

Chapter II

I drive at top speed home, swerving in out of traffic to avoid the ever changing stop lights. I notice I am in the wrong lane, and was on the verge of missing my street. At the last minute, I swerve over, cutting a driver off, he honks his horn relentlessly, screaming obscenities out the window at me. I smile as I turn quickly on to my street.

I drive into the driveway and I am surprised to see Ben is already home. I open the garage and walk into the house. I am met by Ben immediately. He kisses me on the cheek.

“How was your day?” he asks pleasantly.

“It was exhausting.” I tell him. He takes my hand and walks me over to the dining room table. Two plates are placed across from each other, filled with food.

“Come and eat, darling.” He tells me. I nod and slide into my chair, Ben sits across from me. My plate included a small chicken breast, peas, and apple slices. A wine glass filled with red wine in front of it. Ben sits at the table across from me.

I cut up my chicken breast into small pieces and slowly eat it, chewing every piece until it practically evaporated in my mouth. Ben stares at me as I eat every morsel. After I finish my dinner, I drink my wine. Ben finishes and takes his plate and mine to the

kitchen sink. Helda is cleaning the kitchen when Ben approaches her. He reaches into his pocket and hands her a list.

“I need you to go to the store and get everything on this list.” He explains to her.

“Yes sir.” Helda responds. She takes off her apron and leaves immediately. Ben walks over to the table and extends his hand to me.

I stand, taking his hand and we walk down the hall to the bedroom. I walk into the bedroom and stand near the end of the bed.

I hear the locking of the bedroom door and my body begins to tremble. Ben takes his suit jacket off, draping it over the chair. Loosening up his tie, he removes it, placing it atop his suit coat. He unbuttons the two top buttons of his shirt. He walks over to me, turning me to face him. He kisses me softly on the lips.

“You have been a very bad girl, haven’t you?” he whispers creepily. I can feel the blood rush from my face.

“I’m sorry Ben.” I respond, my heart beating quickly. He neatly rolls the sleeves of his shirt up.

“Undress... Now!” He tells me sternly. I quickly remove all my clothes till I’m standing naked before him.

“Please Ben, I promise I won’t do it again!” I plead to him.

“I tire of your disobedience!” He says with frustration.

“I’m sorry, it won’t happen again!” I tell him desperately.

“How can I believe a word you say, when you have defied me over and over again?” He asks with irritation. I look down to the ground.

I hear the all too familiar clatter of his gold-buckle, dark brown leather belt as he unbuckles it.

“Face the bed.” He orders. I turn and face the bed.

“You took an oath to obey and honor me, till... death... do us part. You have disobeyed me again and now I must punish you!”

I stand, trembling, awaiting the punishment.

I feel the wind as he raises the belt in the air, and then, with merciless force, the belt strikes my lower back, savagely ripping my flesh.

He grips the belt tightly with his hand, raising it again.

The snap of the leather scorches my skin so viciously, my toes curl as it slams down on my lower back. My breath quickens, as his tortuous punishment continues.

He raises the belt again, aiming for the top of my thighs. He misses, hitting my side, causing me to flinch.

“Darling you moved, now we have to start all over again!” Ben says nonchalantly. I exhale and close my eyes tightly.

He raises the belt again. Without conscience or regret, he swings the belt into the air, then, with a deep fury, he slams it down on my back.

I tremble as the pain sears through me, but I don't scream. I never scream, I hold it inside. His relentless punishment continues until he tires. I stand completely still, my body trembling as tears fall down my face. Ben places his hands gently on my shoulders.

“Lie on the bed.” he whispers in my ear. I crawl on my knees, lying on my stomach. Ben leaves the room. He returns fifteen minutes later.

“You are my wife, and you need to learn to obey me and what I say. I am only trying to help you.”

He crawls in between my legs, and places cream on the bloody belt marks. I whimper as the cream burns. I realize it was the cream that Ben had sent Helda to the store for.

My mind wanders to the dark place, the place where only I can go.

I stare out aimlessly at the blank wall. Ben lies next to me, stroking my head gently.

The morning after was always the worse, the horrific memories of the night before quickly fills my mind as the bloody marks that encrusted my body throbbed painfully. Another emotional scar is added to the collection of pain and heartbreak I had endured over the years from Ben.

Ben walks over to the bed, rubbing cream on the bloody marks.

