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"Corruption is only as effective as the corrupt  
-Dieder

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Diederik van Nederveen



# Trophy Husband

My time observing the 1% feeding on the 99%

Meeting Sandie

Cancun, Mexico, Valentine's Day 1995

Cheryl Crow's *All I Wanna Do* blasted from the speakers, overpowering the waves crashing on the nearby beach. I'm not a gifted dancer despite a fairly successful stint in a ballroom dancing class. Seeing me on that Club Med dance floor would have killed any woman's desire even to ask for my name, so I kept my distance. Through the fog-machine haze that engulfed the gyrating bodies scattered here and there, two women caught my attention. Their heads radiated a chemically induced hue, and a black-light-enhanced mixture of erratic laser beams bounced from their bottle-blonde manes. Both darkly tanned women were dressed in tiny sundresses that enhanced their curves as they twisted and writhed, as if consciously aware of being observed by everyone. They stood out, not only because of their appearance, but because there simply weren't many single attractive women in their prime at this place — confident, made up, and ready to seduce anyone to their liking.

My friend David shouted over the music, "Hey, D, do you see that woman over there? I think that's Sandie T...." I couldn't hear the rest, and even if I did, I wouldn't have known who she was. I didn't really care since none of the 4Skin distributors had really connected with me yet. I do remember, however, meeting the blonde woman who had given a presentation earlier in the day.

At first I knew her only as a woman connected with 4Skin who, while taking care of business, liked to have some fun dancing. And that, too, she did like a pro. I had no reason to seek her out and speak to her, but David seemed to think otherwise and gestured for me to follow him as he approached the dance floor. The ladies smiled and kindly shook David's hand. David introduced me to Sandie first, the shorter of the two. All I could hear was, "Hi ... I'm Sandie ... (garble) ... son." I couldn't hear much else. With all the action going on around us, it was hard to have a conversation, so I politely shook their hands and turned around. David stayed behind to dance with them and seemed to be having a great time.

With David's hard work, determination and diligence, he had beat out over 200,000 distributors in North America to win the Grand Prize of the "Success, Sun and Salsa" incentive contest held by Utah-based 4Skin Enterprises. The Grand Prize consisted of an all expense paid trip for two to Club Med Cancun, Mexico for eight days with the corporate officers. I just thought David was being kind and had no idea how accepting his offer of a fun filled trip in the tropical sun would end up changing my life forever. Now as we stood there watching these gyrating, sweat-soaked, hot-blooded women, it shouldn't be surprising that the thought of steamy sex entered my mind, only to be quickly suppressed. I reminded myself that I had gotten on that airplane to give 4Skin a serious try and not to allow my time in Mexico to be distracted by a cheap one-night stand. If this 4Skin deal was even half of what it promised to be, life was going to be good!

I pulled myself together and headed to the bar seeking a diversionary refuge. The only people there were Scott S., the Vice President of 4Skin Distributor Support at the time, and his wife, who was sipping an orange juice. I smiled, remembering my conversation with them earlier that day when I joined them for a chat on the beach. Scott couldn't have been more out of place. A respectable Mormon who had flown all the way from the land-locked Utah desert, he sat shell shocked on a blazing white beach gaping at dozens of stunning young women whose bare breasts were everywhere on view. His eyes strained to sharpen their focus as his Mormon-censored mind struggled to take in a whole new range of images that rattled his modesty to its very core.

It may have been because of my European upbringing, or the behind-the-scenes coded changing arrangements, standard practice at fashion shows, that rendered immune to the scene. As a Dutch National I was used to the sight of a beach filled with beautiful girls who loved to play their innocent game, flaunting their female attributes to draw a reaction from eager-eyed men, sucking up visuals of topless beach babes. Besides, during this trip I vowed to not frolic with or nibble on the opposite sex, as much as that resolution was noble, it was naive.

No man is totally immune from the female art of seduction. I simply had not met a woman interesting enough to become involved. As I laid back in the sand contemplating all the amazing possibilities of the 4Skin opportunity that, if the stories were all true, were in easy reach of anyone daring to dream big, I could practically hear Scott's pale, precancerous skin sing in the hot sun. Unaware of any potential medical trauma, he blandly talked to me about how he'd made it big in 4Skin and about how deeply committed he was to the Mormon faith, whose message he eagerly shared with me, assuming that anyone who gave him a chance was interested.

“Ah, you're from Holland. Well, we have many missionaries in Europe too, you know.”

