

A romantic scene of a man and a woman looking at each other by the ocean. The woman is on the left, looking towards the man on the right. They are both looking down at each other with soft expressions. The background shows a vast ocean with waves and a distant shoreline under a clear sky. The lighting is warm, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

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# *Betrayal of a Mistress*

A Seductive Mistress Series

*Destiny Blaine*

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BETRAYAL OF A MISTRESS

BY

DESTINY BLAINE



## Betrayal of a Mistress

Hope tried to call him over and over again but he didn't answer. She paced the floor all day but it didn't help. She was a nervous wreck. She decided to call the hospital and ask them to page him. "Would you please page Dr. Mike Shannon?" Hope's voice trembled as the young girl told her to hold the line.

It seemed like hours before the woman picked up the extension again. "Miss, are you still holding?" The voice came back on the other end of the phone.

"Yes, I'm here." Hope tapped her fingers on the wall as she anticipated Mike's voice on the other end of the phone.

There was a long silence and then a girl returned to the phone asking her to continue to hold. About five minutes passed and a woman picked up on the other end of the phone. "This must be Hope." The woman was direct and more assumptive than inquisitive.

"Yes, who is this?"

The woman cleared her throat. "This is Mike's wife, Anne."

Dread consumed her and she didn't know what to say but Anne moved straight ahead. "Mike told me you might be calling. I understand you're the real estate agent Mike has decided to go into partnership with out on Tybee Island."

Damn. He told her already. "Yes, I am." Hope replied cautiously.

"Well, Ms. Taylor, there's been an accident and Michael will need some time to rest at home under my care before he will be able to resume his investment ventures with you. I hope you understand."

Hope was in shock, "Is he alright?" She wanted to know more and had a feeling Anne wasn't going to tell her much.

"He is going to be fine. Ms. Taylor. As I said, he will be under my care and I assure you he has the best doctors overseeing his treatment at this time."

Hope pressed on, "Do you mind if I asked what happened?"

There was a long silence at the other end before she answered. "You might say Michael was at the wrong place at the wrong time. He wrecked coming back from Tybee yesterday morning at around four o'clock. I'm sure he must've been out there working on another investment venture with you. Good-bye Ms. Taylor." She slammed the phone down and Hope was left with nothing to do but worry.

She immediately picked up the phone and hit redial. She asked for the nurse's desk on the ICU and asked if she could get an update on Dr. Mike Shannon's condition. The nurse told her she had strict orders from Dr. Anne Shannon. She wouldn't be able to give out any information over the phone. Hope knew she was going nowhere fast. What if he was in critical condition and wouldn't recover? What if he were paralyzed? What if he needed her and Anne wasn't letting him talk to her for spite? What if he...

"Hope, you have a call on line one." Her thoughts were interrupted by the real estate office assistant.

"Hello, this is Hope Taylor." She snapped the receiver up from her desk intuitively.

The other voice was so low she could barely hear it. "You know who this is if you think about it long enough. I'm at the hospital. Mike Shannon is in ICU and I thought you might want to know. He's stable; well he's pretty banged up but he will be okay. I'll keep you updated."

As the caller disconnected the line, Hope smiled to herself. She knew her secret caller had been none other than her very peculiar client from Mississippi. He had

started working in the ER soon after he and his wife had bought their home from Hope. How he knew about her relationship with Mike was anybody's guess but for now she felt relieved to know Mike was going to be fine.

Hope gathered her things together and headed for the door. She was met by a fellow real estate agent. "Hope, you are going to be able to make the Mardi Gras Party at Jim's aren't you?"

She stammered around while she tried to think up an excuse. "When is it...I don't know, I mean, I don't have a costume...not to mention a date so no...I ..." Before she could bluff her way out of going to the party, her broker-in-charge appeared in his office doorway.

"I'd love to be your date."

Hope tried to think of a way to gently decline but couldn't find one before the agent pressed on. "There you go, you have a date with the head honcho, now you can't say no."

Hope wanted to find a big hole and jump in it. No? Why, of course not. She couldn't say no to her boss.

Mark, Hope's broker-in-charge licked his bottom lip as the other agent began to explain all the details of the party. It was, of course, a Mardi Gras party and costumes were a must. Hope started to flatly refuse but Mark immediately motioned her into his office. His summons cut off the other agent as he informed Hope more than the chatty agent that they would be in attendance. Hope walked into his office and he closed the door.

"I cannot go with you Mark," she began.

He eyed her cleavage peering over her red blouse. "Why not?"

He knew why not. Mike would have a fit if she went to the party with Mark. "You know I can't go. I would love to go to the party but I can't go with you."

Mark licked his lower lip again this time drawing it out as long as possible. Hope was taken back to the one night she spent with Mark alone. His tongue had to be the most divine tool ever used by anyone to taste her inner most moments. She focused for

a second on his pearly whites as he tried to take her back with him to a time they both enjoyed. He took his time looking her up and down as he teasingly tasted his own bottom lip again. "I'll be good, I promise."

A shiver went twirling down her spine but she forced her mind to focus on Mike's health instead of Mark's sexual skills, even though it was obvious he wanted her to revisit the past with him. She looked into the past one last time and pressed forward. "Look, today I have too much to think about. Mike has been in a car accident and I can't deal with you, not now."

He smirked. "I'm sure the lucky bastard is okay and you have nothing to worry about."

Hope started toward the door. "Think what you like about him but he was in an accident and I need to find out what's going on with him before I think about attending a costume party."

Mark put his hand flatly on the door. "Okay, Hope, I'll make you a deal. I won't lay a hand on you without your permission if you will go to the party with me. How about it?"

Hope reluctantly agreed with a nod which he returned. "Good, go check on your doctor and send him my best regards."

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Hope drove wildly toward St. Joseph's Hospital in Savannah. She wheeled into the parking lot and quickly made her way through the area. She found an empty spot close to the entrance and bailed out of the car quickly running toward the front door.

"Mike Shannon's room please." She waited for the Candy Striper to locate his room number on the computer.

