

Sun on the Rocks – All-Girl – The OOL Broderie.

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ABOUT '**Sun on the Rocks**':

It's a breezy, all-Women **Banana** fiction read for adults, specializing in the trivial pursuit. These pleasant stories with an undertone of humor, follow the adventures of several non competitive attractive women over twenty one years of age, as they seek to become a non-competitive synchronised swimming team, '**Sun on the Rocks**', led by the incombustible twenty five year old Stevenson Garden Products (SGP) Malibu teleoperator **Clarity Nice**, a woman of resourceful intuition, and acute observer of the laws of human mischief.

The OOL Broderie: Teleoperator Clarity Nice and Colorado heiress Montana Sterley investigate in the kingdom of Bahrain the involvement of two wealthy women who have decided to join the Church of Pleasure orchestrated by Cassandra Scafarel. Clarity's mission, on behalf of the Sensual Brigade of Central Intelligence, is to uncover the OOL acronym, and return the two good looking women to their studies at University of Arizona, as indicated by the Board of Directors of a powerful conglomerate, a Board with close economic and industrial ties with Bahrain, including a new, dual lighting and aeronautics project, that costs substantial amounts of money.

**IMPORTANT FRESH ITEMS, BACKSTORIES AND CHARACTERS
POSSIBLY NEEDED TO UNDERSTAND THE EPISODE**

**(it all depends how curious you are,
strictly speaking, it's not necessary)**

Buddha Talk: Corpulent, shady genius of circular money flows, scholar of sexual ecstasy, occasional Buddhist and worshipper of a lobster shrine for good Karma, Buddha Talk is banking agent and the heir apparent of *Lofty Bank*, a *Cayman Islands banking institution* with no particular regard for its clients and a lock on ownership held by a Great Dane in great shape, *Lord Moorehead III*, British by upbringing and inheritance granted by Lord Moorehead II, a man, old, very old, and dead now, at age ninety seven, previous British owner of Lofty Bank who gave all of its wealth and bank ownership rights to its dog. Lord Moorehead acts as front 'man' for Buddha Talk, and is also the official recipient of all bank notices by the monetary authority, a convenient fact for Buddha Talk, and one bark that doesn't cease to surprise the monetary authority who casts a recurring shadow of doubt upon the legalities of having a dog act as front 'man' and official owner of a Bank doing business in the British Overseas Territory located in the Western Caribbean Sea, a pleasant area to live when the money and work issues are solved.

Clarity and Flower, after gaining entry as investors to the bank with the help of Clark, the owner of a diamond shop in Grand Cayman, find themselves owing nearly one hundred thousand dollars to the Lofty Bank outfit for no reason, a debt they can pay by working for the bank for fifty years, as part of the bank's flagship product, *the Crashworthy Deposit*, part bank deposit paying twenty percent, part investment, part insurance policy, and part working arrangement.

Lofty has ties with the underworld, and the monetary authority of the Cayman Islands stubbornly refuses to grant it a renewal of its license, something that doesn't stop the bank from operating in the most illegal manner, advertising its products to potential investors on an air banner carried by a Gippland 200 crop duster flying low on Caribbean and tropical beaches such as those of Cayman, British Virgin Islands, Bahamas and Acapulco.

Boustrophedon: Large, ancient grey stone inscription filled with Greek letter symbols. In a boustrophedon, letters are inversed, you have to read the inscriptions on the stone from left to right and from right to left alternatively with each line of bi-directional text. Penelope Avalon and Cassandra Scafarel believe that the Boustrophedon holds important information on ancient methods of pleasure, including comments and thoughts on the gate of pleasure, Voluptas de Naturas. The current location of the Boustrophedon that Clarity and her friend Lanai saw at Scafarel's **Hexas Style Resort** in the Bahamas, is unknown to Clarity, known to:

Cassandra Scafarel: Shrewd businesswoman in her forties without a moral code or compass, executive head of beauty lotion outfit 'Elony', sold through illegal flight infomercials with the assistance of Lofty Bank. The infomercial is an excuse to sell customers, mostly affluent women, Elony's personal growth services, which include how to bring heaven a little closer to home, after doing away with money, in particular fifty thousand dollars that must be paid for a bottle of Elony, to reach the Leisure and Pleasure Resort of Scafarel, the **Hexas Style Resort** in the Bahamas island of Eleuthera.

Hexas Style was partly dismantled in **The Bahamas Lotion**, by Al Donway and the **Sensual Brigade of Central Intelligence**, a group of attractive women ensuring Law and Order are respected, along with their

bodies. The Brigade's most representative member is agent **Money Fact**, the woman who introduced Clarity to the nine hour oil-optional massage, proof that work is not a necessary part of life. Money Fact excels at action, mentoring and faulty logic. After a decidedly last minute and decisive intervention from Sensual Intelligence at Hexas Style, Scafarel manages to flee from the Bahamas resort on her private yacht, with the Boustrophedon, but without some secrets regarding pleasure, including the:

Imperial Pelican Fabergé Egg: Intricate egg, or jewel, depending on how hungry you are, eight inches high, made of varicolored gold, opalescent blue enamel and watercolor on ivory. It is known as the *Xenia Imperial Pelican Fabergé egg*, and belongs to the *Private Collection of Maria Feodorovna, Empress Consort of Russia in 1898*. The egg, commissioned by Maria Feodorovna to provide, handle and store, all of her private items of pleasure, went through the hands of Occidental Petroleum tycoon Armand Hammer, an art collector with close ties to the Soviet Union, and has now fallen into the hands of Cassandra Scafarel, a woman who stops at nothing to understand how pleasure works, in particular how the pleasure of a woman works, including her own. The Pelican Fabergé egg, eight inches high, is hollow, and unfolds into eight miniatures, holding what's known in Fabergé egg language, as the surprise inside, a time-tested item of pleasure for the woman, the Jade Egg, a small two inch in diameter jade egg that must be boiled before each intimate, feminine use. Owned by Cassandra Scafarel, requisitioned by the Sensual Brigade of Central Intelligence for examination.

Penelope Avalon: Sex Goddess and Go-Go girl from Las Vegas, dressed in a pink suit, user of the learjet 'Pink Go-Go' appropriately painted in pink. Penelope has had enough of living the plastic pleasure style of Las Vegas

showgirls, and finds in the outfit of Cassandra Scafarel, the Bahamas Hexas Style Resort, a way out of Hotel California. Penelope likes attractive women unclothed, and would like to do Clarity, because she's nice.

The Symbolic Decryptor: Thai alphabet gadget similar to a smartphone or Blackberry, which can be used as cell phone, useful for understanding all types of characters and symbols, made in VLE mode (Very Limited Edition, less than ten made worldwide) by the mysterious Oriental company known as **Pentatone Scale Learning Systems.**

The item, the gadget, looks like a Blackberry with keyboard, with 36 Thai character keys, doubled with the shift key, for a total of 72, instead of the 26 of the Western alphabet, and its keys are made of hard, white color plastic, similar to the color casing of the Kindle 2, cast against a grey background and a backlit screen. The decryptor can also be used as indicator of calligraphy, as mantra tone guide and geo-locator, using the Global Positioning System to calculate the coordinates of any location worldwide.

Penelope Avalon received one of these decryptors from Lady Scafarel, after completing work on heaven, according to Scafarel's personal growth system, and Clarity would like to keep the item as souvenir, although Money Fact disagrees and is holding custody of the device for strategic and Intelligence reasons. Sure, she likes the nifty item, that's all, and she likes to subtly let Clarity know that she's the boss of Sensual Intelligence.

Book of Decadence: Book written on the topic by the unknown hedonist, a small print manifesto of deep thought with illustrations of ancient goddesses with lion bodies in bronze, and a mosaic of Byzantine nuns, used by Penelope Avalon and the Hexas Style Hedonist Resort in the Bahamas, on how to let go of the encumbrance of work, and dedicate your time, well spent, according to the

book, to leisure, pleasure, et. al. Book clearly advises on the pitfalls of decadence and purportedly how to avoid them.

Now, in the following paragraphs below, a short description of the feminine adult icons of pleasure, leisure and 'less work means a better world', a fiction biopic text substitute of the feminine lead characters of Sun on the Rocks, the non-competitive swimming team who works at **the City of Wellington**, a Post-Panamax ocean liner normally docking in Los Angeles, California, which engages in cruises to Acapulco, the Mexican coast line, the Caribbean, and anywhere where the weather is nice, really. Sun on the Rocks includes six good looking women:

Clarity Nice: Teleoperator from Malibu, California, twenty five years of age, quarter century wise. A woman of resourceful intuition and acute observer of the Laws of Human Mischief. Clarity means well and unclothes well in general and with other women. She simply likes lovemaking, sharing nudity with adults, and the idea of sexual ecstasy, after having experienced it first hand at Cassandra Scafarel's adult resort Hexas Style. Because she does everything casually, she ignores how holy she and the virtues she embodies are, but she knows that she is good, very good, in fact, the fact that she is honest is the reason why she usually doesn't have much money.

Lanai Thomson: Twenty four year old Librarian from Malibu, Clarity's best friend, somewhat goofy and absent-minded, usually cautious in all of her endeavors, including doing men. We would all like to know exactly what she does when she has sex with Clarity or simply unclothes with her for a 'naked pajama night'.

Flower Parkwood: Twenty three year old Bohemian Ethnographer found on the beach in Acapulco after the Acapulco affair took place. Flower has brown

hair, is fresh, likes to wear platforms, and is genuinely interested in learning about cultures and the history of those cultures, as long as comfort, leisure and money are nearby. Buddha Talk has attempted to seduce her in **the Cayman Islands Air Banner**, so far, without success, although they both share a liking for the 'Spirit of Ecstasy', the winged lady traditionally found at the top of Rolls Royce radiators. Flower ignores everything about sexual ecstasy, but she likes the idea.

Taimi Kendrick: Lifeguard by profession from Malibu, twenty two years of age, she´s one of the original four members of Sun on the Rocks, with Lanai, Cynthia, and Clarity.

Jenna Likeway: Twenty three year old surfer and diver fond of the Acapulco diving spot, La Quebrada, found on the City of Wellington, before the search for **the Acapulco Cocktail** took place. Simple, genuine, and introvert, she often does more than she says.

Cynthia Stevenson: Twenty two year old cheerleader from Pepperdine University, good friend of Clarity, gave Clarity her TAG-Heuer Aquaracer watch for her birthday. Cynthia is the well-to-do daughter of the owner of the Stevenson Garden Products company, established in Malibu, the first nudist corporate outfit worldwide, to our knowledge, a fact well deserved and established when Clarity and her friends took on **The Malibu Case** and its clothing implications. She likes to remain unclothed for long periods of time.

SUN ON THE ROCKS – EPISODE SIX

THE OOL BRODERIE

Chapter One

Manama, Kingdom of Bahrain, Middle East,

Further than the Near East, but closer than the Far East

Clarity Nice, wearing construction overalls, tapped on her Bahrain Construction Ministry Inspector plastic helmet, the hard hat, to secure it in place, as the narrow six feet window cleaning platform, also known as a swing stage, lifted to the thirty fifth floor of the spiraling fifty floor glass Cooperation Investment House Building overlooking Bahrain Bay, a building sponsored by the O&O conglomerate. Beside her, Colorado oil heiress Montana Sterley, twenty one years of age, in no particular rush to complete her college degree, banged her own hard hat against the railing of the swing stage, in an attempt to catch a piece of paper slipping away from the same hand that was holding a squeegee.

"Do you have the commercial property manager contract?" asked Clarity.

"Check."

"You lost your hard hat," said Clarity. Montana looked down as her hat landed on the entrance garden of the office building housing some of the most important businesses in the prosperous land of Bahrain, an offshore money haven losing ground to Dubai, but still scoring a respectable seventy eight percent in banking secrecy, placing tenth out of seventy one countries in the latest financial secrecy index. Alven Donway, the head of the Central

Intelligence Sensual Brigade picked up the hard hat, raising his index finger at Montana in warning.

"Yeah, I hope there's nothing on the way up, still have my harness though."

"Abrasion resistance, rigging and anchoring system?"

"Not sure, I wasn't in charge of that, I was ensuring the overhang weight allowance of the platform would carry both of us and that the counterweights were in place in case of a power outage. I think Donway's idea of us replacing real agents is not so good, this platform moves with the wind."

"We're cheaper than real agents, Cassandra Scafarel should be on the thirty fifth floor. We need to know the name of Scafarel's Church, and the meaning of Rosebud in the Church's main book, Decadence. Donway needs both to indict Scafarel in the Bahamas and extradite her from Bahrain, apparently she's protected by high ranking individuals here. Why did you decide to join me, you didn't have to, you know," said Clarity.

"My father says it's important to know the competition, and I want Maxini," said Montana, referring to Scafarel's right hand, a woman who had disappeared in Manama airport after fleeing from the emirate of Abu Dhabi, where Scafarel's adult film company *Telval Studios* distributed some never before seen highly refined adult material in luxury hotels.

"Still thinking about your personal feud?"

"She wants my reputation by showing me naked on the web, just like Paris Hilton. Just defending my turf, she'll be on the web naked before I am, if I ever am."

"Dish detergent?"

"Windex, it's in the squimjim."

"The squeegee, we find Scafarel, we'll find Maxini, she's her assistant."