Sure, I had seen these chaps riding their bikes wearing their white shirts, neckties, and little black nametags staring at every Dutch girl that came their way. How could they have known that bras were optional in Holland?

At the bar, hours after that brief conversation with him earlier that day, I knew all I needed to know. Scott was a deeply religious man, and it must have been an enormous effort for him to resist the inner voice of desire.

As we met again, we continued the small talk — as much as two guys from such vastly differing backgrounds could muster up. The conversation would have been completely uneventful if he had not asked the tentative question, “Umm, so, Diederik,

how is it that all those naked breasts on the beach don't seem to affect you? Those ladies were sure looking at you!"

I laughed out loud. It was telling that the whole time he was lecturing me on the discipline and commitment required to carry out an expected two-year mission for his Church, what he'd really been thinking about was the plethora of iconized symbols of femininity on that Mexico beach. The breasts obviously made a big impression on him.

I looked at him and said, "They don't do anything for me other than make me thirsty." I took another sip of my orange juice and grinned, cocking my eyebrow up. I wish I had been wearing a standard issue Mormon CTR ring (Choose The Right) that I could flash at him to remind him of his covenants. Scott didn't know how to respond, so I decided to dispense a little more wisdom, risking permanently jeopardizing my chance at friendship with this friendly but ultra-uptight and artless corporate executive.

"Scott, what are you, about six-foot-two? Well, I'm sure you got that way because your mommy didn't hesitate to press her overflowing breasts into your mug right after you popped out."

His wife, who had been listening but had kept quiet, burst out laughing, and Scott, with beet-red cheeks and struggling to recompose himself, suddenly hopped down from his bar stool to intercept a blonde woman approaching.

I turned to see who it was that made Scott snap to attention, as if he'd been curtly addressed by a Field Marshall. My eyes connected with a woman who turned out to be the same short blonde I had met on the dance floor. Now we could actually see each other unobstructed by smoke and disco glare. It was the next few moments that ignited all the forbidden pheromones in my body, a process that would prove too powerful to be squelched no matter how hard I fought.

Now we had a clear view of each other, but we had not connected on a deeper level, though I had the uncanny feeling that we had encountered one another somewhere before, as if in a former life. It wasn't the first time I felt this way when meeting someone who would turn out to have a dramatic impact on my life. One such individual was a man named Chris who was like a second father to me. Without knowing me well, he once entrusted me with his multi-million-dollar yacht to sail from Singapore to Athens. When I asked him if he was sure he wanted to give a twenty-one-year-old Dutch kid command of his yacht, he said, "I've seen enough of you to know that you will never disappoint me. Go get the job done." What would meeting Sandie lead to, if it was destined to be another adventure?

Scott courteously made the introduction. “Diederik, this is Sandie T.” Ah, yes, that was her name. This time I heard it all. He said her name as if I was supposed to know who she was. I could tell from her firm handshake and her unwavering gaze that she was confident and used to being in control. I guessed she was probably in her late thirties, definitely older than I was at twenty-nine. I liked that. Older women had their lives together. They knew how to forge meaningful relationships. They didn’t just rush into things.

It wasn’t so much her overall cuteness that caught my interest, but rather the intelligent twinkle in her eyes. Her low-cut sundress certainly did what it was designed to do, and indeed it took some effort for me to take my eyes off of her, but there was something more to this alluring woman. Whatever it was, Scott left us barely enough time to exchange niceties as he ushered her away, perhaps sensing impending disaster.

They left the bar, and I decided to wander off on my own, check out the facility, and catch up with my friend David. After ten minutes or so I still hadn’t found him, so I returned to the lobby, where I spotted Sandie, who had apparently escaped Scott’s care. Sitting all alone on a bench as if she had been waiting for me to catch up with her, she started with a flirtatious, “So Diederik, what are *you* up to tonight?”

I sat down next to her and smiled as she brushed her cascading blonde hair off a perfectly tanned shoulder, as if to give me a better look at the deep exposed cleavage I was trying to ignore. It was then that I sensed I was being lured in. I had seen it before. Whenever women act as if they are just shaking their hair, adjusting their blouse, or picking up a handbag they have carefully positioned so as to have to bend down to retrieve it, they know full well how such tactical maneuvers expose their body to the lucky man they’ve decided should be allowed to share their bed that night. If he is up for it. This was Sandie’s clever way of allowing me to think I was about to conquer her, when in fact she had set the trap.

Guided by my sense of having met an old friend, I said, “I’m not sure. I haven’t planned anything. I’m just waiting for my friend David. What about you?”

