

Chapter Three

Sarah was awakened by a door slamming shut. Sitting up she reached for a robe before cautiously stepping out of her bedroom only to come face to face with her absentee husband.

"Lucas? Wh-what are you doing here?"

He cut her off by pulling her close and passionately kissing her. His tongue invaded her mouth as his hands gripped her ass squeezing hard. Sarah struggled to push him away finally succeeding in breaking their kiss though she lacked the strength to break his embrace completely.

"Lucas, are you drunk?" she asked her nose wrinkling at the obvious smell of alcohol. Her question seemed exceedingly redundant.

"I'm only drunk for you, baby," he answered picking her up.

"Lucas! What are you doing? Put me down."

"I'll put you down all right."

He grunted as they fell onto the bed together. Capturing her mouth again he swallowed her protests, groping her body. He squeezed her breast firmly but not painfully before tugging off her robe in search of her skin.

His forcefulness surprised her as he always treated her coldly but Sarah was lying if she said she never dreamed of him touching her like this: unrestrained and lustful. Her body had never been touched before so every caress seemed to set it on fire.

Lucas mumbled as he kissed down her neck before taking her erect nipple in his mouth. Sarah moaned at the unusual sensation. She squirmed as something seemed to awaken within her drawn out by his touch. Was she going insane?

His hand slipped between her legs fondling her thighs before finding its way to her panties. Pushing them aside his fingers plunged into her. Sarah yelped as he stimulated her from the inside. Pleasure and pain erupted through her as her hips grinded against his invading hand.

"Yeah, you like that," he mumbled. "There's more where that came from..."

Sarah moaned her hips rocking as sweat broke out over her body. She didn't feel like she was in control as her body chased after its release, longing for more. Groaning Lucas pulled his clothes off before stripping her and laying her bare. Her gaze widened at the sight of his engorged rod already leaking its precum. She whimpered at the thought of something so massive inside of her but he didn't give her time to anticipate it.

Mounting her he thrust inside of her driving his swollen member inside passed barriers she didn't know existed. Sarah let out a cry at the sudden penetration but he continued to thrust into her with an aggressive rhythm her body accommodated and gradually the pain faded somewhat. He captured her mouth again invading it with his tongue as his rod invaded her below. Sarah moaned her body quivered as it neared its climax.

"That's right baby. That's what you want, isn't it Maddie?"

"...Wh-what?" Sarah suddenly gasped. "Luke...what did you..."

Her protest became a moan as he drove her to the edge before emptying himself inside her with a satisfied groan. Completely spent he pulled out of her before collapsing across the bed in a drunken stupor.

Sarah lay beside him. Her body quivered as she curled up in fetal position. Did he really call her...Maddie? As in Madeline? Did he really think he was having s*x with that woman instead of her?

Tears blurred her vision and streamed down her face. Lucas snored in content slumber while her world crumbled under the crushing reality. The man she loved, the man who wanted nothing to do with her, had touched her for the first time and he thought she was his mistress.

Sarah forced her aching body to the bathroom collapsing in the shower underneath the steaming water. She felt dirty and used. Was this her life? What about Rosemary? What would Rosemary do?

It was a long time before she calmed. Her face was red and swollen from her steady stream of tears and her skin ached from her scrubbing under the hot water but her discomfort brought her to a moment of clarity.

The fantasies she nursed since her youth were only that...fantasies. Lucas would never want her nor care about her. He wanted another woman and he would have that woman whether he was married to Sarah or not. But she refused to play the jilted lover. This was her story and she would write the ending anyway she wanted.

Shakily she stood turning off the water and stepped out. Wrapped in a towel she went to her closet staring at the contents. It was filled with high-end designer clothes but none of it suited her. It was all in neutral tones with the occasional edition of powder blue. She craved the warm tones of autumn and clothing with proles that altered her figure rather than made her look formless.

Going to a dresser in the back she found jeans and a sweater. Minding her aching body she dressed carefully before stepping out. Quietly she rummaged in her bedside table grabbing her laptop, phones and charging cables stung them all into an attaché. These were the only things she needed, that were truly hers.

Straightening she froze as Lucas grumbled unintelligently though she was fairly certain he said something along the lines of yeah, you like it like that before falling back into a rhythmic snore. Sarah stared at him memorizing this moment. This was the last time she would ever see him. From now on they were strangers. They meant nothing to each other. Resolutely she pulled off her wedding bands and left them beside the lamp before walking out of the room.

Leaving everything else as it was she slipped on a pair of sneakers and stepped out of the villa. Shutting the door firmly behind her she listened to the reassuring click. The door was locked and her keys were inside. There was no going back.

She walked down the driveway, reaching the sidewalk. Turning left she pulled out the older model phone Lucas purchased for her shortly after their wedding and turned it off. Dropping it back into her bag she pulled out a newer phone, one she purchased for herself. Opening her Uber app she called for a pickup at the next corner before dialing a number she knew by heart.