"No, she's more than that," said Montana. She noticed a face from a window across her, staring into her navel. "There's a businessman looking at us from inside the building."

"Soak the squeegee in the bucket, I'll wave at him, we're at floor twenty eight, getting there. Who's O&O?"

"Owens & Owell, it's a competitor of the S Group, my father dislikes the fact that they make better two-level commercial planes than we do. They also make sophisticated design lampposts for the highway, but we're not sure if they're better than ours."

A man carrying inside another cleaning platform a giant O letter from the Owens giant sign atop the building, lowered to their level at slow speed. He spoke to them in Arabic, which neither Clarity or Montana understood. Clarity raised their platform to the thirty fifth level, and the other platform followed them insistently. The man pointed at the squeegee, made by Ettore, the Oakland company employing eighty people, who turned out one hundred fifty thousand squeegees a month. The secret, they said, was in the rubber, which came from Fresno, in the Central Valley.

"Why?" he said.

"Why are we cleaning?"

"No, why not Bahrain squeegee."

"This squeegee leaves a very clean window," said Clarity. The man was annoyed, but accepted the answer reluctantly.

"The other O first," he said, looking above him. Montana whispered to Clarity.

"Told you we should have started by cleaning the O letter from the Owens sign." Clarity held his stare.

"Ten minutes, we'll be there, first the windows, then the O," she said. She reached for the neighboring platform's 'descend' button, and the man's swing stage started moving down. The man held on to his hard hat and to the O letter from the Owens sign to avoid falling, visibly angry, swearing at both ladies.

Clarity peeked inside the tip of the thirty fifth floor window on her left. According to Donway, it was the office of Cassandra Scafarel, accredited investor of Bahrain, holding one million dollars or more in supranational assets, the scoundrel business woman charged by several jurisdictions including the U.S., the Bahamas, British Virgin Islands, and the Food and Drug Administration, with beauty lotion fraud, multiple feminine consensual abduction in the context of a Church for the affluent woman, and distribution of high quality adult content in upscale hotels and a stock exchange.

The office was spacious, decorated with luxurious marble and glass tables, and swiveling chairs. A middle aged woman wearing an elegant turtleneck and pants was showing her back to Clarity. In front of her, two attractive women, one blond, one dirty blond, wearing the distinct Owens & Owell hostess cap, were seating across from the woman. Clarity took a small cellphone screen from her pocket and turned on the mirror feature. She pointed the cellphone mirror towards the rising sun until a beam caught the device and immediately reflected on a piece of furniture towards the face of the woman. The woman, bothered by the light, moved her chair, but the beam had sent her image. Clarity matched the picture with a photograph taken by Money Fact. Both matched, it was the same woman, Cassandra Scafarel.

"Microphone, please," said Clarity, extending her hand. Montana reached for a device inside a shirt pocket.

"This is from the S Group, my father said we should use this one instead of the one Donway gave us. It'll alert the security group of Scafarel's plans."

"Let's hope it doesn't alert Scafarel of us." Clarity placed the microphone on the window, donning one earphone, giving the other to Montana. Scafarel was pointing to a beautiful white rose on her desk, dipped in a large glass filled with water, labelled as the Skyline of Kuala Lumpur, the city where Maxini had met Scafarel. Scafarel's voice was grave, commanding, and sexy, expressing firmness in all of her statements.

"You're no longer employees of Owens & Owell, do you realize that?" The blond woman spoke an answer to the suave woman.

"Yes, we'd like to get married according to the rites of the Church of the Holy Flower. Permanently."

"That can be arranged," said Scafarel, "the Holy Flower is in front of you, and it will be in front of you when you shoot your first adult film for Telval, after you're both married." The blond woman, in her early twenties, held the hand of the other woman, also in her twenties, who smiled coyly.

"We know the flower is expensive, do you have a copy of Decadence for us where we can see an illustration of it?" Scafarel pulled a book from one of the drawers of her desk. She slid it across the glass table and the dirty blond woman caught it.

"Yes, there it is, you must find the reference to Rosebud, in order to progress with your spiritual development, which includes delight of the senses and a body chart. My butler James and our attorney will be in charge of your biometric passport and of showing you the document where you can give me power of attorney. That needs to happen before the wedding."

"We´re ready to give up money," said the blond girl, as her bride-to-be leafed through the pages of the book that Clarity had briefly read in the Bahamas, before entering Scafarel´ s dismantled resort, known as Hexas Style.

"What about our wedding dress?" Scafarel got up, and Clarity observed her perfect figure, even despite the ample pants and the middle age, Clarity could guess the firm, round curvature of her bum. Scafarel´ s hair was shoulder length, brown, her features crisp, there was an elegance that Clarity had seldom seen in her gait, the self assurance of someone used to being in control.

"One of you will be naked, the other will wear a bridal lingerie piece made from an embroidery, an English broderie nightwear based on a Kleinfeld Bridal design called Bateau Sheath. The broderie dress will be made by our wedding specialists."

"I love the idea," said the blonde bride.

Avene Maxini came inside the door. The twenty five year old assistant of Scafarel was wearing an executive skirt and pale blue shirt, revealing a silver butterfly attached to one of the shirt buttons near her navel.

"The helicopter will be here in ten, we´re ready for their night out." Scafarel dipped a finger in the glass and ran it slowly across the cheek and lips of the woman holding the copy of Decadence.

"Celebrate dears, it´ s your last night before getting married, bridal showers happen only once in your life. Then, after the wedding, I´ ll teach you more things about your body and the sacred truth of sex and orgasm."

"Multiple orgasm?" asked the blond woman.

"Yes," said Scafarel.

Chapter Two

Clarity lifted the window cleaning platform several floors until they reached the top floor. Three women were waiting at the top of the building, which served as heliport. Clarity heard the sound of a helicopter, which landed shortly after on the helipad. One of the woman prompted Clarity for papers.

"Commercial property manager contract, please." Clarity handed the papers provided by Donway to the building's head of security, a tall woman wearing sunglasses, while she noticed Maxini and the two ex-employees from Owens & Owell stepping on the helipad area, moving towards the helicopter.

"You're new, aren't you, you coming from Dubai?"

"No, from Abu Dhabi, we've worked at the Marriott there cleaning windows before." said Clarity.

"This licence is from last year, it's not valid now."

"The papers are official, we work for the kingdom's Construction Ministry." The woman in charge, in her mid thirties, brushed her hair back and lifted her sunglasses, revealing beautiful hazel eyes.

"The building's finished, we signed the cleaning contract with another company, not with the Construction Ministry. I bet you caused the problem with the light switch of the signs, and you're nosing on the Church of the Holy Flower, aren't you?"

"Not at all, we were about to clean the O from the Owens sign, at this rate, we'll never finish," said Montana. One woman unzipped the overalls of Montana and placed her face against the letter O from the Owell sign, while the remaining guard did the same with Clarity, placing her against the letter W from

the Owell company sign. Montana dropped her squeegee and grabbed the letter O with both hands to avoid falling head first on the ground.

"You can't clean the letters with a squimjim," said the head of security.

"I told you squimjim was correct," said Montana, looking at Clarity.

Maxini called the head of security and the other two women to the helicopter. The two brides-to-be had requested security to be part of their bridal shower. The head of security pointed to the giant O&O signs, looking at Clarity, who was ensuring only the back of her head could be seen by Maxini.

"Light up these letter signs or you'll get fired, then leave the building, we have to go."

"You can go anytime," said Clarity. She faked fainting and fell on the arms of the woman in charge. Holding on to her jacket, she grabbed a small skeleton key swiftly from the jacket's pocket, corresponding to Scafarel's backoffice area, the area of Telval Studios where Abu Dhabi Chic had been shot. Money Fact's undercover inquiries inside the Church of the Holy Flower were correct.

"Sorry, I don't know what happened to me, just fainted," said Clarity.

"Too much time cleaning windows," said the woman. Clarity stood up and zipped her overalls. Shortly after, the helicopter left, leaving them at the top of the terrace.

"Do you know how the lights for these giant letters work?" asked Montana, "if we don't light these, they'll come after us, and we won't be able to work here anymore."

"We're undercover, Montana."

"Every job counts with my father, I want to prove to him that I am as practical as he is. Still, we have to turn on these lights."

"I know, not sure if this'll work, let's see."

Clarity walked behind the Owell giant sign and noticed a red switch. Beside it, there was a small yellow cable. Using scissors from a swiss army knife carried in her overalls, she cut the yellow cable and pressed on the red switch. The lights of the 'Owens & Owell' sign lit up, emitting bright, pale blueish neon light, lest the O of Owens, which was due for cleaning.

"We´re set," said Clarity, "now, we eat some dinner and wait till night sets in, that´s when Scafarel leaves her office."

"How did you do that, the lights I mean?"

"Not sure, Donway sent a team yesterday, he told me to cut the yellow cable, some kind of resistor preventing electricity flow. Give me the roast beef sandwich, we have a hour, let´s admire the view here, wish we could go swimming in the sea." At nine thirty PM, it was pitch dark. They opened the door leading to the building and took the elevator down to the thirty fifth floor, the floor of Telval Adult Production Studios.

Clarity opened the office door of Scafarel and moved directly to the drawers of her desk. Fortunately, one of them was open. Inside, there was a copy of Decadence, with a smaller leaflet inside describing the meaning of Rosebud. She beamed the flashlight on the text. Rosebud was a reference to a real flower, the flower on the vase that Scafarel always kept near her.

'And so the rose of levity will lift the spirit of the one watching it for more than thirty seven minutes in a row, and will reveal the thirty six false views, among them greed, disbelief in cause and effect and clinging to views, which prevent us from attaining the noble eightfold path of proper conduct, speech and livelihood, proper diligence, mindfulness and concentration, proper views and proper intent, right compass of the Church of the Holy Flower, a Church made for the affluent woman.'

The flower in the vase, known as the rose of levity, was unique. It was an icon in botanical circles, one of the most expensive flowers in the world, a gold of kina balu rose, a variation on a Mrs. Herbert Stevens Rose. Clarity extended her hand against Montana's hip.

"Pen drive." Montana searched in her overall pockets.

"Here it is."

"This should get us into Scafarel's computer, according to Donway. The pen drive has a code from Hexas Style in the Bahamas that Scafarel used to transfer money from the Bahamas to Telval, here in Bahrain." Clarity inserted the pen drive and the laptop turned on.

"What are you looking for?" asked Montana.

"I want to know who these two girls are, the new members of the Holy Flower."

Clarity opened the file, revealing the naked front photographs of the two women, showing their faces and breasts. The blonde woman was Shalia Owell, twenty three year old daughter of Charles Owell III, grandson of the founder of the Owell industrial lighting company. The dirty blonde woman was Jenny Owens, twenty two year old daughter of Brooke Owens, chairman of the board of the Owens & Owell conglomerate, a merger which had taken place years earlier, after a daughter of Charles Owell II married a son of Winston Owens, father of Brooke Owens, the current chairman of O&O.

"These are the two women who wanted me to go with them to the Bahamas, with Maxini," said Montana.

"Wow, these two women are a lot like you," said Clarity.

"What do you mean like me?" asked Montana.

"Rich, very rich, these are jet-setters."

"I´m not rich, my father´s rich. I look and feel rich, though, that may be the case at times. I certainly want to be a jet-setter, but my father says it´s not good for me, he always points out the example of Paris Hilton, although it makes me wannabe a Paris Hilton wannabee." Montana leafed through Decadence and found a shriveled piece of paper acting as bookmark to the index.

"Look, there´s an affidavit here from Jenny Owens and Shalia Owell."
Clarity beamed the flashlight at the paper.

'In the event of marriage or wedding between us two, between Jenny and I, as per the rite of any type of wedding rite, including any naked variations thereof, as long as our wedding rings are not from Kmart, we hereby authorize the Church of the Holy Flower and its sole representative, Lady Scafarel, the beloved, intimate, and feminine guide of our Rosebuds, to replace us in our roles and positions as members of the Board of Owens & Owell, worldwide, after completion of the Musharaka joint venture agreement between Lady Scafarel and O&O to establish and provide lighting to Highway five of the Kingdom of Bahrain and to the Flyjet project, all of this in exchange for food and lodge provided by the Church. Signed: Jenny Owens and Shalia Owell, members of the Board of Directors of Owens & Owell Incorporated, a Delaware Corporation operating worldwide under any weather condition, under the trademarks Owens&Owell, O&O or double O, as in the letter O, not as in number zero.'

Chapter Three

"Scafarel is a middlewoman between the kingdom of Bahrain and Owens & Owell," said Clarity, "that's how she got in touch with the O&O daughters."

"Check their agenda," said Montana, "the Heidi Klum emoticon kissing Paris Hilton's calendar. I want to know where these girls are now." Clarity clicked on the calendar, looking for the after hours schedule of the O&O attractive board members.

"They're at the Cocoon Lounge in Juffair, a lovely grooving bar with funky music from the island's best D.J's, and a VIP Champagne room to entertain the guests."

"Let's go there." She pressed her hand on Clarity's hand to keep the photographs of the two women onscreen.

"What do you think of the one on the right, the blond one, Shalia Owell?"