“I don’t enjoy punishing you, but you need to learn to obey me. How you dress and present yourself reflects on me. I am a Senator, and I have an obligation to uphold a certain way of living, dressing, and presenting myself. You are my wife, so these rules apply to you also.” Tears fall down my face.

“I’m sorry.” I respond tearfully. He ignores my apology.

“I called you into work. I told them you had the flu. Make things easier on both of us and abide by the rules.” he says to me.

I lay silently, as desolation overwhelms me, his words savagely tearing at my already severed heart. He kisses me on the forehead, and walks out of the room

My mind plummets into a dark hole. The reality of my existence enveloped me into a solitary desolation of hopelessness and agony. Ben left town that day. Whenever I would disobey Ben, he found it necessary to leave me alone to think and wallow in my misery. It was just another one of his dysfunctional ways of making me suffer. And it did. His lack of affection and compassion tore deep into my inner self, destroying all of my self esteem.

I stare into the bathroom mirror. My eyes are hollow and empty as a deep depression overtakes me.

I curl up in the corner of the shower and cry silently to myself as the water burns through my bloody wounds.

On the third day, the wounds healed enough for me to go back to work. I slowly ready myself for work and leave.

I drive into the parking lot of the office, coercing my body to move.

I walk into the office, my body weakened and defeated from the physical and emotional pain it had endured just days earlier. I slowly walk up the stairs to my office, Andrew runs behind me.

“Jenna.” He calls to me pleasantly. I turn to him, unable to hide my shattered expression. A look of concern immediately encompasses his face. He walks closer to me, placing his hands gently on my shoulders. He stares directly in my eyes

“Why are you so sad?” he asks me worriedly. He rubs my arms gently. His show of affection and concern touch me.

“Just a bad morning.” I tell him with a slight smile. Kathleen walks over to us, and I pull away from Andrew, looking down.

“Are you feeling better Jenna?” Kathleen asks me sweetly. I nod my head, still looking down at the ground.

“I should really get to work, I’ve been out for a few days... I need to catch up.” I tell them. They both nod, and I walk to my office.

“What’s wrong with her?” Andrew asks Kathleen with wonder.

“She’s married to Ben Kramer, that’s what’s wrong.” Kathleen responds, shaking her head. She pats Andrews shoulder then walks away.

I sit at my desk, grieving over the latest beating I had received from Ben. My memory drifts back in to time. Back to the first time Ben ever put his hands on me.

It was shortly after we had been married. We were at a benefit for muscular dystrophy, and I had drunk quite a bit. I was only 18 years old at the time, so I handled myself much differently than I would now. I was laughing and flirting with a man when Ben walked up. I could tell by his expression he was very angry. He gripped my wrist tightly and forcibly pulled me out of the function to the limo. I, of course, not knowing what ensued deep within his sadistic mind, was so mad about his aggressive way of removing me from the function, that I made the mistake of sticking up for myself.

“Don’t put your hands on me!” I yell as I pull my hands from him. I scoot over in the limo. Ben slams the door and turns to me. His eyes blazing as he moves closer to me. Without warning, he raises his hand and slaps me with vengeance across the face. I naturally defend myself and slap him back. Another regretful mistake I made. My slap only deepened his already vicious temperament. With a closed fist he hits me continuously, until I can no longer fight him back. I can feel my eyes swell, and taste the salty taste of blood as it runs down my nose and mouth. Ben takes his

handkerchief out, and pats the blood from my face. Tears fill my eyes.

“Look what you made me do!” He says to me with disgust. His lack of affection and emotion for what he had done astounded me; I exhaled as I look down at the ground.

For days, I stayed locked up in the house, hiding Ben’s secret. He left town, leaving me to wallow in my emotional struggle with all that had happened. I longed for him the longer he was away.

As the bruises and cuts from my face disappear, he returns. We never spoke of it, but I knew from that day forward that my life was always going to be this way.

The first year I spent with Ben was not learning his bad habits, like leaving the toothbrush in the sink, or clothes on the floor. It was learning Ben’s unsaid rules and pet peeves, like wearing blue jeans, or wearing my hair down.

Ben’s demented mind and psychotic ways led to many long nights in agony and pain. His beatings were light at first, but as I continued to break the rules his anger quickened and his beatings became more vicious.

To conceal the beatings from others, Ben only used his gold-buckle, dark brown leather belt, and was sure to only hit me in places that were covered by clothing.

I shake my head, staring down at my desk as the memory leaves me.

