

# Sonja Takes a Lover

by Corey Podell and Jamie Silberhartz

The cool breeze from the bedroom window fluttered Sonja awake from her third nap. As she took in the yellow dusk, she remembered what tonight was and smiled.

Her smile was quickly followed by a pang of doubt. This was new for Sonja, as nothing typically made her nervous, except remembering all her computer passwords; that's QUITE nerve-racking!

Beyond that, nothing fazed Sonja much. She was a self-possessed woman, now a self-possessed SINGLE woman.

With her three bichons trailing, Sonja got out of bed and made her way up to the 4th-floor closet. The 1st-floor closet was for Classy Sexy clothes, the 2nd-floor closet for Casual Sexy clothes, and the 3rd-floor closet for Black Tie Sexy clothes. But the 4th-floor closet was for Sexy Sexy clothes. This closet was also home to her extra bodysuits, back issues of In Touch magazine, and boxes of spare eyelashes. Sure, some of her friends called her a hoarder, but she considered herself a collector, not just of trinkets and tchotchkes, but of men. Or at least she used to be.

It had been ages since she survived her public and acrimonious divorce from John Morgan, heir to J.P. Morgan. But she'd needed time to heal, reflect, and get vaginal rejuvenation surgery. And ever since the rejuvenation last spring, it was safe to say Sonja was having her very own spring awakening. She was starting to feel more like her old self—the international jet setter who dated princes and publishers, the It Girl who bedded heads of state with yachts named after her. Bottom line, Sonja had a new precious, and she was ready to show her off.

She pushed aside the overstuffed hangers of Sexy Sexy clothes. Found it! Her yellow Prada slip dress. She was 26 years old the last time she wore this, partying at Planet Hollywood with Dean Cain. Yes, this dress was lucky alright.

It still fit her like a glove. A strict diet of cigarettes, champagne, brunch foods, and visits to Dr. Stein had made her the kind of “skinny” most women had to work at. The only exercise Sonja Morgan does are her Kegels!

She stepped gingerly through her piles, boxes, broken furniture, donation bags, crafting supplies, damaged skis, mannequin parts, and doll heads to descend the staircase (her elevator was broken again!). As she sat at her vanity and applied her lipstick, she checked the time. Lorenzo would be there at 8pm.

Ah, Lorenzo. Lorenzo was the perfect new beginning. Sonja needed to wade back into the romantic waters with someone malleable, someone eager, and someone young. Lorenzo not only fit the bill, he filled it out quite nicely.

Sonja knew it the minute he bussed her table last week at Via Brasil. Lorenzo's shy smile when she complimented his bicep muscles let her know he'd be the perfect one to get her feet (and some other body parts) wet again.

She was startled by a loud knock (her gate and doorbell were both broken again!). Lorenzo had arrived. Sonja checked her hair in the reflection of her Fabergé eggs, took a moment to admire what she saw, and flung open the door. There stood Lorenzo: tight, tan, and holding a to-go order of churrasco in his right hand.

“Well look what the poodle dragged in,” Sonja drawled, looking him over, head to toe. Lorenzo’s cheeks flushed.

“Order for you, Miss Sonja?” Sonja waved him inside.

“Just set it down on the dining room table, darling...yes right there. Just move that pile...no the other pile...yes the pile of folders...push that pile of coats to the side...you can move that computer too, it doesn’t work. Great, there, perfect.”

Once Lorenzo found a home for his Brazilian meat, he smiled at her expectantly. “Cash or card, Ms. Sonja?”

“Don’t be in such a rush, Lorenzo. You’re reminding me of my ex!” Sonja scoffed. “Take a seat. I bet you’re tired after a long day.” She unlaced his work boots and massaged his feet. “Come on, just one drink?”

Moments later, Sonja and Lorenzo retired to her lounge, sipping their champagne atop her bearskin rug.

“Do you know where I got this rug from, Lorenzo?”

He did not know. Sonja told him about the trip to Sweden years ago with her Italian lover. They were at a party with the Princess of Sweden herself, and after Sonja admired the rug, well, wouldn’t you know, Sonja arrived back on Park Avenue a month later to find a box from the princess herself with that very rug.

Lorenzo put a finger up to Sonja’s manic lips to silence her.

“SHHHHHH! You talk very fast, with many words.”

Sonja was always chatty, but this wasn’t just chatty, this was... nervous. She took a deep breath. “Lo siento mi amor, estoy nerviosa poquita.”

Lorenzo cupped her hand in his. “I speak Portuguese, not Spanish.”

“Do you speak THIS language?” Sonja asked as she grabbed his dark head of curls and gave him a soul kiss. Her tongue swirled around his like an angry torpedo in the middle of a tornado. She pulled his hair harder.