She looked at her for a moment. "Are you his wife?"

Hope nodded.

"He's in 28F." Hope turned toward the elevator and heard the young woman call out behind her to take the third elevator.



As luck would have it, she ran into Dr. Paul on the elevator. Dr. Paul was Paul Livingston her former client from Mississippi. He didn't seem surprised to see her. "I should've told you not to come when I called." He grinned slightly. "Anne has been standing guard and issued strict orders for no one to visit Mike."

She watched him as he spoke and felt certain he knew what she and Mike were doing behind closed doors. He let her know the obvious without much hesitation.

"I've known about you and Dr. Shannon since I witnessed the episode in the real estate office parking lot between Mike and Mark. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out you were sleeping together but I haven't said a word to Anne. Mike did a lot of talking for himself when he was down in ER. Whatever drug Anne gave him had him slurring out the truth in large doses."

Hope didn't feel so well as she listened to Paul give details of her unraveling affair. She couldn't find the strength for so much as a whisper.

Paul rambled on. "Frankly, I don't know why she would be surprised. She's married to her work you know. Anyway, about Mike. He has a concussion, a few cracked ribs and a broken arm. Other than that he's fine, just groggy from all of the meds."

Hope nodded.

"I tell you what. Give me five minutes to break her away for a cup of coffee and you can sneak in to see him. Stay only for a few minutes because the nurses on this floor are brutal. Ride the elevator to the top and wait until I can get Anne to the coffee shop."

Hope nodded again, "Thank you Paul."

He smiled. "Hey, it's been my pleasure. I love a juicy affair. It's how I met Karen. She'll tell you about it someday." He stepped off the elevator and was out of sight before the doors closed again.

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A few moments later, she entered Mike's room cautiously. "Hey you." Hope touched his arm slightly and found she was almost teary-eyed as she peered down on his beaten body. "Are you trying to give me a scare?"

Mike's eyes flickered, "I feel like I'm dying. Internally, there's something not quite right."

Hope patted his arm again and stroked his skin lightly. "You'll be fine."

He managed a half-smile. "Not without you, I won't be."

She smiled sweetly at him, "Shh....now, you are letting the medication talk for you. I'm not going anywhere baby. I'm going to wait until you are feeling better and then we'll have to spend a lot of afternoons making up for lost time."

He moaned. "Did Anne call you?"

Hope shook her head, "No. I called here and asked for you and was directed to her." It was as if a light switch came on in his head.

"Hope, be careful around her. She's savvy. Don't let her get too close because I'm not sure what I've told her about us. These meds have me humming out all sorts of confessions."

Managing a laugh, Hope stroked his face. "Yes, that's what I'm hearing."

Anne cleared her throat from the doorway. "You are Hope I presume?" Her eyes were cold blue and her face showed no emotion. She obviously expected to find her at some point in Mike's room because she had taken such pains to keep him under lock and key.

Hope moved away from Mike's bed unsure of what she had seen or heard even though most of it was very innocent. She extended her hand. "I'm Hope Taylor. I'm so glad to meet you Dr. Shannon."

Ignoring her extended hand Anne turned and walked outside of the room, calling out over her shoulder. "Follow me."

Hope patted Mike's foot as she walked around the bed and headed down the hallway following the wife of a man she had been sleeping with for over a year. She

should have been nervous but for some reason she wasn't. In fact she was almost mad because the woman had taken such measures to keep her away from Mike when he clearly needed her to have access to him.

Hope followed Mike's wife down the corridor to her office. Anne slammed the door behind them. "Ms. Taylor, I'm not one for games so I will cut straight to the chase. I want to know what it will take for you to go away."

Hope was dumb-founded. She struggled to find the right words to say but could only manage, "I don't know what you mean." Suddenly the confidence she had felt earlier seemed to vanish.

Anne slowly moved behind her desk. She crossed her arms, never losing eye contact with Hope. "Do you expect me to believe you came all the way from Tybee to check on a client because you were concerned about him?"

Hope sat down across the desk from Anne. "That's exactly what I expect you to believe because it's the truth."

Anne stood up and walked over to a bookshelf and returned with a manila folder and threw it onto her lap. "Take a look at these and tell me that again."

Hope's fingers fumbled with the flap of the envelope because down deep she knew what was inside. Her worst fear realized. She slowly pulled out countless photographs which seemingly told the entire story of her affair with Mike. Pictures of Mike entering her home. His lips on her neck. The real estate office. Her legs wrapped firmly around his waist. There were so many damn photos.

She quickly slid the evidence back into the folder as if it were a safety net for the photographs which showcased every public moment she had spent with Mike and some private moments as well. Yes, it was safe to say that Anne knew all about her business and personal relationship with the man they both wanted.

Rather than back down which is exactly what Anne must've thought she would do, she instead found she was overcome with anger. "What the hell do you want me to say?"

I'm not married to you. He is. I have no regrets, none. Whatever you want from me lady, you probably aren't going to find."

Anne studied the young woman up and down as she tapped her fingernail on the top of the glass-top desk. She had underestimated her. She wasn't going to go away without persuasion. It wouldn't be easy with this one.

"You are going to tell Mike it is over," she began. "I would prefer you to just walk away and never see him again but I know your type. You are going to want one last roll in the hay with him. Have it, but afterwards you will tell him it is over and you will never see him again."

Hope headed for the door. "No. What I'm going to do is go sit with him and when he is well enough I'm going to tell him about all of this."

Anne tapped her nails harder on the glass. "He will never leave me. You do know this already don't you?"

Hope wheeled around to face her drawing in a deep breath. "What I know Dr. Shannon is that your husband loves me." She watched as her words sliced through Anne Shannon's arrogance. "I also know if you ever ask him to choose between the two of us he will choose me, so my suggestion is—don't ask." Hope winked at her sarcastically and flung the door open as she stomped back to Mike's room. He was sleeping so she decided to just hold his hand while he slept.