They were both pretty, thought Clarity, both displaying refined features, both products of a good upbringing. She looked at their resume, they had both gone to prep school in Switzerland, and were currently attending University of Arizona as business and economics majors.

"I like the breasts of both," said Clarity.

"Yeah, mine are slightly more apple-shaped, but they're nice, I love their hoop earrings, click on them, please." Clarity pressed on the screen earring, a white gold duragold hoop earring with fifty eight positive reviews on 'Très Sugar', at over one hundred dollars, well beyond her wallet's reach. Clarity turned off the computer and closed Scafarel's office. They dumped their overalls and left the building using the passes Donway had provided. Clarity was

surprised that Donway wasn't at the front door of the building, as they had agreed, and called him.

"We got arrested around eight thirty three PM," said Donway, "both me and Money Fact, for trespassing and not having a visa or a working permit. Your friends are at the Duty free shop at the airport, I'm going to try and tell the authorities here that I work at the City of Wellington, that ocean liner you mentioned. Money Fact's speaking Arabic to the police officer, but apparently, he's not very satisfied with the answers."

Clarity smiled, and then stopped smiling. Donway arrested in Bahrain meant they were on their own and that Central Intelligence was sort of abandoning them. Doing what Donway had suggested, they took a cab to the Cocoon Lounge, where the bouncer gave them a hard time, blocking the entrance.

"You can't get in, I said," he said.

"We're not VIP, but we're not that ugly," said Clarity smiling innocently. After a few seconds, the bouncer ended up smiling, after Montana tickled his navel and showed a sheepish smile.

"Come in, women get in for free, are you new here?"

"My friend is, I live in the Emirates a few months each year," said Montana.

"Where's the VIP Champagne room?"

"Can't miss it, beyond the bar, up the stairs, it says VIP Champagne room, it's sponsored by the Ko Phi Nga Thai Champagne tonight. You won't get in there, private party going on."

"Thanks," said Clarity.

Clarity followed Shalia Owell to the luxurious bathroom decorated with arabesque geometric patterns reminiscent of those found in the Alhambra, in Granada, Spain. Montana entered as well, guarding the door.

"Shalia Owell?" The blond girl looked awkwardly at Clarity.

"Yes, who are you?"

"We want to help you so that you don't get married," said Montana.

"My father sent you, right?"

"No, but my father would like to meet your father, I'm sure," said Montana.

"We're sent by Central Intelligence, unofficially but genuinely. Let's speak about this like adults," said Clarity. She was surprised by her self-assurance, but nine hours of massage by Money Fact around hip level would do that.

Clarity placed her hand on the shoulder of Shalia Owell, explaining that Cassandra Scafarel had engaged in various illegal activities, including the sale of fraudulent beauty lotion with artificial ingredients, Elony, and that she was also responsible for abducting several women to the Middle East, and for misleading many through an infomercial to a place difficult to leave once a guest there. The only reason, in fact, she said, Scafarel was not in jail, in general, was that she was protected by high ranking officials of the kingdom of Bahrain, people with a vested interest in seeing the Church of the Holy Flower grow. It was in their best interest to go with them, responsible adults working for the Sensual Brigade of Central Intelligence to Daddy Donway. Easy mission, thought Clarity, nearly finished before it started. Shalia Owell pulled her arm away.

"No, I'm not going with you, none of that is true, Cassandra is good to us, very good, she worked hard to be where she is."

"I bet she's good, but she works hard to rip others off, and she knows perfectly well what she's doing, she uses connections and misleads affluent women. Do you know anything about the Hexas Style resort in the Bahamas?"

"Yeah, loved it, that's where I made love with Jenny for nine hours," said Shalia. Montana turned around.

"Where is this place in the Bahamas?" asked Montana, "and what do you mean when you say Lady Scafarel is very good to you?" Montana had a slightly different idea of the word investigation and mission.

"If you keep calling her Lady Scafarel, you're going to get attached to her, guard the entrance, Maxini should not see us here or she'll take you to Hexas Style," said Clarity.

"Someone's coming," said Montana. Clarity turned to Shalia Owell.

"Don't say anything, Central Intelligence jail in Cuba is a scary place to be," said Clarity. She moved swiftly to one of the bathroom stalls, closing the door. Jenny Owens stepped inside the bathroom, knocking Montana against the wall. She was holding a bottle of Ko Phi Nga champagne.

"I know Scafarel's secret," she said, "it's preservation of youth, the rose of levity is the ineffable shade of time, it leads to this chart in the champagne bottle, Maxini gave it to me, she said now that we're members of the Church and that we paid fifty thousand dollars for it, we can have it. There's nothing like this in Decadence."

Jenny Owens displayed a poster size chart on the floor. From one of the stalls, Clarity could see the chart, it was an oriental chart showing energy points in various parts of the body, similar to chakra points, but more of them, running along the spinal chord on the back side, and also on the front side and head, arms and legs.

"How does this work, where is the Holy Flower?" asked Shalia Owell, her eyes filled with anticipation.

Chapter Four

"The holy flower is the navel area, the chi-chung point, leading to the sea of chi point, slightly lower, and to the ovarian palace." Jenny Owens lifted her head and noticed Montana, who was looking at the chart between their heads.

"Who is she?" asked Jenny Owens, turning to Shalia.

"Not sure, your father sent her, I think, when he heard the O&O Air Fashion double deck jet wasn't ready because of problems with the lighting gear."

"Did not," said Montana. Clarity opened the stall and told both O&O girls to keep hush. It was important to keep matters within the delicate, private area of the women's bathroom.

"Call security," said Jenny. A corpulent, six foot giant named Habib, wearing a grey suit and dark grey tie opened the bathroom door about twenty nine seconds later, explaining that Maxini had been arrested by unidentified intelligence officials.

"Get them, they're not part of the Church," said Shalia Owell.

"Come with me ladies, Church membership is open."

"Run to the VIP champagne area," said Clarity. Habib moved towards her, leaving an open space for Montana. Montana threw a glimpse to Clarity and disappeared through the bathroom door. Clarity grabbed the chart from Shalia Owell and threw it on Habib, before following Montana. They ran to the VIP champagne room, and found several information technology managers from London drinking heavily from a large bottle of Ko Phi Nga champagne.

"This champagne is different," said the first man, known as Forster.

"Sure is, brings in good company on its own," said the second, an executive, as Montana sat on his lap, while Clarity moved to Forster's booth. Habib came running towards them.

"We're with these gentlemen," said Clarity.

"They're with us," said the executive. Montana grabbed her arm, using the other to wrap it around the executive's neck.

"I don't want to do what Bar Refaeli did, kissing this guy on the lips, call Money Fact, Clarity." Clarity threw a quick glance to her right. Sitting in the neighboring booth, hidden from the VIP room's light, was Al Donway, in the company of a woman seating astride her, and of Money Fact, explaining to the woman, how to sit astride Donway for a better, pleasure enhancing experience.

"Do you mind, we've got a security problem here." Money Fact brought her face into their booth and approached Habib, who was eyeing Montana. The agent showed official Brigade accreditation.

"These women are off jurisdiction, where are the Owens & Owell girls?" asked Money Fact. Shalia Owell came walking slowly inside the VIP champagne room, followed by Jenny Owens who was checking her smartphone. Both were visibly angry, because her bridal shower was not going well.

"It's Scafarel, she said we should leave now, she's waiting for us, the broderie is ready, and she needs us to put in place the lighting gear for the King Fahd Causeway going to Saudi Arabia."

"Don't meddle in the affairs of the kingdom," said Shalia Owell, "or the kingdom of Bahrain will throw you out of here." Habib escorted both ladies to the entrance of the bar. Donway left the woman seating astride him, his wife Betty, at 'Le Meridien' hotel, inside a Chevrolet Caprice, and then ordered Money Fact to find the O&O daughters.

"Use the decryptor to find the broderie, we find the broderie, we find the daughters, and then we can go home."

Money Fact ran a scan to the Pentatone Learning Systems decryptor, and a location highlighted on the GPS Navigation screen of the sedan, south west of Manama, Bahrain's capital, in an area called Al-Malikiyah, south of the small town of Karzakkan.

"It's in the Bahrain International Investment Park," said Money Fact.

"Let's go, we'll look for Scafarel later."

"What's there, where are we going, what broderie?" asked Clarity.

"Your friends are there, and also what we're looking for, the OOL wedding broderie of either Jenny Owens or Shalia Owell. It is a fundamental part of the wedding rite that is going to take place, which cannot place." Clarity texted a short message to Lanai to check on the librarian's location. Last time she checked, they were spending some time at the duty free area. The answer was short but came back quickly.

"No more duty free 4 us, we're in a clothing lab, working."

"What's our mission, what I mean is why isn't Scafarel a priority now?"

Donway offered a tex-mex hamburger to Clarity, but she refused, she was in no mood for eating.

"We got briefed by Central headquarters, the one who oversees our superchief, all of this is classified, Owens & Owell is a national interest priority, that was confirmed by the president himself. Many high order economic reasons for that, here's the few which matter. It is imperative that the Owens & Owell daughters don't get married, that they return to their studies at University of Arizona, and that they abandon the Church of the Holy Flower as members. O&O has also ordered that Church of the Holy Flower be dismantled, and that

any documents signed by Jenny Owens and Shalia Owell be destroyed, so that the Board of Owens & Owell stays intact." Money Fact lifted her eyes through the car rear-view mirror.

"We´re reaching the surveillance area," she said.

"You´re getting dropped off as clothing expert officials working in China. One more thing, the OOL broderie should be recovered, our electronics division wants to take a look at it, and they want to know what the L stands for, obviously the two OO letters stand for Owens & Owell, but the L is a mystery, and OOL was the three letter code sent to Penelope Avalon´s decryptor we found in the Bahamas, which Scafarel sent as she was leaving the Hexas Style resort in the Bahamas."

Chapter Five

Clarity and Montana went through the gate of building four of the Bahrain Industrial Investment Park, passed large warehouses, until they reached the entrance of a modern glass-covered building. Two security guards looked at their passes and led them to a room full of attractive women labeled as the 'Air Fashion Flight Harem.'

"Did you mention we´re part of a harem?" said Montana.

"No," said Clarity.

"I think someone knows of our visit, not sure, at least I know I look good enough to be part of a harem."

They walked inside the room. The girls of 'Sun on the Rocks' were there, speaking loudly with other women about the future salary as stewardesses and their role inside the double deck five hundred plus passenger Air Fashion Jet being built in Bahrain by the Owens & Owell conglomerate, in a joint venture with the kingdom, about to be approved. Lanai and Cynthia were three feet from each other, talking to each other, each holding an interphone used in planes.

"What are you doing?" said Clarity.

"I´m performing an interphone system drill with Cynthia," said Lanai, "we´re getting ready to become sophisticated stewardesses for an upscale Middle Eastern fleet."

"She´s right across from you."

"Yes, it makes easier for the drill."

Clarity scratched her head. Last time she checked, all five girls were shopping leisurely at the Manama airport duty free shop. That was then. Then, Donway had refused the request of Flower to pay for abduction damages to the

Middle East, but Donway had accepted to pay for their food and lodge, while Clarity and Montana performed their mission for the Sensual Brigade.

Somehow, this had to be related to pleasure, specific pleasure.

"Lanai, are you wearing anything right now, I mean anything that makes you feel good?" Lanai pressed on the interphone pause button, letting Cynthia relax three feet across from her.

"Really good, you mean there?"

"Yes, there," answered Clarity, firmly.

"It´s just this small jade egg, feels so good you know, Lady Scafarel gave it to me after telling me how to interpret the difficult parts of Decadence regarding the role of the Turkish harem in the conquests of the Ottoman Empire. She said I could wear it for two or three hours a day, to see how it felt."

"First, it´s not your jade egg, I should be testing that right now," said Cynthia, "you´re simply taking advantage of your connections with Scafarel, she likes you because you understand Decadence better than us." Clarity looked at Taimi and Jenna and Flower, who were discussing how a harem could lobby a Sultan or King or Emir or Sheikh to engage in the clash of civilizations and to subverting the ambitions of the kingdom towards spending more money on products for feminine hygiene. Their motive was genuine, Clarity thought, she knew that it would be difficult to convince the girls to side with the Sensual Brigade of Central Intelligence, to defend the interests of Owens & Owell, in order to expose Scafarel´s beauty lotion scam. Scam it was, but to the girls of Sun on the Rocks, it was a vacation.

"We´ve called the City of Wellington, to let them know we won´t be working there anymore, we´d rather become stewardesses," said Flower.

"The City of Wellington is our job, it's our synchronized swimming choreographies, we like that. Have you signed any papers to become part of Scafarel's Church?" Clarity tapped on Flower's intricate dress, decorated with fake but pleasant to the eye rubies and green emeralds, slightly jealous of the beautiful flight attendant clothing gear that Scafarel had provided, including a hostess cap.

"No, we're going to be just stewardesses, I avoided that, even though Lanai wanted to sign the papers and become a naked assistant of Shalia Owell. Our Cayman Islands experience with the indenture served us well."

Clarity stepped forward towards an area that Montana was exploring, the backline of Jenna, who was wearing a white broderie lingerie piece made of embroidered cotton and intricate patterns and eyelets that barely hid the right parts of the woman, in order to arouse the imagination of the man or the woman looking at the woman wearing the item.

"This bridal lingerie set is for one of the brides," said Jenna.