I worked till the afternoon, catching up on backed up paperwork in my office. I print out more reports for the attorney's and stroll down to the conference room. I walk to the table and organize the reports I had printed out for them. I reach across the table for a report, Andrew moves behind me as I move backwards. I can feel his breath on my neck.

"I thought you might need some help." he whispers to me. I look over my shoulder.

"I got it... thanks." I respond, smiling at him. I stare at the clock and it is lunch time.

"I'm going to lunch, I will print more reports when I get back." I say aloud. I walk out of the conference room and to the front door. Andrew follows me.

"Where are you going?" he asks me as I place my hand on the doorknob.

"I normally go to the cliff at lunch. It's by my house." I tell him.

"I could use some fresh air. Do you mind if I accompany you?" he asks. I shrug my shoulders. I walk out to the parking lot and Andrew follows, we decide that I will drive. I squeal out of the parking lot, and cut a car off instantly. Andrew places his hands firmly on the dashboard.

“I think I should have driven!” He says frantically. I laugh at him. I drive at top speed till we reach the cliff. I shut the car off and step out. Andrew opens his door and steps out, smiling.

“Wow. This is amazing!” He says as he gazes around at the trees and open land. I nod my head. I walk to the edge of the cliff and sit down, he follows suit, sitting next to me. The cliff has an open view of the lake and sandy beach below it.

The lake lives and wanders free, happy to flow gracefully with the wind. A serene piece of heaven, it mystifies me with its silent beauty.

I close my eyes, inhaling the fresh air, taking in the loving touch of nature. The light breeze caresses my face, I smile as I exhale. I take out my iPod and play my favorite mix of sad piano songs. The first song is “Journey”; sad, but so amazing.

“This is a beautiful view.” He says to me.

“I know. I love it here.” I tell him.

“Do you come here a lot?” he asks me.

“Any chance I can get. It’s a place I can relax, and forget about everything. The closest place to heaven I know... Close your eyes and listen to lake, it sounds like it’s singing to you.” I say to him quietly. He closes his eyes for a moment, and then opens them, smiling at me.

“I can hear it.” He says with excitement.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” He stares at me.

“It sure is.” I change the music on my iPod and play “It’s all on you.” I had found the song accidentally when I was surfing through YouTube and absolutely loved it. Andrew turns to me, smiling.

“This song is amazing, who sings it?” he asks me.

“I don’t know, I found it by accident when I was surfing the Internet.” He nods his head.

“What kind of music do you like?”

“Everything, as long as it is good.”

I sit silently, staring out at the lake. I lift my knees and wrap my arms around them, not knowing I was exposing my lower back and the fading belt marks. Andrew notices them, he takes his fingers and gently touches them. I stand up immediately, pulling my shirt down.

“What happened?” he asks worriedly as he stands facing me.

“Nothing.” I tell him quickly. I throw my iPod quickly into my purse, then throw my purse over my shoulder, and quickly stroll towards the parking lot, Andrew follows.

“Did I do something to offend you?” he asks me as we walk to my car.

“No. I just really have to get back, I missed a few days and I’m behind on my work.” I tell him. We step into the car and I drive away.

“Jenna, what are those marks on your back?” he asks me with interest.

“I fell.”

“They don’t look like marks you would get from falling.”

“Andrew, please. I really don’t want to talk about it.” I pull into the office parking lot, and shut off the car. I remove the keys from the ignition and place my hand on the door. Andrew places his hand gently on mine, stopping me. I turn to him.

“If you ever need to talk, I’m a good listener.” He says sweetly. I smile at him.

“Thank you.” I respond. We walk back into the office, Andrew walks to the conference room, and I walk upstairs.

I print more reports and walk back downstairs to the conference room.

“Jenna.” I turn to the voice, and Ben is standing by the conference door. I immediately walk over to him. He places his hand in mine and walks me into the kitchen.

Ben and I sit down at the kitchen table. He places his hands in mine.

“I have to go to New Hampshire for a few days. I talked to Christie, and she said you could stay with her.” He says to me. This brings a smile to my face. I loved spending time with Christie and Manny.

“Why are you going so long?” I ask him.

“We are going before the House with a proposal, and the Senator there is being stubborn, so I’m attempting to persuade her to come my way.” He explains with a chuckle. I stare into his eyes and see it, that all too familiar smile that he gets when he’s smitten with a new woman. I remember when that smile encompassed his face when he would look at me. I look down sadly. Ben places his index finger under my chin, lifting my eyes to his.