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Even with the rage brewing within, at some point Hope dozed off to sleep. At around two in the morning Anne tapped her on the shoulder and told her she needed to leave or security would be there to escort her out. Hope bent down and kissed Mike on the cheek as if to say, "Take that" and left him to sleep with his wife by his side.

She was glad to feel the cool air on her cheeks when she stepped out into the night. As she made her way to the car, she could tell someone was following her by the clickety click of high heels. She spun around to see Anne.

"Do you think you are the only one?" Anne's eyes were wide but she wasn't speaking as a crazed lunatic but more as a woman scorned after years of betrayal. Hope

was too tired to argue with her so she just waited for her to continue. "Answer me, please. Do you think you are the only one to ever turn his head?"

Hope nodded. "I know I am."

Anne threw up her arms and laughed out loud. "Of course you would believe you are the only one. Look at you, still wet behind the ears with your perfect body. You don't know anything about men or how they think. After all, you're still a child yourself."

Anne moved closer to Hope. "However, you have never encountered a man like Mike. I can promise you there have been others, scores more." She emphasized her words and then turned to go back inside the hospital calling over her shoulder, "I can show you their pictures too. We should have tea sometime. I think you might be interested to meet the Mike Shannon my husband doesn't want you to know." She stepped up her pace as she returned to the hospital and Hope was suddenly sick all over.

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Hope returned to Savannah Beach and Racquet Club, the condominium she and Mike had made into their love nest. She had cried most of the way back to the island hoping that Anne's words weren't true. She passed by Chu's Market where she had first met Mike and thought about how easy things were with Mike from the very beginning. He was so comfortable to be around, like she had known him all of her life.

She thought about the times they had spent together and how many nights they'd frolicked on the beach like a couple of school aged kids in love. She also thought about Mike and how he often told her he loved her. She was overwhelmed. If he had played her for a fool, if that was his intention all along, he'd been an actor worthy of an Oscar nomination.

If what Anne said was true, she was glad she had always reserved part of her heart away from him. Hope was especially thankful she hadn't professed her undying love to him, if that's what she even felt for him.

She dialed her college roommate and woke her up in the middle of the night. "It's almost six here. What are you doing up?" Colleen was always the early bird even when the girls were in school and Hope knew she would be able to count on her for some sound advice as soon as she had time to brew her first cup of coffee. The girls chatted for over an hour as Hope sat on the balcony of her Mike-n-Hope condo sipping rum while Colleen bitched about her decaf coffee.

"Hope, you don't want to hear this but I've been there and done that so I'm just going to lay it on the line for you. Most men who have an affair so easily have done it before and everything with Mike was so easy, almost too easy. If you slow down long enough, and you're honest with yourself, I think you'll agree."

Hope did agree and the more she thought about it the more she felt like a fool. He had played her like a fiddle. She had fallen for him hook, line and sinker. She sobbed as Colleen tried to console her. "Honey, he spends a lot of time with you. I don't doubt that he cares for you and he may even love you but he probably has been down this road before. Why else would his wife have pictures of the two of you? Think Hope, pictures from the first day forward?"

Hope's thoughts were spoken out loud. "She gave him time to come out here and get established but she was having him followed from the very beginning. Damn it Colleen. He must have done this before and that's why she let him move to Georgia first. She wanted to know. I bet he made her all of these promises and she had someone to follow him just so she could see if he would keep them. I bet he left another woman behind in California."

Hope felt like she had been betrayed. Colleen reassured her as much as she could and let her know that even if there were others, Mike obviously liked being with her because he'd stuck around for over a year and devoted a lot of time to her.

The girls talked until Hope calmed down and seemed to come to terms with what Anne had told her about her married lover. After Colleen told her friend she had to go,

they talked a moment more about Mark and the upcoming Mardi Gras party then said their good-byes.

Hope cried alone before picking up the phone and dialing the hospital. "Mike Shannon has been released." The words of the operator didn't shock her. Of course he had and Anne Shannon would be like Fort Knox. Hope knew she wouldn't be getting answers from Mike anytime soon.

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She sat in silence and stared through the condo down the hallway to the bed she and Mike had shared on more than one occasion. She was angry; no; she was mad as hell. She went to the bar and poured herself another drink. Then, she picked up the phone to call Mark.

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He knocked on the door lightly and the door swung back on its own. It was already ten-thirty in the morning when Mark received her page that she wouldn't be at work and needed him to stop by the condo. He had taken it as an open invitation and passed off his appointments along with Hope's floor duty to one of the newer agents. He knew it was wishful thinking, but what the hell, the doc was in the hospital and she had called him to come to the condominium she shared on occasion with Mike. While the cat is away...I can certainly play.

He could tell she was three sheets to the wind when he walked out onto the balcony. "Hey, how's it going?"

She took his hand and told him to sit next to her.

He looked at her inquisitively. "Bad night with the boyfriend?"

He barely got it out before she let her anger rip, "Bad night? BAD NIGHT? Let me tell you about my night and then let me tell you about my morning and then..." Her voice trailed off and she quickly stood. "Come'on; let me get you a drink. We're going to party today."

Mark stood up and followed her inside closing the doors to the balcony behind him. He pulled the shades closed too. "Hope, you need some sleep. A party isn't what you need. Is Mike okay or did something happen?"

Hope's eyes were flaming with rage but she softened a moment as she handed Mark his drink. As if a light switched on, she grabbed his tie and pulled him to her. "I called you over here to fuck you," she whispered a slurred purr in his ear.

He grinned. "I kind of figured that one but after finding you like this, I don't know."

She led him to the sofa and pushed him down playfully as she took another gulp from her drink and watched it splash from the rim as she set it down on an end table. Her mood changed almost instantly.

His knees fell open as he scooted back into the plush pillows. "Ok, so now what?"

Hope looked at him with her best come-and-get-me look and began to undress. "You like to watch don't you?" She knew he liked to watch her.

He licked his bottom lip as he often did when she was in the room. "Baby, I love to watch."