Taking a closer look, Clarity noticed several green and red lights on the feminine clothing item, in the back, and along the side of the dress, which barely hid the breasts of Jenna. At the curve line of her lower back, three initials in red stood out for the one watching Jenna's back and firm bum, OOL.

"Light and love will allow me to feel the energy in my navel," said Jenna, reading a paragraph from Decadence, the book of insightful pleasure for the feminine woman,. the official Bible of Scafarel's Church.

"L stands for light, or for love," said Montana, inserting a finger between the narrow embroidered grooves of the wedding underwear dress, "she's wearing the Owens & Owell Love bridal gown."

"We like to call the dress a broderie," said Flower, "it's so intricate, you can nearly see through."

"You're tickling me," said Jenna, "can't wait to earn my first flight dollars, to get my own jade egg," she said. The lights of the clothing item lit up a bright red and green light, indicating that Jenna was aroused, according to the clothing gear manual near the box.

"This clothing gear is activated by the woman's temperature," said Montana, "pretty cool." Taimi interrupted their observation of Jenna's temperature reaction to Montana's slow caress of her navel with one hand, while she brushed her bum with the other.

"We have to go for an inspection," said Taimi, "the joint venture with the kingdom to install highway lights has been struck thanks to our dance in front of the king's investment representative. They're waiting for the money from O&O, from the first O actually, Owens always has more money than Owell, to fund the manufacture of our plane, the Air Fashion Jet from the Emirates airline. Scafarel said that they're missing a light lot that may be in with the highway lights lot, and we have to go there to inspect the area, because the lights on the highway are not working. Maxini's being interrogated by authorities apparently, she won't join us for the wedding."

"There won't be any wedding," said Clarity.

"There has to be a wedding, there's a lot of money involved in this wedding, and two women are getting married, it's nice."

"There's something fishy with all this money, Flower, I mean, don't you think all of this is coming too easily to all of you?" Flower thought for a few seconds, pondering the question carefully. The answer came to her in a sudden burst of assertion.

"No, we´re just in the right place at the right time, are you coming with us?" said the ethnographer.

"No, our interests are not aligned, right now," said Clarity, who was thinking about how good another night with Money Fact would feel, being taught new insights about specific areas of pleasure. Flower looked at Montana.

"I´m staying with Clarity, I´m investigating the competition of the S group, can´t be part of the competition, if I want to get rid of it," said Montana.

Habib entered the room looking for the girls, and Clarity and Montana hid behind the delivery box of the broderie. The two girls passed on the opportunity to ride inside Scafarel´s Church car, and instead used their special permits provided by Donway, to join the working crew of King Fahd Causeway, where new, lights were being installed to allow car traffic at night. Taimi took Jenna by the hand.

"Shalia Owell wants to see you in her wedding nightwear broderie," said Taimi, "let´s go Jenna."

Chapter Six

Clarity looked at the women left in the room. They were part of the Church of the Holy Flower Harem, known as the Nightline of Kuala Lumpur, fifty four ladies coming from thirty four countries, all displaying shapely bodies, smelling exceptionally well, of fragrances such as Ô de L´Orangerie, Trésor, or La Vie est Belle, by Lancôme, Noa, Amor, Amor, or Catch me, by Cacharel, or Lily of the Valley, Night Scented Jasmine, or Edwardian Bouquet by London´s Floris.

Clarity and Montana stepped out of the harem room and reached the back of the building, where a truck was picking up several road workers going to the Causeway highway kilometer seventy three, that was giving trouble to the rest of the highway lamp posts.

"We´re going with you," said Clarity. She looked at the driver, noticing the face was familiar.

"You look familiar, do you have relatives?" asked Clarity.

"A cousin named Habib, who works at the Cocoon Lounge."

"I know him well, we can get you in for free, if you let us go with you," said Montana.

"My cousin can get me in for free, but with ladies better," said the driver, "come in."

"We have to get that broderie," said Clarity, hopping on the lamp post cleaning and repair truck.

"You´ll have to abduct Jenna, then, she´s pretty set with the others," said Montana. "I have to say I like that Broderie, it´s nice for a wedding."

"There can´t be any wedding, Montana."

"Why don´t we rescue the broderie and the O&O girls after the wedding?"

It was ten o'clock in the evening when the truck reached the road work area, west of the capital. Most citizens of the kingdom were already safe asleep. Five workers were showing the 'men at work' sign, and one man, wearing official road work equipment from the kingdom, was carefully assembling a bundle of electricity cables, near a highway lamp post which included five lights instead of one. Clarity stepped out of the truck with Montana, and assured the driver and the crew that they were going to ensure that the steel lamp post met the ISO 'millenium one' 9001-2000 quality criteria. Clarity approached the man holding the cables.

"Do you know what to do, light is not working, this lamp post is problem."

"Yes, you need light, there should be some lights for the lamp post pole."

The man pointed his finger towards a large box, filled with several rectangular lights made by Liaoxing, all coming from Ningno, Shanghai, wrapped up in plastic bubble wrap.

"I know it needs light, but how do the cables work?"

"Another cable problem," said Montana.

"I have this device, but don't know how it works." He gave a small remote to Clarity, and she noticed it worked like an automatic home garage door remote, with a particular frequency. She looked for the instruction set of the lights in the box and found a five digit code for the frequency light active-ator.

Clarity found a box which looked like one of the boxes in the investment park. It had several small lights which seemed ready for another broderie, and instead had been delivered by mistake to the highway working group. Deftly, she told the worker to put green, red, and yellow lights in the lamp post, and the truck which had brought them, lifted a hoist to put the lamp post pole in place. A few minutes later, a limousine car drove by, and the lamp post turned to red,

after Clarity pressed on the remote. The limousine stopped and Scafarel got out of the car.

"It's going to slow down traffic I think," said Montana, watching the scene inside the truck.

"It slowed down our broderie, Jenna's inside the limo with the O&O girls and the rest of the girls." They moved inside the hoist truck, watching Scafarel and the Owens & Owell daughters step out of the Lincoln Continental dark grey limousine.

"What's the problem here?" The man working with the cable bundle extended his hand, dropping the bundle to the ground, causing the lamp post to flash red, yellow and green lights intermittently, and turning off the lights on the rest of the highway.

"No problem, miss, lamp post works."

"It's not a lamp post, it's a traffic light," said Scafarel, "it's going to slow down traffic, car jams, not good."

"Traffic light, for night," said the man. He smiled, knowing he had done his job well. Scafarel turned to Shalia Owell.

"The lights you ordered are not for highway lamp posts, they're for traffic lights." Scafarel looked at Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens tactfully but firmly.

"Well, I asked for a Christmas special price to the provider, he must have thought I meant Christmas lights," said Jenny Owens.

"We had to pay for the spiritual course offered by the Church of the Holy Flower in the Bahamas, we had to get a rebate," said Shalia Owell.

"I see, well, I hope the plane got the right lights and the electro-mechanical switches for the engine got there as planned. What about the money to build the

plane, the king's chief of staff advisor wants to know kingdom aeronautic employees will be paid."

"That's easy, I can order the transfer from my smartphone. I tweaked my paypal account to include bank details from our treasury front office in London." Shalia Owell typed a few codes in her phone, and one hundred million dollars were transferred to a bank account in Bahrain from London.

"Won't they miss the money at O&O?"

"That's Jenny's work," said Shalia Owell. Inside the truck, Montana was taking notes of how efficiently the two girls managed their company.

"We have a credit facility, I can draw one hundred million from it," said Jenny Owens.

"Yes, good idea, do that, for a year or so," said Scafarel. Clarity saw Jenny Owens type a few numbers on her own smartphone, and the credit facility transferred the same amount, one hundred million dollars to the O&O treasury front office in London.

Scafarel turned to the man holding the cable bundle. "Can we go through?" The man lowered his head, announcing potential problems with the optic fiber cables.

"Permission to my friends," said the man, carefully counting the various colors on the cable bundle. Scafarel approached the workers holding the 'men at work' sign, who gathered around Scafarel.

"We're off to the special manufacturing site in Saudi Arabia across the channel, can we go through?"

One of the employees lifted his head and watched the lamp post flash the various lights intermittently. When one of the lights flashed green, he made a

sign to the limousine and spoke in Arabic to Habib's cousin driving the road repair truck.

"Now, you can go through," he said, "with the truck in front." Scafarel and the O&O daughters returned to the limousine.

"Follow that car," said Clarity. The truck driver didn't move and stared blankly at the road ahead.

"Why?" he said, "my wife waiting for me."

"It's not displaying the ISO 9001-2025 bumper sticker. With these lamp posts, you need a special car," said Clarity. The driver looked at the lamp post and drove past it when the light flashed green.

"No need, we're going in front of the car, we need to turn on light for lamp posts, otherwise the car cannot see anything."

Chapter Seven

Clarity dozed off while they crossed the sixteen mile four lane road linking the main island of Bahrain with the border station in Saudi Arabia, which boasted a McDonalds, and a Kudu. After a short drive in Saudi Arabia, they reached King Fahd International Airport, and followed Scafarel to a hangar, home of the new Owens & Owell Air Fashion LOOVE Jet, the four letter acronym standing for Light Owens & Owell Vehicle. They stopped at one of the gates leading to a large airport hangar. A security guard stopped the lamp post hoist truck. Clarity searched her pockets for the passes that Donway had provided and extended them to the guard.

"We're fuel specialists sent by Owens & Owell for the Air Fashion LOOV jet," said Clarity.

"Fuel specialists?" Clarity gulped, hoping that Money Fact's training and briefing on the Air Fashion Jet was correct. The argument was tenuous and had required several days of study for Clarity to understand the logic of it.

"Yes, we're putting in place the bond indenture that will finance this project, one hundred million dollars of debt that will convert to equity, shares that is, under a murabaha issuance. As you know, the plane needs eighty three thousand gallons of kerosene fuel to fly, but the problem is securing a price for the fuel, preventing a loss for the project if there's a rise in the kerosene fuel price. So Owens & Owell hedges potential kerosene hikes by buying gasoline futures contracts, going long futures, so that if the kerosene price rises, the company will make money on the futures hedge position, hence securing a buying price for the kerosene today, regardless of where the price goes in the foreseeable future." The guard kept a blank stare at Clarity.

"Why are you here, today?"

"We need to verify the amount of fuel in the plane, to see how many gallons of gasoline we'll need to hedge one plane, filled up to capacity, for a twelve hour flight." The guard, wearing an official Owens & Owell badge looked at the driver of the truck.

"Bright kids, Cocoon Lounge," he said.

"I want to go to Cocoon Lounge," said the guard. "Ok, you can stay, go with the rest of the crew over there, below the left wing inside the hangar."

The truck drove towards the hangar, half open. At over seven stories tall, two hundred twenty one feet long, and holding five hundred fifty one passengers, the two level Air Fashion Emirates Owens & Owell jet was the largest commercial plane ever built, a magnificent project endeavoured by the kingdom of Bahrain, whose initial contract for one plane to Owens & Owell Manufacturing Division was conditional on the contractual fact that the plane actually flew.

Clarity and Montana stepped out of the truck and walked towards the wing of the plane, where a crew was working. Clarity threw a glance at the back of the plane, where Scafarel's car had parked. She threw a brief glance, and noticed Jenna wearing the wedding broderie of the O&O daughters, going up the plane's ramp.

"I sort of got the futures argument, but can't figure out why it's a long position that works in this case."

"A long position makes money if prices rise, which is what we don't want."

"If we don't want that, why are we hedging?"

"Precisely, because we don't want that."

"Ok, you´ll explain that to me later. What now?" Clarity pulled Montana aside, and they reached a stair in the front of the plane, whose assembly was reaching completion.

"We get inside the plane, obviously. Donway wants to know what the Church of the Holy Flower does, and I think the plane is where the wedding takes place."

They walked up the stairs to the flight cabin, on the second floor. Clarity led Montana inside the cabin, while she walked upstairs to the fashion lounge, the official Church of the Holy Flower altar. Her friends were getting naked, as the holy flower, the rose of levity, was meant to be seen naked. Clarity noticed the OOL broderie on a chair. She picked up the underwear garment and left the second floor lounge, peaking to see Jenna and Flower naked. She´d seen Lanai naked, but she´d never seen Jenna and Flower naked. Both were shaved, as she imagined. Scafarel was taking off the clothes of Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens, and was getting naked herself. Beside Scafarel, a glass vase holding the white rose Clarity had seen in Manama, was placed on a round table.

"May the rose of levity attune the sacred waters of those women present here, and may the murabaha come to fruition." Scafarel placed all women in a circle holding hands and pressed a remote control which closed all doors leading to the plane. Clarity overheard Scafarel speaking to Shalia Owell.

"Has the money arrived at the bank in Bahrain, the one hundred million dollars?"

"Should have, it´s a digital wire transfer." Jenny Owens walked naked towards Scafarel.

"Can we wear the Broderie and get married, Cassandra?"

"No, join the other women over there, will you, I want you all nice and naked for three days."

Three days naked, holy flower, thought Clarity. Turned on by her friends, she walked to the flight cabin, where Montana was waiting. Curious, Clarity put on the white broderie, which fit her tightly, cozily bringing warmth like a microkini. Aroused by the soft touch of the fabric on the intimate parts of her body, she saw several lights of the clothing gear light up, a yellow and a green light. Her arousal lit up all the lights of the broderie, which suddenly looked like a lit up Christmas tree.

