

# Twisted Minds

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ISBN:



Elizabeth was a Midwestern girl who had grown up in a rural setting. She was not a fast-paced metropolitan girl, so she had a laid-back way of looking at life. However, her stunning beauty was not to be denied. With deep blue eyes and an oval-shaped face with strawberry blonde hair rolling down her shoulders, she was an instant knockout at the university in her freshman year, where she excelled in beauty pageants wherein, she competed with other girls all over the country.

Academically, she wasn't all that great, but her bubbly personality kept her in the limelight, through the years, she had a string of gentleman callers, but the one she stuck with was a young gent named Randol, whose father, Paul, was a shipbuilder and a multimillionaire. Randol would overwhelm her with very lavish gifts, the kind that would capture a woman's attention. After a couple of years, they tied the knot and had a very expensive wedding. Her life now was like something out of a fairy tale. Everything she had ever wanted was at her fingertips. Expensive clothes and traveling seemed to be just a flash of a credit card away.

After a while, Randol's work seemed to be occupying most of his time lately, so she came to the conclusion that it was time to confront him about the situation. So, when Randol came home and did his usual routine before dinner—turning the flat-screen TV on and sipping on an ice-cold brandy—Eliz, seeing him relaxed, took advantage of the moment to approach him.

“Randol ... Randol, honey.” “Yes, Eliz?” Randol replied.

“I thought we could take a couple of days off and go to a hotel, live it up for a few days. I'm bored.”

Sluggishly, Randol replied, “I've been so busy with this new ship design Dad wants finished.

I'll see what I can do.” “Okay, hon.”

Eliz accepted his answer but couldn't help feeling that something else was keeping him away. Just the other day, she had caught a whiff of a strange perfume that wasn't hers. Plus, she knew the ocean liner his father was working on was in the final stages. So, Eliz went upstairs, grabbed her cell phone, and

called her friend from her early school years.

“Hi, Marsha.”

“Hi, Eliz. I was just thinking about you. So how have you been doing, rich girl?” This was a nickname Eliz had acquired after marrying Randol.

“This little rich girl is bored right now,” said Eliz.

“How can that be?” Marsha replied. Marsha was a great dancer, a beautiful brunette who stood five feet and ten inches, had the body of a fashion model, and was a very attractive girl.

“He’s always working on designing ships here lately. I’m bored. I’m horny. I need some—” “Girl, slow down. You know there’re dildos for quick relief,” Marsha said.

“But when you have a man, you shouldn’t have to rely on those types of things,” Eliz said.

“I know, girl. I’m only kidding—and that’s only if you haven’t thought of the idea yourself,” Marsha said.

Then Eliz explained how she had smelled another woman’s perfume on Randol just the other day.

“Well, be careful, Eliz, because there’re a lot of desperate single women down there where he works, and believe me, they all would love to get with your husband,” Marsha said.

“I know that, but I have so much faith in Randol. I don’t believe he would cheat on me,” said Eliz.

“Listen, girl. When those secretaries are taking notes with their legs open, it can take a toll on a man.”

“Yes, I guess you’re right, coming from a woman’s point of view.”

“Come on, Eliz. Let’s change the subject. We haven’t kicked it in a long time. I miss you so much from the good old college days.”

“Yeah! You’re right, girl.”

They both started laughing as they recalled some of the good times. They had a certain kind of hand signal they would use to show they were okay.

Marsha said, “Even though I can’t see you, make the sign to show you’re okay before we hang up.”

“Okay,” Eliz said as she laughed about the thought. Marsha couldn’t actually see her but did their secret signal anyway. “Hey, Marsha, I’ll call you later. Randol should be coming to bed soon.”

“Okay. Good night, girlfriend.”

They both hung up. Eliz entered her Jacuzzi-style bathroom and began to reminisce about her good old college days when she didn’t have a care in the world. She stepped into the shower after sipping on a glass of chilled sherry and, after a while, found herself touching herself. Maybe Marsha was right. She definitely was in heat. She finished up, put on her pajamas, and hopped into bed. Waiting for Randol to climb up the stairs and come to bed, she lay there for a while, but the chilled sherry finally put her to sleep.

The next morning, Eliz woke up and realized Randol hadn’t slept in the bed all night. His side was still made up. She got out of bed and called his cell phone. It rang several times, but he didn’t pick up. She became frantic with worry. “This has never happened before.” She tried to calm herself down. She drank another glass of sherry. She knew it was too early, but her nerves were unraveling with worry.

After a couple more sheries, the door opened. “Hi. I see you called, honey,” Randol said.

“Don’t ‘honey’ me. Where have you been all night?”

“I couldn’t sleep, so I went down to the office,” Randol complained.

“And left me in the house all alone? I bet you were with some bitch somewhere.”

“No, no, honey. Don’t think like that. I couldn’t sleep, that’s all. Thought I’d go down and look at some blueprints—”

“You haven’t given me the time of day here lately,” Eliz quipped. “This office stuff is really starting to get to me. You haven’t touched me in over a month now.”

“There’s more to life than sex, babe,” Randol said. “I’m only twenty-four. Don’t give me that shit.”

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“Please, Eliz. I’ll make it up to you, babe,” Randol said, mustering up a look of sincerity and the innocent child look that worked on mothers.

“I’ve been avoiding this, but it’s been too long. You have to change your ways.” “Where you going, babe?” Randol asked.

Eliz picked up the car keys to her Mustang. “I’m going for a drive. Got to sort things out.”

She returned upstairs and got dressed. Then she returned downstairs. She opened the door to their French-style home on twenty acres of land in the state of Tennessee, got into her Mustang, and pulled off. Randol, somewhat distraught, got on his cell and placed a call to his secretary, Selena. Her cell phone played a rhythmic tune as it rang several times.

Selena had just finished having oral sex with a corporate manager in her backroom office. They had been going hot and heavy for a couple of years. Selena had certainly banked a large sum of money over the past few years. She caught the call as she ushered the corporate manager out the door.

“What’s up, baby? Surprised you called so soon. I’d just seen you last night,” Selena said. “Hey. It’s Eliz. She was quite upset when she found out I wasn’t home last night,” Randol said.

“Quit acting like a little boy who is still learning how to tie his shoes. If you want her out of the way—there’re all kinds of ways to handle that, baby—get on the internet and search for some drugs that’ll make her do goofy shit and order knockout pills so you’ll have time to fuck things up, and when she comes around, convince her she did it. Come on, babe. Get on the ball. Make her think she’s losing her mind,” Selena said.

“Wow! Selena, you’re way ahead of me. I guess I should step it up like you say.”

“Yeah. Because if she ever files for a divorce, you could file her crazy ass because of her behavior on your behalf because if your father thought he had to give up money because you

were fooling around in another relationship, he would cancel your bonus money and close your account. You could lose out on a large sum of money,” Selena said. “Listen, honey, we need that money, every red cent of it, for ourselves.”

“I know, baby, I know,” Randol agreed. “I’ll get on that right away. I should’ve figured that out by myself, baby.”

“Yes, you ‘should have,’” Selena quoted. “Okay, babe, I’ll call you later. Love you, baby,” Selena said, hanging up her cell phone.

Right away, Randol began searching the internet for information that would help him get the right kinds of pills for his diabolical plan to convince his wife she was losing her mind so the information could be logged into her medical files if he ever needed it. He logged in to his computer and started browsing the internet, finally finding an app that said, “Party Pills and Pills for All Occasions.” He quickly submitted an order with his account number to pay for two orders of pills. One order was a hallucinogen, the other a knockout pill that lasted for twenty minutes. He completed the orders and used his downtown office address so that they would be delivered to his office.

Randol saw this as a challenge, one that he’d accomplish all on his own. He started calculating the best times when he could experiment on Eliz and how convincing he would be, portraying an act of innocence after each episode. He actually acted out how he would behave after she would be startled by some strange and unusual experiences from the pills. Then he had a guy come over and set up hidden cameras so he could show Selena how effective the pills would be in confusing Eliz.

Meanwhile, Eliz was pondering over why their marriage had come to a standstill. She started to cry, tears streaming down her face. She wiped them away. She didn’t want Randol to see her crying so foolishly, so she got into her Mustang, shot out on the parkway for a few miles, pulled over on the berm of the parkway, and just let herself have a good cry. What is happening to me?



I've been a good faithful wife. All I ask for is a little attention, she thought. Finally getting a hold of her emotions, she wiped her tears away, started up her car, and headed back home, hoping Randol would be there for once with open arms. Then doubting herself, she began to think that this was only wishful thinking.

Randol, on the other hand, feeling quite pleased with himself, went downstairs and fixed himself a drink. He then hit his father up on his cell phone. "Hello."

"Hey, son, call me back later. I'm finishing up a special order on some lumber for the luxury liner," Paul said.

"Okay, Dad."

Randol beeped off his cell phone, wondering why his father had been avoiding him lately about such details. He used to always include him in any new ideas or changes that concerned the ocean liners, which were usually shared between the two of them. He continued sipping on his brandy. He hadn't realized his father was having sex with Selena.

Paul, who was still just a middle-aged man with salt-and-pepper hair, was a handsome man with piercing green eyes of average height and a very conservative dresser. However, Paul was very stingy and didn't spend money on frivolous things. If he thought Randol was squandering money, he would quickly shut down his accounts. A half-hour later, he returned Randol's call.

Randol's cell phone rang three or four times, and Randol answered. "Hi, Dad. What's going on with the ocean liner and the lumber you ordered?"

"Oh, it's coming along just fine, son. Is that all you called me for?" Paul asked.

"Well, you used to call me all the time if you did something different, Dad," Randol protested. "Oh. Son, that's when you first started and you needed to learn the business. By the way, how's Eliz?"

"Oh, she's fine, just fine. She's out for some air right now," Randol replied. He wanted his father to think everything was

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lovely and serene.

“How come you’re not with her? Your mom and I used to do everything together, son. Keep your wife happy. She’s a nice girl. Now goodbye, son. I have to get something to eat. I’m hungry.”

“Okay, Dad. I’ll call you tomorrow.”

“Randol’s father was a self-made millionaire, having worked his way up the ladder as a young man learning the business of building ocean liners. He started making investments until he acquired enough capital to finance his first ship. A good friend helped him pay his laborers. He put together a small group of men who were skilled craftsmen at carpentry and other building professions he needed to build his first ocean liner and was able to pay them well because of his ability to find bargain prices on the materials he needed. This saved him a large sum of money, and he accumulated a nice surplus, which he used to pay his workers very handsomely. He was now producing ocean liners for less money than other shipbuilders. After a while, he was giving his workers nice bonuses. This made the men more eager to work simply because they knew as soon as the ocean liner was finished, there was going to be a nice bonus for their hard labor. Randol was Paul’s only son, even though he had many different affairs with plenty of women.

As his business grew, he became one of the largest shipbuilders on the East Coast. Being a good investor had made him one of the wealthiest shipbuilders over a short period. His wife’s name was Vera. She was a very attractive woman with beautiful smooth olive skin and very seductive blue eyes that sparkled in the sunlight. Her hair was dark brown and gently rolled down below her shoulders. After being married to Paul for seven years, she divorced him because she was such a free spirit and loved to travel, while Paul was tied up with building up his shipping business. It was too much for her. She couldn’t stand being cooped up in the office with constant paperwork and finally filed for a divorce.

Eliz pulled up in the driveway, recuperating from a hectic day. She parked her Mustang and exited the vehicle, locking the doors using the automatic door lock. She strolled up to the front door and turned the doorknob, stepping inside, surprised to see Randol sipping on a brandy, watchin the flat-screen TV.

“Hi, honey. Do you want a drink?” Randol managed to ask, smiling from ear to ear. “How was your drive?”

“It was okay. I needed to release some stress, and driving seemed to work for me,” Eliz calmly said.

“Ah, Eliz, I’m sorry if I’ve been somewhat neglecting you lately.” “‘Somewhat’ isn’t a good word. ‘Not caring’ is more suitable,” Eliz shot back.

“I know, I know. That’s why I’m going to make it up to you, spend more time with you, honey.”

“If you mean it, then okay, but I’m not going to worry anymore. In the last few months, I’ve matured quite a bit ... I understand we’re financially well off, but a woman needs her man in her life,” Eliz pointed out.

“Hey, starting tomorrow, honey, we’ll go out to dinner. I’ll show you I’m still the same guy you married two years ago,” Randol boasted.

“I hear you talking, Randol, but I’m going to soak in the Jacuzzi. I’m exhausted.” Up the stairs, she went.

“I’ll be up, honey,” Randol said romantically.

“Suit yourself, Randol!” Eliz hollered down the steps.

Only meaning to manipulate Eliz, Randol took advantage of the moment, trying to impress Eliz and show her that his mojo was back in full swing. He knew she was not stupid. He had to be authentic, or she’d realize he was faking it. He grabbed a bottle of champagne and climbed up the stairs while humming one of their favorite songs. He entered the master bedroom poured two glasses of champagne and then entered the bathroom. “Here, honey. Here’s a glass of champagne, one of your favorites.”

“Thanks, honey. Hmmm, nice and cold.” She sipped on

the champagne and then eased back into the swirling water.

Randol leaned over and kissed her gently on her lips. Her body suddenly exploded with excitement. She reached up and began to unbutton his shirt. He kissed her again. This time, he extended some of his tongue into her mouth and tasted some of the chilled champagne that lingered on her tongue. He then compulsively snatched his clothes off and slid into the Jacuzzi with Eliz and then gently sucked on her nipples until they were both erect. She responded by wrapping both her arms around his neck. Then she slipped her hand underneath the swirling water, gently caressed his penis, and then started jerking him off. He moaned and responded by sucking on her nipples very slowly and caressing her buttocks.

They continued until both their bodies were on fire with desire. Then they climbed out of the Jacuzzi, dried off, and entered the bedroom. Eliz applied a very sensual body lotion, while Randol lit up a blunt of exotic. The smell of the marijuana filled the room with vapors of intoxicating smoke clouds. Eliz took the blunt and pulled a long drag on the blunt. They both burst into laughter and fell into bed as they both prepared for a very ravenous love session.

Randol carefully inserted his finger deep into her vagina, causing her to moan, and her body tensed up with pleasure as he worked his finger gently in and out of her hot juicy pussy.

Eliz moaned, "Give it all to me, baby. Give it all to me," with her love juices running down her thigh.

He knew it was the right time for oral sex so that he could lap up every drop of her come. He lapped up the juices and enjoyed the bittersweet taste of her pussy. Quickly, he got up and directed her into his favorite position: doggie style.

"Oh, baby, give it to me. Oh, shit, babe, don't stop. Please don't stop." Suddenly, she collapsed on her elbows, unable to support her weight any longer. "Yes! Honey, give it to me hard!" she screamed out with perspiration rolling down her face.

Randol stepped it up, humping like a jackhammer, but his

facial expression seemed to indicate pain. After a while, he gently rolled her over on her back, put himself on top, raised her legs back behind her head, and started whaling away. It went on until they both collapsed. Still, Randol continued sucking her neck and pushing her nipples in and out of his mouth and then running his tongue all the way down her stomach. She began to arch her back up into the air before letting out a loud moan of relief, collapsing into Randol's arms, all cuddled up and drifted off to sleep in Randol's arms.

Eliz was starting to feel like her old self again when Randol got a call from the office saying a couple of packages had arrived for him that morning. Randol quickly told Eliz that some important documents had come in and that he had to sign them.

He ran off, showered, shaved, got dressed, and shouted out to Eliz, "I'll call you, honey, as soon as I get to the office!"

In his haste, he skipped steps going down the stairs, racing out the door, and raising up the garage door with the remote control. He climbed into his Lamborghini Gallardo Spyder, started up the engine, and pulled off, heading for the parkway, thinking how Eliz would look once the pills would take effect. He had once seen a student acting crazy after taking LSD. He wondered if Eliz would act the same way. He had already forgotten about the wild and crazy love session he and Eliz had just had. Whizzing in and out of traffic, he called Selena.

"I haven't heard from you in a minute," Selena said with a touch of sincerity.

"I know, honey. I've been busy. I'm running down to my office now. The pills I ordered finally came, so I'm coming down to pick them up at my office. I'll be there in about fifteen minutes. Meet me at my office, okay, baby?" Randol said.

"Hey, are you ready for a quickie, baby?" Selena suggested.

"Yeah, honey. Okay, now I have to keep my eye on this traffic. These people are driving real crazy out here."

"Okay, baby." Selena clicked off her cell phone.

Randol was about to arrive at the company where he

worked as the top executive, overseeing everyone else. All the company's important computer information was located in this building, not to mention important business transactions that were connected to his father's shipping operation. The state of Tennessee was picked to house all this delicate information because of Florida's unpredictable weather, but the main office was in Florida, where Paul, Randol's father, had first started. Important information concerning materials for shipbuilding and prices for equipment and labor would be transferred from the Florida office and logged into the database in Tennessee for safekeeping. So, there were always staff working to keep up with all the transactions worldwide coming in from Florida, and a large number of staff were young females whose job was to make sure this information was logged in and verified. There were so many ocean liners to keep up with, but without constant supervision, executives often found themselves trying to make out with these young and beautiful secretaries.

Randol's Lamborghini pulled up in his reserved parking space. He exited his Lamborghini and then locked it with an automatic locking device. Then stepping up his pace, he entered through the building's double glass doors, speaking to the front desk clerk, and then continued on over to the elevators. Once one had arrived, he entered and pushed the button for the second floor, where his office was located. The elevator jerked just a little and then moved upward like a fine piece of machinery, only making a clicking sound when it stopped on the second floor. Randol stepped out and started heading down the hall, where he met up with Selena.

"Hi, honey," Selena said, trying to sound excited about seeing him. "I missed you these last couple of weeks. Yes, Mommy misses her big baby. Come on over and give me a big kiss," Selena demanded.

Randol put some pep in his step and passionately planted a very long kiss on her lips. "Hmmm, baby, I missed you too. Let's go into my office."

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“You got your key, honey?”

“Yeah, of course, baby,” Randol said. Reaching into the pants pocket of his name-brand jeans, he pulled out a key to his office.

They went inside, and immediately, Selena pulled off Randol’s Polo jersey and threw it on his desk. He then unzipped and removed his jeans. Selena then undressed, clad only in her Victoria’s Secret panties. Seeing her beautiful body in her lingerie made Randol go berserk. He removed his boxers and threw them across the room.

They approached each other, and Randol kissed her, giving her plenty of tongue. She ran her fingers through his hair, and Randol’s penis began to get hard. Selena caressed his penis until it was hard and erect. She slowly got down on her knees and carefully placed his penis in her mouth, pulling slowly back and forth until she took it all in and Randol was standing up on his tippy toes. His face was all contorted, and every muscle in his body stiffened up. She now softly squeezed his balls until he moaned.

He then grabbed her up and carried her over to the sofa, laying her down, snatching off her panties. Then he buried his head deep into her thighs and began licking her clitoris, causing her body to jerk convulsively with pleasure. She then held his head there, wrapping her strong thighs around his waist as he licked her clitoris until she orgasmed before he inserted his erect penis into her vagina and humped her until they both were exhausted. He finally collapsed on top of her, out of breath.

They both lay there for a short while. Then suddenly, Randol remembered the pills. He got up and walked over to his desk, and there were two small boxes. Randol removed the wrapper and opened the first box, which simply read, “Knockout Pills.” The second box he opened read, “Hallucinogens.” Then he went back and read the directions on the bottle of knockout pills, which said, “No more than one pill in twenty-four hours. Will cause sleep for only twenty

minutes.”

Selena, witnessing the bottles, said, “Honey, I think you got it right this time. She’ll be a nervous wreck in no time.” Selena did this to boost Randol’s ego.

He thought that at last, he’d done something that pleased Selena. “I already know her schedule. It’ll be real easy to set her up. I’ll try the sleeping pills first just to see how she reacts to them, and if she sleeps for twenty minutes, I’ll ransack her room.” He was smiling from ear to ear.

Selena agreed and then said, “I want to know how she acts too. I wish I could be there to see her all fucked up in her room with shit all thrown around.”

“Oh, you will. I had cameras installed throughout the house just for you to see.”

They both laughed out loud. Then Randol picked up both bottles and placed them in a plastic bag. They kissed, Selena left, and Randol locked the office door and headed for the elevator. He unlocked the door to his Lamborghini, got in, and anxiously drove off. He headed toward the parkway, anticipating how the rest of his evening was going to play out. Once he got home, Eliz sat quietly in her recliner, reading a novel by a popular author she had enjoyed in the past.

Randol entered the house and made the announcement: “Honey, I’m home.”

Eliz hesitated to put down her favorite novel to greet him. “Hi, honey. Busy day, huh?”

“It was okay, I guess. I had to run down to the office to sign some requisitions so they could be verified. How about we get something to eat? I can call in an order and have it delivered, honey.”

“That’ll be fine with me. I don’t feel like getting dressed to go out.”

Randol pulled up a list of places that delivered from his phone, surfed through the numbers, and chose a pizza delivery shop from one of the local pizza shops, ordering a large pizza with pepperoni, extra cheese, and sausage. The delivery service



said the estimated time would be about twenty minutes. Confirming the time, Randol clicked off his cell phone.

Randol slipped upstairs, immediately opened the bottle of sleeping pills, and crushed one up. He then folded it up in a small piece of paper. He planned on sprinkling the powder all over her slice of pizza when she wasn't looking. Reassuring himself that he had the perfect plan he crept back downstairs. Eliz was now watching the CNN news on the flat-screen TV, relaxed in her recliner.

Once downstairs, Randol said, "They'll be about twenty minutes. I'll fix us a couple of martinis while we wait."

When the twenty minutes were up, the doorbell rang. Randol answered the door and paid for the pizza, giving the man a five-dollar tip. Randol then went into the kitchen, where he sprinkled a slice with the powder. It blended in with the white cheese. He then carried the slice on a paper plate with the drink in his other hand and delivered it to Eliz in the living room.

Fifteen minutes later, Eliz started to stretch and yawn. "I'm starting to feel very sleepy. I guess it was the martini. I think I'll go upstairs and lie down." She climbed up the stairs, entered her bedroom, and just flopped down across her bed, falling fast asleep.

After several minutes, Randol decided to creep up the steps to see if Eliz was asleep, not knowing what to expect. He entered the room, and she looked knockout. Still, he called out her name to make sure she was asleep. She didn't respond or stir. He called out her name one more time, but she didn't, once again, respond to his voice.

Feeling safe now, he started to put his devious plan to make Eliz feel like something was wrong with her into action. He entered the room and started pitching her belongings out of the dresser drawers, all around the room. In no time, the room was a mess. To top it off, he grabbed her mascara and scribbled all over her favorite mirror. With fifteen minutes gone by, as he checked his watch, he bolted back downstairs,

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went back into the kitchen, grabbed another slice of pizza, and then returned to the living room, turning the channel to the sports channel.

The effects of the sleeping pill began to wear off, and Eliz began to stir, slowly opening her eyes and then realizing something wasn't quite right. Her eyes widened to confirm what she was seeing as she looked around in disbelief. Her room was a horrible mess.

She hollered out, "Why did you wreck my bedroom, Randol?"

"What on earth are you talking about, honey?" Randol replied, quickly climbing up the steps and entering the room. "Why did you wreck the room? What's wrong with you, Eliz? I never ventured up the steps. I was downstairs, watching the sports channel."

"You're saying that I came upstairs, wrecked the room, and then lay down and went to sleep?"

It doesn't make any sense—and why?"

"I don't know, Eliz. You left and went upstairs—and then this." "Are you trying to tell me I'm losing my mind?"

"No, honey, you just don't remember. You must've blacked out or something."

"I've never done nothing like this in my whole life. What could make me do something like this and then not remember a damn thing?" Eliz dropped down on the bed, confused.

"Why don't you go downstairs while I clean up this mess? There's still some pizza on the table," Randol said.

Eliz got up from the bed, moving slowly toward the door, looking around her room, shaking her head in puzzlement, seeing all her nice clothes strewn around the room and mascara on her favorite mirror and walls. She tried hard but couldn't recall anything after she had lain down across the bed, no matter how hard she tried. She descended the stairs and entered the living room and then the kitchen, still hungry, but settled for some Pop-Tarts instead of the remaining pizza.

Randol, after about an hour, returned downstairs. "Hey,

honey, that was a mess. Are you stressing about anything?” he asked, trying to sound serious.

“No, Randol, nothing wrong with me. I’m not stressing about anything at all,” Eliz said with a straight face.

After he had won over her trust, Eliz opened up and discussed the wild and bizarre experience of seeing her room totally wrecked.

Randol reached out, took her hand, held it gently, and began to console her. “Honey, these sorts of things happen sometimes. Nobody knows why, but people black out and do the darnedest things and can’t explain why.”

“But I don’t remember blacking out. Wouldn’t I remember blacking out?” “No, honey. When you blacked out, you lost your memory.”

“Oh, I see. So, I wouldn’t recall doing this to my room because my mind had shut down, huh?” “Yes, in a nutshell, you’ve got it right, Eliz. You didn’t realize what you were doing because you were in another state of mind.”

Randol was rubbing his chin and looking Eliz straight in the eye. He lied to her, undermining her state of mind until she was uncertain of the facts and began to doubt her own sanity. It was getting late, so they both decided to have a couple of brandies, went upstairs, and turned in for the night.

The next morning, Randol was awakened by the bright warm sunlight slithering through the shades. He rolled over and then suddenly remembered he had to get to work early. His father was going to be there today, and he didn’t want to show up late. He stretched, pulling the covers back, and got out of bed, making his way to the bathroom to shave and take a shower before returning to the bedroom to get dressed. He looked in his closet and spied a black pinstripe suit. He put it on and then stepped in front of the mirror to inspect himself before clamping on his Rolex around his wrist.

Eliz, an early riser, rolled over and saw Randol dressed for work and said, “I see you’re on your way to the office, honey.”

“Yeah. I have to look over some orders before they’re over

to stationary for storage, and my father will be coming today, and I don't want to be late. You know how he is ... Well, how are you feeling this morning, dear?"

"I'm okay, still a little groggy."

Randol laughed. "Hey, that's okay, honey. You can sleep as long as you want. I shouldn't be too long unless Bart wants to go to lunch."

Bart was Paul's right-hand man. In his early fifties, he was in pretty good shape, and if he asked you to do something and you worked for the company, you would hop to it. You didn't want to be on his bad side. He could very easily end your career in the blink of an eye. A medium-built man, roughly about five feet and ten inches, with brown eyes and salt-and-pepper hair, Bart was always smiling.

Randol leaned over and planted a solid kiss on Eliz's lips before saying goodbye and leaving the room. He jetted down the steps and out the front door and opened his two-bay garage doors, and then he took his Porsche Carrera. He loved the sound of the engine in his Porsche. He then backed out of the garage and headed toward the parkway. On the way, he couldn't help but think of how confused Eliz was and how easy it was to rob someone of their sanity with a few pills.

Randol soon exited the parkway and headed toward the office building named after his father, Paul's Ocean Liners. Randol thought one day he would change the name to Randol's Ocean Liners once he inherited the company. He pulled up in the company parking lot and parked in his reserved parking spot. Once in his office, he studied the shipping orders.

Selena entered the office. "Honey, how did everything go last night?"

"Oh, it was hilarious. She all but lost her mind." Randol laughed wholeheartedly. "Oh, that poor little thing," Selena mused.

"She thought she destroyed her room. I really made a mess up there." He was still laughing. Selena joined in laughing.

