitting at a table.

Callum saw [REDACTED] sitting in a booth next to James Bryce, an executive producer from EMI, who saw Callum and gave a nonchalant acknowledged raised hand gesture whilst continuing to talk to his super star client.

"Oh my god that man knows you." - she whispered.
"Yeh it's Bryce at EMI, bit of a prick." - he replied.

Fabio had come good. Their booth was up the back in the quiet part of Giorgio's.
They sat down and she shuffled right next to him from the other side of the booth and put her hand on his knee under the table.

There was no point pretending to Fabio she was his niece. Unless they liked to keep it in the family and was from Norfolk.

"Any drinks?."

"Sure, can we get a bottle of house red." - Fabio sighed inside again at the lack of spend from Callum.

"Are you hungry Louisa?." - asked Callum – knowing that Fabio was getting fucked off with Callum's lack of spend.

"Sure, I could eat something." - she said, knowing this was a good opportunity to eat something nice and not pay for it so was going to enjoy this.

"I'll get the menu's." - Fabio who seemed happier - perhaps he should ask him for some coke.

"He's off to get the kids menu and great Callum, you're now thinking about drugging this youngster with Columbian white powder from Fabio." - said Matt.

He felt her hand explore the inside of his leg - stroking it, which was getting him hard, so he put his hand on her knee to compliment her coming onto him.

She seemed happy with that and opened her skirt a little for him to explore under table while they chatted.

"So why did you kiss me then in the street. Is this something you always do to middle aged men or am I special case?."

"You most certainly are a special project Callum." - she replied starting to feel his erect cock tip through his jeans. Project, he liked that term.

It was great how it looked like to everyone in the restaurant that they were just talking to each other but what they couldn't see underneath the table was her sexual exploration and him tenderly stroking her smooth inside thigh.

Fabio returned to them with two menus and opened the bottle of house wine which was still £36 and bloody expensive to anyone normal.

I bet Bryce isn't buying [REDACTED] the house red. At that point he realised he would have to pay for this and

couldn't put it on the company which he had just left, then he realised it – he could. They wouldn't know and he still had the Pendragon corporate credit card.

One of his old mentors would tell him production budget tricks whereby if you are out with a nice young lady or a prostitute you can tell the accountant that you were interviewing her for a role on the production.

Everyone did it apparently and Callum had been a dab hand at it over the years.

At this point he realised Bryce from EMI owed him a favour, he got his phone out and composed a text.

TEXT SENT: [Bryce mate, do me a solid, confirm that we are having a business meeting together in Giorgio's. I'm expensing this girl if you get my drift – Cheers – Cal]

Louisa was looking through the menu and gawping at the prices.

"Are you texting your parole officer Callum?." - she laughed still reading the leather-bound menu which had some big numbers written throughout it.

He could see Bryce pull out his phone and he looked over Callum's way... a reply came back.

TEXT RECEIVED: [u owe me - [REDACTED] wants to do a special for BBC - I'll call you Monday]

TEXT SENT: [deal] - he replied. He put his phone away and was now able to give Louisa his full perverted attention.

"Ok my darling, eat what you want it's all on me tonight...I'm in a really good fucking mood now."
She scanned the menu further.

"*It's all meat.*" - she said.

Oh, great he thought, another girl that's a trendy vegetarian.

"Sadly yes, is that a problem?." – asked Callum.

"I'm a Vegan." - she replied proudly.

"*Looks like you won't get your battered sausage sucked tonight Callum mate.*" – laughed Matt – "...ask her if she eats fish as you have crabs." – Matt continued to laugh in Callum's head at his brilliant crude joke.

Fabio had returned with a pad and a pen.

"Ready to order?." – he asked.

"Nothing for me." - she said.

He looked at Callum as if to say, come on dude this isn't the deal, you have a booth and now taking the piss.

"Nor me - sorry Fabio mate" - said Callum embarrassed – twice in one night now.

"But, has Pablo been in Fabio?." - which Fabio understood. He understood the codeword.

"Yes he has been in, I'll check if he left you a message.". - Fabio collected the menus and tucked them up under his arm, at least he was going to make some money off Callum for cocaine so seemed happy with that deal they had compromised on.

She stared into Callum's eyes in a dreamy state as Fabio walked away, Callum took a swig of the red wine which tasted a bit 'corked' but he wasn't going to complain as the coke was never 'cut' with baking powder.

Louisa continued to stroke his cock through his jeans, he didn't want it to stop but wanted to know what the plan was after this so grabbed her hand and whispered in her ear.

"I've got a company apartment around the corner - would you like to come back with me?"