She tugged at her buttons clumsily and finally managed to unbutton all of them showing her dark red brassiere. She stripped off her pants and was down to her thong in a matter of seconds. Her body moved over to the stereo but her eyes never left him as she flipped on the Nickleback song, 'Figured You Out' and started dancing around him.

He didn't offer to get up but instead allowed her to flow with the music as if he didn't exist. A couple of times, he was afraid the booze was going to help her meet the floor but instead she kept it together long enough to dance in a most provocative way. She finally took his hand and placed it on her left breast and told him to feel her heart. He felt confident she meant tit so he stroked it for a moment. She seemed to be happy with his response.

As the first song came to an end, she turned to switch CDs and he caught her around the waist. As soon as she was situated on his lap, she immediately began to



move up and down putting as much pressure as she could on the rock hard length bulging through his pants. He held her tight around the waist and undid his pants quickly sliding his cock out through the opening in his shorts. Moving her thong over slightly, he wasted no time driving into her. She threw her head back as he nuzzled her hair. "You can be my mistress," he whispered. "Fuck me hard baby," he ordered her as he grinded his cock into her steady and slow.

Hope wanted him and she knew he had wanted her since the first time they had fooled around. She moved her head around in a circular motion as her hips seemed to follow the same rotation tightly kneading his cock further into her warm center. He focused on holding her hips as she moved with his grinding motion. She moved forward slightly and fell onto a marble coffee table and with her arm she swiped everything off of the table as he dove into her with solid pressure. Her breasts were mashed down on the cold table and she was turned on by it all.

He spanked her ass and loved the fact her tight skin took the smack without very much give. He leaned down to bite her lightly where his palm had been and she moaned as she called out to him. "Quit fucking around. Drive your dick into me harder. Ooh...yeah,baby...like...like...oh...shit...oh...um...I'm..." She couldn't tell him but he knew and he met her climax with his own as he forced his length into her with fast, rapid strokes. When it was over, she passed out.

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Several days after her episode with Mark, Hope still continued to try and reach Mike. As usual, all of her calls were intercepted by Anne so she finally gave up. She bumped into Mark several times at the office since they'd had their romp at the condo and things weren't strained.

He knew better than to mention anything because he wanted to make sure she went as his date to the office party. When the big night finally arrived, he was so excited he had masturbated in the shower. The anticipation of the night ahead had him so keyed up he had to relieve some of the tension before he picked her up. He couldn't think about her without getting hard.

Since Mark and Hope were anything but a couple, neither of them had discussed their outfits but it worked out as if they had planned ahead. She had dressed in Mardi Gras fashion with a flapper-type dress adorned in jewels that matched a green, gold, and burgundy mask she could hold up over her face with one of those wand-enhancements. He had dressed in a cop uniform which she didn't think really worked for a Mardi Gras party but she wasn't going to complain.

They arranged to meet at Hope and Mike's condo and Mark thought he might have to stop in the office again to take care of himself if he couldn't block out the memories of their last time together. When he arrived early to pick her up, luckily Hope had the same idea. She took his hand and grabbed his handcuffs. "Do you have the keys to these?"

He nodded as she dangled them content to lead him straight to the bedroom. His cock was hard before she even undressed him. "I don't know what's changed about you, but I'm glad you're finally coming to your senses and see what a good team we make."

She grinned and shoved him onto the bed. "Slide back to the bed post," she instructed.

He gladly followed her orders. "I'll show you a good time officer and you'll know for sure we make a good team." She giggled as a wicked smile crossed her lips.

Hope straddled him as she handcuffed him to the bed. He watched her as she undressed and draped her costume over the arm of a chair. She reached behind herself and unhooked her bra. Her full breasts showcased perky nipples and she rubbed them lightly across his cheek as he tried to catch a taste with his tongue.

She scolded him. "You're rushing things. I'm not in any hurry. Take your time." She grinned and he was immediately mesmerized by her. She wasn't just a pretty girl, she was stunning and his dick felt as if it would explode just by looking at her.

"You have to touch me," he pleaded.

She shook her head and unzipped him. "I'll give it some breathing room, but only for a minute." She was amused at their game and couldn't wait to release his cock from

under the material. She slid his pants down to his ankles and straddled his hips as if she would thrust him into her but instead crept up his waist and chest with her wet center dragging across him.

"Do it," he urged. "Bring it up here. Let me lick you like I did at your house our first time together. Let me suck your clit and tongue your pussy," he persuaded her until she had her body positioned over his face. He moaned in delight as he thrust his tongue into her inner most depths.

She threw her head back and almost came instantly but stopped short and flipped over to position herself upside down. She wrapped her lips firmly around his cock and sucked him into her mouth slowly as he held onto her calves with his hands cuffed to the bed. "Move up closer," he urged but she didn't want him to thrust his tongue into her growing moist warmth yet, instead she teased him with the movement. He watched her ass move up and down as her mouth stroked his cock.

When she finally moved back slightly, Hope bent her knees so his tongue could reach her completely. She raised his dick into her mouth further, moaning so she could create a vibrating sensation. When she did they both came. "Mmm, you taste incredible." Mark caressed her with his tongue and lapped every moist inch of her as she lay spent across his body.

Then the phone rang and naturally it was Mike. He had escaped the beast and was headed out to the island. Talk about timing.

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"You can't be serious?" Mark watched her as she began to get her stuff together. "You aren't going with me now?"

Hope nodded. "I'm going and I'm going with you but you have to let me meet you at the office. Come on, move it. He'll be here any moment now. I don't know how close he was when he called." Hope un-cuffed him, watching as he dressed quickly.

He decided that while it would be a hoot to poke some fun at the doctor, it wasn't worth losing his date for the evening. He made Hope promise to meet him within an

hour and then left. She jumped in the shower and hurried to finish before Mike arrived. As she was coming out of the shower, she heard him enter the condo. She quickly slipped back into her costume.

Mike let out a whistle when he saw her. "Oh holy hell, I'd forgotten how sexy you are. Come here." He fell onto the couch and held out his hand for her.

