

Dr. Norton

Career, eroticism, and tragedy

Iris Pinson



Dr. Norton

Paul Norton and Victor Bosch are bosom friends who would go to great lengths for each other. When they share a room during their studies, it's a party every night. They share the same love for music, enjoy playing pranks, and appreciate women. These two athletic and good-looking charmers quickly earn a reputation as womanizers. It seems that this only fuels women's interest in them. That is until Jackie appears. She is the woman who secretly orchestrates the love lives of both men, without their knowledge.

After their studies, both young men embark on successful careers, causing their worlds to slowly drift apart. The cherished admiration for each other transforms into bitter jealousy.

When Paul Norton is sidelined due to conflicts of interest, he reflects on his life and undergoes a purification process to find inner peace. He opens an alternative practice, and once his life is back on track, Paul decides to win Jackie's heart. Like a virus, he infiltrates her life and infects her. The symptoms of this disease go unnoticed by her loved ones until it's too late, and Paul Norton inflicts irreparable damage to satisfy his ego.

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This book does not contain a personal life story. What is it then? It's fiction. The story was entirely created in the writer's imagination. All names were randomly chosen and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and refers to the frequent occurrence of similar thought patterns, behavior, events or dreamed fantasies of people.

Deel I – Where Worlds Collide

You cannot change the wind.

Chapter 1

'Stay inside and put on your life jacket!' shouted Victor, who at the same time checked his safety line and looked around worriedly.

A strong wind had unexpectedly picked up over the North Sea and the waves were swelling. The rough water tossed the sailboat around like a toy on the waves. Victor, an experienced sailor, had the situation under control. For him, it was a matter of anticipating. But not for his passenger, who had never sailed before. It must have been a scary experience for her. From the cabin, Victor heard a loud bang. Presumably, an object that wasn't secured properly.

When they left the port of Scheveningen this morning on 'the Victory', the winter sun shone on the polished deck. The weather forecast for today had been good. Once they were offshore, Victor had hoisted the sails. A few miles off the coast, the sky began to darken, and not long after, the first raindrops fell on the deck. The rain transformed into a curtain of rain that splattered roughly. In the meantime, Victor had put on his rain gear, stood proudly in the cockpit, and steered over the North Sea with wind force six. Water poured off his rain gear, but he enjoyed how his ship fought with the unpredictable mass of water. It was tough and hard work, but Victor loved challenges. Was life not only about challenges for him? Victor tacked and the lines rolled crackling through the blocks. He was in his element because this was sailing for him, as it should be. Satisfied, he looked up at the longer mast, which he had recently replaced, making the mainsail beautiful.

The swell got higher, and the coastline was out of sight. Due to the strong wind, the ship glided over the waves at high speed like a razor-sharp knife. The rain hit Victor hard in the face, but he surveyed the situation. On the open water of the North Sea, he had space and could take risks because he knew how the currents flowed.

From the cabin, Victor heard his passenger cry out in fear, but the sound was drowned out by the strong wind.

'What's wrong? I can't hear you.'

'I'm scared. We're tilting. The boat will capsize soon,' his panicky passenger shouted. At the same time, she was thrown backwards in the cabin. Victor couldn't pick her up because he had to pay attention to sailing.

She had crawled back up and looked out the gate with a deathly pale face.

'This is sailing as I like it. You don't have to worry because I have everything under control,' Victor said with a smile on his face.

'Go lie down in your bunk and stay there.'

The stormy gusts of wind made the boat shake heavily. Waves four to five meters high on the gray North Sea made sailing particularly challenging. The conditions demanded Victor's full attention and concentration. He noted a speed of 14 knots.

Victor let out a line that got stuck in the clew. He saw a knot in the line, but before he could do anything, the line suddenly shot through the clew and hit the boom hard, hitting his head. Victor felt dizzy and took a step back, losing his balance and being thrown overboard by the strong wind. Despite the long safety line, Victor was unable to climb back on deck. The sailboat dragged him like a plaything through the cold water. While his head was spinning, he tried to pull himself towards the boat through the rough water. His strength dwindled and Victor realized he had lost control. He screamed for help in vain, but no one heard him. Due to a combination of an unexpected high wave and rough sea, the boat capsized. Exhausted, he drowned.

Chapter 2

Once upon a time, Victor Bosch and Paul Norton were a duo. They were inseparable bosom friends. They got along well, although they didn't know why. From the first day of high school, a single glance was enough. They shared the same love for music, both enjoyed jokes, and they were fond of women.

