



Call Girl Princess

~K. Lyn~

Romancing Erotica Books

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ISBN: 978-1-4524-6743-6

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Introduction:

Mikala's beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park is not only the place she calls home, but over the last few years it has become the Ellis Island for foreign and domestic businessmen who know the importance of being seen with a gorgeous woman on their arm. Being seen with Mikala is a guaranteed deal maker, and the gratitude shown to her after the deal is done takes care of Mikala's "other" needs as well. Mikala must keep her secret life hidden from her family, who would never understand, but when two young doctors elicit her services, one whose name seems very familiar, she realizes that she may be in too deep.

Call Girl Princess:

"Since when is promiscuity a disease?"

Mikala tried to silence her friend. “Will you keep it down? We are on the Upper East Side.”

Carrie continued swinging her purse as the two young women walked down the street.

“You look like a child, Carrie, swinging your purse as if it were your very first.”

“You were the one who said I would meet someone as soon as I arrived in the Big Apple. I haven’t had sex in over six months. My divorce is final, and I am horny with a capital H.”

Mikala hailed a cab and the two fast friends were on their way to her place. Mikala’s place was not only a very lavish apartment. Mikala’s place had become the Ellis Island for foreign and domestic businessmen who knew the importance of being seen with a beautiful woman on their arm. Mikala had helped seal more deals than the CEO of a Fortune 500 company. She was not a prostitute, or at least that was what she had convinced herself. Mikala was a paid escort, a highly paid escort. She had no one working for her, and she had marketed herself very strategically. A business degree from Columbia University had been well worth the time and money for her.

Mikala’s family was of noble birth and money was no issue, but there were very specific things expected of Mikala following completion of her formal studies. Mikala had promised that she would return home and be the princess that was expected of her, but she had begged her father to allow her to attend graduate school first. That would buy her a little time to do what she really wanted to do. Mikala wasn’t ready to settle down yet, and she had purchased her glorious apartment on the Upper East Side one year to the day after graduation, with her own money. That way her father, His Royal Highness, could not claim ownership and force her to leave until she was ready.

Carrie walked into Mikala’s apartment and ran straight to the window. “That’s the park, Mikala, The Park.”

“I know. Isn’t it wonderful? I run at least three times a week. I need to maintain my figure.” She ran her hands along her body to prove her point. Mikala was beautiful. Carrie had always thought so, but Mikala was also exceptionally smart.

“Come on. I’ll show you the rest of the apartment.”

Mikala led Carrie through her beautiful apartment which had more than enough space for one person. “Take the extra bedroom.”

Carrie placed her bags in the extra bedroom and sat down on the bed. “I could love this life.”

Mikala poured them a glass of wine and they discussed their plans.

“Does your mother know what you do?”

“Mother thinks that I am in graduate school, but what I am is CEO of my own company, and of my own life.”

Carrie laughed at her friend’s comment, but Mikala was serious.

“Why did you decide to do this, anyway? You could do absolutely nothing and still be rich.”

Mikala patted the drops of wine from her full lips. “And I would be forced to do and say whatever my father and husband chose for me. No thank you. Anyway, when I was working as an intern for that accounting firm, you remember, I endured one boring staff meeting after another. Then when I had the chance, I picked the brain of the CEO.

He told me how many hours he worked every week, how little time he spent with his family, and how he had no time to do what he really wanted to do. Work was his life. But it was what he didn't say that really got my attention."

Carrie gave her friend a confused look.

"All the time we were talking, the man kept staring at my legs. I played with my skirt, moving it upward along my thigh, and then back down. The man licked his lips with every rise of my skirt and I swear, by the end of the conversation he had a rise all his own."

Carrie giggled.

"I was told by professor after professor that I was a marketing wonder and that I had vision. I realized that I could make twice the amount of money and work half as much time if I stepped off the beaten path, as it were. It wasn't difficult at all. A little research on the Internet, a marketing campaign done solely by yours truly and here I am." She swept her arms to show off her just reward. "I work on referrals now, only the richest men, and only the best. Listen, Carrie, you have no idea how much power women really have all by themselves. You don't have to be subservient to anyone if you don't want to be."

Mikala searched her friend's eyes for at least a little bit of moral judgment, but Carrie was too excited to be judgmental. She wanted to know more. It all seemed so glamorous to the Midwest farm girl who had married her high school sweetheart the summer after graduation.

"My clients sign a contract which includes everything. If they want to spend the night with me, and they do want to spend the night with me, the price goes up by a lot and each subsequent night is considerably more. After all, I know how much their business deals are worth and if I have helped them close those deals, then I consider it my 'extra' commission. You know, kind of like a real estate agent. If their agent gets them a good deal on a sale or a purchase, sometimes the client gives gifts or takes them out to dinner. I prefer sex and cash."

Carrie was dying to know about the sex. "So, what's it like, the sex?"