“Jenna, it’s just business.” He says softly. Tears fill my eyes.

“This is the same woman I saw you on television with?” I ask him tearfully. He smiles, wiping my tears.

“Jenna. Please don’t get upset. She is just a co-worker. I promise nothing is going on between us.” I nod my head, but I didn’t believe him for one minute.

“Hey, I got you something.” He says happily. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a black velvet jewelry box. He opens it, and inside is a ruby diamond necklace, with a matching bracelet and earrings, more confirmation that he was definitely having an affair with this woman. Whenever Ben started a new affair I received jewelry, I called it his guilt gift. I look up at him, and force a smile.

“It’s beautiful.” I tell him. I close the box and set it down on the table. He embraces me and nuzzles his face in my hair.

“I’ll miss you.” He says in a whisper.

“I’ll miss you too.” He pulls away and smiles at me.

“I really wish Rocco could go with you to your sisters. I am going to be so worried.” He says to me, distraught. Manny despised Ben’s overprotective nature and Rocco was never allowed at their house with me.

“I will be fine. Manny won’t let anything happen to me.” I tell him.

“I know.” He responds softly. Although Ben despised Manny, and Manny despised Ben, Ben knew that Manny would take care of me and keep me safe.

Ben stands up, extending his hand to me. I take it and he walks to the front door. He wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me close, then places his lips gently on mine, kissing me passionately. After he finishes, he places his forehead to mine.

“I love you Jenna.” He says quietly.

“I love you too.” I respond to him. He kisses me quickly, and then turns, placing his hand on the doorknob.

“I’ll call you when I get in.” he tells me. I nod my head.

“Bye.”

“Bye darling.” He opens the door and leaves.

After Ben leaves, I walk back to the kitchen and retrieve the jewelry box. I open it up and stare at the contents. Andrew walks into the kitchen and over to me.

“What do you have there?” he asks with wonder. I hand it to him. He smiles as he stares at it.

“Ben bought it for me.”

“It’s very nice; your husband is very good to you.” I nod my head. He hands me the jewelry box and I stare down at it. I must have frowned because Andrew walks closer to me. I look up at him.

“What’s wrong, you don’t like it?” he asks me, attempting to read my eyes. I shake my head.

“Of course I like it, it’s very beautiful.” I tell him. I can feel tears fill my eyes. I abruptly walk out of the kitchen, Andrew follows me. He places his hand on my arm, stopping me. I turn to him and tears fall down my face.

“What’s wrong?” he asks me. His words only trigger more tears, crippling my already fragmented heart. He places his arm around me and walks me outside. I sit down on the porch, placing my face in my hands, sobbing. He sits next to me, draping his arm around me, attempting to comfort me. I attempt to regain my composure, wiping the tears from my face, I look up at him.

“I’m sorry.” I tell him, sniffing. He smiles at me.

“No need to be sorry. I am just wondering what would make such a beautiful woman so sad.” He says to me worriedly.

“It’s personal.” I tell him.

“I’m a good listener Jenna, you can trust me.” I stare into his eyes, and could tell he was telling the truth.

“It’s not the gift that makes me upset, it’s the reason for the gift.” I tell him. He nods.

“I’m listening.”

“You know that woman, Senator Barker, we saw on the news with Ben?” I ask him.

“Yes.”

“Ben is having an affair with her.” I tell him disconcerted.

“How do you know?” he asks confused. I stare out.

“I know. It happens all the time. He goes away for a day, and then it turns into a couple of days. He buys me jewelry... It’s all the same routine... I just know.” I explain to him.

“This has happened before?” he asks me astounded.

“Yes. Many times.”

“Why do you put up with it?” Andrew asks me, shaking his head.

“I love him so much, Andrew.” I tell him tearfully.

“Jenna, he doesn’t deserve your love if he treats you like this.”

“Why, am I not enough for him? What’s wrong with me?” I say, devastated. He embraces me.

“There is nothing wrong with you, it’s not you, it’s him.”

The front door opens, Andrew and I pull away from each other, standing. Kathleen walks outside.

“What’s going on here?” she asks with a smile.

“We were just talking, taking a break.” Andrew responds. She nods her head.

“Ok. Well break is over, get back to work.” Kathleen says to us. We both nod and walk inside.