Together, they both sounded like two laughing hyenas.

“I see you pulled it off,” Selena said after catching her breath. “You’re a viscous fuck, man. I was just playing, but I see you’ve seen it through, just like that famous lawyer who played mind games on his wife.”

“Yeah. Well, what happened?” Randol asked. “He got caught, darling. Be careful.”

“Hey, don’t burn bread. I’m not like that stupid lawyer. I’m a tad bit smarter than that lawyer.” Randol was full of confidence after convincing Eliz that it was, she who had destroyed the room and that she soon began to doubt her own sanity.

“How about we celebrate a little bit, baby?” Selena started to unbutton her blouse. “Ah, okay. We can do that, honey. Nothing like being rewarded after a job well done.”

“Who said anything about a reward? You could have me anytime and all the time when you’re divorced.”

Selena finished undressing herself and then helped Randol out of his clothes, and once again, they made love on the reclining sofa.

Meanwhile, back at the house, Eliz decided to call her friend Marsha to tell her about her horrifying experience. Something just didn’t pan out. She needed someone else to hear her story. She dialed up Marsha’s number, and her cell phone played a tune a few times, and then Marsha answered.

“Hi, Eliz. What’s going on, girl? I’ve just returned from horseback riding—and just in time to catch your call.”

“Hey, Marsha, listen to this. Randol ordered pizza yesterday. After eating a slice, I became very sleepy and went upstairs to lie down. After about half an hour, I woke up to find my room a mess, totally destroyed, mascara all over the bedroom mirror and walls. Randol did a great job of cleaning it up, but I don’t understand why I would do something like that.”

“Wow! Eliz, that’s some scary shit, girl. Give me the signal that you’re okay, Eliz,” Marsha said very seriously, tightening

her grip on her cell phone.

“I gave you the signal, Marsha. I’m okay. You’re my closest friend. I had to confide in someone. I didn’t have anyone else to talk to. They would’ve thought I was crazy, girl.”

Eliz and Marsha both laughed at the notion.

“How long did you sleep again?” Marsha asked with concern.

“About twenty minutes to a half hour, I guess, and when I woke up, I was hungry as hell, but I didn’t want any more of that pizza.”

“Yeah. Nowadays, you never know what people will do for a thrill. They’ll do crazy shit just for fun,” Marsha said.

“The world needs more people like me and you,” Eliz said.

“Yeah. We would be partying all the damn time and having fun. Do you think the world is ready for that, Eliz?” Marsha said.

“I guess you’re right, Marsh, but Randol was very supportive and held me in his arms all night.

I felt so secure with him comforting me,” Eliz said.

Running her fingers through her hair, Marsha said, “Maybe, just maybe, you have a good man.”

“I hope so. You’re a real good girl, and you’re my best friend.”

“I’m going on vacation soon for a couple of months, and I plan on seeing you soon. I’ll call you first so you can know when I’m coming, okay? I don’t want to ruin any of the plans you may have made before coming down there.”

“I’m sure everything will be okay with you coming down from the good old state of Missouri,” Eliz quipped. A moment of silence went by when suddenly, Eliz said, “Well, I guess I’ll call you later with some better news. Hey! Now give me the signal, Marsha.”

“I did,” Marsha said, and they both hung up.

About an hour later, Randol came home. “Honey, I’m home. Boy, am I hungry.”

Eliz said, “I’m in the kitchen, babe, and this time, we’re

going out somewhere to eat—no more pizza for a while.”

“Suits me, honey. I’ll just take a quick shower and change clothes.” “Why? You get your hands dirty reading your mail, babe?”

“No, the air wasn’t working properly or something. It was very muggy.” “I’m sorry, honey. I’m ready. I showered earlier, and I’m hungry.”

“I won’t take long,” Randol assured Eliz as he poured a quick drink to compose himself. He was still a little jittery after having sex with Selena.

Eliz came downstairs dressed in a very expensive sequin gown with matching heels. Randol, upon seeing her, was quickly turned on, but the devious plan he had made up in his mind overruled his lust. The thought of torturing her had given him a strange sense of pleasure he couldn’t explain, but it seemed to give him power over Eliz after making her a nervous wreck. Randol didn’t realize he was twisted. Years of having control over people had been molded into his personality. He finished his drink, went up, took a shower, and changed into a suit. He returned downstairs, and they both left the house and took the Lamborghini to a classy restaurant known for its lean cuisine dishes, a very elegant restaurant in an upscale part of town.

They pulled up, and the valet came over to park the vehicle. They then entered Olivia’s Lean Cuisine. Soon, a waiter came over to seat them and handed them a menu. The atmosphere of the restaurant was beautiful and the music very delightful. Randol ordered a filet mignon with all the sides, and Eliz ordered a sirloin steak with all the sides that came with it, and they had martinis to wash down the meals. After they had satisfied their hunger, Randol paid for the dinner and tipped the waiter, and they left to pick up their car from the valet.

On the way home, Randol played Eliz’s favorite CD, and Eliz passionately said, “Thanks for such a lovely evening, honey.”

“You deserve a good time, baby, with me being busy all the

time. I'm glad we went out. The meal was delicious, and so were the martinis."

Randol pulled up in front of the house and dropped Eliz off while he parked the Lamborghini in the garage. Ten minutes later, he entered the house. He went upstairs, opened the bottle of party pills, and took one out, slipping it into his pocket. Then he returned downstairs to find Eliz slumped down on the sofa, relaxing, watching the flat-screen TV. Randol wandered off into the kitchen and crushed up the pill. Then he prepared two martinis, pouring the fine powder into one of the glasses and then stirring the mixture up real good before walking into the living room and handing it to her.

"Here, honey. A little nightcap."

"Thanks, Randol." Sipping on the martini, she leaned back on the sofa, enjoying her favorite reality show.

Randol returned to the kitchen for the other martini and returned to the living room, patiently sipping from his glass.

Eliz now headed up the steps. She decided to seek the comfort of her Jacuzzi before going to bed. She filled the Jacuzzi with warm water. She stepped into the soothing warm water and leaned back, still reeling from a very enjoyable evening as the swirling bubbly water circulated in the Jacuzzi.

After about fifteen minutes went by, she started seeing ants, first a few on her right arm, which she quickly brushed off. Then she noticed they were in the water and crawling along the sides of the Jacuzzi. Suddenly, they were on her upper arms and shoulders.

Brushing them off, she jumped out of the Jacuzzi and ran into her bedroom, screaming, "Ants! Ants are crawling all over me!" Standing in front of her bedroom mirror, she could see them in her hair and on her face. She brushed and brushed, but they seemed to reappear over and over. "Randol! Randol, help me! These damn ants are all over me!"

Randol ran up the steps. "What's wrong, honey? Why are you screaming?"

Brushing her face and hair, she shouted, "These ants are all



over me! Can't you see them?" "What ants, baby? I don't see any ants at all," Randol said, standing with a puzzled look on his face, wondering how he could help."

"How come you can't see them? They're on my face and in my hair."

"But, honey, I'm looking at you, and I don't see any ants. I don't know how to help you." "You sure, baby? Are you sure you don't see any?" Soon, the ants suddenly seemed to

disappear, and Eliz collapsed on the bed, breathless and shaking. "What's wrong with me? What's going on, honey? I think I'm losing it."

"No, you're not, honey. Don't say that. You'll be just fine."

Once again, he cuddled up with her on the bed, and soon exhausted, she fell asleep, holding on to him tightly. Randol felt a sense of control and power over Eliz. When she cracked, he was able to pull the pieces back together. This gave Randol a strong erotic sense of control.

The next day, when Randol called home to check on Eliz, she was still very shaken by the whole ordeal. She sat up on her bed, dumbfounded, precariously wondering where in the hell all the ants had come from and what had happened to them all, not leaving a trace. Not one dead ant could she find after seeing so many. After she had enjoyed a lovely evening, the appearance of the ants flipped the script, sending chills up and down her spine. Why not mosquitos or some other creepy crawling insect?

She ran her hands through her strawberry blonde hair, searching for answers. She would've called Marsha, but it was too soon, she thought. Only a week ago, she had told her about her room being wrecked. Marsha might think she was going bonkers, and she didn't want to be a burden on her best friend. Anyway, she was about to start her vacation and stop by to visit.

Her relationship with Randol seemed solid again. Randol had been really sweet lately, and he did act concerned when she had these bizarre experiences. She tried to convince herself

that it was only her imagination. She had never had nightmares as a child or walked in her sleep. She somehow forced herself to forget about the episodes and went down to the kitchen to fix herself a drink.

Down at Paul's Ocean Liners, Selena manipulated all the men she was dealing with, notifying all her participating sex partners to be aware not to discuss any of their relationships with her to anyone or one another, or there would be grave consequences. She didn't want Randol to know about her promiscuous relationships with the other men throughout the company. That would ruin her chance to build future plans with Randol if she was ever going to get him to divorce Eliz. So, she sent them all text messages to inform them that she had personal information on all of them that would ruin their careers and marriage if one word was ever leaked out about their affairs. Bart was furious when he saw the text message and called her on his cell phone.

"Hello," Selena answered.

"Why, you crazy bitch. How dare you threaten me! I'm the corporate manager!" Bart blurted out in anger.

"And if you want to keep being the corporate manager, just follow the instructions I sent you in the text messages, and there'll be no problems. I also have a reputation to protect, honey."

"Don't call me honey, you rotten bitch," Bart stamped out.

"Hey, calm down. This is just my bargaining chip. I have to have a way to protect myself. You know how much you men like to talk. You're worse than women."

"Well, look here. I know I can keep my mouth shut. I can't speak for the other guys."

"Look, Bart, I believe you, so why don't you come up and see me later, and I'll calm you down?"

"Ah. Give me a chance to think about it. I might stop by before I leave to go home." They clicked off their cell phones.

Now Eliz, back home, hadn't spoken to her mother, Karen, in a while or called home to speak with her mother.

Her mother was still a very attractive woman herself, but she preferred the baggy pants that she wore when grooming her horses and that her husband had bought her several years ago. She quickly bonded with her horse and soon decided to buy a stallion to mate with her mare, so she bought a stallion and named him Jingles.

Eliz had once asked her mother why she wore baggy pants when she had such a great body, and her mother told her, “Because it covers up all my curves so no one can see, not even your father, so when I get horny and put on something sexy, it drives him wild because he’s not seeing this all the time.”

Satisfied with her mother’s answer, Eliz never questioned her mother again about her baggy pants. She dialed up her mother’s number, and her cell phone rang a few times.

Suddenly, her mother answered, “Hi, honey! How are you? How’s the life of the rich and the famous?” being a little sarcastic.

“It’s not all glorious, to say the least.”

“Well, what’s going on, Eliz?” Karen’s tone changed to a more serious one.

“I need to find me, Mom. Having all this money is great, but I’m still searching for what I want to do with my life,” Eliz explained. “I want a career, something that I can identify with that lets me know who I am.”

“Remember, honey, you’re still young. Give it some time, and you’ll figure it out. As long as you’re searching, it’ll come to you. Listen, honey. I was the same way until your father bought me my first horse. The beauty of horses fascinated me, and soon, I learned everything about them—how to groom them, feed them, and even put the horseshoes on them—and then I knew that’s what I wanted to do, raise horses. I was blessed with a good husband who bought me my first horse, and now when they have ponies, I sell them and make millions.”

“I envy you, Mom. Not too many people have that

completeness. I'm so glad for you. Life has been good to you, Mom."

"Well, it wasn't always that way, Eliz. Life has its ups and downs, dear. You have to learn patience. Remember that. Don't let life overwhelm you, honey. Stay focused, and whatever it is, I'm sure you'll find it."

"Hey, well, how's Dad doing?"

"Your dad is doing fine. He's out milking the cows, and he still supervises one of the largest construction companies in the state of Missouri," Karen said.

Eliz's father was a fairly tall man with brown eyes and a hardy smile for everyone but never with the tomfoolery behavior, and he always had time for Eliz. When she was growing up, he took her everywhere—Disneyland, canoeing, baseball, and football games. He was a very caring father.

After Bart's date with Selena, he decided he'd better call Edward, another one of Selena's clients. Edward was in charge of all money transactions and overseeing all the accounts in the Tennessee office.

"Yeah, what's up, Bart? Surprised you called so early in the day." "Listen, Ed, Selena threatened to blackmail me."

"Me too, Bart. I was just about to call you. If Lorain found out what I was doing, she'd divorce me in a heartbeat. I'd lose everything, and she would take my daughters and leave. I'd go crazy, Bart."

"Well, look, Ed. If she has what she says she has, just keep your mouth shut, just like I'm going to do. The bitch has us over a barrel. We'll have a meeting later before we go home to discuss this matter further. We have to figure out what she has on us."

"Okay, Bart. Just call me later tonight. We have to keep her quiet. We can't screw up with this bitch. More importantly, we can't discuss our relationship between each other, so we can't tell on each other if she applies pressure on any one of us."

Bart's eyes widened, and his smile disappeared from his jolly happy face. "Yeah, you're right."

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Heard tell she's after Randol. I hear she has him pussy whipped."

"You don't say."

"You know, she used to screw around with his father," Bart said.

"Ain't that keeping it in the family," Ed said, shoving his hands deep into his pants pockets and sticking his chest out. He now had Bart on speakerphone. He had a habit of pacing when he was nervous.

"Yeah. Somehow, she had twisted his mind. Like everyone else, Selena had Randol under her spell."

For the first time in his life, Ed was scared. "His family was his whole world."

Ed reached into his desk drawer, where he kept a fifth of bourbon and poured a drink. Then he signed off on Bart's call, promising to meet later. Then he dunked down the shot of bourbon, looking into space, contemplating his options. He didn't want to do anything stupid. Maybe Bart could come up with something to bail them out of this mess. He was the one who had put them on to Selena in the first place.

Ed looked down at his Rolex, the one his wife had bought him last Christmas. It was five twenty-five. He hurried and put the bourbon back in the drawer and headed out of his office and down the hall to meet with Bart. He knocked and then opened the door, and there sat Bart, sipping a drink with Henry.

Henry was in charge of supplies. He was responsible for every nail, every piece of lumber, and every piece of machinery that was kept in stock in the stationary building. He may have been a great catch in the building for any of the secretaries, but just like everyone else, Selena had him as well as his wallet under her spell. Selena had a hidden dominating side to her sex life, a part she found matched well with Henry's own personality, so she would use her dominatrix side on Henry, dominating him into sadomasochistic encounters—that he actually paid for.

“Hi, guys,” Ed blurted out. “Did she get to you too, Henry?”

“Yes. Man, what’s wrong with that bitch, threatening us to zip up or else?” “So how are we going to handle this, fellas?” Ed asked, joining in with a drink.

“Aw, for now, Ed, it’s better we just fall back until she gets whatever it is she’s going after. We all have a pretty good idea of what that is, and I really don’t give a fuck just as long as she leaves my family alone.”

He then passed the bottle of bourbon back to Ed. Ed poured a drink and then suggested they put a hidden camera in her office, and do a little snooping on their own.

“But what if it backfires? She’ll really get even with us then,” Bart said.

“That bitch really has a hold on us. We’re like her puppets. She has us all jumping through hoops,” Henry said, gulping down his drink, reaching for the bottle to pour another.

Bart looked down at his watch and realized it was getting late. “Drink up, fellas. It’s almost seven thirty. Let’s get out of here and go home.”

Eliz, now looking in her mirror, was wishing she could predict her future. It probably was her self esteem that was slipping away. The more Randol got involved in his own world at the office, the more she felt left out. The pep talk she had had with her mother gave her encouragement. She needed to hear those words of wisdom from her mom, but when would this happen, and shouldn’t she be searching for the things that interested her, or would it just happen? One day a light bulb would go off in her head, and she’d have the answer. This was why she was staring in the mirror.

Suddenly, to snap out of it, Eliz decided to go shopping down at the local mall. She needed to go out. Mingling with the other shoppers, window shopping, and seeing the children eating ice cream and having fun made her feel good inside. She entered the mall, went to one of her favorite dress shops, and browsed around before picking out a few outfits. Then she

returned home to find Randol had beaten her home without a clue that he was setting her up. He planned on crushing up a pill and putting it into her food. He enjoyed the confusion and anguish the pills seemed to inflict on her.

“Hi, honey. I’m home,” Eliz announced.

“Okay, honey. I’ll be right down,” Randol replied, grabbing the crushed pill and stuffing it deep into his pants pocket. He passed Eliz on her way up the steps.

“I’ll be back down, honey. I have to wash my hands. There’re two cheese steak hoagies on the kitchen table with fries. One’s yours, honey.”

“Okay, baby,” Randol responded as he passed through the dining room.

Entering the kitchen, he saw the hoagies. He quickly pulled the folded wrapper from his pocket and then unwrapped one of the hoagies, carefully sprinkling the crushed pill neatly between the meat and the bun. Randol, content with what he had done, returned to the dining room and turned on the sixty-five-inch flat-screen TV to watch one of his favorite sitcoms.

Eliz finished washing her hands, returned downstairs, and asked Randol, “How was work?” “I wasn’t too busy, honey,” Randol said.

Eliz was hungry and now focused on her hoagie and fries. She unwrapped the hoagie and took a bite. It wasn’t long before she had devoured most of the hoagie and washed it down with a soda, returning to the dining room to watch the sitcom with Randol.

Soon, they were engaged in conversation for a while before Randol announced that he was going up to shower and slowly moseyed up the steps, so Eliz. made herself comfortable on the sofa, kicking off her shoes. She continued enjoying the sitcom, and it wasn’t long before a giant rat was sitting on the other end of the sofa. She jumped up and screamed and ran across the dining room. Suddenly, more rats appeared, climbing all over the sofa. Frozen with fear, she screamed her lungs out.

“Randol, get down here! There’re giant rats everywhere!”

Randol came to the top of the steps and said, “What’s wrong, honey? We don’t have any rats.” “Well, we do now, big-ass rats. They’re big enough to eat me.”

“Calm down, honey. Here I come.”

“Don’t tell me to calm down! They’re closing in on me!” Eliz screamed back.

Randol hurried down the steps and looked around the dining room. “Where are they, honey?” Randol asked.

“On the sofa. Can’t you see them?”

Randol stepped cautiously toward Eliz. “Where are they, Eliz? I don’t see a thing.”

Then he put his arms around her, and she was shaking like a leaf. This excited Randol. It gave him a strong sense of power as he felt her body trembling in his arms.

It took a while for Eliz to calm down. “What in the hell is going on? I can’t take this shit anymore. I need to see a psychiatrist.”

Randol led her by the hand up the stairs. They both entered the bedroom, and Eliz sat down and started strolling through her cell phone.

“Whatcha doing, honey?”

“I’m looking for a good psych doctor.” She googled a list of names and liked the name Glenn Huber. “I’ll call him in the morning.”

Randol agreed, still consoling her. He reached down and kissed her passionately on her forehead. Then he asked her if she wanted a drink.

“Oh no, honey, I want to be in my right mind tonight. I have a lot of things to sort out in the morning.”

“Then, honey, I’ll get you an orange juice,” Randol said. “Thanks, honey.”

Randol skipped down the steps and passed through the dining room and into the kitchen. He opened up the fridge, grabbed the orange juice, poured a glass, returned upstairs, and handed it to Eliz.



She took a drink and said, "This is nice and cold."

She soon finished the glass of orange juice and set the empty glass on her nightstand. Then she said good night to Randol. Randol turned the lights out and said good night, and they both fell asleep.

Early the next morning, Randol awakened to the chirping of the birds. He yawned and then stretched before getting out of bed. Still half asleep, he staggered to the bathroom and took a quick shower and a shave. Then returning to the room, he got dressed, putting on a suit before going downstairs and out the front door to the garage. He hopped into his Lamborghini, on his way to the office.

Eliz finally got up and looked at the clock on her nightstand. It was nine thirty, so she got up, went downstairs to the kitchen, and started a pot of coffee before putting on some eggs and toast for breakfast. After she had finished, she remembered the phone call she was to make. She dialed the doctor's number and cautioned herself not to sound too distraught over the phone.

A secretary answered the phone, so Eliz said, "Hello, I would like to make an appointment to see Dr. Huber."

"Well, what is your name and phone number? We'll set you up for an appointment." The secretary paused for a few moments and then returned to the phone. "How about June 3 at 2:30 p.m., ma'am?"

"Ah, that'll be just fine, thank you. I'll be there. Goodbye now."

Then Eliz cut off her cell phone call. She now breathed out a sigh of relief as she realized she may have some answers to some strange hallucinations she had been having. Feeling relieved, she decided to call her mother. She picked up her cell phone and dialed her number, and the phone rang a few times before her mother picked up her phone.

"Hello, Eliz. Honey, good to hear from you so soon. It lets me know you're thinking about me."

"I'm always thinking about you, Mom. Matter of fact, I

want to come soon for a visit to see you and Dad,” Eliz said.

“Well, honey, listen. You know you’re welcome anytime. We’re always home, honey. Just let me know so I can freshen up your room.”

“Of course, mom. I will. Hey, how’s Dad doing nowadays?”

“Oh, your dad is just fine. He’s just won another contract to start construction on another building downtown, so he’s busy all the time now, and I’ve been selling horses. Two of my mares just had ponies. They’re really cute. You should see them stumbling around, learning how to walk,” Karen said.

“Oh, Mom, I’d love that so much, to see the ponies and to get to know them while they’re so young.”

“Well, honey, like I said, just give me a heads-up.”

“I will, Mom. I love you, Mom.” Eliz hung up. Then Marsha called, and Eliz answered. “Hi, Marsha. What’s going on with you?”

“Hey! Check this out. I’m about to go on vacation. I’m taking the whole month off, and I can fly down to Tennessee and see you. Wouldn’t that be cool? Do the signal and then say yes, please.”

Eliz laughed out loud and then said, “Of course, you can. I’d love that. Can’t wait to see you— and I did the signal.”

“So, how’s everything been going since I last hollered at you?”

“Well, listen, Marsha. You’re my best friend. I made an appointment to see a shrink.”

“What? Girl, are you serious?” Marsha was totally caught off guard by what Eliz had just said. “Why, Eliz?”

“Marsha, I had two more strange-ass hallucinations after the first time I destroyed my room. The first one, I was covered with ants while I was in the Jacuzzi. Ants were crawling all over me. And then while I was watching TV, a giant rat was sitting on my sofa with me.”

“Sounds like you were trippin’ on LSD or something. I know you don’t do drugs.” “Of course not, Marsha. I wouldn’t

even know what LSD looks like.”

“I know, but your hallucination sounds similar to those people have on LSD. Well, hang in there, Eliz, and don’t do anything foolish. Love you. Now give me the signal.”

“Okay, I did, Marsha. Love you too. Bye now.” They clicked off their cell phones.

The time soon came for Eliz’s appointment with Dr. Huber. Randol took some time off to drive Eliz to her appointment at the clinic. He pulled up in front of the house, and Eliz was already walking toward the car. She got in the passenger side, and Randol pulled off. Randol started a conversation, trying to see what kind of mood Eliz was in, but the defiant, confident Eliz was prepared to see the doctor. She needed answers, and she expected to leave with some kind of explanation for the hallucinations that had haunted her in her sleep. Randol, now being facetious, asked Eliz if she had seen anything lately.

Eliz said, “No, honey,” with a very positive attitude. Eliz had more fortitude than Randol was willing to give her credit for.

Then twenty minutes later, they were pulling up into the client’s parking lot, where Eliz exited the vehicle, entered the front office through the swinging glass double doors, walked to the counter that said Sign In, and signed her name.

When the receptionist gave her insurance forms, she said, “I’ll be paying cash, thank you,” and strolled into the waiting room and took a seat, now anticipating her meeting with Dr. Huber.

Eliz sat nervously with her fingers interlocked. When the receptionist called her, Eliz stood up and followed the receptionist to Dr. Huber’s office and had a seat.

Dr. Huber introduced himself, and Eliz said, “I’m Mrs. Elizabeth Newman, Randol’s last name through marriage.”

“Well, tell me what’s going on, Mrs. Newman—and you don’t have to hurry. Just take your time.”

Forcing herself to relax, Eliz started to speak, feeling

somewhat weird because her stories were so bizarre and unreal. She now told Dr. Huber about the time she had fallen asleep, only to awaken to her bedroom in shambles and mascara on her mirror and walls. She took a deep breath and then described the time in the Jacuzzi when she was covered with ants. She tried to see how Dr. Huber was taking all this in, noticing that he was somewhat stout with brown well-kempt hair, brown eyes, and a broad smile that seemed to be fixed on his face.

Then she told him about the rats. Dr. Huber stopped to take notes. As he was writing, Eliz's mind was racing, wondering what he was putting in his notes. Does he think I'm cuckoo, or does he think I'm a pill popper? Her mind now seemed to exaggerate her condition. Her recollection became a little foggy because as the chemical left her system, so did the memories of some of the events. She was now not sure how she'd answer his next question.

Finally, Dr. Huber looked up and said, "Well, Mrs. Newman, these experiences you're having are closely related to someone with a schizophrenic personality, especially the one where you don't recall trashing your room. Some people hear voices or bells and, in some instances, see crawly things like you'd experienced. Let me ask you a question if you don't mind."

"Yes, it's okay," Eliz said.

"Was that gentleman with you your husband?" "Yes," Eliz said.

"I just wondered why he didn't stick around."

"Oh, his dad owns a shipping business, and he has to be at work. He's a ship designer." "Oh, I see," said Dr. Huber. "Now if you know how your relationship is going."

"It's been okay. He's been supportive of me through all this lately."

"Ah. Now, Mrs. Newman, if I may ask, how was your childhood upbringing? What was it like?"

"It was wonderful. I had two loving parents who spoiled

me, and we did everything together,” Eliz said.

“I ask you that question because sometimes trauma in a child’s life can affect their behavior later in their adult life. Well, that concludes our session for today, Mrs. Newman. I think you’ll be okay. You came early enough, and I don’t see any mental strain, so that’s a good sign. I’ll have you come back in a month, and next time, see if you can get your husband to come with you. It’s important that he understands what’s going on so he can cope with your behavior and not get too alarmed when you have these hallucinations—if there are any future reoccurrences in the near future.”

Then Dr. Huber instructed Eliz to see the receptionist for another appointment and then, shaking her hand said goodbye until her next visit. Eliz stopped at the front desk and picked up her appointment slip, and Randol was there to take her back home. On the way home, she mentioned the fact that Dr. Huber wanted Randol to be there so that they could all be on the same page. Randol agreed to take the day off to sit with Eliz on the next visit.

He didn’t want to give Eliz the impression that he didn’t care, but deep in the corner of his mind, Randol’s fiendish impulses were in the works. He loved the confusion he could stir up in Eliz. He enjoyed it so much, he knew he would do it again, not realizing it was more of a sickness. He should’ve been ashamed of deriving pleasure from scaring his wife half to death and then trying to console her into believing she was having some kind of mental breakdown. Randol was an arrogant child. Growing up, he was always under the impression that he could control and manipulate the other children with money and gifts just to get his way. Now he was controlling Eliz, his own wife, by drugging her with pills and deriving great pleasure from it.

Randol’s father was also a complex man, often having sex with his secretaries throughout the company. Realizing that the calamity of his promiscuous behavior was getting out of hand, he would give out large bonuses to keep them in check

and mainly hire single women. Selena was one of his most prized females who consumed more of his time than any of the other secretaries.