I had watched her speak that morning about the latest 4Skin products, so I assumed she was a product developer and asked her if she knew whether 4Skin was opening any markets in Europe. She said she didn’t know anything about the foreign markets and instead asked me about what I had been doing the past few months. It was obvious she didn’t want to talk about 4Skin, and she put on her “*Well, are you going to tell me?*” face. I figured I might as well tell her about my latest part-time occupation, acting in films and helping my friend with her sports massage business for

runway models, female body builders, and endurance athletes. I was working as a model, actor and had been an athlete all my life, and my friend called me whenever one of her clients had an injury and needed deep-tissue treatment that involved stretching or weight-training exercises. I realized I'd gotten myself into trouble when Sandie gave me a mischievous look and playfully responded, "Ahem ... maybe you should come up to my room and give me a massage to rub out all the knots from dancing."

My mind nearly exploded! *This woman was forward!*

None of my professional clients had ever given me that kind of look — suggesting I join them in their bedrooms — and I stammered, "Won't that draw a little suspicion from the corporate figures?"

"Oh, no one will ever know. I highly doubt my job at 4Skin will be at risk by having a little innocent fun," she quickly assured me.

I looked at her as she stood up with a "Let's get to it" pose, and before I had a chance to protest, she headed straight for the elevator, assuming I would follow, which I did. While we rode up in the elevator, I noticed her checking me out from top to bottom without the slightest reservation. Her room was a few doors down and across the hall from the room I shared with David, and I thought I'd have to remind myself to be very quiet after the massage so I wouldn't wake him up.

To my surprise, upon entering Sandie's room I saw another woman sitting on one of the beds. She immediately stood up wearing only her bra and panties and stretched out her hand as if it was no big deal. At that point, I recognized her as the other woman from the dance floor. Things started to come together.

"Diederik, this is my friend Becky. She does my hair and goes on trips with me. I hope you don't mind. She'll be sleeping soon. Don't worry."

I wasn't worried, but rather relieved. I was still holding firm to my stance of total abstinence from sex with strangers. I didn't expect to end up in Sandie's arms, and I knew as little about Sandie as I knew about Becky — other than that both women had no trouble running around in various states of undress in front of me, a total stranger. I sat down in a chair and answered some of their questions, and once our initial hesitations faded and we all felt comfortable with the situation, Becky began playing around a bit. She bent over to show me her sunburned bottom and joked, "It got a bit too much attention from the sun today."

“I am sure it wasn’t just the sun,” I said as I picked up on a hint of competitive female posturing. She confirmed my suspicion when she quipped to Sandie, “Maybe I should have invited that stud from earlier . . . now you’re having all the fun here!”

Now my mind went to full alert. *All the fun?*

Becky quickly excused herself, then crawled under her sheets a few feet away and turned toward the wall as if to say, “Don’t mind me. Have at it.”

As if our rendezvous had been planned in advance, Sandie lit a few candles, turned down the lights, pushed “play” on a stereo unit, and then moving with the rhythm of the soft tunes that filled the room, she stripped down to nothing. She wiggled to the bed, bent forward, and proceeded to lie on her back, facing me, offering up every square inch of her body for the taking.

“I’m ready for that massage you promised,” she said unabashedly.

My head screamed, *This is unbelievable! Didn’t I vow not to do this?*

As I stood at the end of her bed, I saw out of the corner of my eye that Becky had turned to face us but kept her eyes closed and was still playing her innocent “I’m sleeping; don’t worry about me” game.

I looked down at Sandie’s naked, tanned body, as she offered me a shameless and enticing view of her shaved female parts. Then my eyes were drawn upward to her two large breasts. Sandie’s inviting smile and stretched-out arms removed any doubt that I was about to hurt my chances of success at selling 4Skin products after word hit the executive office that I had taken advantage of one of their marketing employees. Oblivious to my internal torment, Sandie’s mind was not filled with overpriced shampoos, vitamin capsules, or skincare goods, but was anticipating much more fun than any of the 4Skin products could ever offer . . . and so I made my decision. I was sold.

With no expectations of a long-term relationship encumbered by the refinements of love, I was determined to give her my best and asked her to turn over. I started to rub her back and shoulders, working my way down to her feet. After about thirty minutes, she turned onto her back and said, “How about this side? I think my legs and calves are all better now.”