I throw myself into my work, as I finish my last report and stare at the clock, and it reads 5:30. I shut my computer down and grasp my purse and rush out the door.

I stop at the liquor store, purchase a fifth of Tequila, and drive to the cliff.

The sun going down casts an orange glow across the lake. The water streams slowly in rhythm with the leaves of the trees. I breathe in the exhilarating, fresh air, and it brings an instant peace to me. I begin to feel inebriated as I chug down the bottle of Tequila, the more I drank, the more I desperately wanted freedom from the anguish that pierced so deeply in my heart. I dump my

purse out, in need of my cell. I pick it up and call Andrew. He answers on the first ring.

“Andrew Carington?” he answers.

“Mr. Carington, I believe I want a divorce.” I tell him.

“Mrs. Kramer, I am not married to you.” He responds with a chuckle.

“I meant Ben, I want to divorce Ben!” I tell him tearfully. There is silence as I sob with grief.

“Jenna, where are you?” he whispers with concern.

“The cliff by my house.” I answer.

“Where is your husband?” he asks with concern.

“I don’t know.” I respond sadly. I clear my throat, and regain my composure.

“Mr. Carington, are you going to help me get a divorce or not?” I yell madly. My cell goes dead. I stare down at it, and realize I had forgotten to charge it this morning. I exhale, and lay back on the grass, staring up at the clear beautiful sky.

A clinking sound awakens me and I open my eyes, staring up at the ceiling. I watch, as the ceiling fan rotates in sync with the sound. I close my eyes, shaking my head. I open my eyes again and gaze around the room, it’s unfamiliar.

A dark cherry wood dresser sits in the corner, stacks of clothes piled on top of it. A black leather chair sits in the opposite corner, with another stack of clothes. There are clothes in small piles on the floor everywhere. I lay back down, curling to the pillow.

“Good morning,” a voice says to me. It startles me, and with quick reflex, I pull the blankets up. I turn to my side and Andrew is lying next to me. I stare at him confused. I lift the covers looking underneath. Be it my luck, I am stark naked. I turn to Andrew.

“Did we?” I ask him with devastation.

“Of course we did.” he responds with a smile.

“Oh, this is so bad!” I tell him nervously.

“Actually, it was pretty good.” he says with sarcasm. His sarcastic tone fills me with irritation.

“I can’t believe you took advantage of me when I was drunk.” I say to him with irritation.

“Me? It was not I who took advantage of you. It was you, who took advantage of me, you are quite convincing when you are only wearing this.” He holds up the corset, grinning.

His grin infuriates me. I stand, wrapping the blanket around me, pulling it off of him, exposing his naked body. I stare at his perfect body. His muscular chest arouses me. The V-shaped line that encompasses his lower abdomen sends my hormones into overdrive. He smiles as he watches me gaze at his body.

“You like what you see?” he asks with a smirk. I turn away from him.

“You are so unbelievably arrogant!” I say with irritation. He stands, sliding his boxers on.

He walks behind me, sliding his hands softly up and down my arms. Goosebumps instantly appear on my arms as his touch sends a tingling sensation through my body. He smiles and wraps his arms around my waist, pulling me close to him.

“I turn you on.” he whispers in my ear.

The warmth of his breath encompasses my whole body. He kisses my neck softly. I close my eyes, embracing his touch. He places his lips to mine. I clutch his back, tightly inviting his kiss. The blanket falls and he scoops me into his arms, carrying me back to the bed, never letting his lips leave mine. He lies me down gently, sliding on top of me.

A fire releases through his lips, igniting every nerve in my body as he kisses me. I clutch his back tightly, needing to feel his body close to mine. He kisses my neck softly. I tilt my head allowing him access. He slides his lips down my neck and I am so aroused I feel as if I will completely combust, as every kiss, every touch brings me closer to the edge. He moves down my body to my breast, twirling his tongue around my nipple, suckling it softly. I moan loudly as he kisses my stomach, moving still down my body. He kisses my thighs and my body starts to shiver, he places his hands under my

thighs, lifting them gently, and moving between my legs. The soft twirl of his tongue inside me is more than my body can handle, and within seconds I find my release.

“Oh!” I moan, closing my eyes as my body convulses with pleasure. My breathing is so rapid I have to open my mouth to suck in air. I don’t even notice Andrew is no longer in the bed. I only notice when he moves on top of me. The fresh, minty smell of his breath is tantalizing, as he places his lips to mine.