She was of South American descent with beautiful tannish skin and long black hair that hung like a spear as it came together in the middle of her back. Her buttocks were firm and rolled as she walked down the halls of Paul's huge shipbuilding company, driving men and women alike to stare and watch as her ass could hypnotize both.

It was Tuesday morning, and Marsha lived up to her promise. She made a reservation and purchased plane tickets for herself and her brother, Titus, who was an up-and-coming wrestler, new on the wrestling circuit. He was a very big boy, six feet and seven inches and 295 pounds. He was all chiseled up from lifting weights. A pretty good-natured guy, unless you got on his bad side, Titus was close to his sister. They were best friends, so when Marsha started packing for her trip, she asked Titus to come along to Memphis, Tennessee. It was his off season.

Marsha had already paid for the plane tickets and made arrangements to have a rental when they arrived in Tennessee at the airport. She had ordered a Chevy Silverado half-ton pickup truck. She knew Titus loved pickup trucks. They'd be leaving at six in the morning. Titus would be coming to Marsha's and picking her up, and they'd be catching the seventh-thirty flight and should arrive in Memphis at eight thirty.

Marsha had purposely left this window of time open so she could catch Randol on his way to work at nine o'clock. Marsha suspected that Randol may have had something to do with Eliz's hallucination. Eliz never indulged in drugs, so someone must be drugging her, and if she found out Randol had anything to do with it, he'd have to answer to her. Eliz and Marsha were like sisters, and Marsha wasn't about to let Randol or anyone else take advantage of her while she stood around and did nothing.

With all the connections going well, they boarded the jet, and everyone was being seated. The pilot was given the okay signal from the radio tower to taxi his plane onto the runway. Soon, they were in the air. After a couple of air pockets, the jet was sailing smoothly through the clouds, and she realized there was nothing up there with her but a few birds that were fading fast as the jet climbed upward in the sky. Marsha deliberately kept the meeting with Randol a secret; she preferred it that way. When it was a surprise to Titus that someone had pissed her off, he could really get riled up, and then he was one big ball of fire to be reckon with.

The jet zoomed quickly through the sky, and within forty-five minutes, they were fast approaching Tennessee. Marsha, watching the view below, could see there was no loitering going on so early in the morning at the airport. That was a good sign that she and Titus wouldn't have to wait around to pick up the rental and that the baggage would be delivered to the Western Hotel on the Memphis West Side.

After they had made a safe and smooth landing and the passengers were leaving the plane, Marsha and Titus made their way over to the Avis Rental Office to pick up the keys to the Chevy Silverado. The clerk was very polite and pointed in the direction where there was a large amount of rental cars parked. She explained to them that the Chevy Silverado would be on the far left side of the cars and pickup trucks. Marsha, looking in that direction, took the keys. Without speaking a word, Marsha nonchalantly headed in that direction, with Titus close behind, but it was Titus first who had spied the pickup.

Getting the keys from Marsha, he opened the door. What he saw was an updated GPS system with every gadget you could think of. "Wow! I'm getting one of these when we get home, Marsha."

Marsha entered on the passenger side. She handed Titus Randol's address on a business card and told Titus to enter the information into the GPS system first. "I have to make a pit

stop first before we go over Eliz's."

"No problem, little sis." It was a nickname Titus had given to Marsha out of affection for his sister, but when he was younger, he called her big sister. Now it was only appropriate for him to call her little sis because he was much bigger and stronger.

With the GPS system working just fine, they found the company very fast, so it wasn't long before they were pulling up in the company parking lot. Marsha now instructed Titus to park at least two parking spaces behind Randol's reserved parking spot. Marsha then opened the passenger door and sort of leapfrogged out of the passenger side. Then she took a few steps and looked at her watch. It was 9:25 a.m. Five more minutes, she thought. She knew a man's behavior. She knew he would be a little late, so she wasn't anxious for the next seven to eight minutes.

Then her womanly intuition paid off. Randol pulled up, briefcase in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. He then slammed the car door closed with his foot.

Marsha stood aloof but now approached and spoke. "Good morning, Randol."

Randol turned and looked. He wasn't expecting to see Marsha at his company, let alone down in the state of Tennessee. "Hi, Marsha. What brings you here so early in the morning?"

"Look, Randol. You know I'm straightforward, and Eliz and I are like sisters. I never knew Eliz to pop pills or use dope. Now here lately, she tells me about these strange hallucinations and blackouts she's been having. If in any way, you have any involvement with this, you'll have to answer to me."

"What? Did you just threaten me, bitch? I oughta punch you in your face."

Marsha stood back a bit raised her left hand and waved it forward. Titus, seeing this, exited the truck and proceeded forward. Randol saw this huge colossus of a man approaching

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and panicked.

Titus was now pretty much behind Marsha when Marsha said, “Do you want to tell my brother what you just told me?”

“What did he say, little sis? And it better not be nothing out of line, dude. Now go ahead and say it, man.”

Suddenly, Randol became very apologetic as he tried to explain that he’d been having a rough morning with the traffic and all.

“What did he say to you, sis?” Titus asked again as his body began to tense up and his muscles could be seen, starting to bulge through his shirt.

“Tell him what you said, Randol,” Marsha repeated, giving him a stern look.

Randol broke around the conversation and said, “I love Eliz. She’s my wife, and I would never do anything to hurt her. We’re just having a few problems. Ah, we’ll work it out. I got to go now. I’m late for a very important meeting.”

“Hey, remember what I said!” Marsha yelled as Randol turned and walked away. Raising his hand, he said, “Yep,” and skedaddled through the office front doors.

Once in the building, he kicked the elevator doors until they opened and then stomped his feet violently once he was on the elevator. When he got off, he stomped down the hall until he got to his office and went inside. Feeling very much humiliated, he deliberately threw all his paperwork on the floor and broke a couple of expense vases on the floor. Selena, hearing all the commotion, opened the office door and was shocked to see Randol throwing a temper tantrum.

“What on earth is wrong, honey?” she asked.

“That big thug and Eliz’s friend just threatened me.”

“Here, let me pick up these papers and clean up this mess. You go get yourself a cup of coffee.

Please go now,” she ordered.

Randol dragged himself to the coffeepot and poured a cup of hot coffee. He stood there, constantly rubbing his chin as if he had some great plot to hatch as Selena retrieved the

papers strewn all over the floor. "Thanks, Selena. I appreciate your help."

"Forget about it. You're my boss, and this is part of my job. So, what's this all about?" Selena asked.

"It has to do with me and Eliz's problem. It's none of their business."

"Oh, I see. Listen, Randol, you have to be calm when someone approaches you about Eliz. Hearing about her condition, others may try to pry into your personal business. You can't just fly off the handle. It'll only arouse suspicion. You have to stay cool. There's probably going to be more finger pointing, and you're going to have to virtually stick to your story. She's already seeing a shrink. Things are already going your way. Don't blow it now by being hotheaded."

Randol took a big sip of his coffee, and then sitting back in his office chair, he said, "You're absolutely right. I have to control my anger and not blow my top when people assume they know what's going on in my home." However, staring out his office window, he had the strangest feeling that Marsha may be on to something. Why else would she threaten him, coming all the way from Missouri? "I have to watch her until she leaves and go back home. She's obviously looking for something to tie me to Eliz's hallucination. They've probably been secretly talking about me behind my back." He took another sip and then headed over to the pot and freshened up the first cup.

"Now you're thinking," Selena said. "She only probably wants to keep you in the marriage because of your money. She knows you're worth millions. She can only stand to benefit as long as she's married to you."

Broodingly, Randol agreed. "Makes a lot of sense."

"And watch out for that Marsha bitch. She sounds like trouble."

"Yeah, and she had this big dude, probably her bodyguard, for backup."

"Yeah, honey. They were trying to intimidate you. Don't

worry, honey. You can call security if you need them.”

With all this going on, Selena sensed this wasn't a good time for play. Randol was in no mood for it. It'll have to be another time. So, she excused herself and left his office, slowly closing the door and walking down the hall to her own office.

By this time, Marsha and Titus were pulling up in front of Elizabeth's driveway. She had called earlier, so Eliz was standing in front of the door. Titus pulled up in the driveway, and Eliz walked over to greet them and gave Marsha a big hug, and they did their special hand signal to show they were both okay. If the hand signal was only halfway done, that meant that something was wrong. She then shook Titus's hand and then gave him a big hug. He had grown so big. She made a comment on his size.

Titus, being modest, said, “I just kept growing, and I'm now wrestling, so watch your sports channel, and you can see me wrestle on TV. They call me Bodacious.”

A huge smile spread across his face, and they all laughed and entered the house.

Marsha was amazed at the beauty of her living room. “Your living room is absolutely breathtaking, and your mantel is the prettiest marble I've ever seen, and your carpet is so thick. I can't wait to take my shoes off.”

Eliz said, “Go ahead,” pointing down at Marsha's feet. “Take them off right now, and, the both of you, have a seat.”

“You sure you're not going to charge us to sit on your beautiful furniture?”

They both laughed again while Eliz went to the liquor cabinet to get a bottle of Johnnie Walker Blue and a very expensive Scotch. She returned with a bucket of ice and three crystal glasses and began talking about their childhood days, growing up and then going to college, partying on campus, and competing in the school's beauty pageants, where they won quite a few within the three years they were on campus. Marsha still had second thoughts about modeling. She was still young and had plenty of time to audition for some of the

agencies back home in Missouri.

Marsha urged Eliz to please show them the rest of the house. The living room was so pretty, so Eliz took them on a tour, taking them upstairs to show them the master bedroom and the guest room and three other bedrooms upstairs before showing her the study room with a small library built into the wall and a huge flat-screen TV, big enough to make the room look like a small movie theater. Marsha was impressed at the beauty and all the luxuries the house had. Marsha and Titus returned downstairs, while Eliz took a quick shower so she could take them out to brunch at one of her favorite restaurants. They hadn't eaten since earlier on the jet and were now getting a little hungry from all the running around. Eliz was all set to go, wearing an emerald-studded two-piece matching outfit with ruffles all around the bottom of the skirt and sleeves.

They took Eliz's Mustang and headed uptown, where the steakhouses boasted the best steaks in Memphis, Tennessee. Eliz's skirt was a couple of inches above her knees, revealing a set of the prettiest legs you'd ever wanted to see. Eliz surfed through the noontime traffic, and it was pretty congested, but with their reminiscing childhood times and telling jokes and laughing, the traffic didn't seem to matter much. After a while, the traffic opened up, and ten minutes later, they were pulling up in front of Shemmie's Steak & Shake. A valet approached and offered to park their car. Eliz handed the young man the keys, and then they all entered the restaurant.

Once they were inside, the dazzling lights and beautiful wall paintings amazed Marsha and Titus. There were nice oakwood round tables, and off to the center was a very spacious dance floor. The bar was well stocked and had two bartenders, and they were all well-mannered and polite. Then a server appeared and seated them at one of the tables. They fussed over the menu for a while. Then they all ordered. It wasn't long before they were enjoying their meal.

Then a Mexican ensemble came out and start playing the

mambo with their shakers. They would come out every half hour to play, and happy patrons would come together on the dance floor and dance to the mambo beat. After a while, it was over, and the ensemble would abruptly be seated. Eliza looked at Marsha, and at the same time, they agreed that both of them would go up on the floor to do the mambo. They both had that “Dare me” expression on their faces, including Titus. Then they all burst out into crazy laughter.

“I haven’t danced in a month of Sundays,” Marsha admitted. “Me neither, but it looks easy enough.”

Titus was quiet. He hadn’t been dancing since his high school prom.

Suspicious, Marsha sensed his nervousness and quickly told him to just watch them and then join in when he felt comfortable. “We’re all in this together.”

“Well, if I step on anyone’s toes, don’t blame me.”

They all laughed out loud together and continued eating. Then quietly, a waitress appeared and asked if they were ready to have their drinks replenished.

Within the next fifteen minutes, the ensemble was back in playing form, playing the mambo. Marsha got up but looked over her shoulder to see if Eliz and Titus were behind her. Eliz reluctantly pulled herself up out of her seat and shuffled slowly onto the dance floor. With the music swirling through their heads, they started doing the mambo, catching on by watching a few others who were already dancing to the rhythm of the mambo beat. Marsha and Eliz both got into the rhythm as they danced to the beat, enjoying themselves. They were two beautiful women on the floor, looking very sexy as they danced in step to the mambo. They had the bartenders bumping into one another and a few of the waitresses screwing up their orders. All eyes were on Eliz and Marsha, two evenly matched divas dancing side by side. They had the attention of the bartenders and most of the patrons in the restaurant.

Then Titus joined in, watching carefully how Marsha and Eliz were moving their feet. Then he imitated their foot

movements while slowly saying, "Mambo, mambo, mambo."

Eliz looked down and then at Titus's face and burst into laughter. "What's so funny?" Titus quipped.

"I never would've believed you were so limber. You're really light on your feet."

With that being said, Titus loosened up and was now dancing like a proud peacock and continued until the music stopped. They returned to their table.

Then they all had one for the road and decided to return to Eliz's. Marsha still had some unpacking to do and needed some rest after their early morning jet ride. Titus too needed to shower and to get some sleep. Those jet rides could take something out of you. Eliz told Titus about their first-floor bath and sauna room, equipped with a shower and steam, if you preferred.

Marsha surprised Eliz with some well-organized photos of them playing and hanging out together in their younger years and throughout high school. She had gotten the best of Eliz's attention now. The pictures of their childhood were priceless to the both of them. Who could've had a better one? The two young ladies were inseparable and enjoyed each other's company for two decades and still were best friends. To have a best friend like Marsha was like having a guardian angel on your side if you needed someone to ever be by your side. She would be the one.

As the night wound down and they all had a very great time, they readied themselves and then headed for the door. They were now leaving Shemmie's restaurant, still with Titus doing the mambo as he sang it on the way to the car. Eliz paid the valet and gave him a nice tip, and he went to retrieve her Mustang. Once they were in the car and headed to the parkway, they were still laughing about how nervous they had been, like children reciting a poem or reading in front of a large crowd for the first time.

They entered the parkway and cruised along smoothly because the traffic was light, and within twenty minutes, they

were back at Eliz's house. They exited the Mustang, gave Eliz a big hug, thanked her for showing them a good time, loaded up their Chevy Silverado, and headed back to the hotel. Eliz gave them a final wave before she unlocked and opened the front door. She found Randol already home and snacking on a cheeseburger and fries.

"How was your evening out, honey?" he asked.

"Oh, we had a wonderful time, darling. I wish you could've been there to see Marsha and meet her brother, Titus, and enjoyed dancing the mambo with us."

"I've already seen Marsha this morning, just before work, her and ... I guess the big guy was her brother. She never told me about it. I wonder why she didn't mention seeing you." Randol realized he may have said too much too soon and found himself trying to downplay the early morning meeting as Marsha's way of saying hi before he went to work.

"You know, that's just like Marsha. She's so considerate to do that."

"You can say that again," Randol quipped.

"Do I detect a bit of sarcasm in your voice, Randol?" "No, honey, not at all. She's very nice."

"Thank you. I'm going up to shower, and I'll meet you in the bedroom."

Randol caught her drift, and seeing her in her outfit made him horny. He polished off the rest of the burger, washed it down with a beer, and then zoomed up the steps and undressed.

All the fun and drinks had made Eliz horny. She had already showered and was between the sheets and slowly working her two fingers back and forth on her clitoris, waiting for Randol to come out from the shower. Fifteen minutes later, Randol entered the room, still drying off before getting in between the sheets with Eliz. She gently directed his head where she wanted it to go, where she "needed it the most."

The canopy bed with the mirror in the ceiling allowed her to witness the whole event as she moaned with deep

satisfaction. Finally, she tugged on his shoulders, and he climbed up on top, inserted his penis, and began humping until he couldn't go any faster. Eliz loved watching every stroke through the mirror. They made love throughout the evening and, finally exhausted and satisfied, fell asleep until the next morning.

Eliz woke up first. The cool morning air had awakened her. Both windows were slightly ajar.

She gently tapped Randol to awaken him.

He stirred, stretched, and then yawned, and Eliz said, "It's time for you to get up, honey, or you'll be late for work."

"Oh, I'll just be a little late. I just need Ed to sign off on some orders, and he's not going anywhere anytime soon."

"Okay then, honey. I'll put on some coffee."

"Thanks, honey," Randol said, sitting up in bed, still rubbing his eyes and yawning.

Eliz threw on a robe, went downstairs, started a pot of coffee, and then returned upstairs. Randol was now in the bathroom, taking a shower. He finished up and got dressed, and both he and Eliz returned downstairs to have a quick cup of coffee before Randol ran off to work.

He finished his coffee, gave Eliz a quick peck on the cheek, and said, "I'll see you later, honey."

"Okay, babe," Elis replied.

Eliz walked Randol to the door, returned upstairs, and got back in bed, where the sunlight came in slivers between the vertical blinds, gently swaying back and forth, breaking up in streaks of light all over the room. She finally felt at ease and started to caress her clitoris. Suddenly, her whole body was energized, but the man she was having sex with was not Randol, and with each episode, his back was always turned away from her as they finished. She wished she could just see his face, just one time, as she finished off with a gigantic orgasm and then went back to sleep.

A few hours later, she got a call from Marsha. "What yah doing?"



“Having a little breakfast, that’s all,” Eliz responded.

“Hey, do you want to go to the amusement park with me and Titus? We heard about your exciting park and its roller coaster, which is one of the longest in Tennessee, and their delicious hot dogs from a brochure given to us at the airport.”

“Marsha, you know, that’s a good idea. I haven’t had that kind of fun in a long time.” “Okay then. We’ll be over in about an hour.”

“Okay then. I’ll be ready. I miss that roller coaster and the Ferris wheel, and maybe I’ll win one of those Scooby dolls,” Eliz said.

“Well, we’ll be there in an hour,” Marsha said and clicked off her cell phone.

Shortly before noon, Marsha and Titus arrived at Eliz’s, and Eliz was ready and waiting and was swished away in the pickup truck. They fought their way through the lunchtime rush, eventually arriving at Conway’s Amusement Park; Titus parked the pickup, while Marsha and Eliz purchased the tickets.

The park was crowded. They fought their way through the waves of people struggling to get on various rides. They stopped and enjoyed cotton candy and ice cream, getting messy just like the kids, eventually making their way over to the roller coaster, the Ferris wheel, and some of the other new rides, finally trying their luck at playing some games. Marsha and Eliz both played a game called fish, and they won Scooby dolls. Titus had a much longer reach, won four Scooby dolls, and gave away all his dolls to some wide-eyed little girls. With people pushing and shoving, competing to get on rides, they maneuvered their way back through the crowd and back to their pickup in one piece.

The trip back to Eliz’s wasn’t quite challenging. The traffic had toned down to only a few vehicles here and there, and they soon arrived at her home. They both gave Eliz a hug and a wave goodbye.

Marsha said, as always, “I’ll call you tomorrow. I’m glad

you enjoyed yourself.”

“Oh yes! Without a doubt, Marsha. I’ll be waiting for your call, and goodbye for now.” She entered the house, and Randol was watching the sports center on the flat-screen TV. “Hi, honey. Where did you go today?” he said nonchalantly.

“You want to hear something really wild and crazy that I hadn’t done in a few years? We went to Conway’s Amusement Park, and I had a great time.”

She threw the oversized Scooby doll at Randol, and he caught the doll. “Did you win this, honey?”

“Yes, I won it—and all by myself, on the third try,” Eliz quipped. “I’m tired now. I’m going up to soak in the Jacuzzi and lie down so I can cool off. It was another hot one today.”

Randol shouted upstairs, “I’ll meet you in the bedroom! I already had a shower before you came home.”

“Okay, honey.”

Eliz thought, now this is how it should be, but who was the stranger in my fantasy who made me have a big orgasm and then walked away with his back to me when I’m masturbating? I never get to see his face. I wonder if I should mention this to my psych doctor, but it’ll only open up another can of worms for him to investigate.

Meanwhile, Selena hired a private investigator to spy on Eliz. She figured any woman as pretty as Eliz must be cheating. Why not have some fun? So, she hired someone Eliz would never suspect. She hired an African American friend of hers. So far, he’d only been given basic information about Eliz, where she lived, and what model of car she drove with the color and license plate number.

Early the next morning, Eliz kept her appointment with Dr. Huber. The receptionist signaled for her to sign in, and after a brief wait, he called her into his office.

“How are you this fine morning, Mrs. Newman? I hope we can be on a first-name basis by now.”

“Oh yes, of course,” Eliz replied. “It’s okay.”

“Any more hallucinations?”

“No, not a one,” she replied with ease.

“What about your husband? Is he concerned about all this.”

“I guess so. I mean, he doesn’t harp on it all the time, but he cares.” “If you don’t mind me asking, how’s your sex life?”

“Oh, he’s been great lately.” Still, the figure of a man entered her mind. She pushed the thought back and prepared for the next question.

“Well, your stress test came back normal, and we didn’t find any chemicals in your bloodwork.”

Then Dr. Huber wrote in her chart, and every now and then, he looked up at her. It made her feel a little uneasy, but she was sure there was nothing wrong.

Then suddenly, he said, “Okay, now listen, Eliz. The moment it occurs again, if it does, don’t hesitate to call me. I’m on call twenty-four hours a day.”

“Okay. Yeah, Dr. Huber. Yes, I will immediately.”

Dr. Huber reached out, shook Eliz’s hand, walked over to his office door, and opened the door, saying goodbye. Eliz said goodbye, leaving the office, feeling quite satisfied with the visit.

Then Marsha called. “Hey, Eliz. You got to say yes because I’ve already bought tickets for the steamboat ride for tomorrow afternoon.”

“Wow, Marsha! That sounds great. What time should I be ready?” “We’ll pick you up at 2:00 p.m.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be ready. Love you and goodbye.” Eliz hung up.

Randol was still at work, and Selena took advantage of all the spare time he’d been getting lately while Marsha and Titus had been keeping Eliz occupied. They started in his office, eventually ending up in the privacy of his back office. Selena opened a bottle of Moscato and lit up a joint of marijuana, blowing circles of smoke she inhaled. She gave Randol a shotgun, and he inhaled the smoke deep into his lungs before exhaling the smoke.

“Splendid, honey. Come on, let’s do it again.”

This time, Randol inhaled a large amount of smoke and then blew into Selena’s mouth as she inhaled the smoke. She held it for a while, exhaling it up into the ceiling, watching the exhaust fan pulling the smoke from the room. They finished up, and Randol was running a little behind, leaving him no time to shower. He got dressed and gave Selena a kiss, and they both left the office.

Ms. Hoppergrass saw them leave, and this wouldn’t be the first time. She knew what was going on. She knew bosses and their secretaries loved to play around. It was nothing new in her fifteen years of service.

Randol hit the parkway and arrived home late with a phony story about a fender bender on the parkway that held the traffic up.

“Well, are you all right, honey?” “Yeah, I was a few cars back.”

“I’m in the kitchen, honey. Here I come.” Eliz entered the dining room, passing by Randol, and caught a whiff of perfume that wasn’t hers. Quickly, her nose spoke for her. “What was that?”

“What was what, honey?” Randol responded, looking confused. “You smell like perfume, and it isn’t anything I wear.”

“Oh, dammit. One of the secretaries asked me if I could open a bottle of perfume for her. She couldn’t get the top open. It was very tight. I finally got it open, and some got on my shirt.”

Eliz was suspicious of his story but gave him the benefit of the doubt and continued on her way to the living room to watch the evening news. Later, she told Randol she had seen her shrink and that he seemed satisfied with her progress and the fact that she had been in good spirits lately and wanted to see her one more time at the end of the month.

Randol, staying aloof because of Selena’s perfume, said, “That sounds great, but I have to use the bathroom, baby. I’ll

be back.” Creeping up the steps, he hopped into the shower. He didn’t want her to smell the perfume on him again.

Early the next morning, Eliz awoke and went downstairs to put on a pot of coffee. She poured Randol a cup and then one for herself. They chitchatted for a while, and Randol gave her a kiss before heading to the door to leave for work.

As he opened the door, Eliz hollered, “Oh, honey! I’m going on a boat ride with Marsha.” Randol stopped momentarily and said, “What kind of boat ride, honey?”

“A paddle steamboat ride up and down the Tennessee River.”

“That sounds awesome, honey. Be careful and have a good time,” he said, closing the door behind him.

To Randol, this was great. He could stay late at the office for another day. He and Selena could mess around. Cruising along in his Lamborghini, he called Selena to inform her that they’d be having some time to play. “Eliz is going on a boat ride with her friends.”

She responded by saying, “Hurry, my love. I’ll be waiting in your office, honey. I’ll have on something special for you.” She was dying to show off her new lingerie bikini set, and while she was waiting, she gave Ryan a call.

“Hello, this is Ryan, private invest—”

“Save it, Ryan. This is Selena. You have to hurry. Eliz is going on a boat ride, and you have to be on it. Those paddleboat rides always start at 2:00 p.m., so get down there and get yourself a ticket before they sell out. You have the picture I gave you, so you can recognize her. I know it’s a little worn, but it should be good enough to recognize her.”

“Okay, Selena. I’m on it.”

Ryan was tall and, by most women’s standards, quite handsome. His keen features and a set of perfect white teeth were complements of his mother, who made him wear braces growing up, but the thing that drove women wild was his deep baritone voice that seem to demand the undivided attention of any female who heard. It simply mesmerized them

whenever he spoke.

“I got you, Selena. I’ll be on the steamboat and locate her, and if she’s dating someone, I’ll get the goods on her and give you the info.”

“Good, good. You always sound so serious with your deep voice. I like it. Call me if she’s cheating. I know she is. No woman that beautiful can resist the temptation of so many men flirting with her.” Selena disconnected her cell phone.

Already en route to his office, Randol arrived and parked in his reserved parking space. He had a bottle of champagne. Everything had been going his way lately.

He all but rushed past Ms. Hoppergrass as she said, “Good morning.”

He stopped abruptly and said, “Good morning, Marge,” calling her by her first name. “Any messages for me?”

She turned and said, “Nothing today.”

Randol nodded and said, “Okay,” and quickly scampered over to the elevator, excited about seeing Selena clad only in a bikini set. It wasn’t like he hadn’t seen her in sexy lingerie before, but Selena had extraordinary taste when it came to lingerie.

Meanwhile, Ryan, acting on Selena’s orders, drove down to the local mall and bought a ticket for the Skyline steamboat ride where the tickets were being sold. He was dressed casually in a dark suit that fit his tapered frame well and a pair of Johnson & Murphy shoes. He was carrying binoculars to create the persona of being a sightseer. Actually, he thought they could come in handy. It’ll be much safer watching Eliz on a crowded boat without arousing any suspicion. He had an hour or two, so he treated himself to a meal at one of the restaurants in the mall before he pulled off and headed down to the docks, where the steamboat was waiting.

Eliz, Marsha, and Titus were already boarding the boat when Ryan had arrived, parking his car in a parking lot for people going on the boat ride. Seeing the last few passengers boarding the boat, he hustled on over and got in line. Soon,

he was on the deck of the boat with the other passengers, and the gate was closed and locked. The captain made an announcement to the passengers to be careful and not to lean over the railing along the boat's deck, and everyone could feel the boat's movement with the current of the water. Then the giant paddles began to turn, and the boat pulled away from the dock.