"I'd like to check your temperature now, the broderie says it's the right time," said Montana coyly.

Clarity looked closer at a small set of red lights at navel height on the lingerie item, where the chi-chung point leading to the sea of chi point was. Just as Money Fact had indicated, slightly above the navel, there was a rough patch, a tokyo flash barcode watch replacing one of the clothing item's set of lights. The watch's minute red light emitting diodes, flashing on and off, indicated the time of the wedding, which was to take place in three days, seven hours, and fifty three minutes.

She pressed on a button and changed the chronometer counting down time, by three days and seven hours. Immediately, Clarity felt the plane move. One of the electrical light switches in the plane, made by the same company which made the broderie's lights, and the lamp post lights, was connected to the watch, which had activated the autopilot wirelessly, starting the engines. The autopilot now thought it was the day of the wedding, which matched the maiden flight of the plane, a flight that was meant to last fifty three minutes.

She pressed on the second floor microphone and heard moans, distinguishing the moans of Lanai and Flower, from the sound of Cynthia begging Shalia Owell to keep touching her rosebud, from the orgasmic moan of Jenna, from the heavy breathing of Cassandra Scafarel and the O&O daughters. The holy flower was the woman's organ of pleasure, she could guess. Apparently, Church membership combined with sexual ecstasy could prevent someone's attention from feeling transported inside a plane. Montana rubbed the breastline of the broderie, until her nipples stood to attention.

"The plane's moving but the hedge is not in place, oh, oh."

"Never mind the hedge, I just hope the plane flies," said Clarity, "I set the wedding time ahead by three days and seven hours, the broderie's set for fifty three minutes from now."

"Oh, good, there will be a wedding then."

"No, it's meant to change the schedule, so that there's no wedding when people show up in three days and seven hours and fifty three minutes. Instead, no one will be here in fifty three minutes."

"It'll be a wedding without people, then, in fifty three minutes, plus we can get married as well in the mean time."

"No, if no one can act as priest, or priestess, and there are no witnesses or papers to sign by the O&O daughters, there won't be any wedding, and the O&O Board of Directors will remain as is."

The hangar door was opening. Clarity locked the flight cabin door and saw the electronic flight plan flash onscreen. They were headed for Manama, in Bahrain, seven days ahead of a wedding created by the soft touch of a holy flower, a white rose, on the rosebuds of two women whose ovarian palace was

managed by Cassandra Scafarel, a woman who avoided decadence by reading deeper meanings of ecstasy into it.

Chapter Eight

Clarity and Montana listened to bossa nova as the plane took off from Saudi Arabia's King Fahd airport, heading for the capital of Bahrain. After reaching cruising altitude, they heard a knock on the flight cabin door.

"Open up please," said Scafarel. Clarity's heartbeat accelerated. It was her chance to meet a truly spiritual woman and priestess, after having received some training by Money Fact. Money Fact had told her to bring back the rose of levity and the techniques of mystical and sexual ecstasy and those of spiritual perfection that Scafarel used on the women she convinced to be part of her Church. For that, she had to face Scafarel. She pressed a few buttons to keep the autopilot on course to Manama, and locked the flight program with a five digit combination.

"We'll open only if we can take part in fourth heaven ceremonies of the Holy Flower, and if you show us the rose of levity," said Clarity, "naked," she added. She was ensuring an equal footing with the other eager-to-be adepts, who were already naked.

"That can be arranged, if you return to me my fabergé egg and the broderie," said Scafarel, "you can be the center of attention." Clarity's arousal rose up a notch, and a previously unlit lights, lit up her waist and navel.

"You're completely alright, this has to do with what you found in the Bahamas in that resort, Hexas Style, right?" asked Montana. Clarity wasn't ready to share her private, intimate moments with Montana.

"Yes, you're ready to give up money and your lifestyle?" said Clarity.

"I'm ready to give up my clothes," said Montana, undressing, "I want to know about heaven."

Clarity looked through the cabin door eye and saw Scafarel, surrounded by the Owens & Owell daughters, looking through a small television screen showing them inside the cabin.

"Get naked and I'll open." Scafarel was wearing pants and a blouse, and a pair of 'perhaps' tan sandals by Midas with block heel and a double strap. She took off her pants, revealing a white lace trim Intimate Essentials thong and matching bra. A golden flower pendant adorned her neck.

"You want me completely naked?"

"Yes, completely," said Clarity. Montana pressed her to open the door, but she told the S Group heiress to behave. Scafarel took off all of her clothing, revealing a stunning body, firm round buxom curves. She was shaved.

"Good, here we come," said Clarity. She opened the door and got out with Montana, observed by Jenny Owens.

"Our broderie, why is it lit up, Lady Scafarel?" Cassandra Scafarel turned to Jenny. It was the first time either of the O&O daughters saw her naked and the first thing she did in those cases was to test their arousal and presence of mind.

"Because she's aroused, my dear," said Scafarel, "very aroused." Clarity felt the impertinent look of Scafarel on every fibre of the broderie, bringing it to life even more. Shalia Owell threw a glance at Montana, who was carefully hiding behind Clarity, in Aubade

"We've met them at the Cocoon," said Shalia Owell.

"I see, I suppose you are the reticent member who didn't obey Penelope in the Bahamas, the one who led to the whole destruction of Hexas Style, my fabergé egg, and the four heavens of Maria Feodorovna, a disciple of Money Fact?"

"Money Fact guides my spiritual strength, but I have my own will," said Clarity. She looked down at Scafarel below the waist and felt as though the business woman had a flower, a hibiscus or calla lilly between her legs, with sepals, petals, style, and stigma.

"I see, you like my stigma don't you? It's a shame you don't like the Church of the Holy Flower, the lights of the broderie say to me that you could make a very good use of it."

Scafarel led Clarity and Montana to the second floor, a large area where about two hundred seats had been replaced by lush sofas and cushions, jars filled with warm tea, and carpets tiled with intricate geometric patterns. They sat down in one of the sofas, and Clarity watched her friends disappear behind a curtain unfolded by Shalia Owell and her bride-to-be. They were going to film '*Embroidered Air Avenue*', the first adult film for the women of Sun on the Rocks.

"Let's exchange information," said Clarity. The lights of the broderie were starting to dim off, as the level of her arousal dropped off to reasonable levels, allowing her to think through the rest of her plan.

"Get comfortable, please, take off the broderie, exchange what my dear, you'r in a plane that belongs to the kingdom of Bahrain, you've trespassed private property."

"Precisely, I know, from Sensual Brigade sources that this plane is a surveillance plane, not just a fashionable commercial jet, and Central Intelligence, Sensual Brigade, Right of Way Division, wants to ensure no surveillance takes place in this delicate commercial area involving oil production and trade, because we need the energy until renewable energy sources are produced efficiently. I want to know where the chip sending out the

surveillance information is, I know it's built by Owens & Owell, and is the reason why Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens are here." Scafarel moved several feet and a large bell made of glass surrounded Clarity and Montana. Montana knocked on the glass to ensure it was solid.

"We're trapped, I think," said Montana.

"You're getting dropped off the ocean naked with your friend," said Scafarel, "this wedding must take place, so that I become sole head of the Board of Directors of Owens & Owell." Clarity looked at the window a few feet from her and saw the lights of Manama underneath. According to Donway and Money Fact, there was a way to leave the plane fast in case of emergency. Unfortunately, it needed a parachute.

Chapter Nine

Clarity watched Scafarel from inside the transparent glass bell, feeling like a flower about to get watered inside a vase. Across from her, Scafarel placed the rose of levity inside a small vase that started blowing air to it, lifting it several inches off the floor. Carefully, she reached for a small bottle on the table and pressed a few drops of liquid on the petals of the white rose, as it levitated.

"Give me the broderie, and I won't drop you off in the ocean, you've put in danger the growth of the rose of levity."

"The broderie's attuned to my temperature," said Clarity. She grabbed one of the lights between her thumb and index.

"I'll get rid of this light if you drop us off," said Clarity. She thought about Manama and pictured the lights of the skyline in her mind, pressing her hands on her stomach. The lights of the broderie changed color, turning yellow, and the plane veered left, changing course. Money Fact's report in the decryptor recovered from Penelope Avalon in the Bahamas was correct, the broderie was a wearable, wireless computer, and the lights acted as indicator once a thought by the wearer of the garment had been processed. Processed how? And by what? She looked at Scafarel, whose look had changed, reflecting nervousness after seeing how the plane was changing course.

"Get naked and I'll show you how to reach multiple orgasm simply by thinking about the four petals of the holy flower, in the body." Clarity's interest suddenly abandoned all thoughts of her mission to focus on the important.

"So the holy flower is the woman's body, isn't it?" Scafarel approached the glass bell, her eyes looking at the broderie's yellow lights, and at the watch LED lights in particular.

"I can see you changed the date of the wedding on the watch, yes, you can attain cleverness and perfection in the arts of speech and writing, freedom from disease, there are thirty seven facets to spiritual awakening." Scafarel walked towards the curtain leading to the area where the girls were learning from Optesia, one of the women who attended Scafarel's Hexas Style resort in the Bahamas, about observing their body, one part at a time, with diligent observation and equanimity, indifference to sufferings and joys, while remaining free of the desire for money and worldly desires, a special aside for the O&O daughters.

"That's different, Money Fact didn't teach me thirty seven facets, here is the broderie."

"We're going to get dropped off if you do that," said Montana.

"Better later than sooner," said Clarity, "we'll learn something new." Clarity took off the intricate garment and left it on the floor, stepping on one of the plastic lights of the clothing item, squashing it. A door trap opened and vacuumed it to the clothe washing area of the plane, built by a new appliance division of Kitchen Aid.

"Canopy or square parachute?" asked Scafarel.

"Canopy, please," said Montana, "I trust good old military parachutes, are those the first two facets of our spiritual awakening?".

"Use faith on the way down, it gets rid of doubt," said Scafarel, "it's one of the facets."

Scafarel reached for the window corresponding to row thirty seven C, the emergency exit window of the plane, and pushed down on the lever counterclockwise, instead of clockwise, which would have opened the window of the plane. Clarity and Montana felt the floor below them pull aside, giving the a

view of several parachutes, with straps open, ready to be worn. Clarity spread her legs and landed with the leg straps of the parachute between her legs, causing two further straps and B12 snaps to attach to her shoulder near the Capewell canopy release optional item. Montana landed with two of her legs in one of the straps and the excessive weight pushed the parachute down towards the open bottom fuselage of the plane, now open. Clarity barely had the time to see the custom optional monogram M.S. on Montana's parachute.

"How do you open a parachute?" asked Montana shouting, barely audibly to Clarity.

"The ring, pull on the Capewell canopy release, when you're in the air."

"I'm in the air, but I don't see a ring or a Capewell."

"Capewell is the brand, the release button, the pin!"

After five one thousand, four one thousand, three one thousand, and so forth, until zero one thousand passed by, both parachutes opened above the night lights of Manama. Clarity noticed two straps with the rest of her vest ensemble, and she pulled on each to guide the parachute towards the rooftop of a ten story building that she had seen on a postcard in Penelope Avalon's decryptor. She folded her legs on landing and instructed Montana to do the same.

"Where are we landing?" asked Montana.

"If the broderie's program is correct, this is where Scafarel carries out her banking activity in Bahrain, it's an istisna'a bank, which is arranging the sale of the convertible debt for Owens & Owell jet and the highway lamp post lights." A man dressed as a butler, known as James inside the bank, opened the door leading to the roof.

"Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens?" Montana smiled and glowed with pride in her underwear.

"Yes, I´m Shalia, that´s us, do you have any special wedding gear for us?"

"Lady Scafarel takes care of the wedding apparel, did something happen to the symbolic computer, I was warned by the Air Fashion jet autopilot jet setting slight emergency signal, did the maiden flight time change?"

"Everything´s going well, the Air Fashion Jet simply flew before the wedding instead of the honeymoon, sort of a pre-honeymoon flight," said Clarity.

"I see," said James, speaking with a distinct, British accent, "I will get some clothing for you."

"The parachute gear needs some canopy revision," said Montana.

James gave them some clothes and led them to an air conditioned room filled with people trading on computer screens, dealing in commodity futures such as gold, timber, silver, wheat, crude oil and weather derivatives. They reached a desk where an attorney was working on a document spanning over two hundred pages of intricate financial information.

"People work late here," said Montana.

"The attorney is making the last revisions to the ten year bond indenture for the mudaraba, the one hundred million dollars came in a few hours ago. We need to know wether there will be a call provision, given the ten year interest rate will be set at five percent." Clarity looked at Montana, because she had no idea what a call provision was.

"Shalia, the call provision?"

"Call provision, call provision for the issuer, Owens & Owell you mean?" asked Montana.

"Yes."

"Yes, include a three year call option provision, interest rates may drop three years from now, and we may want to refinance at lower rates, calling the bond and repaying investors. In fact, we'll need the list of investors and also deduct the value of the call provision option to our personal account, since the call option makes the bond less valuable to investors." The attorney hit the space key several times and included a call provision in the document, labeled Air Fashion Lighting Project, Owens & Owell joint venture with the kingdom of Bahrain, one of the investors in the venture. The attorney lifted his eyes towards Montana.