I engulf him completely. He takes his hand, and gently spreads my knees apart, then enters inside of me.

The want for him was so deep, my mind wandered into a world of complete ecstasy. Every movement of his body syncs instantly with mine. I start to build up as he slowly moves inside of me. He kisses me, panting as he is building up, too. I wrap my legs around him, wanting him deeper inside of me. When I feel as if it couldn’t feel any better, he begins to move faster and it happens. I come undone instantly, finding my release once again. Andrew follows soon after. I am paralyzed, I can’t move. My body still convulses as he is still inside of me.

As he regains his strength he pulls out of me, lying to my side. He wraps his arms around me tightly, facing me.

“You’re trembling.” he says softly. I am breathless and unable to speak, so I just nod.

I lay on the bed, staring up at the ceiling, with Andrew's arms wrapped around me. He moves his hand tenderly up and down my arm.

"Is this an affair?" I ask him. He lifts his head, using his hand to support it.

"Do you want it to be an affair?" he asks me. I shrug my shoulders.

"I don't know... I just know this isn't right." I tell him. He exhales.

"Because you're married?" he asks me. I nod my head distraught.

"Yes."

"This is what you call a one night stand. You are really quite naïve, aren't you?" he asks with an irritating laugh.

"What do you mean by that?" I respond, annoyed. He chuckles at my reaction. He places his hand, gently rubbing my frown lines.

"You should be careful, your forehead will stay like that." he says with sarcasm. I stand, pulling the blankets off of him yet again. He chuckles loudly.

"It amazes me how dark your hazel eyes become when you are angry. You are quick tempered." he says, amused.

"I'm happy that I amuse you, Mr. Carington." I snap angrily. Shaking his head, he crawls across the bed and reaches to me, pulling me back on the bed. He embraces me tightly.

“Turn that frown upside down baby.” he says cutely. I smile at him. “That’s better.” he responds to me. He places his lips to mine kissing me softly.

Remembering his words from earlier I pull away from him.

“One night stands are supposed to be one time right?” I ask him. He chuckles at my comment.

“Touché, Mrs. Kramer.”

“So we have already broken the rules.” I attempt to stand up but he wraps his arms around me, pulling me back to him.

“I don’t believe in rules.” He smirks.

“Your playtime is over Mr. Carington.” I say with a quiet grin. I attempt to pull away from him, but he tightens his embrace on me.

“Oh no, playtime has just started.” He responds smiling.

After we make love once again, I dress and Andrew drives me to the cliff, dropping me off at my car.

Andrew parks and steps out, opening my door. I step out of the car.

“I had a really good time.” I grimace at my comment. “Sorry, I...uh. Oh boy.” I say at a loss of words.

“It’s okay Jenna.” he giggles.

“I’ll see you later.” I tell him. I walk to my car and drive to Christies.

I decided to call into work. I was tired from my night with Andrew. I lie on the bed, wanting a quick nap. My cell buzzes as I close my eyes, I pick it up.

“Where are you?” Andrew texts.

“I took the day off.” I text back.

“Oh I see. Did I wear you out Mrs. Kramer?”

“No. Actually it was quite boring.”

“Boring!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“Just playing.”

“Playing? I would love to play with you again...”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. Playtime is very pleasurable with you Mrs. Kramer.”

“Playtime and Mrs. Kramer, sounds like you’re getting it on with your teacher. It’s very creepy.”

“I just spit hot coffee all over your reports after reading that comment.”

“You better have not! I worked hard on those reports.”

“I guess you will have to work late re-printing tomorrow, don’t worry, I’ll stay with you.”

“I bet you would. I have to nap now, you have fun at work!”

“Sweet dreams—dream of me.” I smile as I place my cell in purse. I curl up to the pillow and drift off to sleep.

Christie comes home at about 7:00, waking me up.

“Where were you last night?” she asks me.

“I went home.” I lie.

“Oh... it’s Friday night, you want to go to the pub?” she asks me with a smile.

“Yeah!”

“Well, get ready then.”

I shower quickly and walk into the bedroom, clad only in a towel. I gaze through the closet for something to wear. I pick out a black skirt and a black strapless top. I pair it off with a pair of black heeled boots. Ben always made me wear my hair up, because he said I needed to look like a lady at all times, and not have my hair flowing about in my face. I dry my hair, and then put big curls in it; I lightly brush it so it lay perfectly to the middle of my back. I put my makeup on extra thick, and finish with red lipstick. I pick out silver, dangling earrings, with a matching necklace, and a lot of bracelets. I walk out to the living room and Christie stands, smiling.