With the music playing, it was a very joyous occasion where lovers could meet and romances could start. Ryan, with the help of his binoculars, finally spotted Eliz. He was stunned at how beautiful she was, but why Selena thought she was cheating and with whom, he couldn't quite comprehend. Why is she prying into someone else's marriage when she has nothing to do with their marriage? All he could see was her and her two friends having a good time, but her beauty was breathtaking. He decided to move in closer for a better look. He was now within five to six feet from her, but taking peekaboo glances was all he could risk, being this close, but it was worth it.

Suddenly, without warning, an intoxicated passenger stumbled into Ryan, causing him to buckle down on one knee just within a few feet of Eliz.

She noticed the stumble and said, "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I think I'll be okay, ma'am. Thank you for asking."

It was then that she had heard the grip of his voice that demanded anyone's most humble attention, the sound in his voice that not too many men had. It was a deep baritone sound that made a lady want to hear it again and again.

She suddenly introduced herself. "My name is Eliz."

Ryan was so nervous, he had almost introduced himself using his real name, but he feigned it and said it was Carl. "Carl Rusten." He extended his hand as he obliged her to a handshake.

"Nice to have made your acquaintance," said Eliz. "Likewise." Ryan nodded.

Then innocently glancing at each other, they both

proceeded in different directions as Ryan wondered when the next time, he would see her again would be, and as Eliz wandered off, thinking how captivating the sound of his voice was, that strong, sexy voice that excited her. Ryan forgot about his whole mission now and strolled slowly over to the boat's railing and looked off into the river, wondering if he could pull off what Selena wanted him to do on such an attractive woman who seemed like she couldn't hurt a fly. Ryan, having an eye for the ladies, thought, why is she so beautiful? She could've been a model, even a supermodel, for all that mattered. He then continued enjoying the boat ride. Why not? Selena paid for the ticket. It was a "freebee."

After the boat returned to the dock, Ryan gave Selena a call. She answered, but she was breathing sort of heavily. "What's up, Ryan?"

"Ah, no one showed up. She was a loner. There was no date."

"Oh, what a pity. The poor little thing didn't have a date. She had no one to play with. Ha ha ha!"

"Hey, sounds like you're working out. You're breathing kind of heavily." She laughed out loud and said, "Yes, Ryan. I'm doing my aerobics."

With a big shit-eating grin on his face, Randol laughed silently while he was between Selena's legs, working his tongue up and down her clitoris.

"Hey, Ryan, I'll talk to you later. Good job." She disconnected her cell phone and mumbled under her breath, "That voice, that voice."

Randol, none the wiser, kept bobbing along like he was bobbing for apples at a picnic outing.

Marsha and Titus dropped Eliz off at her house, laughing it up on the way there before they headed back to the Western Lounge Hotel. Randol arrived home a short time later and carried on about how busy his day had been, going over orders and checking requisitions that needed to be recorded and filed, not to mention the phone ringing off the hook. On the



contrary, Eliz talked about all the fun she had on the steamboat, laughing it up with Marsha and her brother, Titus, but Marsha got a call from a business agent that needed to be addressed concerning a business venture she and Titus were considering back in Missouri, so they stayed a few more days before returning to Missouri, stopping by to see Eliz before they left. They had hugged and done their special hand signal before Marsha and Titus slowly cruised off in their Chevy Silverado.

Randol could now continue his despicable plan of torturing Eliz. With her friends on their way back to Missouri and out of the way, he could once again play mind games simply because he thought this would help if he and Eliz were ever in court, filing for divorce. He could always say she made him a nervous wreck with her hallucinations. He would have proof of her seeing a shrink. Of course, she would be granted some money—but not the amount she would've gotten if she was sane. He tested his own patience and held out for a couple of months before planning his next caper.

Then one evening, when Eliz was at Walmart, Randol ground up one of the powerful knockout pills. Eliz returned home and entered the kitchen with a few bags of groceries. Then she went over to the fridge and removed the water canister and poured herself a large glass of water. After taking a big sip, she started putting groceries on the shelves when Randol entered the kitchen and spied the glass of cold water sitting on the table. He realized this was an opportune time to dump the crushed-up pill into her glass while her back was turned. He did this very quickly and watched the mixture sizzle and then disappear into the water before Eliz turned around. He then grabbed a couple of boxes of Rice-A-Roni and placed them very neatly on the shelf.

“Thanks, honey,” Eliz said, and she reached for the glass and took a big sip. Then she took two more, and now there was barely a sip left in the glass.

Randol retreated to the living room and continued

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watching the sports channel, and Eliz joined him, exhausted from her day of shopping at Walmart, unaware of what he had done.

It wasn't long before she started to yawn and stretch. "What a day. I think I'll go upstairs and lie down for a minute."

"Yeah, honey, you just go ahead. I'll be right here watching the sports channel."

"Okay, baby. Let me get on up these steps before I can't make it." She climbed the stairs, entered the bedroom, removed her shoes, and lay across the bed. Before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

After a few minutes, Randol tiptoed up the stairs. He peeped into the room, called her name quietly and then a little louder, and could see she was out cold. He zoomed down the hall and pulled the cord that lowered the steps to the attic. Then he returned to the bedroom and very gently lifted her off the bed. Very cautiously, hardly raising his feet off the floor, he carried her down the hall and up the attic steps and laid her across a bed that just happened to be a spare.

Now out of the far right-hand corner, Eliz kept her childhood tea set, a table, and a chair, with the dolls she had had since she was seven years old. Randol brought the table and chairs over and arranged them in front of Eliz as if she were participating with the dolls. Afterward, he sat them all around the table, with a teacup in front of each and every one of them and also one for Eliz. Then looking at his watch, he zoomed back downstairs, not making a sound, flopped down on the sofa, picking up his beer, and waited. He became a little alarmed. She should've awakened by now, he thought, but time seemed to have stopped as he anxiously sucked down another can of beer.

Suddenly, without warning, the most breathtaking scream came from upstairs. It made Randol's hair stand up on his head.

"Randol, get up here right fuckin' now!" "What's wrong, honey—"

“You did this, didn’t you?” Eliz screamed.

“Did what, honey?” He scurried up the steps and then down the hallway toward the attic steps. “You bought me up here! I know you did!”

“Why, no, honey. I was downstairs. How in the hell did you get up here?” Randol said as he climbed up the steps to enter the attic. He tried to console her by reaching out.

“Don’t you touch me, dammit! Get away from me!” He tried again.

“I said don’t touch me! I was doing just fine and having so much fun, and now I’m up here having a fuckin’ tea party with the dolls I’ve had ever since I was seven years old. All I remember is taking my shoes off.”

“But, honey, you’re wearing your shoes,” Randol said, looking puzzled.

“Well, obviously, I’m ... I’m out of here.” Eliz stomped down the steps and headed to her bedroom, with Randol in hot pursuit. “I’m going to my mother’s until I get to the bottom of this bullshit.”

She reached for her cell phone. Her hands were trembling, and she was visibly shaken, but her voice was direct. She hit the contact for her mother on her phone. The phone chimed a few times, and then her mother answered.

“How are you doing, honey?” “I’m not ... I want to come home.” “When, dear?”

“Right now, like tomorrow.”

“Oh, that can be arranged, dear. I’ll make all the arrangements and then call you back with a departure time for the morning ... but are you all right?”

“Yes, Mom. I’ll explain once I’m on the plane.”

Randol nervously was trying to claim his innocence and, at the same time, wondering what Eliz was thinking and why she was going back home. “I guess seeing your mom could help you, dear.”

“Don’t ‘dear’ me right now. Somebody, if it isn’t you, is pulling some kind of bullshit on me, and I’m tired of it.”

Frantically, Eliz started packing her carryon bag. She was still shaken from the whole event. How in the world did she get up there—and why the dolls? They did have some sentimental value but not enough that she would want to play house with them. She finished packing and sat on the bed and began to cry. Randol sensed her vulnerability and sought to console her one more time.

“Please don’t, Randol. I don’t want to be touched right now, and you better hope to hell that you don’t have anything to do with this bullshit because if you do, we’re through. You hear me?” “Why would I do that, honey? I love you so much. Why would I risk everything by taking you up there.”

Randol pleaded his innocence throughout the night. Eliz could do nothing but cry, twisting her hands together and rocking back and forth on the bed until she finally fell asleep.

Early the next morning, Eliz’s mom called her and gave Eliz the arrival time and the exact time the plane would leave. Randol took the rest of the day off to take Eliz to the airport. Her plane was scheduled to leave at 11:45 a.m. for Missouri. They talked very little as Eliz avoided looking at Randol’s face. Randol’s expression was grim as they headed to the airport. He was having trouble putting on the persona of the loving, caring husband, and he knew it. They entered the airport, and Eliz bought a coffee and donuts, and Randol followed suit as they sat in the waiting station for the announcement of their plane.

The announcement was finally made, and Eliz turned and gave Randol a quick peck on the cheek and said, “I’ll call you later,” as she guided her feet in the direction she needed to go, passing through the metal detector and then heading out on the platform where her plane was receiving passengers.

As the plane took off, Randol gazed up at the sky in wonderment. Had he fooled his wife, or was she leaving to get away from him and his hideous schemes to drive her insane?

Eliz relaxed. Her carryon bag had already been placed in the overhead rack, her seatbelt secured, and then the hostess

made an announcement of their arrival time. Later, she ordered a drink and sat back, looking out the window and seeing the buildings below looking like so many tiny dots.

She now focused on her mom and dad. The bad episode all but forgotten, she thought solely of happier times living with her parents. Even after being spoiled, being an only child, she was still very considerate of others. Her parents had taught her not to place herself above others but to search out the things in life that made her feel complete, and then she could reach out and help others. She leaned back and enjoyed the serenity of the jet ride, staring off into the thick white clouds looking like huge pillows.

Her mom called. "Hi, Eliz. Did you make it through your flight okay?"

"Yes, Mom. Everything went okay. The plane should be landing in about forty-five minutes." "Your father and I figured that much. We'll be leaving in about ten minutes." Karen looked down at her watch and then grabbed her handbag and the keys to their Ford Explorer. Then she said, "What gives, honey?"

"Mom, can you believe someone is drugging me? But Randol and I are the only ones in the house."

"What? Are you sure? I mean, this is serious, Eliz. He must be up to something that'll make you look disturbed because you never had any of these problems before. I mean with drugs. You were always a healthy child."

"Hey, Mom, I'll talk to you later. I can see the airport and the pilot about to make the announcement."

"All right, honey. I'll be waiting in the lobby for you with your dad."

The tower gave the all-clear signal, and the jet started dropping its altitude before lowering its landing gear and landed without incident. Eliz retrieved her carryon bag, exited the jet, and sidestepped her way past the other passengers as she headed toward the lobby, where she found her parents waiting patiently. They loaded up in her mom's vehicle and

headed home. On the way, Eliz confided with her parents concerning the strange events that led her to see a shrink.

“Oh my gosh, honey. We’ll take care of you. And you know what? There’s someone who’s been asking about you lately.”

“Now who would that be, Mom?”

Louis, your old college classmate. He’s a professor now. He teaches math and science. Nice guy.”

“I like him. We did date a few times, Mom, and then he started dating some other girl, and I started competing in beauty pageants and lost my interest in dating. The pageants were pretty demanding.”

“Well, he said he would be more than glad to see you.”

“Oh, it’ll be nice to see Louis again. He was a good friend. The last I heard, he was going pretty hot and heavy with Irine.”

“Eliz, I hope you don’t take offense to it, but I’ve already invited Louis over for tomorrow.” “Mother ... Well, what’s done is done. I don’t even have anything nice to wear.”

“Honey, look. I still have my figure. I have plenty of nice outfits you can wear, so stop making excuses. The quicker you get on with this, the easier it’ll be to put this other stuff behind you. I’m not going to let you start moping around, feeling sorry for yourself. So, when we get home, you can pick something out,” Eliz’s mother demanded.

“I guess you’re right, Mom. You’ve always steered me the right direction.”

The next evening, Louis stopped by. He was fairly tall with blond hair and blue eyes. Of course, he was handsome, with a very friendly smile that he seemed to have all the time. Even when they were dating, Eliz could always remember his smile. He was always charming, even as he entered the house. He was polite and spoke first to Eliz’s parents before speaking to her.

Louis now reached out for Eliz’s hand, held it very gently, and said, “It’s very nice to see you again,” as he reacquainted himself. “I hope you’re doing well, Eliz. You look wonderful, but I want you to know I’m no longer that kid you knew in

college. I'm a professor now at the college we attended. I've matured from being a student to being a professor."

"I can see, without a doubt, how formal you are, Louis. Should I call you Professor or Louis?" Louis laughed and said, "Louis would be fine."

Eliz's parents disappeared into the kitchen and left the two of them in the living room, allowing them to have some privacy, so they both sat down on the sofa and began explaining the different roads of life they had traveled. It was a special reunion of friends, and they practically divulged the whole evening discussing their experiences in the few years they had parted. It had been a while, and Louis, not wanting to stay too late, ended the evening but offered to take Eliz out for dinner at a sushi restaurant where they cooked the meal right in front of you as the chef flipped and tossed your meal from pan to pan while you were watching. She liked the whole idea and took him up on his offer, so they decided three o'clock would be a great time to go. Louis then said goodbye to her and then to her parents, who were still in the kitchen, before he left, and Eliz closed the door behind him.

Now Eliz's mom entered the living room and said, "I know that place. Your father took me there a few months ago."

"Mother, you were listening?"

"No, dear. I just have real good ears."

They both laughed at the thought as Eliz's mother pulled on her ear, and Eliz's face was full of sparkles.

Her mother could see now the little girl in her eyes and said, "Give me a hug, dear," and they embraced for a while before Eliz turned and went upstairs to bed.

The next morning, Eliz called Marsha. "Hey! What's up, Eliz?"

"I'm just chillin' at my mom's."

"You're at your mom's and didn't even let me know you were in Missouri?"

"I didn't want to bother you with my crazy situations. Every time I call you, it's bad news ..." "Eliz, don't you ever

worry about that. The question is are you okay?"

"Well, I suppose so, Marsha. Found myself up in the freakin' attic, having a tea party with my dolls, all five of them, that I've had ever since I was seven years old. I mean, am I to believe that I arranged all this while I was sleepwalking and passed out on the bed?"

"Why, that son of a bitch. He's using powerful sleeping pills on you. You can get them over the internet," Marsha said.

"Marsha, he swears he didn't do it and put on an innocent act, trying to hug me, you know." "Don't worry, Eliz. I'm going to get to the bottom of this charade. Look, honey, let me call you back." Marsha disconnected her cell phone and then called her father.

"Hi, honey. Haven't heard from you in a while, Marsh," he said, leaving the a off. Her father's name was Russell, and he was into real estate.

"I need a loan, Dad." "Whatever on earth for?"

"A good friend of mine is being drugged by her husband, and I want to hire a private investigator to see what this joker is up to."

"Now which one of your friends may this be, Marsh?" "It's Eliz. We grew up together."

"Oh, Eliz! Everyone thought you were sisters. Didn't see one of you without the other." "Yes, Dad, and if I can't help her, he's going to screw her up."

"Well, for her, I see this as a good cause, so let me know how much you'll need. I'm pretty sure I can help."

"Thanks, Dad. Love you, Dad." "I love you too, Marsh."

They both disconnected their phones. Marsha googled a list of private eyes and saw one that looked promising as she read into his background. His name was Stanley Hoffman. She gave him a call. She got an answering service, which said, "This is Stanley Hoffman, office private investigator at your service with all the updated equipment and technologies for the best results for you. If you just leave your name and number, I will return your call as soon as possible."

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The very next evening, Stanley returned Marsha's call, and Marsha explained that she had a good friend in Tennessee whose husband, for some strange reason, kept drugging her.

"Are you sure it's him doing this?"

"Yes, of course. They're the only ones in the house. He's the son of Paul Newman, the multimillionaire shipbuilder."

"Oh, I see. She hooked up a big one who now wants to get rid of her. Lots of money, that guy."

Marsha ran her fingers through her strawberry blonde hair and then said, "Well, can you, do it?"

"Yes, I can do it, but you have to pay for the plane fare. That'll be separate from my original fee. Now listen, Marsha. Come down to my office tomorrow at one thirty, and we'll discuss all the particulars of this case. I need phone numbers, addresses, a description of what Randol looks like and the building he works in. Get all the information you can get from his wife, who will be our best source. I don't want to divulge too much over these cell phones." Then he clicked off his cell phone.

Her appointed time kept cropping up in her mind until the next evening, and it was time for her to leave. Marsha arrived a few minutes early downtown and found the office in a narrow doorway that was obviously hard to find. She entered the small doorway, slowly strolling along the long hallway with office doors on both sides. As she looked for his name on the doors, she could see there were quite a few investigators in the building.

She finally located his office door and opened the door, where an assistant said, "Can I help you?"

Marsha could see the assistant had been chatting on her cell phone and wasn't expecting anyone. Marsha then said, "Well, I have a one-thirty appointment with Mr. Stanley Hoffman."

"Oh, I wish he would give me all the information so I can be prepared when clients come walking in. I'm sorry. I was completely caught off guard. Just let me inform him you're

here.”

“Okay,” Marsha said, feeling aware that the assistant didn’t like explaining herself, and who could blame her? It was her job to know who was coming in.

“Just have a seat, ma’am. He’s just finishing up with a client now, and he’ll be with you in a few minutes.”

“Thank you,” Marsha said.

Pulling up a chair, she sat down and began looking through a magazine just before Hoffman opened his office door and said goodbye to one of his clients before inviting Marsha into his office. He was a rather spry man for his middle age. You could tell he had been some kind of athlete in his earlier years.

He waved Marsha in, closed the door, and very promptly asked, “Did you get the info I mentioned over the phone?”

“Yes. I called Eliz, and she filled me in on everything about Randol. All the info is in this letter I wrote.”

“Hmmm, I see. I’ve had many cases of this nature. This isn’t, by any, means a new situation for me to encounter, Ms. Homesteader. With this info, I can start my investigation, and my fee will be put in writing, and I’ll need your signature before you leave.”

“Yeah, I understand.” Marsha nodded before she left.

Hoffman now opened the letter and noticed the name of the shipping company. Oh, I’ve heard of his company before. A very rich tycoon, his father is. Now let me see how I’m going to handle this. First of all, I have to get access to his office and install a few of these mini cameras with video recordings, and they’re wireless. They work up to six months. If he’s doing something in his office, these cameras will surely pick it up, and six months will certainly be enough time. Other than that, I’ll have to tag along and follow him to see who he’s hanging out with and how late he stays at the office after working hours. Hoffman mentally went over his plan of action. I’ll masquerade as an air conditioner repairman. It works all the time. Once in his office, I’ll simply install the cameras, and what he does in the office will be transmitted to my computer.

With a clear planned-out strategy, Stanley went out to one of the only places where he could get his miniature video cameras and purchased three of them. Then he had a friend bring him over a maintenance uniform with shoes and gloves. He then got some air conditioner tools, and he was all set to go. He called Marsha to let her know he was on a plane as planned. She wouldn't hear from him again until the job was completed.

The plane darted in and out of fluffy white cloud patches while Stanley called and made hotel arrangements at the Western Lounge Hotel. Then he opened up a notice book with detailed information concerning Randol's workplace and the first-floor elevator layout as well as the times security was around and the times they left. Only one guard was stationed on Saturday, so it was a Thursday afternoon when Stanley's plane had landed, and he was swished away to the Western Lounge Hotel, where he showered and shaved before eating dinner and then returning to his room to examine his notes once more.

On Friday, he would pack his bag of equipment for the morning maintenance job he would be portraying. Down through the years, Stanley had become somewhat of a pretty good actor. Now that he had his bags packed and ready to go, he relaxed and enjoyed one of his favorite cigars and some Scotch before ending his day so he could be completely rested. He couldn't afford any slippers, so the early-to-bed rule was a must.

On Saturday in the early evening, he arrived at Randol's job and approached the desk clerk, who was none other than Ms. Hoppergrass.

"How can I help you, sir? You look like you're here to fix something."

"Why, yes, ma'am. We have a complaint that, uh, Randol's office is too stuffy. It's probably the AC, needs a shot of Freon."

"Let me see your credentials, please, sir."

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“Oh, yes, ma’am. Uh, uh ... oh, here’s my card. I’m with Coolie’s Central Air Service. The card has a fax and a phone on it.”

Ms. Hoppergrass called the number, and a phone rang a few times when suddenly, a secretary picked up and answered the phone. “How can I help you, please?”

“Ah, yes. We have a gentleman here who says he’s one of your employees to work on our central air unit on the second floor.”

“Oh yes, here it is. Came in a week ago.” Making for a long conversation, the secretary dragged out the long list of problems with the central air in technical terms that Ms. Hoppergrass didn’t understand anyway.

“Okay, okay,” she said. Already, her face was turning red with frustration. “Here’s the key.

Just make sure you lock it when you’re done up there. You hear me, maintenance man?” “Yes, ma’am, will do and return the key to you.”

Ms. Hoppergrass had the young Parker boy waiting in the mail room, where they would meet on the weekends, as Ms. Hoppergrass had ordered, because the mailing department was closed on Saturdays. Ms. Hoppergrass was packed full of energy. She often worked out in the company’s gym, so she preferred hooking up with one of the younger men who worked in the mailing department. She would treat them with nice bonuses and unexcused time off. She worked the front desk and ran the company’s large mailing department. The mail room had a few large tables where mail could be sorted, but Ms. Hoppergrass loved bending over at the end of them, with young Parker humping away until he damn near passed out. That was the kind of shape she was in. For a woman in her early fifties, her ass was just as firm as some of the younger secretaries’, if not firmer, and her boobs were firm and curvy. She had somehow rolled back the hands of time. The Parker boy would usually smoke some marijuana until Ms. Hoppergrass would open the lobby door and let him in. She

had to hurry now, and this maintenance man was holding her up.

“I’m pretty fast, ma’am. I’ll just be on my way.” Stanley headed on over to the elevators. “Yes, please be on your way. I have something I have to do in the mail room.” Ms.

Hoppergrass sped off and headed toward the mail room door.

Stanley stepped into an elevator. Given the quietness of every elevator he had ridden on, he hardly knew that he was on the floor. Stepping off the elevator, he ran right into Randol’s office.

He looked around to see if the coast was clear. Even though he had his credentials and a company uniform, he always cautioned himself to be on point. He set his equipment down in front of the office door while he placed the key firmly into the lock and turned the key slightly to the right. He felt the click about to come as he completed the turn of the key, and as he turned the knob slightly to the left, the door opened.

Quickly, he grabbed his bag and studied the office. It had a very expensive painting on the wall and very expensive furniture. Even the carpet had be at least three inches thick. He spied for a good location, somewhere Randol wouldn’t frequent with his eyes. Even though the miniature cameras were very hard to spot, he wanted to place them where they wouldn’t attract too much attention. So, he finished placing the cameras, placing one in the back room, which he could see was a private room. He finished up and locked the door behind him.

Then he noticed Selena’s office and thought, oh, this is perfect. With one camera left, I’ll use it in her office. Then he realized he didn’t have a key, so he used one of his credit cards to get past the lock, and on the third try, the door swung open. He noticed that her office was more like a lounge, with very comfortable furniture, and her back office was even more comfy, so Stanley placed the last camera up in the right-hand corner of the room. He left, locking the door behind him,

grabbing his bag as he headed over to the elevator. The whole operation had only taken half an hour.

He went over and pushed for the elevator. Saturday had been a good time to place the cameras. He hadn't seen one single person during the whole operation. The elevator arrived. He stepped on and pushed number one, and the doors closed. He returned to the first floor. He exited the elevator and rounded the corner leading to the front desk to return the key, but Ms. Hoppergrass wasn't at the intake desk. Rather, a younger, more petite woman was there.

So, Stanley strolled over and said, "I'm all finished up there. The air should be working just fine now." He handed the lady the key.

She took the key and said, "Thank you. I know Mr. Randol will be very pleased that you fixed his air system switch."

"Oh, no problem. Those switches go bad a lot. Hey, you have a nice day." Then Stanley left the building.

He stayed a couple of days, but Randol's movements were pretty much routine, only going to work and then returning home, so Stanley caught a flight back to Missouri. While en route, he called Marsha and explained that the cameras were working just fine. He had checked them from his laptop, which he had carried with him on the flight.

Louis had been dropping by for a couple of weeks now, and Eliz's mother had been enjoying his company because he made her happy. He had a very good sense of humor, something she needed now to keep her mind off her hallucinations and blackouts.

So, Karen asked Louis and Eliz, "Why not go horseback riding together? It should be fun, and the horses needed the exercise."

"I don't have anything scheduled for Saturday. How's Saturday for you, Eliz?"

"Oh, that'll be perfectly fine with me." She looked over at her mother and wondered just how far she was going to push them before Louis made a move.

That was when Karen's husband got her attention and took her into the kitchen to explain to her that Eliz was still married and that maybe she shouldn't push them into something they'd regret.

Karen pushed her strawberry blonde hair back, put her left hand on her hip, and said, "I enjoy seeing my daughter happy, and I've never seen her as happy as I've seen her these past few weeks. If this Randol guy or whoever he's supposed to be was making her happy, she wouldn't have come back home. When your children come back home after they're married, it's obviously for a good reason."

"I know, honey. I didn't want her to feel pressured into doing something she may later regret." "I know I'm kind of edging things on, but I always felt Louis was the one for Eliz. She's still

young and has plenty of time to change her mind."

"Well, I suppose you're right. I just hope everything works out."

"Listen, honey. Our daughter is a healthy, grown, smart girl, and she's very capable of making good decisions. She'll be all right."

On Saturday morning, Louis showed up to ride with Eliz. Karen was over at the stables, saddling up Romance and Jingles for the morning ride, and Eliz and Louis walked over to join her.

After getting a bird's eye view of the horses, Louis said, "I've never seen such beautiful horses. Wow!"

"Yeah, they're Arabian horses. They're both worth a couple of million." "Really?" Louis said.

"I'm raising their colts in the barn. They're very expensive horses. Here, Louis. Take these reins. This is Jingles."

Louis rubbed Jingles's large head, and the horse quivered and nodded. Then Eliz did the same, but she and Romance had already made their acquaintances, so she easily saddled up on Romance, while Louis gently rubbed the jet-black Jingles to keep him calm before mounting him. After they were both

mounted, the horses started to prance up and down and nod. They wanted the gate open. They were ready to ride the path through the hilly countryside, where the foliage would create a canopy over their heads as they rode through the trees.

Karen hustled over to the gate and opened it. She could see the horses were ready to go, and as they trotted outside the gate, Karen hollered, "Just follow the trail! It's all my property, so don't worry! It'll take you down to the riverbank and all the way around back to the dirt road leading to the stables!"

"Thanks, Mom!" Eliz shouted as the horses, who seemed to know the trail, trotted ahead into the early morning shade.

"Well, enjoy the ride!" Karen called out, pulling the gate shut while dusting the horse hair off her pants from grooming the horses for the morning ride.

Now that the cameras were rolling, here came the first of the videos caught on camera of Randol and Selena taking their clothes off in the back office. She was naked and sitting on the sofa as Randol mimicked his wife's hysteria after waking up after the tea party episode. Selena was laughing so hard; she could hardly breathe.

Now the laughing mellowed down, and a new expression came across her face, one of lust and desire as she gestured for Randol to come closer. Once he was right in front of her, she loaded his penis deep into her mouth, stroking back and forth until Randol could no longer hold back his passion and was moaning loudly. He covered his own mouth as the moaning got louder and louder, and his body jerked up and down.