"What about the Spiritual provision and Owens & Owell Board of Directors clause? I'm having trouble with the covenant covering the thirty seven facets," said the attorney.

"Let's take a closer look at that, please," said Clarity.

Chapter Ten

The attorney hired by Amanda Scafarel to represent the Church of the Holy Flower in Bahrain, retrieved another file labeled 'OOL General Networking Document'. The Church of Spiritual Flower Studies owned the other parts of the religious outfit, an intricate web of thirty two entities, among them copyright, patent and trademark divisions owning and amending the official Scriptures of the Church, including the book *Decadence*, computer-led management centers, foundations, orientation groups and video making units like the *Telval Adult Production Studios*, publicity agents for expensive beauty products such as Elony, a lab of artificial ingredients, international lobbying advocates and think tanks, fund raisers, a real estate division, underground facilities, various business units, high finance investment units, funds and global trading areas, one network of opinion leaders, and various authorization and verification groups. The authorization counsel of the Church and the Celebrity focal Strata approved the legal documents officially admitting high profile members like Jenny Owens and Shalia Owell into the Church of the Holy Flower.

"The thirty seven facets of spiritual awakening, including the four spheres of mindfulness, cognitive body observation, sensory perception, thoughts, and aspects of spiritual reality. One aside first, would you like to include a clause that makes it possible to adopt a flower?" said the attorney. He showed them a large print of two very expensive flowers, the beautiful green, white and purple Shenzhen Nongke Orchid, fetching two hundred forty thousand dollars and the pink Juliet Rose, an exclusive luxury item at four and a half million dollars.

"Yes, let's do that, we may want to adopt two or three, but no more," said Montana, "just enough to be a larger than nuclear four-member family household."

Clarity inquired about the mudaraba and all the intellectual property surrounding the lighting units for the highway lamp posts, the broderie itself, and the lights of the Air Fashion Jet. After ensuring suitability with the Scriptures, a symbolic computer kept all the information as a network of concepts, and engaged in the calculation of algorithms to establish logistic and commercial links with all types of light bulb producers.

"Does this include barcode light, you know red laser light for supermarket bar codes?" asked Montana.

"Yes, Lady Scafarel is reaching this agreement with Owens & Owell through your joint wedding to crush the barcode readers of the S Group new FoodNear supermarket, the one that just opened in Manama and Abu Dhabi." Montana's eyes widened, and Clarity couldn't stop her from reacting.

"What a coincidence," said Montana, "I have a friend who knows FoodNear, let me check one thing, hold on, do you have a phone?" The attorney pointed towards his own trading phone and Montana dialed a number.

"Yes, hi Charlie, it's Montana, the readers, yes, the new barcode readers, are they working? Not at all? Thank you. Take it easy, bye." She lifted her eyes towards James and Clarity and the attorney.

"Nothing's working, I mean everything's working properly, the laser light beams are not properly going through to the barcodes, they're reading out twice the number of bars in the code. This is the work of a symbolic computer?"

"Yes, let's get back to the spiritual question in your official membership and wedding document giving Lady Scafarel power of attorney over all your

belongings, future and present, intact or broken, small or large. Our Scriptures say that it is impossible to know spiritual reality with the thinking mind, because the spiritual is infinite, we´re not infinite, we have a body, and so there´ s an apparent contradiction." The attorney lifted the index finger vehemently.

"But, and I say but with one t, the ten spiritual realms are a pretty good approximation at knowing the infinite. In your budding and finite wisdom, you mentioned wanting to write as a wedding clause that spiritual reality is finite, would you like to know the ten spiritual realms and possibly change the clause, in agreement with our Scriptures? It means you can get a free copy of the original Arabian Nights translation."

"Yes, what are those realms?" asked Clarity.

"You´re entitled to know two, spiritual discipleship, which is who and where you are, and the human realm or personality, again very fitting for you two young ladies willing to give up your positions of power at the Board of Directors of Owens & Owell."

"Let´ s go with the official Scriptures and move on to the symbolic computer, I want to know how it works," said Montana.

"No one is entitled to know how the symbolic computer knows, we´re still understanding what it can do."

James led them to a refrigerated computer room near the trading room. Inside, the humming noise of computer ventilators from about fifty servers linked to the symbolic computer, sounded like they were inside a plane. In short, the symbolic computer was linking the broderie lights with the autopilot of the Air Fashion Jet, with the lighting gear of the lamp posts of King Fahd Highway. All the lights of these systems could be operated from the broderie,

which could be used to turn off the highway lights if the kingdom of Bahrain refused to pay its monthly electricity bill, supplied by the Church's Light division.

But there was a more troublesome fact. The Air Fashion Jet included high technology surveillance material, linked to an underground facility, that turned it, the joint venture plane, into an Awacs, Airborne Warning and Control System plane, with minimum radar gear exposed on its rooftop fuselage. This information had not been openly revealed to the kingdom of Bahrain, in fact it had not been revealed at all. That is why, thought Clarity, Donway wanted to stop the plane from being built and the mudaraba from being carried out, and the wedding sealing the mudaraba from taking place. All of these involved Owens & Owell, and the interests it commanded were strategic and military, not only industrial or commercial. A call to James's smartphone interrupted their visit. He frowned in typical British style.

"We've received an air message from Lady Scafarel in the Air Fashion jet cabin, the plane just landed on automatic pilot in Manama airport, there seems to be a problem, Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens are in the plane with Lady Scafarel."

Montana adopted a look of outrage.

"Well, those fake women we met at the Cocoon Lounge, it's just not the place it used to be. You know that can't be, James, we're here, it's us, the Owens and Owell Board of Directors daughters, Shalia and Jenny. How much are we going to make as Holy flower Church members by the way?" James stood in front of Clarity, blocking her view of Montana, and the attorney blocked Montana from the nearby door leading to the elevators of the building.

"Lady Scafarel takes care of security issues very carefully, she gave a barcode watch, a very distinct wristwatch built by highly skilled technicians, to both of the women getting married. Could you please show the watches to us?"

Chapter Eleven

Clarity knew that they were in trouble, and she hoped that James or the attorney wouldn't take her Aquaracer off her wrist. She rolled up her sleeves and showed the watch to James. Montana didn't roll up her sleeves and James simply asked her several times to show him the watch.

"This is not a Tokyo Flash barcode watch, Lady Scafarel is right, they are impostors." The trading room door combination lock tumbler slid open and Scafarel made her way into the finance area, surrounded by the two Owens & Owell daughters and Habib. Clarity observed the watch of Scafarel. It was a digital watch, unlike any she'd ever seen, with four columns, each displaying a few red square LED lights.

"They don't have the watches, this one asked about the FoodNear barcodes." James glanced at Montana, with a despising look saying that she thought of the Colorado heiress as porridge.

Scafarel also focused on Montana, stepping in front of Clarity, who looked at the trading room clock across from them. The time indicated three thirty five AM. She looked at Scafarel's watch and thought she guessed how to read the barcodes. The first column wasn't lit, the second had three lights, each corresponding to one hour. The third column had three lights lit up, each corresponding to ten minutes, for a total of thirty. And the final column had five lights lit up, one minute each, a total of five minutes, three thirty five AM indeed. Scafarel covered her watch with a blouse and snapped at Montana.

"I can't believe they made their way to here, the plane was supposed to drop them on the ocean. Who are you, why are you so interested in barcodes?"

"My name is Montana Sterley, daughter of Carrelson Sterley, the owner of the S Group." Scafarel's features relaxed, her eyes beaming with the look of a lynx.

"Oh, you're Montana, yes, I've heard of you through Avene, you're the one who isn't on the Board of Directors of the S Group that we hoped to bring onboard in Abu Dhabi."

"Well, I'm not on the Board, but I deserve to be on the Board, my father will eventually understand that. I mean, if Jenny Owens and Shalia Owell are on the Board of O&O, I don't see why I shouldn't be."

"I could arrange a similar outcome, but you'd need to give me power of attorney like Shalia and Jenny did and become a member of the Church of the Holy Flower. Well, now that you're here, we'll take your biological coordinates as well and relay them to the symbolic computer database, we might have to provide biometric passports for both of you to leave the country with the harem."

Clarity watched Scafarel take Montana, backed up by James and Habib, to the first aid room. Montana said that she was healthy, and James confirmed that she certainly looked healthy, but that she still needed to attach the suction pad to her arms, hips, legs, and top of the head, so that her measurements and coordinates were recorded. Clarity learned that by wearing the broderie, she had sent all of her biological coordinates to the symbolic computer underground facility, somewhere deep below the ground.

"Where are my friends?" asked Clarity.

"Your friends are cumming," said Scafarel.

"I don't see them," said Montana.

"No, they´re in the plane, experiencing higher pleasures, a long lasting spiritual renewal of their materialistic outlooks expressed as specific orgasms that will prepare them to be part of the Nightline of Kuala Lumpur harem and to carry out her further duties with Jenny and Shalia, who are more advanced." Materialistic. Clarity thought she was probably referring to Cynthia, Taimi and Jenna, because Flower and Lanai were pretty spiritual and idealistic and gullible and credulous, as it were.

"Where is Avene Maxini?" She turned to Clarity. "I want my Fabergé egg, Miss Nice, the miniatures have some important aspects revealing the realm of Heaven which are not written down in our Scriptures."

"You´ll have to ask my boss, Al Donway, Central Intelligence, Sensual Brigade, or his chief, the superchief," said Clarity, "he´s probably looking for you and interrogating Avene Maxini, my chief I mean, not the superchief."

Scafarel ignored Clarity and gave an order to the attorney to place an ad in the Gulf Daily News and in the Daily Tribune, announcing the mudaraba joint venture deal between Owens & Owell and the kingdom of Bahrain. The ad mentioned the initial sum of one hundred million dollars, brought by O&O, funding the highway lamp posts on King Fahd Causeway. The Shenzen Kadupul Fund, one of the financial investment units of the Church of the Holy Flower, acted as arranger of the deal. Cassandra Scafarel was the head of the Shenzen Fund, she was a high level power broker using her connections to pull through extremely costly and major projects for countries which didn´t have clout with G-20 countries. Who invested in these projects was not a well known fact. Shalia Owell spoke, reading the time on her own barcode watch.

"Our parents are going to look for us, you know they didn't approve our meeting or the mudaraba with the kingdom, and they think we have disappeared because we're not studying at University of Arizona."

"I want them to know this is not a bluff, and that you're serious about your new role in this venture. With the one hundred million brought in place, the project has been officially funded by O&O. We can keep a hefty sum for the Church and move on to place a jumbo issue of one billion dollars in the market, to fund the Research and Development costs of the Air Fashion Jet that the kingdom of Bahrain has advanced."

James brought a set of serious setbacks to Scafarel. The new lights and lamp posts on King Fahd's highway were not performing correctly and had turned off, leaving the bridge uniting Bahrain with Saudi Arabia in the dark. One of the lamp posts was acting as a traffic light and was creating the beginning of a traffic jam and a complaint from Bahrain's Ministry of Transportation. In addition, the Air Fashion Jet was not at rest, because the autopilot flight planner was carrying out a one foot forward, one foot back, short distance rocking travel route, in its Manama airport slot, bringing its continuous motion to the attention of airport security officials and the Civil Aviation Affairs Committee of Bahrain.

"It's the change in time of the wedding that this woman did on the broderie, and the missing light," said Scafarel, pointing to Clarity, "it affected the joint light emitting schedule. We need to fix the broderie light urgently, the one Miss Clarity Nice squashed, to fix the triangle made by the plane lights, the highway lights and the broderie lights."

Chapter Twelve

Clarity and Montana were led to two coaches in an office of the twenty seventh floor of the Almoayyed building, holding the Church of the Holy Flower trading and finance outfits. They slept until nine thirty the next day, and Habib woke them up, bringing in

"Lady Scafarel wants to see you," said Habib.

He led them to an office where Scafarel carried out her agenda on financial matters and they saw a handyman from 'zero eight hundred handyman' dressed in overalls, carrying the broderie undergarnment in his hand.

"Problem, big problem," said the man, looking at the light squashed by Clarity.

"Our handyman wants to know at what angle you crushed the light on the broderie inside the plane," said Scafarel.

"I crushed it as much as I could, stepped on it with my foot," said Clarity. The handyman shook his head and gave his verdict on the repair.

"A straight crush, that´s what I thought, we need a replacement light, this one is useless, the diode died, it´s a dead dud."

"It´s dubbed the eternal commercial light," said Scafarel, "according to the supplier."

"Was dubbed in China, not here, the only eternal thing in Bahrain is camel hair mittens, and they last because we don´t use them much because of the heat. The broderie won´t light up without a new light." Scafarel grabbed the garnment and wroted down the reference on the flat, broken bulb. She dialed the phone number of the Liaoxing light and fixture company, a company established in Ningno, Shanghai, a company worth less than Shanghai itself, but

more than a garbage can from the Shintori restaurant in Shanghai, according to its founders and directors. After a pleasant conversation with a menu driven customer service call center, a pleasant, calm man from customer service, offered a replacement light for five U.S. dollars, net of value-added tax, to be delivered from their warehouse in Bahrain. A few hours later, the replacement light came and the light on the broderie was fixed, although the watch skipped a minute every two minutes, making the watch unreliable. A call to the Ministry of Transportation confirmed that the lights on the Causeway to Saudi Arabia were back to normal, though, and Scafarel face also returned to normal. Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens came into the office, smiling.