Her angel face smiled at his 'hint at a fuck' which was confirmation in his eyes of 'yes' I want you to fuck me so hard and probably without a condom as well'.

Bryce from EMI came over to their table and offered to buy Callum and the border line jailbait of a girl a nice bottle of wine as he noticed Callum was drinking the cheap shit.

She smiled at Bryce and was trying to look around him to see [REDACTED] [REDACTED] who was putting on his coat at their table, getting ready to leave.

"Evening Callum, and sorry I didn't catch your name - I'm Bryce I work with your 'friend'?" - he extended his hand out to Louisa who took it and gave a feminine hand shake.

"Louisa my name is Louisa and I'm his niece." - Callum cracked up laughing out loud.

He had to give it her she was fucking hilarious. Callum smiled at Bryce and gave him a wink. [REDACTED] walked over to them which made Louisa go quiet and she stared at the Rock star intently, Bryce introduced the Queen of Rock to Callum.

"This is Callum who I was just telling you about. He's exec at Pendragon and might be interested in producing your special." - said Bryce before Callum quickly interjected.

"Pendragon as of midnight tonight Bryce, I'm moving over to JVS Media on Monday, jumping ship like an out of favour bass guitarist." - that was a joke for the great

man of Rock n Roll who got the joke and started to laugh.

Callum tried to get up to shake [REDACTED] [REDACTED]'s hand but realised he had precum stains all over his jeans, so gave a half gesture of standing for the rock icon, who put his hand out to say, 'please' stay seated.

Louisa was now gawping at [REDACTED] who smiled at her as he shook her hand as well. Callum was now concerned the girl he had just 'baited' was going to be 'poached' by the global superstar, so he held Louisa's hand tightly under the table.

Generally, the public are starstruck when they meet celebrities, rock stars, royalty etc but Callum was so used to it – to him it was just like meeting the trade.

Bryce from EMI smiled at this news, no doubt about to use Callum's new high-profile presence in one of the biggest media companies to his advantage - "Even better!, JVS Media eh - then we most certainly need to speak given you have a dedicated music division".
"Yep can do, Bryce I'll be more than happy to take a look at the pitch when I start on Monday. I assume it's an hour-long music special?." - asked Callum.

The rock star jumped in before Bryce had a chance to respond – something this particular star was known for - "That's the idea, it's been a while since I've been on the Beeb, feel like I owe her after all theses years of not paying the license fee." – laughed the senior citizen Rock Star who could still keep up with the youngsters. "I'll give you the full debrief on Monday Cal. It's exciting, definitely think it's up your street this one, we just need a production company onboard as the BBC have pretty much greenlit the special." – Bryce looked like he was about to cum as the deal looked like it was going to get

JVS onboard through Callum who owed him a favour for covering up Louisa.

"What are you doing in a couple of weeks, I'm on tour and the next date is Amsterdam, you should come over, Bryce can you get Callum and his niece a couple of VIP tickets for me, I won't take no for an answer."

"Wow thank you sir?." - said Callum smiling, and now thinking in his head how he was going to tell his new boss he needs a short break in Amsterdam even though it was for work. Louisa wasn't saying much, probably still shell shocked she was meeting a rock god and being invited to one of his concerts.

"We'll talk Monday Cal, EMI might put up some seed equity as well for the production." - Bryce shouted back as they walked off.

"Ok look forward to hearing more on Monday - Nice meeting you [REDACTED] and good catching up again Bryce." - shouted Callum as they proceeded out of the door of Giorgio's to a barrage of white flashes from the Paparazzi outside.

The camera flashes reminded Callum of what had happened to him not an hour before with that young lad, but the distraction that was Louisa who now looked like she wanted to get back to his apartment and have grown-up fun was now at the forefront of his mind.

Fabio approached the table - "Pablo was in earlier but you missed him, and he asked me to leave you this message." - placing a wrap of cocaine discreetly underneath the bill. He loved the cocaine Fabio got him, better than at the club.

"Thanks Fabio, really appreciate that, hopefully see you soon." - he put his card on the bill and put fifty pounds in cash as a tip on top of the receipt, which the waiter instantly put in his pocket.

It was cold when they got outside. The apartment was in Islington not far from them. He hoped that Pendragon hadn't changed the locks - technically he was still working for them, and no one ever used the apartment unless a production was on, and they had international production staff coming over to work on it and needed a place more comfortable than a hotel.

"You ok?." - he asked Louisa who was holding him tightly and looked a bit cold.

"Taxi!." - he saw one with a light on pull right up before she could reply and ushered her in.

"Arsenal tube station mate." - he fucking hated that the flat was around the corner from Arsenal's stadium.