Stanley got to witness the whole event on his laptop computer, watching Selena do what she did best. She was so experienced and seemed to touch on every nerve in Randol's body. Glued to the computer screen, Stanley had never witnessed any porno like what he was seeing on the computer. Nothing came close. He became so aroused at what they were doing, it wasn't long before he had his own hands down his pants.

Then they turned it up and opened the sofa bed, and Selena



pushed Randol down on his back and then started giving him oral sex. Her body was in tiptop shape as she instructed Randol to screw her with her legs back over her head, and then they had sex in several different positions.

Stanley could no longer contain himself. He exposed his penis and started masturbating. He had never seen a woman do the things she did, even giving head while she did a full split. He pushed his office door open, rushed into the men's room, and found an empty stall. He locked the door and finished relieving himself. Then he thought of how he could really enjoy what he was obviously watching. That nearly drove him insane. He left his office and went back to his apartment. He turned on his laptop to view the rest of what he had caught on the cameras.

Then the camera in Selena's office came on and started showing videos of Selena and Bart with Edward, all three having an orgy. Stan couldn't believe his eyes. With all this sex going on, he realized he was definitely in the wrong business. They took turns doing it doggie style, and eventually, both men ejaculated and fell back on the huge sofa bed, which must've been built just for such an occasion.

Then the camera rolled into day two, with only Henry in the room. Then Selena entered. Carrying a cache case, she signaled to Henry to undress. Then she reached into a bag and pulled out a dominatrix outfit, very sexy indeed with a whip. She held in her right hand a pair of handcuffs, and the whip had small leather strips dangling from the tip. She puts the handcuffs on Henry, who was naked and standing in the middle of the room, impatiently rising up and down but staying in one place as he seemed to be expecting something to happen. There was a flesh color to his skin and tiny beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

Slowly approaching in a pair of stilettos, Selena came over and started rubbing his buttocks, at first very gently and then harder, smacking them from side to side until they both were as red as beets. He shook it off, took a deep breath a few times,

and then tightened his whole body as if he were preparing for something more electrifying than the spankings.

Selena strutted over to the desk and picked up the whip. She snapped it a few times and then tousled over to Henry and began using the whip, snapping the leather strips so that they stung the surface of his bare ass. He was moaning and, at times, would literally scream with tears running down his face. Stanley could've felt sorry for the poor fellow, but he seemed to be enjoying every minute of it.

She stopped after about five minutes, opened another case, a smaller one, and removed a dildo. Then she picked up a jar of white gel and put it in the microwave for a few seconds. She filled the upper half of the dildo with the white gel and then screwed both parts back together. Now she lubricated the penis end of the dildo. Then without warning, she cracked the whip, and Henry seemed to know what to do as he was bent over the desk, and Selena slowly inserted the dildo into his rectum, slowly at first, pushing it in and pulling it out of his rectum, and then speeding it up. She had her left arm around his neck.

He began to ask for more, and she stepped it up as he was moaning, "Give it to me, baby. Give it to me."

It was so intense, beads of sweat began to pop up on Selena's face, but she continued to push and pull deeply now, twisting the dildo until it all but disappeared up his rectum. Then she pushed a button and ejected the thick warm gel deep into Henry's rectum. His body became convulsive, reeling, with moans of pleasure coming from the both of them. Then she removed the lower part of her outfit and let Henry have sex with her.

Stanley should have known by now that he couldn't take it raw. His sex life wasn't great after he and his wife had divorced. He couldn't keep his hands out of his pants after watching the videos. Some of them were quite explicit but enjoyable. Stanley had to wrap it up and let Marsha know that Randol was cheating on Eliz with Selena and that Selena was

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sexually with three other men from what was shown on the video camera.

Eliz and Louis were enjoying their ride as they traveled through the thickest parts of the trees, where the leaves offered them shade from the bright sunlight. They were having a wonderful conversation that covered everything from the chipmunks they saw to the many different trees they scouted out on their way. Louis seemed to know a lot about trees, and they soon came to the river's edge. They decided to give the horses a break for a few minutes. After they dismounted, Eliz decided it was a good time to tell Louis about her horrible hallucinations and her blackouts.

Louis listened as he witnessed the frightful expression on her face. He knew that this bothered her and that she wanted to get to the bottom of this. "Someone is purposely drugging you. If it's not your husband, then it would be someone who has access to your house."

"I can't think of anyone else who would have a key," said Eliz.

"You sure? No cleaning lady or maintenance workers coming in the house?" "Only if Randol has someone coming in that I don't know about."

"Well, be careful. Someone is trying to screw up your head for some reason, but I'm sure they have one."

"Ah! Do you think he could be so cruel? He's always there for me," Eliz said.

"Well, it's only an opinion and only my opinion because I never met Randol, but seems like he and someone else are trying to push you over the edge."

"But the whole idea seems ludicrous and insane for me. To think that we're so happy together. Sometimes his work keeps him late, but I don't see how that would make Randol do something as terrible as to drug me in cahoots with someone else."

Then they remounted the horses and headed back, changing the subject to a more pleasant subject.

Stanley returned to his office and called Marsha with the news of the startling videos. Marsha had Stanley download the explicit pictures onto her iPhone after she had given him her info, and Stanley wrote down the information and sent the pictures to Marsha's phone. She was in for the shock of her life after reviewing what she saw on the video. Now she understood why Randol wanted to get rid of Eliz. Evidently, the lady in the video was very experienced in what she did and had a beautiful body to back her up.

She called Eliz, but there was no answer. Eliz had left her phone at her mother's, not expecting any calls, especially one that was so revealing. Marsha made a call to Stanley so they could finish up their business arrangements, and then she called Eliz, but Eliz didn't pick up. So, she decided to drive over in the morning so she could show Eliz her cheating husband drilling away on his secretary—and on more than one occasion. This is what he does while he says he's at work? "Working?"

Eliz and Louis returned to the stable and unsaddled the horses. Then brushing off some trail dust that had been layered in the creases of his riding suit, Louis asked Eliz if she would go to a club called the Hanky-Panky later that night. It was a really eloquent club, known for its uptown patronage, where people with money spent it lavishly because they had that kind of "money" to spend.

Eliz raised her right hand, stroked her hair back, smiled, and said, "Yes. Sounds like a bunch of fun."

Randol and Selena were hooking up in his office almost every night, and Stanley had it all on the video camera in Randol's office, and some scenes, he just couldn't get away from, the pornographic scenes on some of the tapes. Randol did text Eliz twice a day to check up on her and sometimes had a casual conversation about various things going on in Tennessee but nothing else. Ms. Hoppergrass did bring to Randol's attention that the Central Air maintenance man had stopped by to work on his switch because there was a report

that his office was too muggy. Randol didn't remember making that appointment but did say that it seemed to be working a little better.

Eliz was pretty amped up for most of the evening. She hadn't been on a date in a while. Eliz took her mother's advice and wore one of her outfits, a gold two-piece outfit with matching shoes. Louis showed up dressed in a casual suit, wearing a collarless shirt, a Rolex, and a gold necklace. They both scooted into the Mustang and fastened their seatbelts, and Eliz checked all her gauges before pulling off.

The club was packed, but there was still room for everyone to dance on the dance floor as the strippers slid up and down the poles. Then Eliz got up on the dance floor and there was a lot of visual contact coming in from all around the club as she was as sparkling as ever. Some males were trying to get her phone number and slipping her notes. Never had she received so much attention in a long time. Men were trying to touch her hand as she passed their tables.

With a few twists and sidesteps, they made it back to their table and caught their breath and laughed out loud. The joint turned up the heat, and she and Louis sipped down martinis. Eliz had loosened up quite a bit and once again was ready to take to the dance floor. She pulled a few moves, and then Louis unleashed some of his dance moves and was all over the dance floor. All Eliz could do was cover her mouth in disbelief.

"Wow! You're great, Louis. I never imagined you could dance like that."

"I took a few dance classes in the gym every Friday night. I had the time. I was always caught up on my classwork. I had extra time to explore some of the other courses the school had to offer, and dancing was one of them."

"Well, Louis, I must say you're very good. You dance like a pro compared to me." "Thanks, Eliz, but you're not bad yourself."

They wiggled their way back to their table. They continued

to party, and people on the dance floor loved to watch Louis bust a move on the dance floor, and Eliz felt like she was having a well-deserved good time.

They decided to have one more drink before leaving. Then without warning, an intoxicated patron stumbled over through the crowd of people, mauling and groping women as he and his wandering hands seemed to only find female bodies. Then he tried to grab Eliz, but Louis fought him off and pushed the stranger in another direction. The man became offensive and belligerent. Louis ignored the man's slurred, rude name calling and attempted to go around the man, and the man threw a punch at Louis. Louis ducked, the blow missed, and Louis stepped inside and threw a left hook, catching the man squarely on the chin. Then he threw an uppercut that sent the man tumbling backward as he fell into the crowd; he was out cold.

The bouncers came over and asked what had happened, and Louis explained to the gents that the strange man had been groping women on the dance floor. The bouncers then heaved the heavy man's body up off the floor and led him to a corner to recuperate. Louis and Eliz opened the doors and stepped outside the club, and Louis apologized for creating a scene, but the man was out of line.

Eliz simply said, "How did you throw that punch again, honey?"

Louis felt the closeness in the way she had said it. It was inviting. He then began shadowboxing down the street, mimicking a boxer, and Eliz looked on and laughed at the strange moves Louis was exhibiting with his closed fists.

They ended up at Louis's apartment, and Eliz stayed the night. Having no female clothing, he gave her a pair of his boxers and a pajama top, and she looked kind of sexy in her new attire. After a long night of dancing, they sought the comfort of the rather large king-size bed, and Louis kissed her very gently on the lips. She just exploded and ripped his boxers off, and they began making love, with all the longings of the

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years past due. They felt like they owned each other.

The very next morning, Eliz was up early. She didn't want to spook her parents, so she called her mother and said, "Mom, I'm about to enter the house. I stayed at Louis's apartment last night. It got late, so we decided we would just crash out there."

Then Marsha called. "Hey, Eliz. I'll be over. I have something I think you should see." "Okay, Marsha. I'm at my mother's." They disconnected their phones.

Marsha retrieved her iPhone, beelined to the exit, hustled into the front seat of her Chevy Impala, and headed to Eliz's mother's house, anxious to show the video that would speak for itself. She would hear her husband's confession on the videos, how he had drugged her just for the control and sexual gratification he didn't even deserve. The horrifying evidence Marsha had captured on her iPhone would explain in detail everything that had been going on.

It wasn't long before Marsha was pulling up in front of Eliz's mother's house and parking her Chevy Impala. She exited, walked up to the front door, and rang the doorbell, nervously squeezing her car keys and her iPhone in her left hand. Karen opened the door and greeted, Marsha and Marsha gave Karen a big hug.

"It's been so long," Karen said, releasing her grip a little bit. "I guess you want to see Eliz.

She's in the kitchen. It's the very next room. You can't miss it."

Marsha followed her pointed finger and found Eliz by the fridge, getting the mayo and onion to put on her sandwich. "Hey! Listen to me, very dear friend of mine. I have something to show you. First, you have to promise that you're ready to see these scenes because they involve your husband."

"Well, I'm ready," she said after feeling a little vague.

Marsha handed Eliz the iPhone with the video scene playing of Randol and Selena having wild and kinky sex. Eliz's jaw hung open, and her eyes widened to the point that they all

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but fell out their sockets. She placed her sandwich on the kitchen table, took the iPhone with both hands and held the phone so that it was right in front of her face. She had to be absolutely certain beyond a doubt about what she was seeing.

“Oh! He’s fucking her like that. Yeah, she’s the secretary, and all those late nights at the office he complained about, he was doing her. What am I going to do, Marsha?” She started to cry after listening to the cruel things they did to her.

Marsha, realizing how hurt and humiliated Eliz must have felt, gave her a hug to help console her. “It’ll be all right, honey. Just get a divorce from that animal and let him have her. They seem to deserve each other—and do it before he causes you any more pain.”

“You’re right, Marsha. You’re so right.” Eliz, with a look of despair, slouched down in one of the kitchen chairs.

Selena arrived at work early one morning, entered her office, and pulled on the vertical blinds, and the sunlight beamed onto a surface in the corner of the wall’s upper right-hand corner. She began to stare at the unusual black circle in the corner and realized there was no way she could reach it, so she opened the door, flagged down a maintenance worker, and instructed the man to bring a ladder to her office ASAP.

The man scampered off, returning very quickly with a ladder. “Do you need anything else, ma’am?”

“No, you can leave.”

He left, and she slammed the door. Then she pulled the ladder over to the corner and climbed up to see, to her surprise, that her office had been bugged. She wondered now if Randol’s office may have been bugged also. She hurried over and whispered in his ear. Now the both of them were combing the office for hidden cameras. They finally found two more cameras in Randol’s office, and Selena pitched the cameras into a small glass of water to short-circuit the cameras.

Then she said, “Randol, we’ve been spied on—but by who, and what were they searching for that they went through all this trouble making it up close and personal?”



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“I don’t know, but if another company is behind this, we’ll find out. My father does have enemies. It comes with the competition in this business,” Randol said, looking somewhat puzzled.

“Somehow, I think your wife is involved in this. I’m going to make some phone calls and find out.” She removed her phone from her red handbag and punched in Ryan’s number.

He answered after the third chime. “Hi, Selena. I have nothing to report as of now.”

“Stop with the small talk. Someone has placed cameras in both my and Randol’s offices, probably trying to spread some kind of scandalous rumors. Could you investigate this matter for me? I think Randol’s wife may have had something to do with all this. She’s at her mother’s in Missouri, and she’s been there a couple of months now. I’m sure she’s seeing someone. I need you to find out and give me a name. You can handle that, Ryan, can’t you?”

“Yes, I suppose I could locate her, take some pictures, and report back. If she’s screwing around with someone, I’ll get the info and send it to you.”

“Sounds good, Ryan. I’ll be waiting, my dear. Hey, I’ll pay you half now, and if you do a nice job, there’ll be a nice bonus for you. Now listen. In a few minutes, you’ll receive a text with her mother’s address. That’s where she’s staying.”

“All right, I’ll take the job. I can use the money.”

“Well, meet me in the front parking lot by the white BMW, and I’ll give you half the money.

Is nine thirty good for you?”

“Are you kidding? It could be four in the morning as long as there’s money involved. I would be there.”

“Then it’s done. Tomorrow at nine thirty.” She disconnected her cell phone. Selena looked at Randol and said, “We’re going to need some money,” meaning simply that he was footing the bill.

Randol agreed. Something of this magnitude could embarrass his father and hurt the company if those picture

were ever released to the public, so without hesitation, Randol handed her the money she had asked for. Selena trotted off back to her office, and Randol sat at his desk with his head buried in his hands.

Suddenly, his phone rang. He picked up, and it was Eliz.

“Why, you dirty son of a bitch! I want a divorce, you hear me? Trying to drive me insane for that slut of a secretary you got! She’s nothing but a whore, you hear me? And nothing more!”

“Eliz, honey—”

“Don’t you ‘honey’ me, you bastard. I don’t need you or your fuckin’ money. You’ll hear from my attorney real soon, and I’m pressing charges too for you drugging me without my knowledge.” She disconnected her cell phone.

Ryan, the following morning, promptly met up with Selena at the agreed time. She handed him the money, and he took off and headed to the airport. Randol called Selena and told her about the call and the fact that Eliz may be pressing charges.

Selena snapped her long sexy neck and made her hair whip back down the center of her back. She turned her head up in the air and said, “Good luck with that, honey. All I’m guilty of is having sex with my boss and nothing else.”

Randol realized he was up the creek without a paddle. He now had second thoughts about ever pulling such a foolish prank.

Selena said, “Hang on a minute. Call this number. This guy is an attorney. His name is Jerald Thirston. He handles these kinds of cases and can possibly settle this matter out of court. Just tell him the truth and that you’re willing to pay the price to have the charges dropped and to keep this whole mess out of the papers.”

“Is now a good time?”

“Yes, Randol, and you better be prepared because she has the video. She has the proof.”

So, Randol called the attorney and explained the lurid

situation that he was involved in, and for a nice fee, Thirston took the case. A week rolled by, and Randol was served a warrant for his arrest. Randol's attorney intervened and convinced Eliz's attorney to review a copy of an out-of-court arrangement that would benefit them both without a messy trial. That would expose too much of their personal life, and Randol could also be spared being incarcerated in a state prison.

In the meantime, Eliz's lawyer drew up the terms of the divorce she was now seeking. The whole ordeal had taught her to grow and mature in many different ways. She realized now she had a voice, in this case big enough to bring Randol down to his knees, with his whole power at her mercy. She loved this new freedom that she didn't have to adhere to one man solely because he had money or simply to save a marriage. She still felt distraught over the matter that her own husband was the one behind the whole caper, so for now, she avoided Louis's calls, only to say, "I'll call you back later."

Ryan's plane touched down, and it wasn't long before he located the house that Eliz's parents lived in. He casually passed by the front of the house a few times, but his surveillance of the house rendered him nothing. He posted up in a room at a small motel not far from her house with his binoculars, waiting to see her Mustang Spartan down the country-style road so he could follow her.

The heartbreaking remarks, the traumatizing pictures, and listening to Randol describe his tortuous, merciless plan to drive her to the nuthouse had been keeping Eliz in the house lately. After a few days of licking her wounds, Eliz had to come out. The crisp fresh air and the green leaves on the tall strong oak trees were too much to resist, and Eliz ventured out to ride down to their local mall to get some household items.

After a week of surveillance, Ryan was lucky enough to be watching the road with his binoculars and spotted her Mustang rolling down the country road. He wasted no time scooping up the keys to Ford Taurus, a rental, and followed

her toward the parkway. As she turned off at Exit 114, he also made the same turn. Now she was heading to Walmart.

She parked, and Ryan parked a few vehicles away from her Mustang. He watched as Eliz headed to the door and felt his own heart flutter with excitement at seeing her once again. He waited a few minutes and then entered Walmart, scooping up a shopping basket, and started to scan the shelves, looking as if he were looking for an item, only trying to look normal for the other shoppers. He was keeping a steady eye on Eliz, waiting to see if she was going to meet up with someone there.

After a while, Eliz's cart was halfway filled with household items, while Ryan's basket was filled with items he really didn't need. Eliz headed over to the checkout counter through the crowd of shoppers, and Ryan decided to do the same but pulled up to the counter adjacent to hers. As their items were being rung up, the cashier asked Ryan about the price of an item she wasn't quite sure about. So, when he spoke, Eliz heard that demanding baritone voice and swirled around in disbelief. It was him.

He had caught her glance and now surmised what he would say, that he had just happened to drop by Walmart. She checked out and waited for him to finish. He finished and latched onto his bag, trying to look concerned about losing his grip on the handle of the bag so he wouldn't have to make eye contact.

Then Eliz spoke. "Hi, Carl. Is it Carl?"

"Yes, you're right. Nice meeting you again after the boat ride. Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes, it was very nice, all of us standing at the front of the boat as it gently moved down the old Tennessee River. That was wonderful. I danced practically all night. Yeah. Well, what brings you to Missouri?" She was studying his face carefully for an answer.

"Well, I do a little part-time traveling salesman work. I sell everything from vacuum sweepers and other household items without the shopper ever leaving the house. Hey, if you ever

are interested in one of my products ...”

“I’m not sure. I think my mother has enough stuff already. My mother is pretty efficient.”

“I see. Ah, wait one minute here. Oh my gosh, I left my cards on my dresser. Didn’t think I would need them with me. I was just running down to the Walmart, but hey, let me give you my number, and if you need something, just give me a call.”

“Okay, I can do that.” She smiled and walked away.

Eliz now had the power to summon Ryan now whenever she wanted to. She could be a little selfish. She liked it when a man was courteous and backed off a little. Good manners in the way you treat someone usually means good manners in bed.

Ryan returned to his Ford Taurus and returned to the motel. He wondered if he was running into Eliz too often. He didn’t want her to become suspicious and spook her off. He stopped at a fast-food joint, ordered a cheeseburger and fries, and forgot about the whole incident.

Eliz returned to her mother’s with a new conscious feeling about Ryan. As she entered the house, her mother greeted her at the door and helped her with the packages. She wondered if she’d ever get her groove on with Ryan and if it’d be just as good as the sound of his voice—and of course, he was handsome.

“Mother, do you need anything else around the house? Oh, never mind.”

Selena was very upset. She felt violated by the cameras and made a call to an old friend of hers from her childhood, a young boy who had spent more time at her apartment than at his own. His mother was always in the streets. She remembered him being very smart and always repairing gadgets around the house, which actually saved her mother a ton of money. He repaired everything, from the stove to the fridge. You name it, he could fix it. His name was Edwin.

Edwin was about five feet and nine inches, with brown

hair, creepy eyes that seemed to always be searching for answers, and a matted beard that only added to his sloppy appearance. To cross him was like asking for the death penalty. He was a psychopath—and a very smart one at that. He now resided in a trailer park on the west side of Memphis. His hatred of crowds kept him secluded most of the time, where he lived with his three blowup dolls. Their names were Tabatha, Jewely, and Elaine.

He had a round table that could comfortably seat four people, so if it was pizza night (almost every night, he would bring the girls out and have a pizza party. He was always scolding one of the dolls for cheating on him, sometimes slapping it around a bit before finishing off his beer and pizza, and all they ever wore were bras and bikini underwear. When the pizza would arrive, he would grab a slice of pizza and a beer and then seat the dolls around the table. However, they were flopped down in their chairs was going to determine their outcome of the night. Tonight, Tabatha was flopped down, and her bra strap slid off her shoulder. He set her down so hard. He pulled apart a slice of pizza, took a big bite, picked up his beer, and chased it down with a big gulp or two.

“Look, bitch. You’ve done it again. I can’t trust you. I see your bra strap hanging off your shoulder. Couldn’t get it up fast enough, huh? You no-good whore. Jewely knows you’re a whore too. She told me yesterday, but I wouldn’t listen to her.”

He now looked over at Elaine, whose bikini panties were off a little because of the way he had set her down. “Why, you bitch. Couldn’t get them up fast enough, bitch. Don’t you say another word, or I’ll slap the shit out of you. What you mean you’ve done nothing wrong, with your panties halfway off your hip? I didn’t touch them. Now go ahead and tell a lie.” He broke off another slice of pizza. “I dare you to sit there in front of the other girls and tell a lie.” He took another slice of pizza. “I’m only fuckin’ Jewely tonight.”

Then without warning, his cell phone rang.

“Hi, Edwin. It’s Selena. How are you doing?” Selena asked.

“I’m good, sis. I’m just having pizza, that’s all, with the girls.”

With the girls? Selena knew Edwin couldn’t stand being around women. It confused her. He hated women after the way his mother had treated him over the years. “I have a little job for you. It’ll pay you good, and I’ll probably throw in a little bonus too.”

“Hey, that sounds good, sis, because I’m behind on my rent. Where can we meet to discuss the situation?”

“Hey, how about that McDonald’s around the corner of your trailer park?” “You know I can’t stand being around crowds of people.”

“I’ll sit in the back. You can come in and head straight to the back, and I’ll be in the corner, away from everyone.”

“Okay, I think I can handle that, sis.”

“Oh, and bring the amount you owe on your rent so I can pay it for you. Please don’t forget,” Selena said.

“Thanks, sis. I’ll see you at 10:30 a.m. tomorrow at McDonald’s.” “Yes, be there, Edwin,” Selena disconnected her cell phone.

Edwin was a strange, mixed-up fellow. He got up and walked back to the other end of the trailer, where he had a dummy with a black beard, and you could see the whole nervous system exposed. All the kill points were shown if you were to insert a needle and kill or render a person helpless in just a few seconds. Then he had crossbred spiders that were so poisonous, their bite could kill a man in thirty seconds. Then he had a small wooden box where he kept all kinds of specialty knives, but the gun with the silencer, he kept well hidden in a cemetery vault. He wondered what weapon he’d need to use for Selena. He knew she may have wanted someone murdered when she mentioned a bonus.

Ryan patiently observed around the clock any vehicle that traveled down the old country road to Eliz’s mom’s house and then returned after a short period. Soon, he found one such vehicle, a lime-green Lexus. After spotting it a few times, Ryan decided this must have been the right vehicle that had traveled

after several occasions and returned after an hour or two. So, he started up his Ford Taurus and followed the lime-green Lexus down the road.

Soon, the vehicle pulled over in front of Eliz's mother's house, so Ryan kept going down the road a bit before turning around to see who was in the vehicle and whom they were there to see. When he came back up the road, he was surprised to see Eliz with a man holding her hand, pulling her close, and his hopes of ever having a fling with her were shattered. They looked like such a perfect couple. He was so shaken; he had forgotten to take a picture. Her being with someone had diminished his chances, and he was feeling distraught, so he returned to the motel room, sank down into a chair, opened a can of beer, and just sulked.

Selena prepared to meet with Edwin at McDonald's. She got up early, showered, and got dressed before heading off to McDonald's, where she secured a table at the back of the restaurant, where they could have more privacy. Edwin arrived a little later and observed all the patrons. He was somewhat edgy and hesitated to proceed any further until he saw Selena silently sitting in the back of the McDonald's, where there were hardly any people standing around. When the floor cleared, Edwin beelined back to the empty section in the rear corner of the McDonald's to be with Selena. She'd already ordered coffee and waited for Edwin to order, and while they waited, she unraveled a napkin and showed Edwin three small cameras.

"So, there're cameras. So, what of it?"

"Someone placed these cameras in our offices for the sole purpose of spying on us. I want you to trace these cameras back to the person who put them there and then deal him out the deck. That's how much damage he can cause with those cameras."

"So, I see what you mean, sis. This person is trying to ruin your career and your reputation, even though most people's rep stinks anyway. We try to keep these things a secret," said



Edwin. "Well, what kind of money are we talking about?"

"Don't worry about it. I'm not paying for it. Randol has plenty of money."

Edwin then folded the napkin back very carefully and placed the cameras in his right hip pocket. "They're hard to see with the naked eye, but each camera has a serial number around the casing. I have to use my powerful magnifying glass so I can write them down. Once that's done, I can trace them to the person who bought them, but I have to locate miniature camera companies in that area first," said Edwin, his eyes wide as he talked on the subject of running down his man.

"You sure are smart, Edwin. I knew I could count on you." "So, what do you want me to do with the spy?"

"Get rid of him. You know," said Selena.

"Well, hey, can I get half now and the rest later?" asked Edwin with begging eyes. He was always changing his expression to fit whatever the situation was.

"I figured this job to be worth forty thousand, so I brought twenty thousand with me. It's all broken down in small bills so it can be easily passed on without getting too much attention in your trailer park community," Selena said with a smirk.

"Yes, big bills in a neighborhood like mine could cause quite a stir."

"Okay, reach under the table and take this envelope. Should be exactly twenty thousand dollars and the rest after the job is finished."

"Sounds good, sis. Sounds real good." Edwin's hand latched onto the brown envelope she handed him underneath the table. "It'll be pizza tonight for me and the girls."

"What girls?" Selena quipped. "I thought you didn't care for women."

"Well, for my kind of girls." He got up and simply walked away with the money.

Ryan desperately paced his small motel room floor, thinking very hard about how to maneuver Eliz into meeting

him so he could tell Eliz about his attraction to her, now feeling pressured after seeing Louis. He worried if he'd ever have a chance because Louis looked like a well-rounded guy and carried a rather nice swag about himself. In a few weeks, Ryan had quit shaving and hardly left his room. He knew what the problem was, but there was nothing he could do to resolve it.