I complied with her request, and at the first slight touch Sandie was squirming and bucking like a confined thoroughbred about to be released onto an open range. She couldn’t wait to be catapulted to higher plains of excitement, and it didn’t take long

for our consummation to take place in plain sight of Becky, who was no longer pretending to be asleep. It was actually a turn-on to know that she was well aware of what was going on while quietly listening to the deep moans that roared from her friend's gasping throat. Like any forbidden pleasure, my excitement was only intensified by the fear of being caught and reprimanded — which only added to the pleasure of a straightforward erotic sex session with a very willing virtual stranger who wanted nothing more than to receive what I had to offer.

Exhausted and soaking with sweat, I stared at Sandie when she whispered, “That was something else. That’s exactly what I needed.”

I kissed her goodnight and silently snuck out. While dripping all over the hallway and quietly opened the door to my room, only to be greeted by David's inquisition, “What ... or rather *who* did you do? For a moment I thought you must have gone for a jog, but that look in your eyes tells me you snagged yourself one of these beach bunnies.”

I just laughed and headed for the shower and hoped he would be sleeping when I returned, but no. He was very much awake and wanted to know *everything*.

“You met up with *who*?” his voice squealed as he asked.

“That blonde from the dance floor.”

“Sandie? Sandie T.? Oh my God! Don't you know who she *is*?”

“Yes, she works in the Marketing Department. That's all I know. What's the big deal?”

David then explained that if it really was Sandie that I had been with, then I ought to know she was one of the co-founders of 4Skin. He was quiet for a minute, and when I was about to slip into a well-deserved coma he said, “Now I get it. I saw how she was looking at you during brunch. I'll know for sure tomorrow morning when I lay eyes on you two at breakfast.”

Before drifting off, I gave some thought to what might happen if anyone found out about our secret meeting since I knew that, among Americans especially, this kind of behavior was considered highly improper for a top executive who was meant to set an example for hundreds of thousands of 4Skin distributors worldwide. I vowed to remain silent and not be too openly friendly with Sandie so as not to complicate things for her.

I might have been able to hold onto that resolution if she hadn't come up and kissed me right on the lips the next morning when we sat down for breakfast, with a hundred distributors staring at us. I still tried to play it easy, but there was no stopping her. She didn't seem to care one bit that everyone watched as she held my hand, kissed me, and played around with me all that day and every other day of the week-long event. We became inseparable, and our time in Mexico was spent largely ignoring the critical eyes of 4Skin staffers, as well as members of the distributor force, who had more than a casual interest in our blossoming love affair.

During the afternoon of the following day, I learned that in the world of Sandie, limits are not fixed. I'm no stranger to a little public friskiness. However, she was pushing all limits of restraint when she wrapped her legs around me in a stranglehold as we stood in the underground river, offering a refreshing change of scenery to all the 4Skin distributors swimming and floating by, all of whom were surely aware of the nature of that stranglehold. While it was exciting and fun, I did worry about the impression she was giving to the people who looked up to her as a powerful and influential leader, the bearer of their future fortunes, and I wondered what else was to come. She was a celebrity to these people, and it would take time for me to understand that her callous disregard for the opinion of others stemmed from her seniority in the company and her chronic aptitude to push matters beyond the boundaries of ethical tolerance. Sandie did *whatever, whenever, and whomever* she wanted. I wondered how long this could go on. Though surprised at her audacity, I was also relieved that I could let go of my worry about upholding her corporate and personal image, since there was no one better at sustaining its glamorous illusion than Sandie herself.

To show my prowess in areas other than Sandie's bedroom, I tried to hold my own on the tennis court. Making up for my lack in skill, I slammed the balls so hard they got stuck in the chain-link fence and even once in the frame of my tennis racket. Feeling like a clown, I looked around. "Where o where did the ball go?" I'm a lousy tennis player, just never cared for it. In any case, I did notice that whenever I hit my serve correctly, there was no way anyone could return it, not even the seasoned players. There was hope, but I wasn't going to gamble on it, so I suggested we do something else that I knew wouldn't embarrass me too much.