He used to stay there sometimes when a match was on and pretend he had a rifle picking off Gooner scum from the balcony one by one as they walked singing chants towards the stadium.... Head shot.... re-load... he would shout out loud, followed by laughter.

She was quiet in the taxi which was only about ten minutes in journey. They got out and he walked up to the apartment block and used the key entry fob.

It still worked, thank fuck, they had forgotten he still had a key. They got in the lift, and she passionately kissed him as they went up.

"Going up... you will be in a while Callum you dirty boy"
- said Matt mimicking the automated voice of the lift.

He hadn't had a fuck in a while so was looking forward to this. He asked her to be quiet as they went along the corridor to the apartment door. The lights coming on automatically as they walked along.

Putting the key in the lock he turned it hoping no one was inside. It was pitch-black, he turned the light

on and walked in, Louisa followed him holding his hand.

Perfect, no one around and it also looked like the cleaner on contract was still doing her job even though no one was about. He went to the fridge and hoped there was some booze in there that they like to leave for VIP guests. Bingo! - twenty-four bottles of Corona and white wine.

"Drink?." - he asked her.

"No... take me to the bedroom and explore me." - she grabbed him and kissed him as they tried to walk backwards into the bedroom – bumping into things as they did. He turned the light on, and she jumped onto the bed, he closed the door and smiled at her as she stared up at him with an innocent smile on her face.

He cummed all up her back as she groaned for the third time - climaxing again - his dick was soaking wet.

They had been fucking for most of the night – well at least two hours. Matt had commented on how does she know so many positions at such a young age. Positions that even Callum didn't know, but with some guidance from her, and her Stage notes and direction, he soon got the hang of it. Matt was right as well. She didn't use condoms and also the curtains matched the cuffs – red.

They lay there exhausted - it was about three in the morning - he put his arm out and she laid her head on it both staring up at the ceiling. She smiled and him and kissed him resting her head on his chest.

"You know you have some grey chest hairs coming through."

"Ah come on don't, you'll spoil it."

"Why, I like them, you must have assumed I'm into guys your age, the way I looked at [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I thought that would have been obvious."

"I'm not that fucking old!!!" – they both laughed.

"So, you like me then, this isn't a one off then?" – asked Callum.

She lifted her head and looked at him - it was a make-or-break conversation - he liked her and wanted to do this more often - and he hoped she did too. Most of the time he would make his excuses and leave but she was different, he wanted to get to know her more.

"Of-course I do."

She put her head back on his chest.

"You seem someone I'd like to get to know Callum – they said you would be interesting."

Callum hadn't heard that last part of the sentence as he was staring at her breasts, but Matt had. His dick had got hard again. She noticed this and jumped up and sat on his chest looking down at him. She gripped his cock and kept looking at him.

"You lucky boy." – shouted Matt using a snooker reference and then proceeding to sing 'Snooker Loopy' by Chaz and Dave as Callum fucked her in time to the music being generated by Matt in his head.

"What is that annoying red flashing in the corner of the room." – she asked.

He looked at to where she was pointing, he could see it as well.

"Must be a smoke alarm or something."

"Why would you have a smoke alarm in the corner of the room."

He saw it as well - it looked like it was a sensor for the alarm.

"Ah I know what it is, a motion detector for the alarm - look." - He waved his hand in front of it, which made it flash red when he did. There was a knock at the door which made them both bolt upright.

"It's the nonce squad Callum... LEG IT mate". - shouted Matt.

"Aren't you going to get it? - this is your flat isn't it?." - she looked concerned now.

"Of course, it is the companies' apartment. It's just late, it must be a neighbour, hang on, maybe put some clothes on."

She didn't need to be told that as she had started to get dressed as did he very quickly. Struggling to put on his jeans and t-shirt. He walked out in the hallway realising his t-shirt was on back to front, another knock at the door and this time louder and more urgent or angry - to control the situation he commanded 'Yes hang on - I'm coming' - loud enough for them to hear and whoever it was to stop the noise of banging on his door and waking up the neighbours.

Looking through the peephole he saw a dark silhouette as the hallway lights had gone off from the lack of motion.

"Who is it?." - he called out still looking through the peep hole and trying to adjust his eyes to the darkness in the hallway.

No answer

"Aren't you going to open it Callum." - said Louisa from where she stood now in the hallway tucking her top into her jeans.

He kept looking through the peephole, the shadow didn't appear to be too big, so he undid the chain and the lock and opened it up making himself look tall.

The light from the apartment illuminated the hallway.

Callum stood there in shock.

Why the fucking hell was that fifteen-year-old boy from Soho standing in the hallway, and more importantly, how the hell did he know where his apartment was.