Exhausted from worrying, he resorted to guzzling down beers and watching TV when one gloomy evening he got a phone call. It was Eliz. Ryan could hardly speak.

"Hello? Is someone there?" asked Eliz.

"Ah, yes. You caught me off guard, that's all."

"Hi, Carl. Our microwave went on the blink, and we're going to need a new one, especially in the mornings. I wonder if you can help me out."

"Ah, yes, yes. Most definitely. Any particular model or brand name?"

"No, I'll let you be the judge of that since you're a salesman. I trust your judgment." "Okay, I'll have it tomorrow morning."

"Sure thing."

"By the way, Eliz, how have you been?"

"Oh, just fine. I wasn't sure if you were still in the neighborhood."

"Yeah, I had a few local calls, so I'm still in the neighborhood. I'll come out about eleven, if that's okay with you."

"That'll be just fine. Here's my address."

Ryan pretended to write down the address, although he already knew it. "Okay, Carl. Did you write it down?"

"Oh yes, I got it, and I'll see you tomorrow at eleven."

"Okay. I'll be waiting for you in front of the house. You can't miss it."

Seeing this as the perfect opportunity, Ryan was up early and purchased a microwave as soon as the mall's department stores opened up. He then dressed casually so he could make

an impression on Eliz. Then he gave her a call to let her know he was on his way. Eliz also wanted to make an impression, waiting on the porch, wearing a pair of Daisy Dukes with a cherry blossom halter top.

Ryan pulled up in the front of the house, grabbed the microwave, and almost dropped it when he saw what Eliz was wearing. He froze. What a wonderful sight, he thought. Eliz smiled as she realized she had his attention.

“Ah, where do you want the microwave?” “Oh! Sorry. Follow me.”

Eliz turned around, stretched out her arm, reaching for the door handle, and opened the door so Ryan could enter with the microwave. She then led Ryan into the kitchen and showed him where the broken one used to be. He placed the new microwave up on the counter and plugged it in, showing Eliz how to operate the different temperatures for different foods. He mustered up enough courage to offer her a so-called consolation prize for being his first customer of the day. He felt dumb offering such a deal, but he was desperate. He had to hurry now and put the punchline in to see if she would take the bait, and she did.

“One free chocolate malt at the Shake and Malt shop in the mall.”

Eliz’s face lit up. It was almost like a proposal. Such a kind gesture—she couldn’t turn him down, so she said, “What time should I expect you?”

Ryan’s heart began to beat fast. He stuttered and said, “One o’clock.” “That’ll be fine. I’ll meet you at the shop,” said Eliz.

Ryan once again nervously confirmed the time and almost tripped over his own two feet while turning back around. Eliz laughed out loud. She already knows he was like putty in her hands, but what he didn’t know was that she was crushing on him too.

Edwin, back in his trailer home, ordered his favorite pizza with extra toppings on it. He then went and retrieved all four

dolls and placed the dolls around the table in an orderly fashion, only scolding them a little while he was searching for his magnifying glass. Running his feeble fingers underneath his dresser drawer, he found it. He then placed the three cameras on a small laboratory table with a computer and a microscope. He started recording each number on the casing on all three cameras until he had them all recorded. Then he surfed the internet to locate where the companies that sold the miniature cameras were located. When one popped up in Missouri, Edwin chose it on a hunch.

The pizza finally arrived, and he placed the pizza on the small counter off to the right side of the door. Then he tipped the pizza delivery man, something he hadn't done in a while, closed the door, and did something else he hadn't done in a while. He turned and told the dolls that they were all in for a treat tonight while gulping down cans of beer. He kept his promise to the dolls. They would've been plum tuckered out and very satisfied had they been human.

The next morning, he made reservations for an early morning flight to Missouri so he could be in Missouri by noon, giving him some time to settle in the area and begin locating shops with the same serial numbers as the ones he was looking for, matching up the numbers next to the name of the purchaser. So, when he entered a camera shop, he bought a small camera and then asked the clerk if it was possible to see the receipt book. The clerk told him very straightforwardly that the serial numbers were confidential for each individual who had purchased the mini cameras. As the clerk finished his wholehearted speech about trust and honesty, Edwin handed him three hundred dollars. The clerk stopped talking abruptly, reached for the money with his left hand, pushed the book in front of Edwin with his right hand, and then walked away from the counter and back toward the back of the shop. Edwin quickly flipped the pages back at least two months before Selena discovered the cameras and, with a hidden camera in his buttonhole, started taking pictures of all the

names and serial numbers. Once he was finished, he closed the receipt book and studiously looked around to make sure no one was watching him.

He then returned to the hotel room where he was staying at, set up his computer, and started downloading the names and serial numbers until he finally got a match. Now he had a name to match the numbers on the casing of all three cameras.

Ryan paced the malt shop floor, waiting anxiously for Eliz to show up. Finally, she pulled up in her Mustang. He didn't have to wait any longer. He was nervous and perspiring in the July heat of Missouri. She entered the shop, and he was already standing in the middle of the shop to greet her, reaching for her hand so he could show her to their table. He spoke, and Eliz loved the sound of his voice, so demanding but with a comforting quality that seemed to say, "It's okay. You're safe with me." He pulled a chair out, and Eliz seated herself. Soon, they were chatting like old friends.

As the conversation loosened up, Eliz looked Ryan straight in the eye and said, "Where did you get your voice from? It's so sexy."

Ryan made a joke of it and said, "Hopefully not from my head."

They got a charge out of it and continued sipping on their malts, and the conversation covered everything from their childhood schooldays to high school to college. As they discussed their different backgrounds and were winding down a bit, Ryan decided to tell Eliz how stunningly beautiful she was and that he would like to see her again. She was thrilled about the whole ideal, and as a matter of fact, she knew a nice club called Color Blind, known for its diversity of cultures.

She reached in her handbag and pulled out a small address book that said Appointments on the cover. Ryan was curious as he tried to interrogate her about the small leather-covered book that seemed to mean so much to her. He opened the book, and it was empty. No names had been registered on the book as of yet, and Eliz laughed out loud as she showed Ryan

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that he'd be the first person to ever sign the book. So, she got Ryan to sign the book and made a date for Saturday at nine thirty. They finished the malts and cheese fries, and Eliz gave Ryan a quick peck on the cheek and said goodbye.

She returned home and found her mother sitting on the front porch swing, swinging back and forth.

"Want some fresh lemonade, honey?" Karen asked.

"No, thanks, Mom. I'm full of chocolate malt. I had a date with a black guy. He was very polite and has the sexiest voice I've ever heard," Eliz said, waiting to see her mother's response.

Her mother said, "Listen to me. If I can swear you to secrecy, I'll tell you something that you should never tell anyone, especially your father."

Eliz nodded. "Okay."

"When I was about eighteen or nineteen, my parents would have this black guy come over and groom the horses every weekend. His name was Eddie. I loved the horses and stuck around to watch Eddie brush the horses down until their coats were shining and smooth, and he always checked their shoes and teeth. These were very expensive horses, and my father had to take good care of them. One day Eddie was grooming one of the horses, and I noticed this bulge in his trousers. It caught my attention right off as my eyes became glued to it. I tried to look away, but somehow my eyes would just simply stay attached as the bulge seemed to shift and move as he brushed the horses while he was humming an old spiritual tune. After a while, I knew I had to touch it. There was no way I wasn't going to get my hands on it.

"So, one Sunday afternoon I played sick so I didn't have to go to church and got to stay home with Grandmom, who wasn't feeling well either. I knew my parents would be a while because of the Memorial Day holiday, and after church, there was going to be a picnic and games, so I told Grandmom I was going down to watch Eddie groom the horses, and she said okay. She knew of my love for the horses. I walked down

to the stables, and there was Eddie, brushing away, and the bulge was moving and pushing outward as he bent to brush the horse's lower body. Once he was finished and had brushed the last horse, I slipped around the back of the barn and called for Eddie.

"He came around and said, 'Is everything all right, Ms. Karen?' "I said, 'Come here, Eddie.'

"With curious eyes, he moved in close to me, searching my face for whatever it was I was reaching for until I had it in my hands. He flinched, and his knees buckled, and I felt nothing like this before. It couldn't get any better before I had poor Eddie out of his trousers and we were humping in the hay. He began to moan, and every muscle in his body tensed up before he drove me into ecstasy. We carried on like that for a while until his poor grandmother died and he had to return home to help out with the rest of the family. After that, I never saw Eddie again." She paused and returned to a time in her mind when it was all about her and her curiosity and nothing else.

"Wow, Mom! That was awesome. I could never have the nerves you have, Mom," Eliz said, but in the back of her mind, Eliz felt safe now to go all the way with Ryan.

Edwin located an address by matching the name to the listings in the private investigator directory. With this information, he located the apartment building and sat in his rented vehicle to catch a glimpse of whom he was going to put on ice. Now that he had a face, he followed Stanley around for about a week, knowing his daily routine until he could pick the perfect time to bump him off. He chose a small-caliber handgun with a silencer to complete his job. One in the back of the head should do it.

Then he quickly tossed him in the truck of his rented vehicle, drove off to an isolated spot, and duct-taped lead weights to his ankles and a couple to his wrists. Then carefully removing his ID and other personal effects, he drove down to the Missouri River at four in the morning and threw poor Stanley's body over the bridge, into the murky waters of the

Missouri River. Later in the day, he called Selena to inform her that everything had been taken care of, and he headed back to the airport to catch a flight back to Memphis.

It was Saturday evening, and Ryan prepared himself for the date of his life as he showered and shaved. He dressed very casually, wearing a Polo shirt and Levi jeans with a pair of expensive shoes and his Rolex. Eliz would meet him at the motel. She was starting to get dressed also. She was wearing a sequin top and skirt with a pair of multicolored stilettos. It was a quarter to nine, and she was almost ready to leave. Heading toward the door, she warned her parents not to wait up for her, adding that she would call and leave a message once she left the club.

As she closed the door, her parents waved goodbye and said, "Enjoy yourself, honey" as they watched their daughter leaving and looking absolutely gorgeous.

She got into her Mustang, kicking off her stilettos because the heels would get in the way, and off she went, cruising down the country road. Ryan too had finished dressing and was sipping on a glass of E&J when his phone rang. It was Eliz, saying she was about to pull up in about fifteen minutes.

Ryan said, "That's cool. I'm about to come out front and be ready for you." "Okay," Eliz said, turning her Mustang in front of the motel.

Ryan saw her and started to approach her car as a few young ladies' heads were snapping at attention. He knew his swag was on tight. He entered, and they drove off and headed for the club. He laid his eyes on Eliz, and her outfit must've cost a pretty penny. That was one taste she had acquired from being married to a millionaire. They headed toward the parkway and found themselves divulging in the coolest conversation about the childhood fun they had had when they were growing up to their high school prom. The cool night air had a certain smell and feel to it that made it refreshing as it blew in on them.

They pulled up in front of Color Blind, known for its



diversity and great entertainment. The valet came over to park the car, and Eliz and Ryan exited the vehicle, getting a lot of attention as they approached the glass doors. They entered and were promptly seated, and the music was jumping with R&B and hip-hop. Eliz and Ryan loosened up with a glass of champagne.

Edwin had now returned to Tennessee and met with Selena at McDonald's for the balance of the job. She was already there, seated at the same table as before, knowing how easy it was to spook Edwin. He entered, clenched his fist, and looking around as clusters of patrons passed by him. He finally got a clear path to the back of the restaurant and headed straight back and sat down. They skipped the small talk as Selena handed Edwin the envelope underneath the table, with a two-thousand-dollar bonus neatly tucked in with the rest of the money. He then stuffed the envelope inside his shirt, pressing it tightly against his chest. He then thanked Selena before he headed toward the door, only stopping to make hideous faces at a few patrons who had walked in front of him.

When he arrived back at the trailer, he counted the money and the "bonus" of two thousand dollars and then threw the money up in the air.

"We're going to party tonight, bitches, and I'm fuckin' each and every one of you tonight!"

He then picked the money up off the floor, called the pizza delivery man, and ordered a large pizza with everything on it. He brought out the dolls and placed them around the table, feeling their faces with kisses and stroking their hair. He turned up the volume on the radio and started to dance with Tabatha and then Elaine, drinking beer and eating pizza. He was now a happy camper.

Ryan and Eliz, after a few drinks, hit the dance floor, with Eliz getting celebrity status from a lot of the patrons. Nobody—I mean nobody—had on an outfit that even came close to hers, and Ryan was holding his own. All eyes were glued on them as they boogied down on the dance floor to

some of the hottest rap and hip-hop music. Some of the patrons were even asking Eliz if she was an actress or a song artist. They were so sure she was a celebrity out for a quiet evening at the club. Eliz and Ryan actually got a kick out of all the attention they were receiving.

Now that it was seemingly late, they decided it was time to leave. Eliz texted her mom to let her know she was leaving the club and had had a wonderful time out. The club was so noisy, they hadn't much time to talk to each other much, so they stopped by Ryan's motel room so they could have some one-on-one time and chill out. Ryan was truly nervous, so Eliz grabbed hold of his hand in an effort to let him know he could relax. Then she loosened up her sequin top just enough to show more cleavage, and Ryan dropped a glass of E&J.

"Oh, what a mess I'm making," Ryan said.

"Come here, Ryan, and sit by me." She put her hand down on the sofa.

Ryan sat down, unsure of what to do next, but Eliz was tired of her growing curiosity and started removing Ryan's Polo shirt. He helped her out by snatching the shirt off and tossing it across the room. He was now bare chested with a nice six-pack, and Eliz couldn't wait any longer before caressing each lump of his six-pack as Ryan gazed into her wanting eyes. She quickly bounced her fist against his abs to check their authenticity. Yes, they were real.

She now let her hand find their way to his belt and undid the belt, so his pants started to slowly drop below his waist, and there it was, hard as a brick. She pulled loosely on his boxers, and Ryan's knees buckled, causing him to support his upper body by holding onto her shoulders. Now his throbbing penis right there, pulsating just inches from her face, was too much for her, so she gently popped it into her mouth, and she had Ryan standing on his tippy toes. He moaned with delight as Eliz teased him, with his penis wedged deeply in her throat.

They stopped only for a few seconds to tear each other's clothes off, with desire burning in both their faces. They

entered the bedroom, and Ryan, with leaper-like muscles bulging from his shoulders and back, scooped Eliz off her feet, gently laid her across the mattress, and slipped his penis deep into her vagina. With all his muscles flexing, he put every ripple into whipping his penis back and forth in a nonstop fashion for at least forty-five minutes of caressing and moaning, to both their delights.

The Victoria Secret panties-and-bra set had driven Ryan wild. He slid down between her creamy white legs and started licking her clitoris until both her legs were spread apart as she squirted him with her love juices, filling his mouth with the bittersweet taste of her love juices. He savored every drop before plunging his penis deep into her throbbing vagina. She gripped his leaper-like muscles and held on for the ride while she moaned with sounds of pleasure as she had experienced no other sexual gratification at this level before. Finally, Ryan came for the third time that night and fell on his back, with Eliz nestled up against his chest and her right arm across his left shoulder, completely exhausted from their insatiable sexual appetites.

Eliz slept so soundly, never knowing that the man she was sleeping with was none other than Ryan and not Carl Rusten. Ryan had become an imposter so he could get acquainted with Eliz without revealing too much about himself. He was still working undercover for Selena as a PI.

Marsha had been trying to locate PI Stanley, who seemed to have vanished into thin air, “nowhere to be found.” She still had money she owed him and was trying to clear up her debt. His secretary hadn’t seen him either and so, after a few days, filed a missing person’s report and turned it into the authorities. His vehicle was still parked in front of his apartment building. It was now that the police department suspected that some type of foul play may have been involved. Marsha gave the balance to Stanley’s secretary, putting it into an account when money could be put without the actual person being there, and Marsha was given a receipt for the

balance of the bill.

Selena called Ryan and instructed him to return to Tennessee ASAP. Caught off guard with the news, he called Eliz to say his job had just ordered him back to Memphis and that he would love to have dinner with her before he left. She agreed, and they had a very nice dinner at one of the finest Italian restaurants in the mall.

Then as they departed, Ryan held her close, kissed her sensuously, and said, "I'll stay in touch. I don't know when I'll be back this way again, so I'll stay touch by phone and pictures until I can return to you, Eliz."

They kissed one more time before Ryan turned and walked away. He headed back to pack. He would be leaving in the morning, boarding a flight back to Tennessee. He returned and handed over a few pictures of Eliz with Louis and nothing more.

"This is it!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Selena. Nothing less and nothing more."

"Hey, by the way, I love your voice," Selena said. "It's so sexy." "You're the second person to tell me that."

"Okay, Ryan. Hand me the pictures, and here's what I owe you." He took money and then left.

Selena examined the pictures and said, "Not bad looking at all. Too bad he doesn't work here.

What a treat."

Randol's father got wind of the divorce and headed to Memphis to be supportive of his son. His father entered the building and saw a lot of expressionless faces. Everyone wanted to stay clear of Paul because it was times like these that could very easily get you fired if you said the wrong thing, but Ms. Hoppergrass spoke. She and Paul went way back. She was one of his first secretaries and used to polish his knob twice a day when the building first opened fifteen years ago, and she still had a hankering to polish his knob.

"Hi, Paul, honey." She called Paul by his first name. "Is Randol up there?"

“Yes, he is. Been expecting you to come up to see him.”  
“Okay, thanks,” Paul said.

Strolling over to the elevator, he pushed the button to the second floor. He exited the elevator, and everyone shyly spoke to him with smiles on their faces and then hurried on their way. The big boss was in the building.

With a quick knock, he entered Randol’s office and, without so much as a hello, said, “What’s going on, Randol? I hear you’re in the midst of a nasty divorce that could even send you to prison.”

“She’s crazy, I tell you. She’s crazy, accusing me of drugging her.”

“Listen, Randol. You never were a good liar, and all women are crazy when you’re not keeping them happy. You should know that by now, son, and for future reference, if you’re going to get rid of a person, get rid of them for good. Have them kidnapped, strangled, or cut up in little pieces where they can never be found again. All this playing around has cost you your shares—at least until this mess is over because I’m not giving you money so you can lose it through some garbage litigations that can last a few years. Really, if I must say, I really like Eliz, and the only thing she was guilty of was not catching you in your foolish scheme. Drugging her was so childish. Most people are through playing around with shit like that after college. I advise you to clean this mess up, and if things get too complicated, call me. Now where’s Selena?”

“She should be in her office,” Randol said, twisting his fingers together. He realized he’d hurt the company’s image.

Paul exited, made a left down the hall to Selena’s office, and opened the door. “Hi, Paul. Good to see you. I heard you were coming.”

“You got any liquor around here, Selena?” “Yeah, I have some Scotch.”

“That’ll be fine.”

Selena casually strolled over to a cabinet neatly built against the wall with glass doors that opened and shut by pushing a

button and removed a bottle of Scotch. She made sure Paul saw her swaying her hips from side to side as she went across the floor. She returned to the desk, reached into one of the side drawers, removed two shot glasses, and poured two drinks.

After a few shots, Paul spoke out abruptly. "How long has it been since we ... you know, baby?"

"Hey, honey, that's your fault. You're the one who left me here to babysit your son."

"I know, I know. Maybe a year or two after I get this mess cleared up, you can come down to Miami. You still have that sofa in the back office we used to use?"

"Yes, I do. What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know, but I'll tell you one thing. We put some miles on that bitch."

They both laughed boisterously before Selena took Paul's hand and led him to the back room, where the sofa was kept.

Eliz got the okay to remove her personal effects from the house she had once shared with Randol. She hired a small moving company to do the job. Most of her belongings were small but very valuable. She collected her jewelry, purses, and expensive shoes, all packed in with some name-brand dresses and gowns she had collected in the last few years. She paid the men nicely or, should we say, overpaid them. It wasn't her money she was spending. Yeah, why not let it come out of Randol's pocket, with all this being done and out of the way? She felt it was about time to confront Randol, face-to-face. There were so many unanswered questions as to why he had treated her cruelly when she was his wife, and he should've been her protector. Then why on earth was he trying to drive her crazy by drugging her?

She quickly cleared her head, grabbed the car keys to her Mustang, and headed to the front door. With the tormenting hallucinations and blackouts stirring in her head, tears welled up in her eyes while she tried not to let them impair her driving. It was hard as they just seemed to roll down her

cheeks. She was glad when she turned off the parkway and entered regular traffic until she reached the company lot and pulled up alongside Randol's Lamborghini.

She exited her Mustang and looked up at the second floor. She could feel his presence in the building and knew what she had planned on saying to him. She had rehearsed it a hundred times in her mind. Slowly, she crept toward the building as her emotions soared throughout her body. She reached the glass double doors, entered the building, and approached the elevator, and Ms. Hoppergrass called Randol to warn him of her coming. Eliz patiently waited for the elevator. It arrived, and she entered, pushing the button to the second floor. The elevator stopped smoothly, with only a little jerk as it stopped, and she walked off and headed down the hallway, where she ran into Selena.

"Hi, Eliz," she said nonchalantly.

"You bitch! You have the nerve to speak to me after what you and my husband did to me?" With that, Eliz punched Selena in the face, and she fell to the floor.

She got up, and they were swinging punches back and forth before falling to the floor and rolling back and forth. Selena was on top when some employees came running over but stopped short when they saw that Selena didn't have any panties on. Eliz got up, and they resumed their catfight. Then Eliz slipped, and Selena hopped on top with her shirt hoisted up in the back. You could see her beautiful bare ass rocking back and forth as she struggled to stay on top of a very resilient Elizabeth, and onlookers were now only interested in looking at Selena's beautiful ass swaying back and forth. Her ass had them all mesmerized, the men and women alike. Then two gentlemen who, by chance, had exited the elevator and seen the commotion rushed over to break up the fight. Selena ran off into her office, swearing as she slammed her office door.

Eliz walked into Randol's office, crossed her arms, looked Randol square in the eye, and said, "You chose that whore over me and had me thinking I was crazy."

“Now, dear, let’s not get carried away.” “Don’t you ever tell me what to do!”

With that, Eliz punched Randol straight in the face. He hollered like a bitch and covered his face, whimpering. Eliz turned and walked out of the office, slamming the door.

Returning to the house, where the movers had completed packing and were ready to go, Eliz had them take her valuables to the airport, where they could be flown to Missouri to her mom’s house. Her whole day had been one big bang-up of emotions and anguish. She called Carl, who was really Ryan, and stayed the night with him.

The next morning, Ryan drove Eliz to the airport, and they kissed and say goodbye. Once the plane was in the air, she scrutinized her own sanity, catching feelings for both Louis and Carl. Was it right? Could she have both men? Except for their races, they had so much in common. She had actually called Carl Louis while retrieving a few of her personal belongings and had to rectify the mistake by saying Carl reminded her of an old friend named Louis. Did Carl believe her? She wondered if it was possible when they both lived a state apart. How could she make such a careless mistake? With her guilty conscience kicking in, she wondered if she’d hurt them if one of them ever found out. She wouldn’t be any better than Randol was to her, but with both men tugging at her heartstrings, the complexity of the situation was now one where she was pushed aside for love and sex.

Sipping on a couple of glasses of white wine, she leaned back in her seat and relaxed. The plane would be landing soon, and Louis would be there to meet her. She needed a clear mind without any guilty thoughts so her welcoming him would be authentic and without guilt. When the plane finally landed, Louis was there to meet her and take her to her mom’s, where they drank lemonade on the front porch. Early the next morning, Eliz received a phone call from Selena threatening to sue her.

Eliz laughed out loud and said, “Go ahead, bitch, and I’ll



have all your little dirty sex parties on Facebook.”

Selena slammed her cell phone down, and it disconnected. Randol had a black eye. Eliz’s punch had found its mark. His father called to tell him that he had heard Eliz was like a wildcat and had come into his office and punched him in the face, giving him a black eye. She had done the same to Selena, and then she left unscathed.

“I tried to rationalize with her. You know I’m not one to hit women.”

“Yeah, but you drugged her, and she was your wife. Trying to drive her crazy ... Well, take a week off. We don’t need you walking around with a black eye. It’s not good for the business.”

“Dad, I think I’m still in love with her.

“Ah, well, this is the part where we bring in the violence and start playing the ‘I’m sorry, baby, let’s make up and start over’ game. Toughen up and move on, or she’ll kick your ass again. There’re more women out there, son. You’ve ruined your relationship with your wife. Get the freakin’ divorce and move on. Bye now. I’ll talk to you later.” Paul disconnected his cell phone.

Selena strolled past Randol’s office and said good night, thinking back to earlier that afternoon. It was Edward and Bart’s day for sex, which was the reason she wasn’t wearing any panties. She didn’t want to waste time undressing; it was all about the money. She waited for the elevator to arrive, entered, and pushed the button for the first floor. The elevator doors closed, and very smoothly, she rode the elevator down to the first floor. She exited the building and went home for the night.

Randol sat in his office, staring at the walls, and realized if it wasn’t for his own sick pleasure, he probably wouldn’t have been in the predicament he was in now, but the excitement and thrill of it all was enough to make him come. He loved having that kind of control over her. Now he had to accept the consequences of a costly divorce. Selena had always been

there for him, but for some strange reason, their sexual escapades didn't equal to true love. Maybe if it wasn't for Eliz's nagging him, none of this would've come about, he thought as he tried to pass the blame on Eliz.

He sat at his desk and pondered his fate because Eliz stood to be awarded a large sum of money and stocks in the divorce agreement between the two lawyers. He had to prove he was under a lot of stress, enough to cause him to go afoul. However, he would still like to stay on some sort of speaking terms with Eliz. His promiscuous behavior had costed him a good wife and also a good friend. Randol, even in his high school years, was controlling. He had money to be so. One Christmas season, he had bought the entire class where he attended private school expensive gifts, often manipulating students to get his way in class, once causing a teacher to lose his job because he had paid his students to say they had smelled alcohol on the poor teacher. Having money had made him selfish and controlling, but no amount of money could change the outcome of the divorce, causing him to lose a substantial amount of money and maybe even experience jail time.

Marsha decided to call Eliz. It'd been a while since they had last spoken. Her cell phone rang out in a musical upbeat pattern of musical instruments, and Eliz picked up.

"Hi, Eliz. Guess what? Titus and I invested in a cattle farm, a little over five hundred heads of cattle to start with."

"Hey, that's awesome! You guys are going to have a cattle farm," said Eliz. "Pretty much, Eliz."

"But with Titus wrestling and on the road all the time, who's going to take care of the cattle?" "Eliz, all that's been taken care of. We're going to hire men who will feed them, clean and healthy. I've even started back modeling for a well-known fashion designer the past couple of months. Well, what's going on with you? By the way, I'm sorry I had to be the one to drop the bomb on your husband, but he could've injured you by giving you that shit."

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“Oh, I’m glad you helped me, Marsha. I thought I was losing my mind, and it was Randol all this time, but there is something going on in my mind. Marsha, I’ve been dating two guys, and I’m starting to fall in love with both of them. They both have so much in common and are gentlemen. I feel like I’m cheating on the both of them.”

“Listen, Eliz. In a couple of months, your divorce will be final, and you can date whoever you want. You don’t have to commit to one person.”

“Okay. You know, Marsha, you’re right. I’ll just leave everything like it is for now. I’m so glad you called. I was feeling guilty about the whole thing.”