"Are you feeling okay? You don't look so well Mike."

He nodded. "Still in some pain. These cracked ribs have been a real bitch."

She walked over and took his hand. Her heart melted as soon as she saw him and she forgot about Mark altogether.

He leaned over to kiss her and she turned her cheek. "What's going on Hope?"

It took her a moment before she could answer him. "Anne told me I wasn't the first." Hope waited for his reply but instead of offering her one, he told her all she needed to know was that she was the only one he loved.

"You've been the only one since the day I met you and you will be the only one till the day I die. Hope, I'm going to have to leave her. I can't live without seeing you. Without being with you every day of my life. That's just the way it is."

Hope saw the sincerity in his eyes but she still wanted to know more. "I want you to tell me you never cheated on Anne before you met me. Tell me."

Mike looked around the room as if looking for his escape and then cleared his throat trying to find the right words. "I can tell you I never loved anyone in my life the way I love you."

Hope wasn't buying it. "Is that your line for each girl you're with when they ask you for the truth?" She mimicked him. "Oh, honey, but I love you more than anyone in my life. Then, the love is stronger with the next one and so it goes. How many others were there Mike?"

His breathing seemed labored. Hope knew it could possibly be from the cracked ribs but she thought it was more likely because the truth pained him. "Five, there have been five."

Hope sat in complete silence for a moment before she stood to leave. It had been like a punch in the stomach. Nothing about them had been sacred or special. Then again, she was smarter than that. She had been a mistress, not his wife. He owed her nothing. He'd been nothing more than a whore-hopper and she had gladly volunteered as his whore, his latest sex toy.

Once on her feet, Mike tried to catch her hand and pull her to him but she wasn't interested in talking about it. "I have to think about all of this Mike. I'm not sure about any of it anymore. We may need to meet up sometime over the next couple of days and discuss things with the condo but...I...I..." She couldn't find the right words. "I'm going to my office party right now and I'm not going to leave here a mess."

He tried to encourage her to make eye-contact with him but she looked at anything and everything in the room to avoid looking at him. "Hope, listen to me. Anne only told you all of this to ruin what we have. I love you. I never even knew what love was until you. Please believe me."

Hope had her hand on the door. "I have a date. Good-bye Mike." She never looked back as she made her way across the parking lot. The tears never came because they were trapped somewhere deep inside of her. She had only felt this sad two other times in her life. Once when her dad had died and the other when she found out her fiancé had drowned surfing alone. She sat in the car for five minutes or so staring at the steering wheel before she finally turned on the ignition and drove away.

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By the time she pulled into her office complex, Hope was mad as hell and over the feeling of being hurt, at least for the moment. FIVE? Why the hell didn't he just divorce Anne? FIVE? Was she number six or was she number five?

She watched as Mark practically danced over to her car. "Come on gorgeous," he held out his hand and she took it. "We are going to have the time of our lives."

Knowing Mike had to drive right by the complex on his way off of Tybee Island and guessing he wouldn't stay at the condo without her there to nurse him back to

health, Hope decided to put on a show, just in case the handsome doctor drove by. She wanted him to see it all. Everything.

As Hope stepped out of the car, Mark held his hand over his chest and let out a "Woo Wee! You are one hot commodity!"

She moved into him and pushed him up against the back of her car. "You think so huh?"

She began to stroke his thickening dick and took off his policeman hat so she could run her fingers through his blonde hair. "I want you to fuck me here," she whispered in his ear.

He looked at her dumbfounded for a moment but saw she was dead serious. "Hope, what if someone sees us?" She smirked and he immediately knew that was exactly what she wanted but it didn't bother him if it didn't bother her.

Excitedly, he lifted her up to carry her to the front of the car as she plunged a craving tongue in between his lips to taste his mouth. He sat her down on the front of the car as she unzipped him nervously. She could feel her own body preparing for him as she pulled him out to meet her lips. Bringing the tip of him into her mouth, she teased him with light kisses before drawing him in between eager lips. Leisurely, she pulled him in deep and slow.

His fingers began to move past her thong to dance in and out of her pussy. Both of them enjoyed the slow motion of it all as they lost themselves in the sway of bodies meeting, the excitement, knowing it was only a matter of time before they would be caught.

The sun had already gone down so unless someone pulled into the complex, they wouldn't be able to see the act in motion. Still Hope knew the tail of her car was easily viewed from the main road which only stirred her more. She knew Mike would soon watch it all.

She didn't want to rush things with Mark; she wanted Mike to have time to catch them in the act. Her lips trailed up her lover's shirt and across his neck before she whispered into his ear, oozing seduction. "Are you ready for me?"

He drove his fingers into her harder with one hand while the other palm gently rubbed her nipple. Mark leaned back to look at the reaction his actions stirred. "Baby, you know it." He winked and she slid off the hood of the car.

Turning around, she leaned over the front of the car and propped up on her elbows so she could see anyone who drove into the parking lot. Mark entered her from behind with a thrust so quick and unexpected it made her buck forward more on instinct than from pleasure.

Her ass ground back into Mark's body as his cock drove hard into her wet center. He plunged into her deeper and deeper as he reached around her hips and played lightly with her clit. She lifted her hips to him trying to be sure he stroked her sweet spot knowing it would drive her crazy at the most convenient time. She looked straight ahead and felt the orgasm looming when she spotted Mike's corvette across the street.

Mark drove into her faster. "Come on baby, come for me, Oh Hope, I love fucking you...my dick inside of you...mmm yeah...Come for me baby...mmmm, that's it..." He groaned as he released his juices into her, yanking her hair back into a fisted knot.

When she was finally sure Mike could see them she bucked wildly screaming at the top of her lungs. "Yeah, baby, fuck me harder, that's it Mark, drive it harder, make me come, hmmmmm..."

He fell onto her back with his face buried into her skin. They lay lifeless for a moment until Mike's car came barreling into the parking lot.