Though it was late she wasn't surprised when it was answered on the second ring, "Hey Sare-bear, what's up? It's not like you to call so late."

"Ruth, I'm coming over. I—I need to talk to you."

"Are you okay? Sounds like you've been crying."

"I'm ne. I'll explain everything when I get there."

"I'll be waiting."

"See you in forty," Sarah hung up as the silver-colored van pulled up to the curb and she climbed in.

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Lucas groaned as he stirred. Sitting up he rubbed his forehead fending off a headache. He glanced down somewhat surprised to see himself nude although it wasn't the first time he slept commando. More surprising was the beige bedding. In fact the entire room was beige and most certainly not his bedroom at the condo.

Glancing around he saw the other half of the bed was empty but there was some evidence that someone had been there. Standing he stumbled to the bathroom needing a shower to organize his scrambled thoughts. He recalled attending the Mixer with Lidia and Madeline but after that his memory became fuzzy and fragmented. Just how much alcohol did he imbibe to render him blackout drunk?

Leaving the bathroom he cautiously entered the closet. Only half of it was in use and filled with sensible women's clothes. Finally he realized where he was: the Villa. That meant...

Lucas stepped out of the closet to stare at the bed. Slowly he was putting things together. Clearly Alan had noticed how much he drank and sent him home but there must have been a miscommunication. The driver didn't bring him to his condo but to the villa instead. A copy of the villa's keys was on his key ring so he had access not that he had ever come there. In fact the last and only time he set foot there was on his wedding night before he left his wife on her own. That explained why he had no clothes here and why he didn't recognize the room itself. But where was his dull little wife?

Lucas frowned eyeing the pile of clothes on the floor. Warily he stooped gathering it up and dumping it on the bed. He sorted out his own but clearly there were women's clothes mixed in. He felt his anger simmer.

Did she really take advantage of him while he was clearly incapacitated? Did she have no shame? He wouldn't stand for it. He found his phone dialing Alan's number.

The harried assistant answered on the first ring, "I'm at the condo. Where are you man?"

"Where do you think? Why the hell am I at the villa?"

"The villa? Damn. The driver was new. I told him to take you home and he must have misunderstood."

"Get me some clothes and come pick me up. Now."

"I'm on my way."

Lucas hung up and headed for the door loudly declaring, "If you think this is funny, I'm not laughing!"

Wrapped in only a towel he reached the kitchen but found it empty. Turning he headed back down the hallway checking the study and the guest rooms finding each silent and untouched.

"I am not playing hide-and-seek with you!" Lucas called. "Get your sorry ass out here and explain yourself. Sarah!"

Silence returned after his voice faded. Where was she? Wasn't she supposed to be sick? Or was that some joke she concocted to make him look bad at the Mixer in front of Julius DaLair?

A knock at the front door interrupted his private ruminating. Heading to the door he grumbled as he unlocked the door and opened it to see Alan with bag in hand. Alan blinked looking him up and down.

"Not sure this is the neighborhood you want to be answering the door naked."

Snatching the bag Lucas retreated to the bedroom to change. Alan whistled after him amused by the man's predicament. Closing the door Alan glanced around the interior. It was... quiet... too quiet. Even though Sarah had been living there for three years the villa didn't feel lived in at all. There were no pictures, no family photos and no knick-knacks. Nothing had been done to personalize the space.

It was like a demo house set up for prospective buyers to see how one might use the space. Alan frowned. It just wasn't natural. Didn't women collect things?

"So...where is she?" Alan asked as Lucas emerged dressed in his suit.

"Damned if I know. If she's smart she'll stay the hell away from me after last night."

"Why? What happened?"

"I don't remember."

"That's not surprising. You were three sheets to the wind."

"Well, I woke up naked, in bed, alone."

"...So you think you and Sarah maybe..."

"I'm...not sure, but if I did I wasn't in my right mind. I never would have touched her if I was thinking straight."

"Look, she's your wife. Most people have s*x with their wives. It's not a big deal."

"That's not the point. She took advantage of me. If I end up having a kid with her I'll never be able to convince my grandmother to let me divorce her."

"Okay, calm down. Look the chances that she would conceive after one night of—you know—are a million to one," Alan said. "So it's highly unlikely. Besides, would it really be that terrible?"

"Have you seen her? She's sickly and pale. She could never raise a baby."

Alan frowned. Over the past year he certainly noticed Sarah's pale and seemingly frail demeanor but three years ago he remembered her being rather lively and out-going. As far as he could tell it was Lucas's neglect that brought her to such straights though he hesitated to say it aloud.

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Call her and make sure she gets tested. If she ends up being pregnant, get rid of it."

"Lucas, that's...really?"

"I won't have anything around tying me to that woman," Lucas declared. "Now let's get to work."

Alan hesitated glancing around the villa one last time before following Lucas out. The drive to the ocean was awkward and silent. He wasn't looking forward to the conversation coming with Sarah and he hoped she would stay out of sight until Lucas calmed down.