“Well, hey, Eliz, where are these gentlemen from?” asked Marsha. “Well, Louis is from Missouri, and Carl is from Tennessee.”

“Wow! You sure have enough space between the two of them,” Marsha said.

“Carl is African American with a very sexy voice that has a nice baritone sound to it that seems to demand your attention—and he’s fine, girl.”

They both laughed as Marsha knew exactly what she meant.

“Hey, I don’t have a problem with a little diversity. I’ve dated a few different nationalities before. It’s the person who counts.”

“You know, you’re the best friend I’ve ever had. What would I do without you?”

“Hey, Eliz, I can’t seem to locate Mr. Stanley, the private eye I hired. It’s like he disappeared into thin air. He’s been missing for two months. No one seems to know his whereabouts. Friends and coworkers have absolutely no clue of where he can be. I was trying to pay him. You know, that’s strange, for people to be missing in action when you owe them money.”

“That is strange, very strange. I hope there’s no foul play involved. He seemed like a likable fellow.”

“The authorities contacted me a week ago and said they’re still searching and, if I hear anything, to give them a call,” Marsha said. “Well, give me our okay signal, and I’ll call you later.”

“Okay, Marsha. I did, and I’m glad you called.”

Eliz disconnected her cell phone with some new ideas to think about, especially the modeling idea. Eliz was feeling hopeful about having a career that’d let her be herself with her own identity. She calmed down now and went down to the barn to participate with her mom in grooming the horses. Her father would be home later. He was working overtime at the construction site. They had a deadline to meet.

Eliz picked up on the conversation about modeling with her mother, Karen. She always seemed to have the right answers. “Mom, how do you feel about me modeling? Do you think I’m pretty enough? Because there’s a lot of competition out there.”

“Hey, listen. You’re as pretty as you were when you first went to college. What brought that on anyway?”

“Well, Marsha’s doing some modeling, and she’s been quite successful on the runway with the local competition. She wants me to meet up with her agent, but I worry. It’s been so long since I modeled in college. I worry about being turned down on top of all this other shit I’ve been through.”

“Nobody’s going to turn my baby down, so if you want to try out, you march right down there and audition for the job.”

“Mom, you’re always so full of hope and determination. I hope some rubs off on me cause I’m going to march right down there with Marsha and try out.”

“That’s the spirit,” Karen said.

Selena was back in her private office, involved in a threesome with Bart and Edward. After their sexual appetites were filled, they left the back office and went their separate ways. Edward stopped at one of the local bars, not more than a few blocks from the office building, where he continued drinking until he was pretty much smashed. One of the

patrons recognized him as one of the top employees in the shipping building that built ocean liners and inquired about a catfight that he had heard about. Edward was so smashed, he started spilling his guts. He even told the man how he was just waiting to have sex with Selena before the fight started. His slip of the tongue would come back to bite him in the ass because the patron was familiar with a few employees who work there.

The news spread quickly and eventually found its way back to Selena, and Selena kept her promise and immediately sent pictures of Edward and her in a sexual act, just like she had said she would in her threat. His wife saw the sexually explicit video of Edward undressing and wrestling around with Selena as she nestled his head tightly between her legs while she hollered, "Eat me! Eat me, Ed!"

When he got home, the divorce papers were already on the table, just like she had promised him if ever she caught him cheating on her, and there he was, with his head between Selena's legs. After coming home and seeing the papers, Edward lost it, knowing his wife was more than sincere about leaving and taking the girls, the only real reason he had left for living because his wife's love had long since turned stale. She was a cold, unemotional type of woman who kept every promise she had ever made, so Edward knew it was a wrap.

He quickly sobered up and headed down to the building, but security had already been told not to let him in. Selena had already had Randol fire him for drinking on the job, a trumped-up charge Selena invented to keep him out of the building. He was screaming and crying. He was a mess as he tugged at the glass doors, to no avail. He left a broken man. The things that meant the most to him were now being taken away. His girls were the only reason for his existence. His wife had long since grown cold, even though he was a good provider and a caring husband.

Edward sat in an empty house now without the sound of his two daughters playing, asking his opinion on different

subjects, and telling jokes. He couldn't cope any longer with his loss. Slowly, he entered the bedroom, reached into the cabinet where he kept his gun, placed it to his right temple, and blew his head off. Needless to say, he was quickly replaced with an even younger accountant and more to Selena's liking, and in a few weeks, she explained to him the same rules that she had explained to Edward and the rest of the men and what would happen if he screwed up. Bart and Henry talked in private about the power she had over their lives with the incriminating information that could ruin their lives and families if ever released, but they decided to fall back and continue to play by her rules. As long as they kept their mouths shut, there would be no problems.

Suddenly, she opened the door to Bart's office to introduce the new accountant for the company. His name was Todd, Todd Davis, a fairly tall man with brown hair and brown eyes with a goatee that was neatly trimmed. He seemed to be a pretty straight guy and took his work seriously, but it wasn't long before Selena had him jumping through her hoop. It was quite hard to resist her curvy, sexy body, not to mention her beautiful, flawless face, and she loved the power she possessed over men and the money they gave up so freely.

Selena wasn't like the rest of the whores. Most of them were fucking for free. As a matter of fact, every male who worked with a female was having an affair with her or some other female who worked in the building, but only Bart and Henry knew why Edward hadn't been allowed in the building on that day and why he had looked a mess as well. With his spirit broken, he just wanted Selena to see how devastated she had made him and to witness his pain as he repeated over and over, "My babies are gone. How do I live now? How do I live without them?" Two weeks later, he was dead.

Eliz came out of her shell and decided to give modeling a shot. She called Marsha, and Marsha set up an interview with agent Ross Devally. She was to bring her portfolio and also be prepared to wear a couple of outfits so they could best

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determine what style of clothing she could model the best. Marsha saw Eliz standing in the audition area and stampeded her off to the photographer for her photoshoot. She knew the quicker she circulated her photos, the sooner everyone could get a look at her and see how beautiful she was.

Ross finally entered the photo room, wearing tight clothing, which seemed to be a trait of his. He was rather thin and had black hair, and he kept his index finger pressed against his lips and occasionally would go, “Hmmm.” It kind of made you nervous when you knew it was your photos he was looking at. He was now observing Eliz’s figure with his finger pressed tightly against his lips as he ordered a worker to pull out a few outfits that should fit her streamlined body, so tall and curvy.

Then Eliz slipped into one of the outfits, wondering if the outfit was for her. She finished and entered his office and was instructed to walk across the room. So, she circled the room a few times. Then finally, she had another photoshoot, this time with this huge fan blowing her hair about as the cameraman clicked away, taking photos of Eliz’s hair blowing in various directions. He directed her with his hand on how to position her body and her head so all her beautiful attributes could be captured on film.

Finally, the photoshoot was over, and Marsha waited patiently in the outer office. For the first time since all this had been going on and since Eliz had been under his watchful eye, Ross removed his finger from his lips. Eliz tried to analyze his thoughts because Mr. Ross didn’t say too much.

He then said, “Give me a week.”

She thanked him for his time and the interview. Then she returned to the waiting room, where Marsha sat waiting for her to finish. They left and were walking down the hall when Eliz asked Marsha how she thought the interview had gone.

“Hey, Eliz, if he was fussy and stomped his feet a lot, you probably didn’t make it, and if he wiggled his finger frequently, there might be, I say, a problem.”

“He never moved it until we were finished!” Eliz exclaimed nervously.

“Relax, girl,” Marsha said, giving Eliz their hand signal that everything was all right. “I’m sure you’ll be hearing from him. Your strawberry blonde hair goes good with the colors he’s modeling. Besides, he needs another pretty face to model his clothes besides mine.”

They both laughed out loud as they left through the studio doors.

Two weeks later, Marsha received a nice bonus in the mail and was informed to bring Eliz in. He wanted her to wear some of his hottest clothing for the fall season. Marsha called Eliz and informed her about his plans to have her wearing some of his hottest clothing. Eliz was elated and swished her mother off her feet while she was frying chicken, still holding the cooking utensil. Her father walked in to see what all the commotion was about, and she ran over and gave him a big kiss on the cheek.

“Hey, what gives?”

“I just landed that modeling job, and I’ll be modeling some of the hottest new clothing coming out for the fall season.”

“This calls for a little celebration.” Her father waltzed over to the liquor cabinet and returned with a bottle of champagne. He then scooped up three glasses and gave Eliz a toast to her success.

Eliz took to the modeling industry quickly and became an almost overnight success, traveling to Europe to model in France, England, and Italy. Later, she was sought after by all the major magazine companies for pictures and interviews—Esquire, People, Vogue, and Glamour. Then suddenly, she was revealing parts of her personal life on CNN and told them about her messy divorce, which was still being worked out, and how her husband had tried to drive her crazy by drugging her, and the world poured their hearts out on her behalf.

When Paul got wind of the outcry from the public, he decided the only thing Randol could do was try to change his



image by doing fundraisers and charity work in the local neighborhood. He had to somehow show society that he was a changed man and not the monster portrayed in Eliz's interview on CNN. At least the exposure would soften the blow as people would be shown a different side of Randol, a "side" that would ultimately change things around because what Randol had done affected the company's integrity, and business partners were starting to look at other places to do business.

As the fall season was drawn in and the leaves started to change from green to flannel orange and rusty red, Eliz raced away from her past and into a whole new world of expectations, a world where she could pick and choose her destiny. Her self-esteem soared as she grew to stardom in the modeling world. She returned to Missouri and was glad to see Louis again after being away for several months. They got caught up on everything they had missed out on in the months she was in Europe. Louis had busied himself with some new formulas for calculating time travel in space that would shorten the time needed to travel to the moon. She'd leave again and would be in South America but would be back in the States for Christmas after the fall season wound down and would be off until spring. She'd have plenty of time to spend with Louis and see her parents.

Her divorce papers would be completed in December at her attorney's office, and Randol and his attorney would be there to agree on all the terms of the divorce. Randol had twice tried to reconcile, but Eliz had grown strong over the past year and didn't succumb to his pleading sympathy for all the pain and humiliation he had put her through. While traveling through Europe, she had met many male suitors, some female suitors too, but she was not about to be handed to every Tom, Dick, and Mary just to appease people's appetite for gossip. Her integrity came first now in her life. She also planned to spend a week or two with Carl (Ryan) while she was in Tennessee. She had missed him immensely.

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Selena was up to her same old bag of tricks. She had the poor guy Todd wrapped around her finger, and she had Henry gone so bad, he was paying extra for the dildo thing she did to him. She was whipping his ass so hard, his wife sometimes wondered where the welts were coming from. Mrs. Hoppergrass was still doing her thing with the Parker boy on Saturdays. Despite their age difference, Ms. Hoppergrass was still a handful for the youngster. All the new secretaries were seeking out sex partners, roaming through the hallways in search of available male partners for parties and sex. The company had a reputation for its promiscuous behavior among its employees.

Randol and Selena were still having sex in his office despite the camera Selena had found in her office. Now anyone entering the building had to have work orders before security would let them through the doors. They couldn't afford another slipup like that ever again, but Selena's efforts to get Randol to get engaged were still questionable because he was not feeling it right now, realizing that he was still very much in love with Eliz.

He saw her pictures in the Glamour magazine, and they drove him crazy. The fact that he had let her get away from him because of Selena's seduction was what had ruined their marriage. He couldn't resist Selena's sexy shaven pussy, and what she could do with it was too much for him. Now it was too late to reconcile their marriage. Selena had broken the yoke that had once held them together. She had pussy-whipped Randol until he couldn't think straight, and with Eliz out of the way, she'd be much closer to accomplishing her goal, which was to become Randol's wife.

The cruise ship was finally completed. The fifty-million-dollar ship was one of a kind, built and designed for a Greek billionaire tycoon. Randol and Selena traveled down to Miami for the ship's christening. After the historical event, Randol received a large amount of money, but it was put in escrow so Eliz couldn't challenge its worth during the divorce

procedures, only what was already agreed on before his windfall, which came after the ship's completion. He now purchased Selena a fourteen-carat engagement ring.

When she returned to Tennessee, she had a meeting with some of the secretaries to seek out who would best benefit from her leaving the men and placing someone else to handle her sexual escapades. The lucky secretary would stand to make a lot of money. She showed them the fourteen-carat engagement ring and explained to the girls that it was too risky now for her to keep fooling around with the other men in the building for fear it would leak out and ruin her relationship with Randol.

She finally picked a new girl who had just started six weeks ago, a stunning brunette with shoulder-length curly hair and very sexy blue eyes that seemed to look straight through you. She now called for a meeting with the men in her office and then invited Belinda into her office. She entered the office, and the men all but fainted as they adored her very sensual, attractive body. Then Selena introduced them to her, and they all agreed on the same terms Selena had already put in place. All they had to do was to change account numbers so the money could be deposited into her account. She still had to teach Belinda how to use the dildo on Henry. She probably knew how on herself but never on anyone else, let alone a male. Feeling comfortable now with the fellows taken care of, Selena extended her spending range on Randol's credit cards now that she had the ring and visited the malls quite frequently, now buying very lavish clothing and jewelry.

Randol, now more than ever, regretted losing the once-beautiful relationship he used to cherish with Elizabeth. Paul heard rumors of the engagement and realized at some point now, Selena might enter the family. His biggest concern was could she keep her big mouth shut about all his affairs with her? Things could get pretty ugly if word got out about them. He called Selena to warn her, if she was serious about his son, to forget about their promiscuous relationship and swear her

to secrecy but realizing that over the years, something may leak out.

She presumed it might be feasible to have Paul taken care of altogether, giving her the opportunity to exploit the company's empire without Paul to worry about. No way was she going to have her relationship with Randol ruined by silly gossip. What Paul should have been worried about was the fact that Selena didn't plan on him being around much longer. She wanted, while she was still young, to control the millions upon millions that the company was worth. She knew there wouldn't be much of a problem manipulating Randol. Once Paul was out of the way, she could pretty much run the company by herself. Paul was still in his early fifties and still had too many propitious years left. Selena chose not to restrain herself that long before she could call the shots. She wanted to demonstrate to the world that a woman could be in charge of a major company such as Paul's and do the firing and hiring and put more women in prestigious positions.

Ryan still wrestled with Eliz's overnight stardom and the fact that he was very much in love with her. How could he explain his spying on her and the fact that Carl was not his real name in almost four months of knowing her and making love to her? He felt somewhat naive of the fact that he had let himself fall in love with someone he was supposed to be investigating. The stress of it all was depressing him to the point where he only stayed in his hotel room, contemplating the consequences of a catastrophe of his own creation by not being truthful in the first place.

Without warning, his cell phone rang. He recognized the number. It was Eliz. "Hi, Eliz. How are you doing?"

"You sound a little under the weather, Carl. Are you okay? I'm use to that upbeat sound in your voice."

"I've been somewhat bored, I guess," Ryan said.

"Listen, Carl. I'm back in the States. We're off for vacation. I'll be in touch with you soon.

Thought about you all the while I was in Europe," Eliz

explained.

“I’ve been thinking of you too. With all your fame now, you may put me on a shelf.”

“Oh no, I’m not like that, Carl. You won’t have to worry about that. I’m not going to let money or fame change me. Besides, you’re the best lover I’ve ever had. Why look anywhere else?”

“You’re making me blush right now, Eliz,” Ryan said, “but, Eliz, I want to be straightforward with you. I’m not who—”

“Wait a minute, Carl. My phone is going dead. Oh, my battery is too low to pick up. I’ll call you back later.” Her cell phone died. Eliz had simply forgotten to charge her cell phone in her hurry to get off the plane.

Ryan, now left in a stupor, wondered if he’d ever muster up enough nerve to tell Eliz the truth about his identity and the fact that he had been investigating her. Would she ever understand after what her husband had put her through? Ryan felt just as conniving as Randol, being deceitful to Eliz, who was now famous and still appropriated a special place for him in her heart. Ryan paces in solace in his room, sipping on his beer as his was preoccupied with plausible excuses for what he’d done in hopes that he could justify his spying. It sounded stupid, but what else could he do except keep living a lie?

We could only guess that the river rats and catfish had eventually eaten through the duct tape, enough for the lead weights to fall off, and Stanley’s body was freed from the lead weights that held it deep in the bottom of the river’s murky waters for over eight months. What was left of him slowly emerged to the surface. Some kids playing skip rocks down at the river’s edge witnessed the head of his body pop up out of the water, badly decomposed, and it scared the shit out of them. They ran screaming all the way back to town and straight to the police station.

A team of river officers were summoned down to the river, retrieved the body as it floated down the Missouri River, and delivered it to the coroner’s office. He eventually identified the

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body through his dental chart, and it came back that it was, in fact, the body of Stanley Hoffman, who had been shot once in the back of his head, execution style, at close range. Sometimes things could get pretty nasty in the business he had been in. Detectives quickly checked to see who his last client was, and they found out that Marsha was one of his last clients. They contacted her and set up an interview, and what she told them brought the FBI in on the case since he was working out of the State of Missouri. She explained to the FBI that Stanley was working on a case and had installed cameras to get info on a cheating husband and, in fact, did an extraordinary job of catching a cheating husband at work with his secretary.

The FBI paid Randol a visit and scared all but the shit out of him. Murder wasn't in him, as grimy as he could sometimes be, so they questioned Selena, who was more deceptive in her manner of answering certain questions but relentlessly stuck to her story. Why shouldn't she? She had done nothing wrong with her meddling with the cameras. She could care less. All she would be guilty of was having sex with her boss. Secretaries did this every day all over the world. Why should whatever be on the cameras bother her? She had a good argument there, so the FBI left with a stern warning that they may be back.

The warning made Selena paranoid. She now felt the need to beef up security in the building. She didn't want the FBI snooping around, questioning the employees in the building. She needed someone whom she could trust who would let her know when they were in the building. She grappled for a solution to her problem and realized she had to find someone she could absolutely trust—and Ryan might just be the right man for the job. He had the experience and could recognize when someone didn't belong in the building. She promptly called Ryan's number and asked him if he would be interested. The pay would be substantial enough to stave off his everyday struggle with bills, and he could still be available for his private eye work. Finding study work was sometimes hard, so Ryan

immediately accepted the offer.

“Okay, now that we have that all straightened out, can you come in tomorrow about 8:00 a.m.? We can discuss the security terms of your contract. Then I’ll introduce you to the staff who’ll be working for you.”

“Sounds good, Selena. I’ll be there with bells on.”

With that, they both disconnected their cell phones. Ryan had known Selena since their junior college years and pretty much knew how she thought, so he tried to conceive in his mind what she might be up to. Her sudden concern for the building made him a little skeptical of her reason for hiring him, and why was she paying him so much money?

The sun’s rays flickered through the blinds, bouncing back and forth across Ryan’s face, and soon, he was awake. Then he looked at his clock and jumped up out of bed, realizing he had to get ready for the interview with Selena and the other employees who were going to be working under him. So, he showered, shaved, picked out a suit and tie, and grabbed a cup of coffee on the way, with plenty of time to get to the meeting with Selena, who was summoned by Ms. Hoppergrass at the front desk. Selena soon arrived and, using her right hand, waved Ryan to hurry and come on while the elevator was still available. Ryan trotted on over to the elevator, and they both were inside.

Selena spoke and said, “Hi.”

Ryan said, “Likewise to you. You’re such a beautiful woman.” “Oh, I just love the sound of your voice.”

Ryan smiled from her compliment, anxious to get on with whatever the terms of the contract would all curtail. They exited the elevator on the second floor and trotted down the hall to her office, where Todd, Bart, and Henry were waiting with Belinda to meet the new head of security so they could all be acquainted with him when they would see him in the building. Once in her office, she introduced them, and they all shook hands.

Then Selena wasted no time in explaining that tighter

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security was needed and that Ryan came highly recommended by a very reliable source. Belinda's raging beauty had already gotten Ryan's attention. She was very beautiful, holding her head with her left hand underneath her chin so that her eyes would stare right into his without ever blinking at all. The sound of Ryan's deep baritone voice aroused her. What a manly sound! So deep that it moves your skin to fill up with goosebumps.

They were all very eager to show Ryan around and appreciated the extra security. After discussing the terms of their agreement, Selena handed Ryan a 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. schedule, with weekends off, and five thousand a month was the pay. Ryan was very pleased at the terms of the contract, and they shook hands.

Then Selena said, "That voice of yours is going to get you in trouble someday." She smiled and quickly trotted off, swaying her hips from side to side.

It was Friday, and Ryan had the weekend off before he had to show up for work. He was only working on a couple of cases and could very easily take care of them after he got off work. He then thought about Belinda. What a voluptuous woman she was—and those eyes were like magnets pulling you in against your will.

Both attorneys agreed to meet at Eliz's attorney's office for the completion of the divorce papers. Eliz was early and ready to sign on the agreed terms of the divorce, but Randol had to be present, as agreed on by both attorneys. However, Randol had the dates mixed up and just happened to be at a fundraiser. His attorney tried to reach him. He didn't want Randol to be late to sign and forfeit the terms of the divorce so Eliz could have the option to take him to court, where the consequences could be quite different. He could be looking at jail time and may have to pay out a much heftier amount of money.

Finally, Randol picked up the phone, and his attorney quickly explained the urgency of his presence there today and on time. His freedom was riding on this one, and Eliz was



calling the shots. Realizing his mix-up, Randol abruptly excused himself, jumped into his Lamborghini, and headed toward the parkway. Driving conditions on the parkway weren't the best because a freezing rain the night before had left patches of ice here and there on the parkway, but the fear of doing jail time prompted him to drive over the speed limit. Perspiration was rolling down his face despite the freezing temperature, which gave proof to how scared he really was. His fingers searched for one another as he turned the steering wheel from side to side, trying to comfort himself at the high rate of speed he was traveling, but the thought of Eliz taking him to court made him brave the parkway.

Rounding curves at a dangerous rate of speed, he slid on a patch of ice but recovered from the torturous jerks and leveled the big car back out. With the pedal to the metal, it wasn't long before he hit a patch of ice again, right where a sign said Slippery When Wet, but now stretches of ice had formed because of the freezing rain. The vehicle bounced, but he had managed to straighten it out and zoom off again.

Randol continued to move farther and farther down the parkway, rounding a curve. He hit a large icy area and hydroplaned off the road and into a big semi, catching the left front fender on his driver's side. His Lamborghini sped off to the right, flipping over twice before it came to a stop, standing up on all four flat tires. Randol was slouched over the steering wheel with the airbag inflated, the hood knocked off, and the engine smoking.

Passersby pulled off on the burn of the parkway to see if they could be of any assistance. The driver's side door was hopelessly crushed, but the passenger side was only jammed, and a trucker driving a maintenance truck pulled over with enough tools to break the door free. Randol was dragged out of the vehicle just before it went up in flames. It wasn't long before an ambulance arrived and strapped him onto a gurney. They placed a neck collar around his neck and then proceeded to position him into the ambulance as they sped away and

headed toward Memphis Memorial Hospital.

At the ER, a team of surgeons spontaneously started to work on Randol, searching for internal bleeding and broken bones. After they had reattached his left kidney and reset his broken left arm, his vitals were soon stabilized with 10 cc of a morphine drip. Randol was in a coma, the outcome of which the doctors couldn't predict, but they ordered a series of skull X-rays. Eliz and Selena both arrived at the hospital, only minutes apart, and waited patiently for a prognosis. The admissions nurse knew who was who now and signaled for the doctor to address Eliz first. The doctor then approached her, reached out his hand in a very courteous manner, and held on to her hand very gently as he demonstrated how they had reattached the kidney, stopped the internal bleeding, and reset his broken left arm.

"He's somewhat swollen and needs plenty of rest now. However, he's still in a coma, and as of now, there's no way of predicting how long it may last. They will review the skull and cervical X-rays to search for clues. If you wish, you may look in—but only for a few minutes, please."

As Eliz entered the room, the doctor made the same speech to Selena, who was waiting now in the hallway. After twenty minutes, Eliz left, never looking in Selena's direction as she exited the room and left the hospital. She felt a slight bit of guilt because she had been pissed that he was running late and now learned that it was his speeding that had ultimately caused the accident. She decides to put the divorce on hold, so when she returned to her attorney's office, she apologized for her decision but didn't feel like it was fair to him in the state he was in.

"Why, he can't defend himself in a coma."

They both agreed and postponed the process until further progress was made concerning Randol's health. Selena, catching wind of this, was furious. She had anticipated the divorce to be settled so she could proceed with her plans to marry Randol so she could exploit the many millions the

company was worth.

Belinda's casual flirting had started to get Ryan's attention. Soon, he found himself wildly engulfed in her love magnetism, so they started dating on the down low, reserving hotel rooms far outside the city's limit, having a very ravenous relationship that would last the whole weekend. Belinda filled that empty void since Eliz had been on the road, modeling and handling her divorce over the last few months. Satisfied with his new relationship, he decided to write Eliz a letter explaining his deceit and the anguish he had hidden much too long and couldn't live with any longer.

"Dear Eliz,

I have deceived you too long, more than I care to mention. I was hired as a private investigator to spy into your personal life, but once I saw you, I fell head over heels in love with you. You see, my real name is Ryan, not Carl Rusten.

No more of this charade. I love you too much. My physical and mental health has suffered immensely. You have the right to hate me, and I would understand. I know it was wrong, but I couldn't let you go. Your love dominated me. It melted me down like putty every time you came near me. If I never hear from you again, I would understand.

Love and kisses forever, Ryan."

Upon seeing this shocking revelation, Eliz responded with a letter of her own.

"Dear Ryan,

I didn't care what your name was or what your occupation was. It didn't matter. See, I fell in love with your voice and had already made up my mind to have you. Men seem to always feel like they're taking advantage of women. Sometimes, Ryan, it's the other way around. You were a very handsome man with a voice that stirred my body into a frenzy. I had to have you inside of me, so everything is okay.

Love you and stay in touch, Elizzy."

Ryan was on his way to work. He had grabbed some toast from the toaster and poured hot coffee into his favorite cup.

On his way to peek into the mailbox, he spied the letter Eliz had sent him in response to the letter he had written her. He folded the letter and then stuffed the letter in his right-hand pants pocket. He finished his breakfast, rushed off to his Ford Taurus, and took off for work. Arriving a little early, he parked his Ford Taurus in the spot reserved for security only. He exited his vehicle and headed toward the double glass doors, now remembering the letter from Eliz. He broke the seal as he walked through the doors, expecting the worse, and prepared himself for a broken heart, but he was quite surprised as he scrolled down the letter. Upon finishing the letter and approaching the elevator, he was elated and very pleased at what he had read.

The elevator doors opened, and there stood Belinda, all alone on the elevator. He grabbed her, stepped back into the elevator, and pushed the ninth floor button.

She finally responded by hugging him around the neck and saying, "Yes, I can see you tonight.

Now I must return to the third floor. I'll be waiting for you later, honey."

Ryan stepped back off the elevator and just raised his hands with open palms and with the biggest, silliest smile you would ever want to see.

Eliz had been spending more time with Louis. They were on vacation down in Mexico. On the beach, they relaxed and sipped on margaritas. Two weeks of relaxation had cleared her mind of all the stress, even Randol's freak accident with the semi.

Selena wanted to jump the gun. She really wanted Randol to recover so their engagement could be finalized. Selena was after the money. Her enthusiasm would cause consequences she would later regret ...

Eliz was now enjoying Mexican culture and food as they wound down with two months of fun in Mexico City before returning to her mother's to ride and groom the horses. Louis was also taking an interest. They were both thinking about

joining her mother and expanding the herd.