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Mark scurried to bring his pants back to around his waist but Hope had taken her time straightening up. She didn't care. Mike jumped out of the car and ran toward Mark quickly. "Hold on man," Mark held up his hands. "I'm not going to fight a wounded animal."

Mike swung once and missed which caused him to yell out in pain as his ribs kept him from swinging again. He doubled over. Hope never flinched. She had been used as this man's mistress. She'd served her purpose and he had wanted her loyalty while offering her none. Nothing about their relationship was honest. Suddenly, the entire situation bothered her.

"Is this piece of work what you want Hope?" Mike was breathless as he looked at her through piercing eyes.

Mark moved away from them to let them air out their dirty laundry. She wouldn't look at him. He yelled directly at her, "I SAID, is THIS what you want? You want romps in a parking lot with a prick like him? You're bothered by my past? Well, ask surfer boy how many lays he's had in his lifetime!"

She looked up at him sternly. "Mark isn't married you bastard and he certainly isn't leading me to believe I'm the only one."

Mike let out a groan. "Yeah? Well, he will, trust me. He will."

Mark was all too satisfied with himself. His smug face showed the doctor he was part of the whole act willingly and Mike blind-sided him with a sucker punch that caught him in his lower jaw. Both men yelled out in anguish.

"WHAT THE HELL MIKE?" Hope was furious.

"You asked for this Hope. You wanted me to see you fucking him. Well, okay. I saw you. Now what?"

Hope was at Mark's side as he rubbed his jaw and looked at Mike wildly. He couldn't resist the temptation to rub Mike's face in it more. "She's one hot ride there doc. I don't know about you, but I can't seem to ever get enough of that body. Of course that was just the beginning of a long night ahead."

Mike jumped forward again ready to swing. "Why, you..."

Hope stepped in front of him and pushed him back hard with her arm. "Mike, please just go home to your wife. Later, when you feel better, you can find yourself



another mistress but for now, just go home. Anne will be there waiting for you just like she always is."

Hope was calm but both men were raging inside. Mike pointed at Mark. "I told you if you ever laid another hand on her I would kill you and I meant it."

Hope shivered as she looked at Mike hard. He seemed serious. She helped Mark to her car and put him in the passenger's side. He was milking it for all it was worth. He rubbed his face with the back of his hand and grinned behind her back at the good doctor who tried to lunge past Hope again.

"GO HOME!" She pushed him back. "Go home now or I will call Anne."

Mike opened his door and started to get in. "Hope, this isn't over," he called to her as he started the ignition. "Not by a long-shot, this ISN'T over." He peeled out of the parking lot leaving nothing more than a cloud of smoke behind.

Once he was gone Hope climbed into the front seat of the car and just sat there for a minute, unsure of what to say or do next.

Mark's voice filled the empty silence. "I imagine this is what you wanted," he began "Now that you've had your fun let's go party." He laughed and she smiled. Yes, she could definitely use a drink. Maybe even two or three. Underneath the smile though, her heart was breaking.

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Hope and Mark made their way to the party without further consequences and blended into the crowd at the oceanfront home. Costumes were wide-ranging and everyone seemed to be in a festive mood. She thought for a moment about Mike and half-way felt guilty.

Mike had never promised her she had been the only one and besides what difference did it make? She wasn't married to the man. Why did it even bother her? Was it really the fact that he had other affairs in the past or was it because Anne had kept him from her? Where had all this anger started?

Before she could think about it further, Mark slid in behind her with his arm around her waist. He nuzzled her hair, which was held back with only a clip, and

kissed the nape of her neck. "You're not going to believe this but I'm horny again," he whispered in his sexiest voice.

She did believe it because she knew the impact she had on the men who landed in her bed. In fact, she and Colleen used to laugh about it because both of them had decided they were bedroom divas. Colleen used to say, "Don't let him go in for a taste until you are ready for several days of romps because once a man has sex with one of us, it's a marathon." Hope laughed out loud as she thought about Colleen.

Mark moved his quickly rising cock up against her buttocks and Hope pressed into him firmly as one of the agents from the office came up to say hello. "You two make a charming couple," the petite redhead gushed. They both thanked her and kept their concentration on the other one's body parts.

They swayed back and forth to the music as Mark's dick hardened by the second. He finally couldn't stand it any longer, reaching under Hope's short skirt from the back and fingering her moist center lightly. She turned to face him and he withdrew his fingers then brought them to his lips. "I had to get a quick taste." She gave a wicked laugh and led him through the long hallway toward the kitchen.

The couples at the party were scattered throughout the home. People stood on the decks and sat on the patio furniture overlooking the ocean. Hope was overcome with lust so she steered Mark through the house in search of a good spot for a quick fuck. They ended up back in the same corner and he continued to rub against her. "You're going to have to find some place fast or I will have to ravage you here," he whispered softly against her neck. Hope threw her head back and to the side allowing Mark access to her ear which he began to nibble.

Hope glanced around the room and towards the stairs. People were everywhere. "I don't think we'll be missed if we call it a night," she purred as he swept his tongue across the nape of her neck lightly. She didn't have to ask him twice. He took her hand and pulled her through the crowd. They told everyone Hope had a migraine and apologized for an early departure. Heads turned and many of the agents began to giggle knowing there was a fire burning between two fellow agents.

Hope tossed Mark the keys since she had so much to drink in such a short period of time. He grinned as he watched her slide into the passenger seat showing off her long legs and cleavage. "Mmm, baby, you're in trouble."

Hope watched as he licked his delicious lip and then held it between his teeth as he closed her door. She giggled as he almost skipped around the car.

He slid in beside her and she leaned her seat back. "You can't be serious, right here?"

Hope motioned to him with her forefinger.

He leaned over her and kissed her hard, driving his tongue into her mouth and searching for more as his hands began to travel. "I can't do this here," he paused long enough to come to his senses. "I'm the broker of one of the most successful real estate offices in the state and I'm carrying on like a teenager." They both laughed and he started the car as she moved her hand to his cock.

"Let's go to my place." Mark eyed her as he waited for her to object but when she didn't, he was happily reassured that he had made the right impression on a woman he wanted for his own.