"Jenny's going to wear the broderie, I'll be naked," said Shalia.

"Our timing is somewhat off, you might get married earlier than expected, we'll see. We need to go to the flower showroom," said Scafarel, "the ladies of Bahrain ministries which are making the Joint Venture possible, are coming to receive their flower gifts. James, come with me, Habib, lock these ladies in my office, will you? Not, not Shalia and Jenny, Miss Nice and Miss Sterley, yes, those two, yes, the ones who aren't getting married, no, you can't get married to them."

Habib led Clarity and Montana to Scafarel's office, locking the door. They checked out the view of Manama for a few minutes before trying to open the door.

"Door's locked," said Montana.

"I'll use the interphone," said Clarity, pressing on a button linked to a Leelen color video device with LCD display bought from the Alibaba website, attached to the left of the door, and she spoke to Scafarel's secretary.

"We´d like some water, please, yes, any water, no, not a bottle of water, just water, plain water, yes, mineral water, no, our stomachs aren´t ready for tap water, two glasses please. Thank you. Oh, and tell Habib that the harem known as the skyline of Kuala Lumpur wants to see him immediately." They hid behind the door, which opened after five minutes. Letting the secretary in, both girls stepped out of the office and closed the door behind them, locking it.

"Door´s locked, but now we´re outside," said Clarity, throwing the key in a flower pot. Habib was in another room calling Scafarel´s harem to verify the information about his potential girlfriends. Clarity and Montana stepped down the emergency stairs and picked up a few leaves and flowers from a giant flower pot near the entrance of the showroom, acting as high class clients.

"Why don´t you contact Donway or Money Fact, we´re doing too much work here, I sense, I mean just intuitively," said Montana.

"It´s important we finish this on our own, our bonus depends on our result."

"Our result is in jeopardy, like us."

"Yes, but jeopardy is attached to the bonus."

"Good, let´s just call it a day then, have fun with the girls at the airport, and leave jeopardy to Donway and Money Fact, they´re professional jeopardy jugglers."

Clarity ignored Montana´s plea. They walked to the first floor flower showroom, a giant area in the ground floor of the building, filled with flowers and vases and plants, where Scafarel was talking and entertaining men and women, officials from the Bahrain Ministries of Labor, Justice, Interior, Information, Agriculture, Oil and Gas, and Transportation, and telecommunications, and a woman working at the Public Commission for the

protection of the Environment and Wildlife, which included flowers. Scafarel gave away dozens of colorful flowers to the women, thanking them or their husbands for all the diligent work done with the joint venture. Clarity and Montana hid behind a recreational vehicle for sale in the showroom and overheard Scafarel speaking to James.

James reminded Scafarel that light suppliers to the Air Fashion Jet, the broderie and the highway lamp posts were not being paid, but needed to be paid, and that an inspector from the Ministry of Clothing Gear was looking for the certificate of commercial registration of the broderie, which was inexistent, because the garment had been brought in by camel from Saudi Arabia. Finally, Sensual Intelligence was tracking the chip in the broderie by using the decryptor belonging to sex goddess Penelope Avalon, and they were closer to locating the item in Manama. Montana whispered to Clarity.

"Our result is not in jeopardy anymore, if the broderie has no certificate, then it's not legal, and the wedding can't take place."

"I think it's only a technicality," whispered Clarity, "the broderie is ready-to-wear and we don't have it." Montana whispered again to Clarity.

"I need to use the bathroom, I'll use the RV here." Montana opened the door of the recreational vehicle and closed it, leaving Clarity outside, checking the pressure on one of the tires, as a security guard saw her kneeling near the front of the vehicle.

"It's a new tire, and it's not a Good Year or a Firestone," said Clarity. The guard continued to walk past her, looking at the expensive price of the vehicle. Scafarel was dismissing the women who had shown up at the showroom and made a sign to James to approach her.

"Let's go James, with all of these matters pending, we can't afford to postpone the wedding, we'll go to the hotel to get things ready and everyone ready. Take this vehicle with you with Habib, it's a gift from the Ministry of Transportation, we'll get Shalia and Jenny inside after the wedding takes place, to drive them to Saudi Arabia and get them out of the country."

Chapter Thirteen

Clarity hid in the back of the recreational vehicle with Montana, and a few minutes later, Habib and James took the wheel and passenger seats, driving the half truck to the parking lot of L´Hotel Bahrain, a luxury boutique hotel, promising an intimate retreat from the urban setting in the prominent kingdom of Bahrain, an archipelago of thirty three islands in the Arabian Gulf established between Saudi Arabia and Qatar, boasting the oldest legal system in the Gulf, a stable political system and a constitutional monarchy for the region´s increasingly global elite. Clarity and Montana observed the two men leaving the vehicle, to get inside the hotel and pay for two l´Avenue suites, which included a basket of apples, and a reservation for thirty five people at L´Sultan, the Lebanese restaurant of the hotel.

A few minutes after the two men left, Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens got inside the vehicle, excited that their wedding was going to take place ahead of time. Shalia Owell had the bodystocking embroidered lingerie with lights in her hand, and Jenny Owens was looking at her barcode watch, trying to read the time, by comparing the number of red lights to another wristwatch which gave normal time. A noise from one of the kitchenette´s Hampton´s ice tube cube maker falling on the floor with a set of international collapsible bowl sets alerted the two millionaire women of the presence of Clarity and Montana.

"Our two curious beavers," said Shalia Owell.

"I don´t think it´s a good idea to get married," said Clarity, "you´re giving away your consent to Scafarel, and she´s going to take your money."

"Cassandra is very knowledgeable about spiritual matters, with her in the Owens & Owell Board of Directors, we´ll have someone defending our interests and we won´t have to work as much."

"You shouldn´t get married, I think, you´re too young," said Montana. Jenny Owens sat in one of the sofas and spoke back at her.

"This wedding is very special for us, when we discovered the chart depicting the internal circulation of energy, our life changed, it has also changed the life of your friends. Their relationship with pleasure has changed, it has evolved into a connection with Elony and its lubrication properties, and with the jade egg, a permanent item of pleasure-wear at the Church. Who are you, friends of these women that Lady Scafarel introduced to us, part of the skyline of Kuala Lumpur harem?" Clarity moved forward, offering Shalia Owell some orange juice from concentrate in a Camco polycarbonate juice glass.

"We´re independent seekers of spiritual pleasures. There are alternatives to deep pleasure, without committing your wills to someone like Scafarel."

"You can try that but it´s not a safe avenue, spiritual matters need close and specific guidance, otherwise you can just get lost."

"When is the wedding taking place?" asked Clarity.

"Cassandra will decide that, but it might be sometime today, our Board of Directors is getting anxious and they´re coming to Bahrain, because they haven´t received our proxy vote approving the Air Fashion plane budget and contract but rejecting the joint venture mudaraba with the kingdom." Clarity glanced at Jenny Owens. She seemed nervous, unsure, and the attractive Church member pressed a button on her watch, a button alerting Habib.

Ten seconds later, a man opened the recreational vehicle door and Clarity recognized Habib´s face, exuding anger, large amounts of it overflowing as

heavy breathing and a red face. If there was one thing he couldn't really take well, was to do the same job several times.

"You again," said Habib, facing Montana and Clarity.

"Can we get married as well?" asked Montana, "a simply naked marriage with my friend Clarity while these two Owens & Owell employees get married."

"We're not employees," said Jenny Owens.

"No, you can't," said Habib, "I'm the one who will get married with the harem brightened by the skyline of Kuala Lumpur, the women in the harem simply don't know it yet, at least that's what they told me when I called."

James entered the truck, followed by several stunning women belonging to the skyline of Kuala Lumpur harem. While they stepped towards the back to ensure Clarity and Montana did not get out of the vehicle, Habib unfolded a dark blue blueprint of the broderie made of stretched polyethylene terephthalate, or mylar, and told the two O&O young and feminine board members that the broderie would have to be destroyed after the wedding, because Sensual Intelligence had located the chip in the broderie.

"They were alerted by one light fuse which went out a day ago, the navel light bulb that was fixed on the broderie."

"That means they know we're here."

Scafarel entered the recreational vehicle, closing the door behind them, having heard the words of Jenny Owens.

"That's why I'm here, so that they find you married when they find us. With the blueprint, we can build another broderie. This vehicle is my honeymoon gift to Shalia and Jenny, these two women are creating a lot of trouble. Good thing their biometric information has been stored by our information data processing and privacy intrusion division."

She pointed to the broderie and told Shalia Owell to get dressed in the lingerie item for the wedding. Jenny Owens spoke to Scafarel, unsure of what was happening.

"Are we getting married?"

"Yes, the broderie watch is not working properly, and we need additional money from Owens & Owell to pay suppliers contracted by the kingdom to build the Air Fashion plane. Let's go, girls, you're getting married and I'll be the official minister of the ceremony. Shalia, put on the broderie, while Habib takes care of our two bothersome guests. He just might end up with them as housekeepers of Kuala Lumpur, to his household, if I'm on the Board of O&O by the end of the day."

"His household is probably a mess," whispered Montana to Clarity.

"Not to mention a harem doesn't have many privileges to move around freely," said Clarity.

Habib rubbed his hands triumphantly, thinking he had received a lottery from the Ministry of Labor and Foreign Affairs, having received two good looking, foreign affairs, as prize. Scafarel took aside James, asking him about a missing item which was indispensable for the wedding: The Rose of Levity, the item included in the power of attorney document to be signed by Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens, whose property would be transferred from the Church of the Holy Flower to the two wealthy, young women, in exchange for a seat in the O&O Board of Directors for Scafarel.

Chapter Fourteen

Jenny Owens, an amateur collector of flowers, had paid the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the rose of levity, the entry fee for a bottle of Elony and access to the Church's Hexas Style resort in the Bahamas. The flower had led both women to meeting Scafarel, and to getting caught up in the intricate spiritual development program offered by the Church of the Holy Flower. In addition, various photographic shots of the rose of levity served as biometric imprints for each of the women getting married, and the rose of levity itself was the pass to further spiritual advisory on pleasure, meridians, and proper guidance including a Church Guru by the name of Senpath Gorumbador. Finally, Jenny Owens simply wanted to own the expensive flower and that clause was included in the power of attorney document. It was important to know where the rose was at any particular moment so that the document was signed.

"The rose has been delivered to your Boutique Suite in the hotel," said James, "will you be taking one, two, three or four women into your suite after the wedding?"

"I'll take four in addition to Shalia and Jenny, four other women from the harem, not the girls who are just having fun and can't learn the prayers properly. Place the water out of the flower and get the flower in the tube."

"Should I bring the water without the flower to the wedding?"

"Bring the flower in the tube with the water outside the tube, in a tray," said Scafarel. She stepped out of the recreational vehicle with the brides-to-be, leaving Habib with Clarity and Montana.

"You won't be able to get out of here, this time," said Habib, locking the vehicle's door.

Clarity watched Habib walk away to the parking floor elevator, headed for the hotel's coffee shop, 'Le Relais de Venise', to eat an entrecôte, sirloin steak with sauce and fries cut to similar dimensions as those of Paris, for breakfast. Clarity slid the window of the recreational vehicle open.

"The window's open, let's get out," said Clarity. Clarity took one of her legs out the window, then another, then her upper body, then her head, hanging with her hands to the top of the window. She helped Montana do the same, and both walked towards the elevator. At reception, they asked for the venue of the Owens & Owell wedding and the concierge told them it was a very private ceremony that was being held at that very moment, in the 'Le Small Deal' business conference room acting as chapel, recreating the atmosphere of a Las Vegas chapel, at the request of one of the attendants, Penelope Avalon, in charge of the honeymoon arrangements of the two women getting married.

They took the elevator to the second floor and found the conference room, unguarded. They sneaked inside, and saw the same group of women they'd seen once before, the whole skyline of Kuala Lumpur harem, sitting in several rows. In rows four and five, Cynthia, Taimi, Flower, Jenna and Lanai, sat on chairs, listening to Cassandra Scafarel explaining the next stage in their Holy Flower journey. A variation had been included by Scafarel, and both O&O women had to get married to her before being married among themselves.

"Will you take me as your wife?" asked Scafarel to Shalia Owell, who was scantily dressed in the official Owens & Owell Love broderie, watched by Jenny Owens, who was naked and attentive to her brides-to-be.

"No, absolutely not, you´re not getting married in my presence," said Montana. All heads turned to Montana, but Shalia Owell did not waver.

"Yes," said Shalia Owell, kissing the rose of levity on the lips, before kissing Cassandra Scafarel as well. James opened the door and interrupted the ceremony.

"Lady Scafarel, Messieurs Coultry, Jennings, Hamilton and Sterrey from the Owens & Owell Board of Directors are here to see Miss Owens and Mrs. Owell, to bring them back to their college studies of feminine sexuality. Should I announce the first half of the marriage?"

"No, send them to the restaurant and keep them busy, we´re not through with the ceremony yet, call Habib and tell him to call hotel security," said Scafarel.