Victor and Paul were two sporty and good-looking charmers who always had women trailing after them. At a young age, they had already earned a reputation as womanizers. It seemed like that reputation only fueled women's interest in them.

They were remarkable young men, causing heads to turn as they walked down the street. Victor had brown hair with a slight wave, which he smoothed back with some gel between his fingers. He usually wore red chinos with a light blue Ralph Lauren shirt, with the sleeves rolled up and the collar casually popped.

From a young age, Paul carefully combed his sleek blond hair back to cover up the thinning spot on the back of his head. He wore jeans with a low crotch, revealing just a glimpse of his Björn Borg underwear on his hips. Day and night, he wore his faded dark blue hoodie, which clung to his body like a second skin.

It all started in high school when they took the initiative to organize illegal parties. Victor's father provided them with an empty building, under the condition that the police wouldn't be involved, or else the fun would end immediately. Victor assured his father that he had everything under control.

Paul was the one who kept up with the latest music trends and knew how to DJ. Getting alcohol was also not a problem. Victor arranged it through his father's connections. Their goal was exclusivity, and they organized the illegal parties for a select group of people. They were strict in their selection, which made their parties highly desired. Only those personally invited were guaranteed entry. This made Paul and Victor loved but also despised by those who were permanently excluded. Girls tried everything to persuade Victor or Paul to let them

in. Exceptions were always made for attractive and charming girls. Their status as organizers of cool parties made them looked up to at school.

When pranks got out of hand or a temporary girlfriend came looking for answers, Victor and Paul covered for each other like brothers. During school sports tournaments, teachers always tried to separate them because when Victor and Paul were on the same team, they were unbeatable.

Their backgrounds were completely opposite. Victor came from a wealthy and prominent family. His father had built a successful career and amassed a fortune. He was a well-regarded figure in the business world. In Victor's daily life, the word 'no' didn't exist. There was already a car waiting for him before he even had his driver's license.

In contrast, Paul came from a socially disadvantaged background. His mother was divorced and living on welfare. He had seen his father only twice in his life, but he had no connection with the man and didn't want to meet him again. If Paul wanted something, he had to work hard for it.

After high school, both young men went to study in Rotterdam. Following his father's recommendation, Victor pursued a degree in Economics, while Paul was admitted to the Microbiology program. They shared a large student room arranged by Victor's father.

Their lives consisted of partying, picking up women, and drinking, but when it came to important moments, such as achieving good grades, Victor and Paul were serious, sober, and ready.

'Hey Victor, I've got two more. Are you coming?' Paul said.

Like a skilled womanizer, Paul had embraced two attractive blondes who simultaneously kissed his cheeks with pursed lips, provocatively. Paul noticed that his 'catch' appealed to Victor, who approached them with a mischievous smile on his face. Victor sensed the competition between the two women for his attention, and it pleased him.

They took the two blondes to their student room, and as soon as they entered, Victor slyly claimed his share. He grabbed the one with the largest breasts and pulled off her shirt. She had drunk too much wine, pressed her breasts together, and let Victor lick them. Then she

wanted to go to Paul, but Victor prevented it by grabbing her from behind. He pushed her forward over the couch, took off her panties, and had his way with her. Paul had pulled the other blonde into bed, and from the corner of his eye, Victor saw that he was receiving oral pleasure.

Sometimes Victor and Paul would take over each other's conquests, and from a slight grimace, they could read on each other's faces whether the woman in question was genuinely attractive or pretending.

Together, they were successful despite pursuing completely different studies. Paul and Victor were not only interested in each other's adventures but also engaged in inspiring conversations and discussions.

One of the recurring topics was: What is certain in life, and is everything we perceive truly real? This arose from the film 'The Truman Show,' which made Paul contemplate his own background in relation to Victor's. What was the real world? Was Victor's inherited wealth a fictional representation, and in reality, was it about the physical and mental development of a person?

These were intriguing discussions where Paul suggested that Victor lived in a world of illusion, where everything was prearranged and readily available to him. Paul directly asked Victor how he would fare if he had to perform in the real world.

'Does it matter if you live in my world or your world?' Victor asked.

'Maybe it does because everything is prepared for you. Your father has mapped out every step in a scenario. A complete script that he perceives as correct, but was it formed in the right context? His frame of reference was also prepared and passed down by his father during his youth. It may turn out that the scenario becomes completely outdated over the decades and no longer aligns with reality. How will you save yourself if your father's script no longer matches reality?'