"Sounds good to me." She never moved her hand out of his lap. Instead, she just left it lying on his dick, petting it lightly as he drove them to his cottage a couple of rows back from the ocean. They pulled into a gravel drive two minutes after they left the party. The island wasn't a large metropolitan area. If you wanted to get lost on Tybee, it was virtually impossible. Mark and Hope seemed over-heated with excitement as they both jumped out of the car, heading for what promised to be a sexual extravaganza.

Once inside, Hope noticed the cottage. It was really cute. It only had two bedrooms and one bath but it was an adorable bachelor pad. Hope knew from one of the girls at the office that Mark had a huge home inland but she assumed he stayed on the island often from the stack of daily papers on the kitchen bar. "Can I get you something to drink?"

Hope shook her head and moved into him. "I don't want to drink Mark."

He eyed her and moaned as she moved her hand firmly across the bulge in his pants. "What DO you want Hope?" She caught the intended pun but ignored it. She turned away from him and began to undress. She kicked off her high heels and tore open her blouse showing nothing but bare skin underneath.

He gasped at what he saw. She had great tits and a body that wouldn't quit. He watched her as she moved across the great room undressing for him. He sat down on the bar stool in the middle of the kitchen and took in her obvious zest for the show. When she had nothing left to take off she straddled the bar stool next to him and began to move as if she were grinding her center into the wet cold metal of the seat. He rubbed his cock as he watched.

She threw her head back and moved her hands across her breasts. "You like?" She was clearly buzzing from the earlier drinks at the party.

He moved her bar stool closer to his until it was centered in between his legs. "Yes, I like. I like it a lot." His lips went immediately to her chest, tasting first one full breast and then the other as his hands cupped under her ass.

He pulled her onto his lap until her legs hung over either side of him. He slid one finger into her center and then another. He watched as her head moved from side to side as he massaged her insides. "I'm going to watch you enjoy it Hope." He focused on her as he quickened his hand movements. He lightly stroked his thumb over her clit and bent in to suck her tits once more before leaning back to watch every expression on her face.

He loved watching her beautiful face as her body rippled in pleasure. His hand continued to work her into an orgasm as the other took her hair and held her firmly so she had to look at him as her climax rippled through her body like a tidal wave out of control. She didn't fight it and as she rode it he was overcome with lust and eager to have her.

She yelled out his name as she forced herself harder against his hand. Once the aftershock subsided, he carried her to the bedroom and laid her down on the bed. He

undressed slowly with a serious look on his face. Her eyes never left his cock as he slid down on the bed beside her.

She wrapped a ready hand around him but he was already too close to the edge to let her play. "Hope, baby, I can't wait." He pushed her down on the bed and mounted her. She raised her hips to meet his and his back stayed at a ninety degree angle as his cock pumped rapidly through her wetness. He came almost as soon as his tip touched her walls a third time and gasped as he poured himself inside her before collapsing into her arms.

He stroked her back for a moment before she realized she was getting lost in his arms. Something she didn't want to do. She could barely deal with the emotions she had for Mike, much less throw Mark into the mix. Jumping up, she grabbed her clothes and started for the bathroom.

He grabbed her wrist before he let her walk away. "I could fall for you. Of course, you know that don't you?" He studied her face with sincerity, looking for something from her. He just wanted her to give him some kind of indication that maybe they could get together exclusively in the future.

She hesitated before she said anything. "Mark, maybe if we had met first. Maybe then things would be different but I...well, um. Hell, forget about it. I'll be back in a minute and then we'll talk about it." Hope wanted time to gather her thoughts. She didn't need a damn love triangle. LOVE? Where the hell did that come from? Her mind raced and she cursed herself and her damned overactive sex drive.

Pulling her to him, Mark kissed her with a passion she would feel heavily on her lips even when she went to get dressed in the bathroom. She was lightheaded as she stood before the mirror thinking about the day's events. In flash mode, she replayed everything when suddenly she heard Mark's voice.

"What the fuck are you doing here you crazy son-of-a-bitch?" Mark's voice was raised and seemed almost frightened.

"What I should've done a long time ago."

Hope recognized the voice as she rushed to stop him but she was aware of three shots fired. She'd heard those sounds on television before. Shots were indeed fired. One slug to the heart, one to the head, and one to a man's most treasured possession.

"Oh Mother of ..." She looked at Mike and then Mark's lifeless body. "Oh, shit Mike, what have you done?" Her voice was quiet before she let out a bellowing scream that should've been heard throughout the island.

Mike went to her and clamped his hand over her mouth. "SHUT UP HOPE! DON'T YOU FREAK OUT ON ME NOW! SHUT THE FUCK UP!" He held his hand to her tightly and allowed her to get a grip on what had happened before removing his hand from her mouth.

Tears streamed down her face. She looked down at Mark's lifeless body. "Oh fuck...oh no...Mike...he's dead! NO! You didn't do this. WHY, WHY, WHY did you do this?" She gasped for air as she took in the scene.

Mike didn't move. He held the gun down at his side.

Hope began to scream once more. "WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY?"

Mike laid the gun down on the bed as Hope felt for a pulse. "He's dead. He's dead Mike. Do you understand? He's fucking dead!!! You fucking idiot! You fucking jerk! He's...HELP! SOMEBODY!!! HELP!!!" She lost it again with the realization of what Mike had done to a man she was starting to see casually and his hand slapped over her mouth once more.

Mike looked stunned at what he had done as he held his palm to the woman he claimed to love. When he followed them to Mark's house, his only intention had been to scare them. He hadn't planned to kill Mark but he had witnessed too much.

He had overheard requests from Hope and then he waited, knowing Mark obediently performed to her expectations. Mike listened outside the window as Mark told Hope what he wanted from her sexually as she enthusiastically met his pathetic begging.