“Now that’s my sister!” She says proudly. I grab a black bolero jacket and put it on.

It was Friday night, so I was not surprised that the Pub parking lot was packed. Christie parks near the back and we step out of the car and walk through the parking lot.

We pass a crowd of three men as we walk towards the back door. They surround us smiling. A muscular man with blonde hair and dark eyes walks up to Christie and me.

“Hello ladies.” He says with a smile. Christie rolls her eyes and walks closer to him.

“Excuse us.” She says to him madly. He laughs at her.

“Why are you in such a rush?” he asks her.

“Can you please move out of my way?” Christie says as she attempts to push past him. He places his hands on her arms, stopping her, and smiles.

“Release her, now.” A voice says behind us. I turn, and Andrew walks up with Eric and Matt. He walks over to the man, and grabs Christie from him.

“Back off!” Andrew yells angrily. The man laughs, then gestures to his friends and they leave.

“Are you okay?” Andrew asks Christie with concern.

“Yeah. Thanks. Who are you?” she asks him. I walk up to her.

“He is Andrew Carington, our attorney.” I explain to her. She nods to me.

“What is your name?” Andrew asks her.

“Christie, I am Jenna’s sister.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Christie.” Andrew says politely. Christie stands next to me.

“I need a drink.” She says as she places her arm in mine, and we walk in.

Christie and I sit near the dance floor. I gaze at Andrew standing and exhale softly. He is dressed in a button up black shirt and blue jeans with black high tops. He turns and walks over to my table, sitting down next to me, taking a lock of my dark brown hair in his hands.

“I didn’t know your hair was so long. I like it down.” He says to me. I smile at him.

“Thank you.” I respond softly. The waitress walks over to us.

“What can I get you folks?” she asks us. Andrew turns to me.

“What would you like, Jenna?” he asks me.

“A Margarita.” I tell him. He turns to Christie.

“Christie?” he asks her.

“I’ll take a margarita, too.” She tells him. Andrew nods. He orders and the waitress walks away.

The place is swarming with people, and I become so hot that I remove my jacket. Christie and Eric engage in a conversation. Andrew slides his hand gently across my shoulder. I turn to him.

“You look so different.” Andrew says to me.

“What do you mean?” I ask him.

“You dress too conservative, like a Senator’s wife, you look more your age tonight.” He tells me.

“I don’t know whether to be offended or thankful for that comment.”

“It’s a compliment. I told you before you are way too young to be a Senator’s wife.” Not wanting to pursue that conversation again. I smile at him.

“Thank you, Andrew. What brings you to the Pub?”

“Eric comes here a lot. I tagged along this time.” Andrew answers. I nod my head.

A small petite woman with dark eyes and hair approaches our table; she smiles at Andrew as she walks up.

“Hi Andrew.” She says smiling.

“Hi Jordan.” He responds blandly.

“I didn’t know you came here.” She continues.

“I don’t.” he responds, blowing her off. She stands behind Andrew, and he completely ignores her.

“I guess I’ll see you around.” She says sadly. She turns, still staring at Andrew and slowly walks away. I lean towards him.

“Who was that?” I ask him.

“Just some girl. I used to see her once in awhile.” He responds.

“Oh. Are you always that rude to girls you used to see once in a while?” I ask him with sarcasm.

“I have to be, I don’t want to lead her on. If I’m nice to her, she will hang around me all night long, and I don’t want that.” He explains.

“The polite thing to say would be, I am busy can I talk to you later?”

“Jenna, women are complicated. If you’re nice to them, they want more, if you ignore them, they want more. It doesn’t matter what I do, they always seem to want more from me.” He continues. His arrogant nature appalls me once again.

“You are awfully sure of yourself, Mr. Carington.”

“I’m just stating a fact.” I exhale, rolling my eyes at him.

Andrew and I talk and drink all night long. Christie and I do shots of Tequila throughout the night; it is not long until we are both completely hammered. Christie calls Manny to pick her up as she becomes too inebriated to drive. I decide to stay at the request of Andrew. He makes a promise to Christie he will make sure I get home safely. I stand and stumble. Andrew places his arm around me.

“I believe you have had just a little too much to drink, Jenna.”

Andrew says with a smirk.