Almost a year went by, and Eliz went to South America, going against some very tough competition. Latin American girls are very tall and well trained. Her job was to fashion clothes produced by American designers to create a market in South Americans for American clothing that was in style in America. For the South American girls, it was simple: just keep their fashion in South America. It was all in good faith. After the shows, all the models would mix and mingle and exchange beauty secrets and clothing designs.

Back in the States, after almost a year of traveling, Eliz took time out to visit Randol at Memphis Memorial Hospital. She entered the room and approached his bed. She spoke to him as she always did when she visited, and after several visits, a tear ran down his face, something she had never noticed before. So instinctively, she grabbed his right hand, and to her surprise, she felt Randol squeeze her hand—mildly, but nonetheless, he squeezed. Eliz reported this to the nurse and the nurse to his doctor, and the doctor wished she could keep coming back for a few more weeks. She agreed and got a room in a nearby hotel and then called Ryan to let him know she'd be in town for another month or so.

Ryan was elated and promptly made arrangements to meet with her. He met her at her hotel room, where they focused on shameless sex, arousing multiple orgasms. The bond was genuine, the love was real, and she simply loved his Polo Blue cologne.

Selena didn't care for Eliz showing up at the hospital, but she tolerated her presence simply because Eliz was the only one who was getting a response out of Randol; even if it was just the flexing grip of his hand, it was better than nothing. She continued for another few weeks, taking time off from her modeling job.

One day Randol opened his eyes. She screamed for the nurse, who ran in and also witnessed his awakening, and for the first time in over a year, Randol spoke.

He said, "Where am I?"

The nurse quickly notified the physicians, who, without hesitation, came running into the room to witness the moment they had been waiting for over a year. They quietly stepped closer and asked Randol his name.

Randol looked puzzled and then said, "I think it's Randol."

"Correct. You are indeed Randol." Then pointing over at Eliz, they asked, "Do you recognize this young lady?"

Randol responded, "No, but she's so pretty, I thought she was an angel and I was in heaven."

Eliz was overwhelmed that her former husband was now seeing her as a beautiful angel, not remembering what he had put her through, but still was glad to see Randol back among the living.

It wasn't long before Selena got wind of his recovery and came zooming down to the hospital.

She burst into the room and rushed over to Randol's bed. "Oh, honey, you're back with us." Randol looked puzzled and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm your fiancée. We're engaged. Don't you remember?" The doctor intervened and cautioned, "Not too much too soon. It'll only exhaust him and make him frustrated." The doctor then suggested that just some plain conversation would ultimately lead him to thinking on his own to establish who he was and hopefully help him recognize other people who were in his life.

Eliz found it funny as Selena kept flashing her engagement ring in Randol's face. She then excused herself and left the room. Randol's eyes followed her as she left the room. She now headed back to the hotel to share the good news with Ryan.

As the months rolled by, Randol's memory improved. He could now recognize his father and what his duties were with his father's company. He was now learning how to walk again and went for long walks with his rehabilitation team, and Selena busied herself around him like a mother hen trying to

hatch an egg. She constantly brought up past events, trying to stir up his memory of the past sexual rendezvous they used to have in his office.

Eliz's attorney, now with the help of a physician, could explain why Eliz was concerned about carrying on with the divorce with Randol in a coma. Comprehending this information, they decided it best to wait until they knew the outcome of Randol's coma, which had dragged on for over a year. Now that he had come out of the coma, it was time to complete the divorce proceedings of the irreconcilable marriage so she could move on with her life. The day finally came, and Randol stubbornly signed the divorce papers. There was something about Eliz that he felt like he was losing out on. His subconscious questioned his intentions, but with the papers completed and the attorneys agreeing to the terms of the documents and that all was said and done, he had to sign.

Eliz returned home to Missouri, where she now resided with her parents. The following days, she spent with Marsha on her cattle farm, watching the cattle grazing back and forth through the pasture. One evening they had a barbecue cookout, with Titus cooking the ribs, hamburgers, and hot dogs for the kids. Friends and family members soon arrived, and the party was underway with dancing and singing well into the night. After a night of fun and enjoyment, Eliz realized it was late and time for her to head home, so she said goodbye to both Marsha and Titus and headed home.

Selena pursued her scheme in engaging Randol into sex as often as she could, sometimes as much as three times a day. Randol was soon back to his old self as Selena maneuvered him closer to marriage. With the divorce completed, she was at liberty to be seen with Randol anywhere in public now that he was a free man again, but with his servitude to Selena, his freedom would be short-lived.

She was very persistent and conniving, and she'd stop at nothing until a wedding ring was on her finger. Weaving a web, she wound him closer into her clutches, manipulating him to

do practically anything she asked. Benevolence wasn't one of her virtues. Hers was to conquer and move on. Once they were married, she would stand to inherit millions. She'd then have everything she had ever wanted. Listening to what her mother had taught her at a young age had paid off. She felt no remorse in taking advantage of a man, feeling no guilt whatsoever.

Eliz and Marsha were scheduled by their agent to prepare for a modeling show in Paris. Once in Paris, they'd be escorted to the famous Gallardo Tower, where the most famous supermodels strutted their stuff. Eliz would start off by wearing an embroidered tulle dress and then later wearing a lace appliqué mermaid gown, ending her run with a silk bird-print A-line dress. Marsha would step up on the runway next, wearing a chiffon halter with a lacquer collar, followed by a floral embroidered lace outfit, finishing up with a beaded gown. The show received rave reviews, and their agent, Ross Devally, was very pleased with the turnout.

Once again, Eliz and Marsha received worldwide attention for their style of clothing and their stylish swagger, which had caught the eye of the audience. Now casually exploring the city of Paris's immense beauty, they visited the Eiffel Tower and many more famous structures and restaurants, where the vintage wines were incredibly delicious and the food just as enjoyable. Finally, they wrapped it up and headed back to the States.

Louis was waiting as the plane arrived, and Eliz, exhausted from the show, fell into his arms. Louis hugged her and planted a big kiss on her lips. Then he transformed his arms into luggage grabbers to scoop up her bags. They then returned to Eliz's mom's house, where they feasted on hot pizza and ice-cold beer, but waiting anxiously, her parents wanted to hear how the modeling show had transpired. Karen and Mike sat at the dining room table like two kids waiting to hear their favorite bedtime story.

So, in her haste to describe to her parents the many



different outfits that she had modeled, she took a large bite of pizza, and the gooey cheese stuck to her bottom lip as she continued to elaborate on all the exciting details of the event. She then boasted about all the TV hosts and celebrities who were at the show. She reached into her small handbag and pulled out some pictures that Marsha had taken while she strutted down the runway. Her parents were very proud to see their little girl obviously looking like a true princess in everything she wore. Eliz continued about the show and all the famous structures they had seen in Paris, the Eiffel Tower being one of her favorites.

Her father then proudly gave her a peck on the cheek and scurried on upstairs. He had to be up early so he could give an estimate of the cost of materials for the construction job. It was important that the company came up with a ballpark figure so the construction wouldn't be hampered early on with money shortages because this would only hold up production, and the company could lose money. Then Karen followed close behind, saying good night to both Eliz and Louis, who were still sitting at the dining room table.

Paul became suspicious of Selena's intentions and came up to Tennessee to divulge what her true intentions were, knowing damn well that she had had a long relationship with him over the years. Was marriage really on her mind, or was it money? Of course, it was money. Should he put a halt to their engagement, or should he have a heart-to-heart talk with her first, clarifying her true intentions, knowing first off that he and she had had sex not even a month ago. Well, as far as he was concerned, there wasn't much to analyze. Randol had to, sooner or later, learn what true love was all about without Selena using sex to keep him in check.

The big jet plane touched down on the runway, landing perfectly, and Paul cautiously descended the portable steps to reach the ground safely, with his chauffeur waiting with the Limo. He got in, and they headed over to the company building so he could confront Selena. When he arrived, he

entered the building, first speaking to Ms. Hoppergrass. She always lit up when Paul showed up, knowing they had once had a sexual relationship that was spontaneous and inexhaustible. Paul, looking like he was on a mission, strutted over to the elevator and pushed the button. The elevator doors sprang open, and he stepped inside, pushing the button for the second floor. The doors closed abruptly, and within a few seconds, he was stepping off the elevator on the second floor. His first stop was Randol's office. Randol said hi, offering his father a drink.

"Not right now, son. I have some business to handle first before I start consuming that shit right now."

"What is it, Dad?"

"It's personal, son." He was keeping the line of questioning he had planned to ask Selena to himself. Then breaking off his conversation with Randol, Paul said, "I'll be back before I leave the building." He closed the door and headed down the hall to Selena's office. He knocked and then entered.

"Hi, Paul. How nice of you to stop by."

"Cut the bull, Selena. I see you're getting real serious with Randol. I find it very interesting that this all happened right after Randol's costly divorce with Elizabeth."

"Paul, I know, but I find Randol to be a very well-mannered and charming person, someone who looks at me as a person, not an obsessive sex toy the way most take me."

This shut Paul down. She had just described the way he had treated her in the past. Paul paused for a few minutes and then came back with "Well, if my memory is still up to par, you couldn't wait to sit on my lap. You were a little hot mess."

"I was a girl in search of a father figure. I'm all grown up now. I fell in love with Randol, and he's in love with me. That's all it takes for two consenting adults to have an honest, loving relationship."

"Hmmm, well, we'll see if it's real. I won't let my son be extorted again. That was a large sum of money he had to fork over to Eliz for only two years of marriage."

“I understand what you’re saying, Paul, but my love for your son is genuine. You can rest assured of that.”

“Well, I’d like to applaud you on your loyalty for my son because he’s the one who stands the chance to inherit everything after I’m gone, and he’s going to need someone who’s going to be sincerely in his corner.”

“Hey, let’s stop with all this theoretical nonsense. Do you want a drink? Because I can use one right about now.”

“Why not?” Paul said.

Selena opened her desk drawer, pulled out a bottle of brandy, and poured two drinks.

Paul drank up, wiping his mouth with his hanky, and blundered out, “Well, if you screw over my son, there will be consequences, young lady.” He waves bye and closed her office door.

Selena didn’t like that at all. She felt threatened by what Paul had just said. She felt justified as she called Edwin. Edwin was her terminator for anyone who got in her way.

His cell phone rang several times before he finally picked up. “Hi, Selena. What’s on your mind?”

“I may have another job for you soon,” Selena said.

“The pleasure will be all mine, Selena. I like the way you pay. You caught me in the middle of something. I was having a threesome when you called,” Edwin said.

“I’ve noticed that about you lately, Edwin. I never knew you were so popular with the girls when we were growing up. Boy, how you have changed into a real ladies’ man! And when you’re on the phone, they’re always so very quiet.”

“I have my bitches trained, Selena.”

“Good. I’ll call you later with further details concerning this matter, and it’ll pay ten times more than the last job. When the time is precisely right, I’ll get in touch.”

“I suspect I’ll be putting someone to sleep.”

“Yes, you’re quite right, Ed, more than likely, and you’ll be paid very handsomely for the job.” Selena then clicked off her cell phone.

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Edwin scurried back to the opposite end of his trailer, where he kept his spiders. He had used his brilliance to breed spiders until their venom was just as strong as a cobra's venomous bite. A full-grown man could be killed in less than a few minutes as the venom shut down the nervous system. He inspected the spiders and counted them. Then he moved on to examine his poison needles. Once they were inserted in the human body and the poison entered the bloodstream, it could stop the heart in less than thirty seconds.

He smiled proudly as he examined his arsenal of deadly weapons, moving on to his lightweight pocket bombs, which could be very easily inserted into someone's pocket without their knowledge and then detonated, taking out someone's whole hip. He continued on now to inspect his knives and guns, rubbing his hands together he had a very devious smirk on his face.

He returned to the front of the trailer to the fridge and popped open a beer, wondering which one of his weapons would be the most appropriate for the job. Normalcy had long left his brain, leaving a very dysfunctional human being who was very insidious and ingenious at killing another human. He experienced a great euphoric sensation from killing opposed to what a humanitarian may feel after helping a person.

Early the next morning, when the air was still cool and the sound of the birds chirping was music in the air, Eliz and Louis saddled up Romance and Jingles and headed down the trail. They enjoyed the freshness of the morning air as they approached a small cozy cabin built in the woods by her father some years ago. It wasn't long before they were in front of the cabin and tying the horses up to a post outside. Eliz entered the cabin first. It was beautiful, with hard-grained cherrywood floors and soft velvet furniture, with one single bedroom with a king-size bed.

They, without any verbalizing, started disrobing and then sank into the comforts of the warmth of the soft mattress, caressing each other until they were fast making love,

intertwining legs and arms. With Louis deep inside her honeycomb, Eliz moaned for more of what seemed to be very therapeutic sex, alleviating tons of stress from traveling all over Paris and other countries in Europe the last couple of months. Louis slowly slid down between her legs, methodically teasing her clitoris with his tongue. She arched her back, welcoming the satisfying pleasure of his tongue as he caressed her nipples until they were firm and erect, finally having an exorbitant orgasm that caused her to moan very deeply, alleviating the pleasures of ecstasy beyond her control. Thoroughly exhausted, they both collapsed in the huge Victorian bed.

They relaxed and rested comfortably for about an hour before saddling up and returned home, where Karen had prepared a tasty breakfast for them. They enjoyed country ham and scrambled eggs with toast and jam and hot coffee. Mike and Louis did the dishes, while Eliz and her mother relaxed on the front porch swing.

Back in Tennessee, Belinda and Ryan were becoming more devoted to each other. She was starting to feel a little guilty about her affairs on the side with the other guys. She was not like Selena, where money was her only reason for dealing with the men. She needed to be honest with Ryan. She didn't want to lose his trust. She called Selena to inform her about her decision to stop seeing the guys so she could find someone else to accommodate the three men. Selena finally answered her cell phone.

"Hi, Selena. This is Belinda. I want to stop seeing the men. I called to give you time to replace me," Belinda said.

"What do you mean replace you?"

"Well, Ryan and I have been seeing each other over the past few months, and I'm very much in love with him," Belinda said.

"I hired him for security, and now you've taken his mind off his work. Besides, I have plans for his fine black ass. I didn't know you were going to snatch him up."

“I didn’t snatch him up. It just happened. We clicked.”

“Well, you better unclick, honey, because I’ve had plans for him for a long time,” Selena said. “But you’re with Randol.”

“So what? I take what I want. Having Randol doesn’t stop me, honey.” “I can’t believe you are saying this to me,” said Belinda.

“Well, listen and hear me well. You can have him after I’m done with him, and don’t make waves, or I’ll fire your sweet ass so fast, you’ll leave your shoes behind. Besides, those three guys should be enough for you. What makes you think you can have every man in the building?”

“Selena, I’m in love with Ryan. I didn’t plan it. It just happened.”

“Well, put it on hold, girly. He’s mine first. I want to hear that voice of his while he’s deep between these legs, moaning in my ear how good it is.”

Belinda began to cry.

“Please, girl. I’m not going to abuse him too much. I’ll give him too much. I’ll give him back to you in one piece. I can’t believe you’re crying.” Selena hung up.

Frustrated with Selena’s plans to have sex with Ryan, Belinda gave him a call to divulge Selena’s plan.

Ryan felt apprehensive that Selena could speak so arrogantly to the women he loved. “I’ll discuss this with her, honey, and let her know there’s nothing going on between me and her,” said Ryan.

“No, no, Ryan. Just give her what she wants. I’ll understand. It’s not the real thing. She threatened to fire me if I got in the way of her plans.”

“Why, that detestable bitch ... She’ll probably fire me as well.”

“Go ahead, Ryan, and get it over with so we can move on with our lives. Give the desperate bitch what she so desires. She wants to fuck you so she can hear your voice. That’s what she told me,” Belinda quipped.

“Well, I don’t care. I didn’t sign on to be her whore.”

“Ryan, it’s okay. We both can’t stand to lose our jobs.” “It doesn’t make any sense.”

“Just do it.”

What Belinda had said obviously made sense. Selena would fire the both of them just for her own satisfaction.

“Okay. I have to figure out a way to reason with her morbid mind. I’ll call you later, baby. I have to sit down to process this bitch’s intentions so I see what’s truly on her mind. I need a drink. I’ll call you back later, honey, hopefully with some sort of solution.”

Ryan hung up and, almost like a zombie, shuffled over to his mantel and reached for the bottle of Scotch that had sat there for months. For the first time in a while, he poured himself a stiff drink. After about the third drink, he reached for his cell phone on the end of his coffee table and pushed Selena’s contact number.

“What is it, Ryan?”

“Ah, Selena, Belinda called me. She was very upset with what you said to her. We’re very much in love with each other and considering living together,” Ryan said.

“Ryan, I’m your boss, right? When I first started here, I had a boss, and every chance he got, I had to have sex with him whenever he wanted it. I had to suck his dick three times a day if he wanted me to. Now just because I’m a woman doesn’t mean the rules don’t apply for me. I demand the same privileges that a man has. Women have come a long way, baby. I’ll keep it out of her face, but next Saturday, I want you to be in my office. I know we’re closed, but the side door will be open. I think you knew I wanted you anyway. What woman could resist that voice and your hot-ass body? I’ll see you Saturday, one o’clock. My door will be open. Also, try not to be late. I’ve waited long enough. Bye, Ryan/” Selena abruptly hung up, not giving Ryan a chance to respond.

Ryan stood motionless in the middle of his living room floor. Some of the things she had said were absolutely true. For the most part, bosses did take advantage of their

employees for their own gratification. His knowledge of this was from his own experience as a private investigator. He surmised it might be okay. There wouldn't be anyone in the building on Saturday. Belinda wouldn't have to know he was there. Maybe Belinda was right. After a while, she'd get enough and move on to someone else. Besides, Selena could be very vicious and harass Belinda until she would quit her job if she didn't comply.

For the most part, Selena was very sexy and a very attractive woman in every way. After having sex with her, would he be able to pull away from her unquenchable sexual desires? He reasoned with himself and decided to show up. At this point, why be difficult when you have everything to lose and nothing to gain by avoiding her? Besides, Belinda had a sick mother she was caring for, and all her medications were very costly.

The days came and went, and Saturday finally came. Ryan had his breakfast and then shaved and showered before heading downtown to hook up with Selena. It was a quarter to one when Ryan popped open the side door and nervously entered the building, silently creeping over to the elevator, which sounded much louder when the doors opened than on an ordinary day, when the hallways were full of people moving about. Ryan suspiciously examined the elevator before stepping inside, being conscious of the building's emptiness. Then he pushed the button to the second floor. The elevator doors closed, and then it coasted up to the second floor. The elevator jerked a little and then stopped on the second floor. The doors opened, and Ryan realized how quiet it was as he stepped out and scurried down the hallway toward Selena's office, knocking gently on the office door.

Selena said, "It's open."

Ryan turned the doorknob and was surprised to see Selena standing there with a very sexy Victoria's Secret lingerie bikini set on.

"Come in, Ryan, and close the door. Surely, you've seen a



naked woman before.”

Ryan was mesmerized by her voluptuous body. Her skin was as smooth as silk and had a suntan-ish hue to it. Her eyes had a unique inward slant to them, and her breasts were very firm and erect. She offered Ryan a seat, where she had two margaritas waiting. She strolled to her desk, picked one up, and then handed one to Ryan, who was still feasting his eyes on her gorgeous body as he sipped some of the wine.

After about two margaritas, Ryan started to unwind a little, and Selena reached down and started to unbutton his shirt. Ryan then removed his pants. She then maneuvered him out of his shirt and then ran her hands gently over his well-developed abs. Her sensuous caressing stirred up Ryan’s sexual prowess, and he moaned as his body gave way to her desires. Selena now pulled off Ryan’s boxers and led him by the hand to the back office, where she already had the sofa bed open and ready for the occasion.

Selena motioned for Ryan to join her on the edge of the sofa bed and then pulled out a joint from her bra. She lit it, and as she watched the flame from the lighter slowly begin to burn the joint and knew the joint was lit, she handed it to Ryan. He inhaled the intoxicating smoke, held it, and then let it swirl outward, filling the room with its aroma. Then he passed it to Selena. She inhaled the smoke from the joint and then signaled to Ryan so he could get ready to receive the white smoke from her mouth. Ryan leaned over and placed his mouth over hers and inhaled the smoke.

After the shotgun, Selena pushed her tongue deep into his throat. They both fell back on the sofa bed. After a while, Selena slid down between his legs and performed oral sex that had Ryan moaning with ecstasy from all the experience Selena had acquired over the years, and she got her wish as his baritone voice filled the room. Then crawling up on top of him, she rode him for at least twenty minutes before letting him bend her over and doing it doggie style.

They came at the same time, and Selena shouted, “That

was magnificent!”

Ryan grabbed her close, stuck his tongue into her mouth, pushed her back on the sofa bed, and performed oral sex. Selena could no longer contain herself. The pleasure he gave to her clitoris caused her to have multiple orgasms as she buried her nails deep into his back.

She shouted out loud, “Oh, Ryan! Oh, Ryan! You’re the man!”

After they were finished and dressed themselves, Ryan popped a question. “What if Randol ever found out?”

Selena replies, “The office was a test to see if you would come. The next time we hook up, it’ll be at a small house I can rent from a good friend of mine. She’ll let me rent on the weekends, and by the way, you just got a raise. You were getting five grand. Now it’s six.”

“Wow! Thanks. I appreciate the extra thousand dollars.”

“All you have to do is come when I call you.” Selena winked and said, “You can leave now.”

Ryan came over to her and kissed her on the lips before walking away. Once in his car, he felt relieved. He could have his mind back to analyze the very unusual situation he was in. She was beautiful, and the sex was good, but he felt so much like her whore. He then wondered how it would affect his relationship with Belinda. How was sex going to be when she knew he was having sex with Selena and, to make matters worse, enjoying it very much?

With all this going on, his cell phone rang. He looked at the number, and it was Belinda. “Hello, honey,” Ryan said.

“Well, how did it go?” Belinda asked.

Thinking she was referring to something else, Ryan said, “What?” “Come on now. You and Selena.”

“How did you know I’d seen her?” “Let’s just say a woman’s intuition.”

A befuddled Ryan had to admit that, in fact, he had seen Selena.

“I don’t care to hear any of the particulars. Just clean

yourself up and come over and see me tonight.”

“Yes, honey. Of course, I’ll be there. How’s nine o’clock?”

“That’ll be okay.” Belinda vainly tried to forget the fact that Selena had chosen to sleep with her man. How can she be so selfish when she has Randol, who’s a millionaire?

Eliz made preparations to come to Memphis to attend a stockholders’ meeting. She had acquired a large amount of stock from the divorce. She was accompanied by Louis, and they were engaged. They entered the stockholders’ meeting, held on the fifth floor of the office building. She and Louis entered the room where buyers could exchange, buy, or sell their stock.

Randol noticed her entrance and seized the moment to make small talk. Eliz saw him coming and walked over to Louis and grabbed hold of his hand. Randol then backed away, realizing that conversation wasn’t a very good idea. He faded back into the crowded room. For the first time in his life, he experienced rejection.

Louis felt the nervousness in her grip and looked down at Eliz and gave her a look of encouragement. She felt secure with Louis and wondered what Randol wanted to say to her. After trying to drive her out of her wits, why would he try to approach her now? She had been horrified by the hallucinations and suffered from nightmares and had to be medicated for several months. From all the grief she had experienced from the man who was supposed to be her husband, she no longer felt a connection, even though she had felt concern for him when he was in a coma. Other than that, she wished she had never married him.

Louis, having more knowledge of the stock market, advised Eliz to invest some of her stock in Paul’s new yacht business. Paul had ventured into outboard motorboats and yachts and was fast making a name for himself, autographing the back of the boat with his name. His signature was to illustrate to the boating industry that Paul was no longer confined to just building ocean liners. He branched out into

all types of boats, even water skis. Eliz transferred a large amount of her stock into the newly created yacht business and later would profit nicely from Louis's wise decision.

They concluded their business and caught a return flight back to Missouri, where they purchase two thoroughbred horses, Pepper and Star because of the star shape in the middle of Star's forehead. They could make a pretty penny off the colts once they started selling the ponies.

Selena still secretly met with Ryan at a friend's house in a secluded area on the west side of town. Her affinity for Ryan had only increased as his sexual libido grew equally in proportion to hers. With the affair in full swing, she sometimes neglected Randol's own insatiable sexual desires, and Belinda, spending more time with her sick mother, didn't realize how often Selena was actually seeing Ryan. Ryan became good at downplaying their rendezvous, knowing all too well that it would affect their relationship. Belinda only thought it was an occasional Saturday at the office, not knowing how frequent their meetings had become. Selena's persuasive ways of getting what she wanted and getting more of it was slowly dominating Ryan's senses to the point where he was becoming confused. The malignant obsession with sex had saturated his mind and soul. She had jinxed him with her own gorgeous body.

Selena's dominance continued as she manipulated Randol into agreeing to set a wedding date. She secretly planned to have her wedding on one of the ocean liners while cruising on the Mediterranean Sea. Likewise, Eliz and Louis planned to marry and then have their honeymoon in Rome with the help of her mom and Marsha. They organized a group of bridesmaids and picked out gowns for the wedding. Eliz sent invitations out to all her friends and acquaintances from her college years.

Paul needed Selena to come down to Miami. His head secretary was caught embezzling large sums of money, and he fired her. He needed Selena to come down one week out of the month to balance the books. This allowed Ryan and

Belinda some badly needed time to strengthen their relationship just to get away from Selena's vivacious sexual appetite. Belinda also gave up her meeting with the guys and bought in a replacement for the men. She and Ryan were engaged now and planned on getting married in a year or two.

Eliz was still being treated for anxiety, triggered by her bad experience with the hallucinating drugs. Seemingly, even a small cluster of ants would give her the jitters. It cost Randol a pretty penny for something her doctor called a chronic condition. He had only complicated matters when he drugged her, leading to a messy divorce. The frightening experience had contributed to Eliz's inability to cope with similar situations. She now scrutinized all her modeling contracts and endorsements, making sure everything was true to the letter.

On an ocean liner known for its sleek design and beauty called the Lexus, Selena and Randol took their marriage vows. His father attended, and Bart was his best man. It was a very expensive and beautiful wedding as they cruised closer to the Mediterranean Sea, where they honeymooned for three days. A year later, Eliz and Louis's wedding took place in Italy, in the city of Rome, where they had a wonderful honeymoon, and two years later, Ryan and Belinda got married and honeymooned in Hawaii.

A few years of marriage later, Selena's devious mind was restless. Being so close to her goal was haunting her. Paul was still in the way. She didn't want to be an old hag before she could enjoy the millions the company had stockpiled, and knowing Paul was a tightwad and the fact that he kept her under constant supervision was bothering her immensely. She finally called Edwin to handle Randol's father and offered Edwin a cool one million dollars to do the job. Paul had been negotiating with some big-name yacht companies and planned a big outside convention at Miami Beach. This would be a good time for an ambush.

Edwin chose one of his deadliest spiders and would infiltrate the crowd. When he got close enough, he would

simply drop the spider into Paul's blazer jacket pocket. A chemical substance would immobilize the spider for a few minutes before he would regain consciousness, and the very aggressive spider, at the slightest agitation, would bite, releasing a venomous poison stronger than the bite of a cobra. Edwin approached Paul, ever so slightly bumping into him, dropping the spider into his blazer jacket pocket, and then apologizing and simply walking away, with Paul being none the wiser