Victor, an adherent of the philosopher Kant, had a distinct opinion on this.

'The foundation of reality lies in observing and experiencing your environment. We must combine all the theoretical knowledge we acquire during our studies as individuals. That's how a perception of reality is formed. You tend to instinctively follow people you consider

influential, but you must discover why you define them as role models.'

Paul narrowed his eyes and asked, 'But you're also influenced as an individual. To what extent has your father shaped your worldview?'

'Does it actually matter if you live in an illusory world or the real world?' Victor challenged.

Paul burst into laughter. 'Just imagine living a delightful life and then discovering that it's all different. But then, is the world you end up in truly real, or are you transitioning from one illusion to another?'

Victor also laughed. 'Life is full of lies. We'll have to experience it in the years to come.'

He stood up, walked to the fridge. 'A beer?'

Despite living together in one large room, they never had conflicts. Occasionally, the room would get messy, but they would agree to clean it up on weekends, which they always did. A few times a year, Victor's father arranged for a cleaning lady to thoroughly clean the room. They both contributed money to a pot in the kitchen cabinet for groceries, and there was never a word spoken about money.

In their final year of study, Victor's father prepared him for his future career. His father was a kind man and involved Paul in the networking events he organized. These gatherings provided an opportunity to share interesting information and build their future network, which they would later rely on for a successful career.

Victor graduated first while Paul diligently continued his microbiology studies. Victor admired Paul for his perseverance in funding his education despite limited resources. He appreciated Paul's honesty and respected the things he had worked hard for.

Immediately after graduating, Victor was recruited as a high potential by the pharmaceutical multinational company Saludem. He began exploring different fields to explore his possibilities. Saludem offered him considerable freedom to apply his newly acquired knowledge and experience to ultimately determine his direction. Additionally, he participated in an intensive training program for high potentials, which prepared him for his initial leadership role. The results

exceeded expectations due to his excellent communication skills, intelligence, and the background coaching from his father. Victor breezed through the program effortlessly.

Victor's father had extensive knowledge of the real estate market, invested in properties, and had other investment holdings. When Victor started his first job, his father believed it was time to move on from the student room. He had an investment property in his portfolio located a few streets behind Saludem. The apartment in Amsterdam's Zuidas district was of high quality and befitting his son's future status. It was only natural for Victor to move in there.

Victor was doing well; his career was on track, and within two years, he rose to become a manager of a commercial department. It was hard work, achieving targets, surpassing internal competition, and making an impression on stakeholders. He skillfully maneuvered within the organization's political arena and delivered excellent results at the right moments. The reward was sweet, as the promotion gave him the right status within the company. Victor was admired, but there were also colleagues who didn't like him and called him a traitor behind his back.

Victor was satisfied with his ultramodern office. He vividly remembered the first day he walked into his office. The glass walls gave it a futuristic appearance. What appealed to him the most was his glass desk, with a thin laptop ready for use. Victor had a taste for stylish design and had modern art hanging on the walls. But what appealed to him the most was his secretary. Giselle was a beautiful, light-skinned lady with long, straight black hair. She had a friendly yet elegant smile. On his first day, she was waiting for him.

'Welcome. I'm Giselle, your secretary.'

Victor immediately liked her. He could tell she was discreet. He found her to be the ideal embodiment of a secretary in her beautiful light pink blouse with a perfect fit. He closely followed her tight black pencil skirt and stylish pumps.

'Coffee? Black?'

Victor smiled because it seemed like she could read his mind. After she left the room, he grabbed his new smartphone and quickly scanned the latest news.

When she returned with the coffee, she confidently sat opposite him with a notepad and pen in hand.

'I have prepared all the documents for the meeting. You just need to approve them and enter them into the system. The departmental meeting is always on Monday afternoon. The partner managers will be present.'

She handed him an overview of the goals and progress of the results.

'There are two partner managers underperforming. I've marked them in red.'

Victor didn't show any signs, but he was pleasantly surprised by Giselle's assertive approach. He took a sip of his coffee, pondered the situation, and decided to praise her. With a serious expression, he said, 'I've only been here for ten minutes, and I can already tell I can't do without you.'

Giselle modestly lowered her eyes but quickly regained her composure and self-assuredness. Victor realized that Giselle would be a valuable ally and provide him with support in challenging situations. After the meeting, she stood up and gracefully walked in her high heels to her desk. Victor attentively followed her with his eyes through the glass wall. He noticed that she straightened her skirt before sitting down. She had an appealing presence, but Victor realized he was on a career path, and romantic escapades with his secretary were out of the question.