He'd watched their bodies come together in the shadows of the dimly lit room, telling a story of ecstasy he knew all too well. He had to make sure Mark never touched

her again. There was no other way. Mark had gotten under Hope's skin and he had to be dealt with quickly or Mike knew he would lose her. If only he hadn't mentioned falling for her, if only he could've stayed away! Mike had told him not to pursue Hope. Damn it! He should've listened.

Hope struggled against Mike's body as she tried to break loose. Mike leaned forward to whisper in her ear. "I can't let you go until you calm down. Honey, you are going to have to calm down. I have to think. Okay Hope? Can you give me a minute?"

She nodded and he reluctantly released her.

She flew into him with a ferocious temper he never knew she had. She struck him with pounding fists as she kicked him like a crazed mad woman. "You want me to give you a minute? You fucking bastard. You didn't give Mark just a minute did you? You bastard. You fucking bastard." She whispered it as her eyes shot daggers through him.

Hope sat down next to Mark and stroked his head as if to console his corpse. Building into hysterics again, she glared at Mike and continued to ramble on. "Why did you do this? I don't understand. I can't understand. Why would you do something like this? He was in the prime of his life. YOU FUCKING BASTARD! YOU TOOK HIM FROM ME! YOU FUCKING PRICK!"

Her words stung him so that he didn't even try to stop her shouting and rants. You took him from me. She said it. She said "you took him from me" and she didn't even apologize for it. He was motionless. He had just killed a man and now he knew why he'd had no other choice.

"DAMN YOU MIKE! FUCKING LOOK AT ME! WHY? WHY?" Tears streamed down her face as she demanded that he give some kind of explanation, as if there would be one appropriate for murder. How could he explain his rage and jealousy? Her eyes were cold as she lowered her voice to an unrecognizable tone. "What kind of monster are you?"

Monster? The word cut his heart in half and he grabbed her throat before he thought. "I love you Hope. I will kill for you if I have to but no one is ever going to fuck you again but me. Do I make myself clear? DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?"

Hope shuddered at his words. Over a year ago, she would've never imagined this man killing a fly much less a human being. She stifled her cries and tried to come to some kind of common sense as her snubbed words slipped from a dry mouth. "What now? What can we do...You're a doctor, you fix people. You...you ...help...you help people. Why would you kill someone?" She couldn't understand. She didn't want to fathom what had happened. Hope buried her face in her trembling hands again and sobbed uncontrollably.

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A few hours later, Hope was alone with Mark's body. Following the plan Mike had laid out for her, Hope began screaming bloody murder around 7 AM and ran out into the street begging for someone to help her. A neighbor saw her and called 9-1-1. Within a few minutes the place was swarming with cops.

An investigator from Savannah was brought in to help with the case. He took one look at Hope and immediately suspected foul play. He had a huge problem. In fact, he had several of them. The biggest issue was the fact that he couldn't find the murder weapon and without it, it could be a hard to compile a list of suspects.

Hope was tested for gunpowder residue as she watched in shock while the coroner's office loaded Mark's body into a body bag. She sobbed on and off throughout the morning as detectives questioned her. None of them believed what she told them. Her story didn't make any sense because it didn't add up.

"What is your relationship to the deceased?"

"How long had you been involved with him?"

"Was he paying you for sex Ms. Taylor?"

"Do you know why anyone would want to kill him?"

"Did you kill him?"

"Did you want him dead for some reason?"

"Do you have a criminal record Ms. Taylor?"

"When did you discover the body?"



“Was he seeing anyone else other than you?”

The questions were the same just reformatted and presented to her over and over again. When they finally decided they couldn't get anything out of her, they asked if she would submit to a polygraph. She said she would after she spoke to an attorney. She was instructed not to leave the area. They set up a time to meet the next day and let her know they weren't totally convinced by her story.

“Ms. Taylor, you can go home now but if you think of anything whatsoever, please call us. We will get to the bottom of this.” She nodded and slipped out of Mark's tiny cottage and into her car where she placed her head on the steering wheel and just sobbed uncontrollably. Several of the detectives watched her critically as she broke down in tears.

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He heard her keys in the door and rose to meet her as she came inside. “Mike, you shouldn't be here. Go home.” She tossed her purse on the sofa and stripped off as she walked down the hall, unaware that he watched her with a new hunger. She started a shower and sat down on the side of the tub, staring straight ahead as the water flowed from the spout.

Mike joined her in the bathroom and propped himself up on the sink. He looked like he had aged 20 years. “What do they know? Do they know we were involved?”

She glared at him. “WE? You have some nerve. WE?” She stood to get into the shower.

He called out his accusations as if to remedy his guilt. “Hope, this is your fault too. I told him in front of you if he ever laid another hand on you, I would kill him. He knew I meant it. A man knows when another man is obsessed with the woman in their bed. He knew but he could not leave you alone. He had to have you and then, he wanted you more and more.”

Tears broke free again, flowing onto her face as she remembered his last words to her. Yes, he wanted her. Yes, he wanted to claim her as his own. He wanted her exclusively.

Hope pulled back the shower curtain and looked at Mike solemnly as she whispered. "What's happened to you? Who are you? Why would you do this to us?" She sobbed again from behind the curtain as she washed off the last of Mark from her tired body.

She cut off the water and Mike handed her a towel as he walked out of the bathroom. She used the one he gave her to wipe the fog from the mirror. Peering into the glass, Hope stared at her nude body in the reflection. She didn't recognize the person staring back at her. She looked the same or did she? She was someone totally different than she was the day before. She was an accomplice to murder. An eye-witness, worst of all, she had been an instigator.

Hope stared back at the image without any emotion. Thinking back to the events that led to Mark's death, she carried the weight of blame. She had orchestrated it all, set it into motion. Out of foolishness, because she was a woman hell bent on revenge and betrayal, she would be forever changed.

Hope Taylor was a woman ruined and the only thing that made sense to her, the only thing she remotely understood was that she belonged to Mike. She was Dr. Mike Shannon's whore. Nothing more. For that, she hated him. She found him despicable, despising him for murdering someone in her name. Yet, somehow, she still loved him.

## **The End**