“Ow, Ms. Sonja. Por favor, seja gentil.”

Now he was getting dirty. Sonja could feel herself getting turned on. She straddled him, feeling his bulge begin to bulge. She knew she was ready...ready to unveil her new vageen. Lorenzo slid his hand up her supple thigh.

“My nasty little enchilada,” she cooed.

Just as she braced for impact, his hand hit a wall—a wall of shapewear! Sonja had completely forgotten to take them off! It was Dr. Stein’s strict orders that Sonja wear Spanx day and night for compression; her latest tummy tuck had left her at risk for blood clots. The Spanx even helped heal her pink fortress, but now they were keeping away the very thing it so desperately needed: man meat.

Embarrassed, she rolled off him. “Excuse me, Lorenzo. I have to get something very special, just for us.”

Scooping up Millou, who was sniffing near Lorenzo’s stiff masthead, Sonja hurried to the 5th-floor bathroom. It’s OK, she assured herself; the young ones can stay passionate for hours. Sonja peeled away the garments holding her glorious body back in its nylon-blend jail.

But when she turned to admire herself in the full-length, Sonja was horrified. All along her hips and upper thighs were indentation marks from the shapewear. Hydration! Sonja had meant to hydrate this afternoon, but fell asleep before her intern could bring her a pitcher of alkaline water.

In despair, she looked at Millou. “This work of art has pleased the world’s most illustrious men. I will be damned if these fucking tights stop me now!”

Sonja pulled her hair back with one thing on her mind: water! She then did the most unladylike thing she could conjure up—she drank straight from the sink. Sonja’s neck let out a creak as she attempted to get the liquid that was now only dribbles. Damn interns forgot to pay the water bill again!

“Ms. Sonja, ligue a televisão.” Lorenzo was calling from downstairs; he was yearning for her.

“Just a second, mi amor.”

Her thighs were slowly regaining shape when Millou let out a yelp.

“Yes!” Sonja shrieked, clapping her hands. “Millou that IS the perfect negligee for this occasion.”

Millou was right; the black teddy, a gift from the Sultan of Brunei, was just what she needed. Leaning against the wall, she traced her honeypot. She wanted to be drenched with moisture when she walked into the room. She wanted to be ready and moist. Moist and ready. Moist. The moistest.

“Here I come, my little sombrero.”

A rush filled her body as she ran down the hall to Lorenzo. It couldn’t help but remind her of the time she played that fabulous game of strip hide-and-go-seek with the Baldwin brothers.

In the bedroom, Lorenzo’s naked body lay exposed. He watched soccer as Millou sat at his feet.

Sonja couldn’t believe it. This boy, this angel, this well-endowed Spaniard was also a genius?! She had been trying to get the television remote control to work for close to a decade with never any success. She had never felt more excited.

Before young Lorenzo could change the channel, Sonja pounced like an adolescent armadillo on a popsicle stick. She clawed at his body, her appetite for him insatiable. Sonja had the urge to eat him alive, literally sink her teeth into him. But, of course, she’d never, as she just had her broken veneer put back in.

Lorenzo calmed her ravenous sexual hunger and laid her gently on her back. He motioned towards Millou. “Miss Sonja, I think doggie did a boo- boo.”

Sonja ignored what she saw on the edge of the bed. “Don’t sweat the small stuff, Lorenzo!”

Lorenzo took a moment to appreciate this beautiful and bizarre creature. Then Sonja let this man do the one thing he was there for, besides fixing the remote—pleasure her. Like a modern day Brazilian Viking, Lorenzo explored her Cave of Wonders with his mouth.

Sonja hadn't felt like this since the time she "visited" Antonio Sabato Jr. on set and they snuck off to the wardrobe trailer.

"Yes, Antonio! I mean, Lorenzo! Yes!" Sonja encouraged.

To steady herself, Sonja gripped the TV remote at her side. She was almost at the apex of Lorenzo's mouth rollercoaster when she heard a familiar voice and looked toward her dusty television screen. It was her. That was her on TV! This must be the Bravo network. This must be the Housewives show.

She was so happy she wouldn't have to pretend at the reunions anymore—pretend that she'd seen the show, or that she could work her remote. The charade was over. Sonja put on her reading glasses so she could see better, relaxed into Lorenzo, and stared at herself on TV.

No one in the history of the world had ever been as turned on as Sonja was in this moment, watching herself dance with her friend Ramona on national television while this modern day Columbus conquered her uncharted territories.

"Si! Lorenzo! Si! Just as it went to commercial, Sonja climaxed like she'd never climaxed before.

Yes, this was a new beginning. A new beginning, indeed.