His team consisted of a diverse group of women and men, young and old. In the field service, mainly male experts were active, serving the academic hospitals. The women held supportive administrative roles. During the first meeting, he noticed some skepticism. Victor was a young gun and now found himself leading a team of twelve employees with an average age of thirty-five. But he trusted himself with that responsibility. He welcomed everyone, initiated introductions, and briefly explained who he was and what he expected from the team. Giselle took accurate minutes.

Victor personally got to know his team members. During individual conversations, he could assess their personalities and drive. As a manager, he followed through on the agreements made, which was appreciated and built trust. It took some time, but after six months, they were fully on board with him.

Despite his busy schedule, he occasionally met up with Paul on weekends to go out in the city. He was curious about Paul's progress and shared his experiences at Saludem.

'You've changed quite a bit in the past six months,' said Paul, observing Victor attentively.

'You're behaving like a real manager,' he complimented, patting Victor on the shoulder with admiration.

'How much longer do you have?' Victor asked.

'Just six more months, and then I'll be done. I'm looking forward to it because I'm getting tired of studying,' replied Paul.

Victor showed interest in Paul's graduation project, and Paul systematically explained what he was working on and which phase of research he was in. They entered a bustling pub in the city center and ordered beer.

After a while, Paul nudged Victor, and from his expression, it was clear that he was referring to an attractive woman. Victor turned around, looked at the woman in question, and then grinned at Paul.

'She's a colleague of mine, Lettie. She's also in the management program at Saludem.'

'I think I'm going to make a move on her tonight,' said Paul with a confident smile on his lips and a meaningful look in his eyes.

'Or do you object?'

Victor shook his head. He took another good look at Lettie and thought she looked sexy in the pub now, with her low-cut top. Paul made eye contact with her and she walked towards him.

Lettie was a beautiful blonde with long straight hair and a nicely proportioned face. She wasn't tall, but had a good figure. Not too thick, but with some curves.

'Hey, you here?' Lettie said surprised, and she kissed Victor three times. He introduced Paul, who immediately started flirting. Victor let him go, because he could see in her eyes that his time would come. Lettie's friend joined them as well. Paul took control of the situation

and made jokes. There was a lot of laughter and drinking. The music got loud during some sing-alongs, making it difficult to hear each other.

Victor saw Paul sensually glide his hands over Lettie's tight skirt. She allowed it, but Victor, being an experienced womanizer, knew she wouldn't go home with Paul. After a while, she broke away from Paul and came towards Victor. Victor now knew for sure that he would score with her tonight. It gave Victor a feeling of euphoria. Paul realized his chance was gone, but took it sportingly and said to Victor, 'I'm off because I have some things to take care of tomorrow.' He winked and disappeared like a hare into the darkness.

When Paul was gone, Lettie kissed Victor. He found her attractive. In a corner, he slid his hand under her shirt.

'At my place or yours?' she sighed.

'It depends on what you have in mind,' he said sensually.

Her hand touched his crotch.

'At mine,' said Victor. He subtly took her hand and led her to his new apartment.

Lettie was a passionate woman. In the elevator, she pulled up her top. Her bare breasts stood out prominently, and she looked at Victor provocatively. But at that moment, the bell rang, and the elevator doors opened. Victor took her hand and led her to his apartment. He immediately took Lettie to his bedroom, undressed her completely, and began to touch her erotically. She screamed with pleasure. To silence her, he put his erect penis in her mouth, which she eagerly sucked. Lettie was a fiery woman who knew no limits. Victor laughed to himself afterwards. Lettie was his sex toy.

As part of the management program, Saludem regularly organized meetings at external locations. During one of these meetings, Victor saw Lettie enter the room. Since that night at his home, he hadn't seen her, but he hadn't forgotten her. It had been a fantastic night, and Lettie knew exactly how to pleasure him with her mouth. She sat down next to him and initiated a serious conversation, to which Victor responded without showing any affection. It was an interesting

discussion about the annual return the shareholders would achieve compared to the future investments needed for innovation. Lettie believed that the element of time didn't align with the shareholders' interests, considering the returns from new products. Victor was intrigued by her ideas, and they discussed various theoretical options. Not only skilled in bed, Victor thought, she also has sharp business insight.