Sandie was wearing shorts and an open-top sun visor, the kind I often see American retirees and Asians wear. Dressed for adventure as well, I suggested we board a little sailing sloop and set out on the Mexican waters. It would be a great way to escape the nosy 4Skinners and conjure up some memories of my ocean crossings. Everything would have been great if the vessel had been technically sound, but I failed to double-check the hold and drainage plug. About thirty minutes before we were standing up to our waists in water, I managed to give Sandie a first-rate demonstration of how anyone with experience can navigate a yacht a few inches past

buoys and jetties, and we headed out toward the open ocean, past the outer reef, hoping to take her over some large waves. Sandie loved it and drenched me in adoration — but then so did the water that gushed into the boat. We were sinking, there was no doubt about it. A half-mile out on the ocean I also realized that this fascinating new woman in my life was good at many things, but not at sailing, so I kindly asked her to step overboard to help reduce the excess weight. Now, everyone knows it's treacherous to intimate to a woman that her weight is a life-threatening problem, but lacking any other option to keep the boat afloat, I had to take the risk. To this day, I admire the fact that Sandie didn't question me at all and grabbed hold of the line I handed her, leaving her to be dragged to shore like shark bait. And so, there we were, my future wife and the mother of our daughter-to-be, floating inches above the reef that I'd avoided to the best of my ability. Back on dry land, the near-drowning experience had failed to turn our burgeoning love affair into a shipwreck. We gave each other a long passionate kiss, a kiss that bonded us more than any of the kisses that had come before.

There was no denying the strong attraction we felt for each other. Whenever we were alone, we had lengthy conversations about our travels, previous relationships and the lessons found in them, life in general, and ideas about a world that was barely able to offer enough room for our insatiable hunger for adventure. One evening, as the light of the setting sun gave way to billions of stars, we engaged in yet another memorable romantic adventure. On the rocks at the end of the beach, in plain sight of all, we offered to anyone who cared to take their eyes off the sunset a peek at the anatomical differences we enjoyed so shamelessly. Not everyone approved, but it became clear to me that Sandie was really *something else*, and that in going along with her plans I was becoming more and more accepting of them.

Spent and dazed, we adjusted our clothing and walked further along the beach, then laid down and talked to each other about our past relationships. My thoughts went to an actress named D.D. with whom I had enjoyed a close friendship with benefits. She had the odd yet exciting habit of sneaking into my bedroom at the most unexpected hours of the night and just ravaging me. Since she was also dating actor Liam Neeson on the side, I didn't harbor any illusions that our wonderful friendship would ever lead to a committed bond. Two people immersed in their own separate lives in a town that would dismiss us in seconds if we for one moment let true love distract us from the game of survival never had a chance at true romance. However, despite all that, D.D. had class and was a great singer with a rare beauty nourished by a warm heart that could melt not just men, but anyone who met her.

Sandie didn't admit to dating anyone else at that time, though she referred to a guy named Ron with whom she had recently broken up. These conversations encouraged me to think that a relationship between me and Sandie may have a glimmer of hope,

and on the morning of our departure there was no denying that we both felt a strong connection to each other. I kept the rush of emotion to myself when I noticed that whenever Sandie looked at me, her eyes showed more than mere lust and desire. While none of it made sense, we were falling in love.

## **READ MORE SAMPLE CHAPTERS**

### **HOME**



*MorePlease Jul 26th, 2012 @ 11:32 AM*

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Wow, wow, wow! This book is sure to be a best seller! Your sneak-peak chapters are fantastic and I can't wait to read more. I will definitely tell all my friends about it. Excellent writing, drama, etc...

There's a sucker born every minute and Utah and NuSkin have plenty of sheep who follow blindly without questioning.

Kudos to you for being brave enough to share your story. The first amendment and the ACLU will be on your side.

More please and thank you for not backing down.



*Miss J Jul 3rd, 2012 @ 03:05 PM*

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Apparently Sandie and her lawyers are confusing you with Adam. I enjoyed reading his book, very juicy. But have to question the validity of his claims. Heroin...really?! Prostitution maybe. But whether they're true or not, it was a fun read. Thank you for providing some interesting links. I have forwarded them on to a couple of beauty blog-type sites. They have seemed to generate some interesting discussion. Keep up the great work. Will keep checking back for more chapters.



*AFriend in Vegas... Jun 30th, 2012 @ 04:14 AM*

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Hi Diederik, another great chapter! And thank you to 'anonymous' for posting the link to Adam Baker's book, I have been searching for it for a while. I just read the whole thing. That woman is pure trash. Proves money can't buy class....



*anonymous Jun 29th, 2012 @ 12:31 PM*

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Great chapter on Sandie Tillotson! Reminds me of the first chapter in Adam Baker's book: Formerly Filthy Rich. His book is on the internet now, if you want to read it at: [mlmfu\(dot\)com/adambakersbook.html](http://mlmfu(dot)com/adambakersbook.html)



*Wesley Jun 21st, 2012 @ 11:59 PM*

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Next chapter....please.

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