The shrewd middle aged, business woman repeated the question to Jenny Owens, who nodded and said yes as well to her marriage with Shalia Owell. Scafarel dropped on her the vase filled with water fed to the rose of levity, without the flower itself, placed in a thin glass tube on the conference table. Clarity walked to the fourth row, trying to convince, to no avail, of the danger of being part of the Church of the Holy Flower. Scafarel continued the ceremony, while Montana tried to reach her father, whose immediate schedule included Kelly May, Kelly Shay, and Kelly Kate. His phone rang busy.

"You´re now purified from engaging in sex for periods of less than an hour, and are ready to receive us as well," said Scafarel, "please say the words to your bride, Jenny, the ones you have been rehearsing for several months." Jenny Owens held the hand of Shalia Owell and spoke aloud to her, gazing softly into her eyes.

"I, Jenny Owens vow loyalty and love, in gain and in loss, whether the gain is realized or the loss is unrealized according to the rules of Generally Accepted Accounting Principles, in debt and in credit, in ownership or in rent, in work and in leisure or in timeshare, in presence and in absence, to my lovely wife-to-be Shalia Owell, partner in love, business, and personal matters, within the Church of the Holy Flower, acknowledging the terms of its heaven, material or not."

"I now bless you as wife and wife complementary, Jenny Owens is now married to Shalia Owell, who is married to me as well, you may kiss the broderie Jenny, it will act as wedding ring for both." Jenny Owens moved closer to her new wife and kissed her chest, meeting the soft fabric on the way. Several lights of the broderie lit up, indicating a rise in temperature of Shalia Owell, who kissed Jenny Owens a deep, wet kiss, further engaging two or three spare lights on the broderie, at hip, waist, back, and navel levels. Scafarel, dressed casually, extended her hand to the attorney sitting by the conference table acting as altar.

"Let´s proceed with the legalities of the wedding, power of attorney document please." The attorney of the Church that Clarity had seen at the Church´s bank and trading floor handed a pile of paper to Scafarel, and a blue ink limited edition copper and gold-plated Montegrappa fountain pen worth over five thousand dollars, depicting the intricate pattern of a Mayan Calendar. Both women signed the papers authorizing Cassandra Scafarel to replace them within the Board of Directors of Owens & Owell, for life. James entered the door, followed by Habib, who ran towards Montana.

"Lady Scafarel, Sensual Intelligence, Mister Donway, and a woman known as Money Fact are here, they would like to express their opposing veto to this

wedding ceremony, several Ministers of the kingdom are here as well, saying that their suppliers have not received payment as agreed."

"Too late, I´m a Board member of Owens & Owell, now, with all the privileges thereof, replacing the board seats of Jenny Owens and Shalia Owell. These two women are married, and they are not returning to University of Arizona."

Chapter Fifteen

Al Donway showed a photograph of the skyline of Kuala Lumpur harem to Habib, trying to mesmerize him, while Money Fact moved towards Cassandra Scafarel and the Owens & Owell girls. Habib ran towards Donway, ripping the photograph to pieces, and reaching for his neck. Money Fact reached for Habib's neck exerting pressure on the pressure point which knocked him out cold.

The good looking agent moved towards Scafarel and the two women who had just married, showing her OOL licence, the Offshore Operative Lady's licence, a diplomatic type of document and identification card available to Sensual Brigade officers that Money Fact used to travel lightly, in comfort, and without regard for expenses, charged into the corresponding spending card, a useful item of leisure, money planning and check of one's overall financial health.

"You're under arrest," said Money Fact to Scafarel, "for illegal distribution of the Elony beauty lotion in the Caribbean. The kingdom of Bahrain has agreed to extradite you, you may remain silent and clothed, and away from the Church of the Holy Flower, which is now placed under the permanent surveillance of Central Intelligence, Sensual Brigade, a U.S. jurisdiction of global intelligence."

"I have nothing to say," said Scafarel, "you'll have to speak with the lawyers of Owens & Owell, they've agreed to put me on their Board of Directors, as per the authorization of two of its members, present here, Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens."

"We'll see whether that document is valid, it was created using subtle coercion mechanisms."

Clarity ensured that her friends could think properly, after engaging in so many different ceremonies of pleasure, alternating so many combinations of different women undressed to various degrees, and clothed to lesser degrees. Money Fact turned to Donway.

"I thought you´d spoken to the O&O Board of Directors."

"I did, but they said they were missing two members and couldn´t vote on changing the Board."

The women belonging to the harem of the skyline of Kuala Lumpur started to get edgy in their wedding attendance seats. Their monthly pay date was coming due, and they didn´t appreciate the intervention of Donway or Money Fact with their lifestyle, attached to the flight routes of the Air Fashion Jet. Several members of the Special Security Force Command of Bahrain, a law enforcement agency under the command of the National Security Agency and the Ministry of the Interior, came to support Donway´s arrest of Lady Scafarel, alledging irregularities in the conduct, transaction and payments of the mudaraba joint venture between the kingdom´s Industrial Affairs unit and Owens & Owell.

Several ladies of the harem immediately became interested in attaching their lifestyle to that of a member of the Special Security Force, but each of the members was focusing on Jenny Owens, whose body was exposed as it came into the world, natural, friendly, feminine, and warm, very warm. Clarity observed that the body of Shalia Owell was not being ignored either, and several photographs were taken of both as souvenir and official testimony of the mission being carried out in the name of the highest officials of the kingdom, of the highest good, and of the various lights of the broderie that became lit as

Shalia Owell threw a glance at the various corpulent members of the Special Security Force surrounding her.

"There is a problem with, hmm, this document," said Donway, lifting the power of attorney document acknowledging the marriage of the Owens & Owell Board of Director members and the naming of Scafarel replacing them as a new Board member.

"We´re married now," said Shalia Owell.

"We certainly are, and we´ll put all of our money to use to deliver Lady Scafarel from prison or any other legal matters, so that she can attend Board meetings of Owens & Owell. There´s nothing wrong with this Church, it´s teaching us to be better persons."

"Fifty thousand dollars for a bottle of lotion which hasn´t been approved by the FDA is expensive," said Montana. She was finally getting through to her father, Carrelson Sterley who was supervising the transaction problems resulting from defective supermarket barcodes.

Scafarel, in a moment of inattentive guard duty of members of the Special Security Force, inattention due to Jenny Owens bending down and over to pick up the glass tube holding the rose of levity, which had fallen from the conference table, ran through the backdoor of the conference room, reaching the entrance of the hotel through an escalator bypass, that placed her at the wheel of a 1977 white Lotus Esprit. Clarity and Montana, followed by the two, recently wed women, took the wheel of the recreational vehicle officially built for the honeymoon of Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens, but the vehicle could not keep up with the Lotus. Scafarel drove her car expressly fast on the various roads of the kingdom´s capital, until she reached the international airport of Manama.

Chapter Sixteen

Checking her watch, Scafarel approached a counter and made an X sign with her fingers to several stewardesses belonging to various airlines, who turned on music through the airport loudspeakers, and began dancing, improvising a flashmob near the duty free section. Using the time and distraction well, Scafarel boarded the Air Fashion Jet, which was filled with a group of tourists interested in the Church of the Holy Flower's heaven paradigm, and she gave an order to the control tower for an urgent, unforeseen departure, to London.

"She's leaving, the barcode watch light is turning green," said Jenny Owens, looking at her watch.

"How do you turn off this watch?" asked Clarity.

"Lady Scafarel told us never to turn it off, because the watch is like a computer clock and many items, including planes, using this signal, would go awry if we did."

"Turn it off, I'll tell Money Fact to give you a nine hour whole body massage," said Clarity.

"With Shalia?"

"Yes, with Shalia," said Clarity. She remembered how tense she was and glanced at Montana, who looked disappointed.

"With Shalia, Montana and me," said Clarity.

"That's better," said Montana, beaming a look of satisfaction.

Jenny Owens turned off the barcode watch, and the lack of signals relayed inside the Air Fashion Jet prevented the autopilot from taking off. Airport security took Lady Scafarel into custody. She would have to explain all the workings and units and special groups of the Church of the Holy Flower, a far

reaching infomercial scam with the veneer of a personal development program, that simply took money and never gave it back, giving flowers instead to their members, a fair deal, some would say, for flowers were notably absent from everyday life, at work in particular.

In any event, the Board of Directors of Owens & Owell returned to normal, after the power of attorney document signed by Shalia Owell and Jenny Owens disappeared unexpectedly into one of the fireplaces of L´Hotel hotel in Manama. Several Board members reminded the two wealthy women of their duties to the Board of Directors to complete their course work at University of Arizona, and a deal was struck to return to their studies in human sexuality in Arizona, in exchange for a nine hour massage with an expert on pleasure, an item of sensual prowess, a single-faceted woman of integrity and sensual intelligence, thirty two year old Money Fact.

Pleasure was a complex affair, thought Clarity, and people were led to very odd situations and consequences in their life because of it, including special attachment to electronic devices formerly belonging to a sex goddess. Clarity took aside Money Fact, clarifying the terms of her mission, in particular the reward aspect of it, while Donway took the rest of the people in the room, including her friends, to the reception area of the hotel for identification, arrests, and other unimportant aspects of the mission.

"The symbolic decryptor," said Clarity, "I deserve it."

"I can´t say you don´t, but it´s not the right time," said Money Fact.

"We´re free to go now, aren´t we, I mean, Flower and I, regarding what happened in Cayman with the one million dollars in bonds?"

"Not exactly, we´re still tracing the source and the destination of the money, Lofty Bank´s license has not been renewed and the Cayman Monetary Authority is still investigating them."

Clarity fumed in silence, expressing her anger to Montana, both at not having received the symbolic decryptor, which was a neat item to own, and at not being free from suspicion and investigation for using money to get out of a criminal, illegal outfit such as Lofty Bank. She looked at the rose of levity that Jenny Owens was contemplating, how the girl was taking a close look at the petals, and looking for water. The Owens & Owell Light broderie matter was not over, there were threads of knowledge and explanation, many of them, yet to be uncovered by following all the underlying structures of the Church of the Holy Flower. She moved to Shalia Owell.

"Shalia, why are you part of this Church, I mean really, and why does your partner Jenny pay so much attention to that flower?"

"You´ve been to the Bahamas, to Hexas Style, you know what happens there, heaven number three, right?"

"Right, doing away with money, feeling long periods of pleasure, with women, with Elony, with the jade egg, Rosebud, so?"

"There´s more to it than that, Rosebud is a Church codeword for initiates who want out of the Church, instead of continuing to the next stage, embodied by the rose of levity, and the rose of levity leads to the road where all spiritual roads lead, a sort of quest, whose symbol is light, light such as the light of this cream color embroidered lingerie cotton outfit, but a deeper light with ineffable meaning."

"What kind of quest, what kind of light?"

"Immortality," answered Shalia, casually taking off the OOL broderie in front of Montana, Jenny Owens, Clarity, and Money Fact, matching the 'Au Naturel' outfit of her bride. As she placed the intricate clothing item on the floor, all of the broderie's lights went out, and the temperature of the hotel conference room rose by a few degrees.

Chapter Seventeen

SUN ON THE ROCKS amusements for adults, in order of All-Women
Banana fiction, trivial, tropical, and mood-boosting.

THE MALIBU CASE.

THE ACAPULCO COCKTAIL.

THE CAYMAN AIR BANNER.

THE BAHAMAS LOTION.

THE ADULT CHANNEL.

THE OOL BRODERIE.

Crafted by Somers Isle & Loveshade.

Sun on the Rocks is fresh, violence-free and sugar-free,

it's even completely free.

All fictional characters are adults at least twenty one years of age.

Nothing explicit in these stories,

it's all done by way of depicting a suggestive situation, MIEOW!

Chapter Eighteen

Compound Interest Calculator Clarity keeps close, for retirement purposes (savings plan is in the Cayman Air Banner):

<http://www.smartmoney.com/calculator/other/compound-interest-calculator-1302835239643/>

Careers and Professional Designations to consider:

Chartered Financial Analyst: <http://www.cfainstitute.org>

Chartered Wealth Manager:

http://www.financialcertified.com/chartered_wealth_manager.html

<http://www.financialcertified.com/certifications.html> (other certifications)

Certified Financial Planner: <http://www.cfp.net/>

Institute for the Certification of Computing Professionals:

<http://iccp.org/certification/designations/ccp>

Wealth:

Robert Kiyosaki's Wealth Community: <http://www.richdad.com/>

Books on wealth and cash flow by Robert Kiyosaki:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Kiyosaki#Bibliography

Cash Flow 101 Game: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cashflow_101

How to Make Money: <http://archive.org/details/HowtoMakeMoney>

(free pdf book from 1859)

Educational sites and global news:

Khan Academy: <http://www.khanacademy.org/>

Visual Thesaurus: <http://www.visualthesaurus.com/>

Visual Global News: <http://www.newsmap.jp/>

Featured universities:

Pepperdine, Malibu, California: <http://www.pepperdine.edu/>

UCLA, California, Academic Programs:

<http://www.ucla.edu/academics/departments-and-programs>

Ohio State University: <http://www.osu.edu/>

Mayfield Fellows Program at Stanford:

<http://stvp.stanford.edu/teaching/mfp/>

University of Hawaii: <http://www.hawaii.edu/>