“You are so cute, do you know that?” I respond as I touch his face softly. He chuckles. A slow song begins to play.

“Dance with me.” I say, slurring, I don’t wait for an answer; I take his hand and drag him out to the floor. I trip as we reach the dance floor, and he catches me. I stare into his eyes. It’s like a light surrounds him, and his blue eyes glisten at me.

“You are so beautiful.” I say to him as I place my hand gently on his cheek.

I don’t remember what happened next. All I remember is waking up in the morning to my pounding head. I sit up, rubbing my head. I stare around the room and realize I am again at Andrew’s. I turn to the side of me, and see him sleeping next to me. I start to panic. I look under the covers and see that I am completely naked, again.

“Oh no, not again!” I say, disappointed in myself. Andrew chuckles as he sits up in the bed.

“We really have to stop meeting like this.” He says to me, still chuckling.

“How the hell did I end up here, again?” I ask him, confused.

“You don’t remember?” he asks me.

“No.”

“We were at the pub, you were drinking... One thing led to another, and now we're here.” He explains to me.

“I really need to stop drinking.”

“I assure you it is not the alcohol that attracts you to me. Just admit to yourself you find me irresistible.” Andrew states, with a cocky grin.

“How many times a day do you kiss the mirror?” I respond with disgust.

“Every time.” he retorts. I hear my cell ring and look for it. The door opens, and Eric walks in. Andrew pulls the covers up and over me.

“Can’t you knock?” Andrew yells angrily.

“Sorry. I heard Jenna’s phone ringing so I brought her purse in here.” He says, holding my purse up. Andrew gestures to him and Eric walks over to the bed handing it to him.

“Thanks.” He says softly. Eric nods his head and then smiles as he stares at me. “Leave, Eric!” Andrew tells him madly. Eric turns and walks out of the room, closing the door.

Andrew hands my purse to me, and I rummage through it in search of my cell. I lift my wallet and find my cell underneath. I pull it out and look at my missed calls. I look up at Andrew nervously.

“It’s Ben.” I tell him.

I wrap the blankets around me and stand, exposing yet again Andrew’s naked body. I call Ben, he answers on the first ring.

“Hi darling.” Ben says happily.

“Hi.” I respond to him.

“You sound sleepy. I couldn’t get a hold of you so I called Christie. She told me you were still asleep. I’m sorry darling, for leaving you for so many days alone. I am going to try very hard to lessen my travel schedule.” I feel Andrews arms wrap around me as he kisses my neck softly. I lightly exhale.

“It’s okay.” I respond immediately.

Andrew lightly pulls the blanket from around me, dropping it to the ground. He runs his hands up and down my body gently as he kisses my shoulders. I close my eyes as his touch sends a deep sensation through my body.

“I should be home this evening. I’m leaving from New Hampshire right now.” Ben continues.

“Ok.” I tell him breathlessly. Andrew turns me to face him. He nuzzles his face in my hair, nibbling on my ear.

“I love you. I will see you soon.”

“I love you too. Bye.” I hang the cell up and let it fall to the ground. I wrap my arms around Andrew, placing my lips to his.

After we make love, I search the bedroom for my clothes and find only my corset, panties, and thigh highs. I walk into the bathroom and use Andrew's toothbrush, then place the corset on.

As I am attaching the thigh highs, Andrew walks in. I move to the side and he brushes his teeth. I attach the last thigh high and he walks over to me.

Without warning, he lifts me up, placing me on the bathroom counter, and then moves so he is standing in between my legs. He stares at me for a moment then tilts his head, kissing me. His kisses burn through me, I am aroused instantly. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer to me.

“Hey. Here’s Jenna’s shirt and skirt.” Eric says as he walks into the bathroom. I release my legs instantly and Andrew stands so he is blocking me from Eric.

“Can you please knock?” Andrew says to him madly.

“I did knock but you didn’t answer.” Eric responds defensively. He walks over to Andrew, handing my dress to him. He stares at me, smiling.

“Eric, go.” Andrew states firmly. Eric nods and leaves. Andrew smiles as he hands me my shirt and skirt. I slide my shirt on and stand as I step into my skirt. I walk to the bedroom and Andrew rushes up behind me, scooping me in his arms laying me on the bed. He smiles as he moves on top of me.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m going to make love to you again.”

“Andrew I don’t think”—Andrew interrupts me, placing his finger across my lips.

“Don’t think.” He responds as he places his lips to mine, kissing me softly.