In the evening, after dinner, the group unexpectedly received an assignment requiring them to deliver a detailed presentation the next morning. Everyone had been drinking wine during dinner and was tired from the day's program. The assignment was intentionally intense and conflicting in nature. The objective was for the group to reach a consensus under pressure and present it with a results-oriented approach. They gathered in the lobby, engaged in serious discussions, developed the framework and its content. Now they needed to incorporate everything into a PowerPoint presentation. At 2 a.m., Victor confidently said to the group, 'I'll put that together tonight. No problem.'

Lettie offered, 'Shall I take care of a part?'

Victor looked thoughtful. 'No, that's not necessary. But it would be helpful if you gather all the group's notes so we can review them while I work on the results.'

Lettie collected the notes and walked with Victor to his room to assist him with the presentation. Upon entering, Victor closed the door, pulled Lettie into bed and slid her pants down. She was horny and in no time Victor was on his back and she was riding him drily with her firm ass.

In the morning, Victor woke up and looked at Lettie lying next to him. She was attractive, appealing, and intelligent, but not the type of woman he wanted to start a relationship with. He checked his phone, saw that it was six o'clock, and quietly slipped out of bed. He opened his laptop and sat at the table by the window. Swiftly and skillfully, he started working on the presentation. Victor didn't like long presentations and felt that five slides were sufficient to convey the developed model and the conclusion. The focus was on the story,

which would be orally presented with the help of the slides. This way, he forced everyone to pay attention. Satisfied, he scrolled through the five slides he had created, placed them on the desktop, closed his laptop, and crawled back into bed with Lettie. She was lying with her firm behind facing him and hadn't noticed that he had gotten out of bed. He positioned himself behind her, warmed himself against her body, parted her buttocks, and thrust his erect penis between them.

The ad hoc assignment had been executed professionally. The Saludem supervisor who had assigned the task clapped his hands when the results were presented. He found the outcome to be of high quality. It strengthened Victor's belief that he had more to offer than just leading a commercial unit.

After three successful years as a Commercial Manager, he was appointed as Division Manager Home Care. His career was progressing well. In the meantime, Victor was known as a serious, hardworking manager with an unquestionable reputation.

During his promotion, he insisted that his secretary, Giselle, would accompany him. She was pleasantly surprised and followed him to his new workplace. It was also a promotion for her. Over the past years, she had been indispensable to Victor. She was his eyes and ears in the organization. Without any instruction, she silently managed everything in the background. He could rely on her completely. As a desirable bachelor, he enjoyed looking at her behind when she pulled her skirt tight before sitting down. However, Giselle had also witnessed the only misstep Victor had made.

Late in the evening, Lettie entered his office with a mischievous smile. 'Hey tiger, I never see you since your promotion.'

Victor chuckled inwardly and looked at her kindly. Lettie provocatively sat on the side of his desk.

'Among the group, you're the only one who found the way to the top.' She leaned gracefully on her elbow on the desk, causing her thighs to slightly part. Victor couldn't resist and slowly let his fingers slide under her skirt.

Naughtily, she winked at him and spread her legs wider. He felt that she wasn't wearing any panties, softly slid his finger inside her, and

kept staring at her intently. Lettie sighed and closed her eyes. Victor slowly stood up from his desk chair and unzipped his pants. She sat on the edge of his desk, lifted her skirt, and spread her legs as wide as possible. Victor smoothly entered Lettie, who was ready to receive him. With powerful thrusts, he took her.

She was delightful until he saw something move in the corner of his eye. It was Giselle. She closed the cabinet and grabbed her handbag to leave. Victor panicked, thinking she had already left. He couldn't reach orgasm anymore.

Lettie looked at him in surprise. 'Is something wrong? That's not like you.' She saw something in his eyes. She turned her head and just caught Giselle leaving the room. Lettie burst into laughter and tried to grab his penis again, but Victor quickly zipped up his pants.

'Are you afraid of her or something?' Lettie asked. She stepped off the desk, stood beside it, and pulled down her skirt. Victor didn't answer but looked thoughtfully at the door.

'Shall we meet again?' she asked.

'I think we should stop this,' Victor replied firmly.

Victor made the decision to definitively end his relationship with Lettie.

The next morning, Giselle was already working at her desk when Victor walked in and took his seat behind his desk. She stood up and placed a cup of coffee in front of him shortly after. He looked at her but hesitated about what to say.

She discreetly glanced at him and said, 'Don't worry, there was no one else here.'

'Thank you,' Victor replied, relieved. His reputation had not been compromised.



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