Mikala smiled. "Fantastic. It's like prom night every time. And every man does everything, and I mean everything, to please me. Especially if they have closed a lucrative deal because of me."

Carrie stood in front of the mirror over the sofa and piled her head on top of her head. "Do you think I'm pretty enough? I'm educated, but I'm not that worldly. And, I've only been with one man."

Mikala looked at her friend. She would do okay, definitely B list, though she would never be on Mikala's level. "Of course you're pretty enough. Anyway, I splurge before the big night – hair, makeup, everything is professionally done. I have standing appointments with the best salons in the city."

Carrie didn't want to ask, but she was dying to know when Mikala's next big night was going to be. "When is your next appointment?"

"Very nice, Carrie. You're asking, though not really asking. Appointment is a good word for it." Mikala flipped open her laptop. "It's tomorrow night, two doctors who think they are businessmen. They are brothers and they want to buy an established practice from an old doctor who is in the process of retiring. You in? Take a look."

Carrie nearly tripped over herself to get a look at the two young physicians. “I like, I definitely like.”

“Come on, Carrie. It’s early to bed the night before.”

When Mikala’s alarm buzzed the next morning, Carrie heard it all the way down the hall. She sat up and looked around. It was dark. What the fuck time is it? Then she heard the shower. She lay back down. I’ll wait and let Mikala fill me in on the schedule for the day. She was sleeping soundly again in the soft luxurious bed when Mikala came jogging in, her flowing hair tied back in a ponytail.

“Rise and shine, sleepyhead.”

Carrie turned and slowly opened her eyes.

“Come on, Carrie. It’s part of the job. If you want to be a part of my world, you have to keep in shape.”

When Carrie realized that her friend was serious, she sat up. “How far and for how long?”

Practically bouncing up and down with energy, Mikala recited her entire morning. “I run for about an hour, then I treat myself to a latte, come home, shower, and then I begin my beauty routine. Come on. I’m serious. I have a schedule.”

Carrie forced herself to move. All she wanted was the full beauty treatment and designer clothes, and of course, to get laid. She didn’t remember signing up for boot camp.

While Mikala stretched, Carrie tried to avoid looking directly into the sun that was just coming up. She hadn’t been up this early since high school.

“Come on, Carrie.”

Carrie was breathless after only five minutes of trying to keep up with her friend. She lagged behind, noting the well toned legs of her friend. I thought it came naturally to Mikala, she thought. “I have to stop and rest now, Mikala, or I will die.”

Mikala jogged in place while Carrie rested on a park bench. “Isn’t it fabulous! I feel so alive!”

Alive was the last thing that Carrie felt. At this rate, I’ll be too tired for sex by tonight.

After the early morning workout, Carrie was thrilled to sit down in Mikala’s apartment and sip her latte.

“You are going to love tonight, Carrie. You saw the photos, and the older brother will be with me. They are working on a very big deal. They can’t tell me the intimate details of it, but you would be surprised how much inside information I pick up. If you pay attention, you will soon learn who the real movers and shakers are in this city.”

After a shower and a light lunch, the two young women were welcomed with a glass of wine at one of the finest salons in the city.

“This is the best, Mikala.” A total makeover was exactly what Carrie needed. Her dark brown hair looked twenty shades lighter with the right highlights, the facial made her skin glow, and the manicure and pedicure were a first for her. “Oh, my G...! Look at me!”

“I see, I see.” Mikala stood behind her friend, admiring them both.

Carrie turned and took a good look at her friend. She was beautiful before, but now, damn, it was no wonder she was so successful.

They were on their way back to Mikala's apartment when Carrie remembered she had nothing to wear. "What do I wear tonight?"

"No worry, I have two personal shoppers meeting us at my place. I prefer doing it that way."

Once again, Carrie looked at her friend with awe and envy. She has everything. Mikala's timing was perfect. Ten dresses and an array of accessories had been chosen for each of them and were waiting for them when they returned to Mikala's apartment. The personal shoppers were ready to assist the young women in any way.

Carrie was unaccustomed to having an audience while she dressed, but the designer dresses were so beautiful and felt so silky against her skin that she quickly adjusted. "What do you think?" she would ask with every change. The woman gave her honest opinion, but it was Mikala's opinion that mattered most.

"That's the one," Mikala decided for her when Carrie was wearing a dark blue slip of a dress that showed off her curves very nicely. "The contrast with your white skin is perfect. It's sexy, but not slutty."

Mikala stood in the doorway in a red dress that played perfectly against her olive colored skin and her chocolate locks. "Mikala!"

"What?"

"Do I have to say it? You are drop dead gorgeous."

"Thanks."

Now Carrie understood why Mikala worked so hard to keep her body in such great shape. It was well worth it. She looked like a million dollars and Carrie wouldn't be surprised at all if that was only a small percentage of a yearly salary for her friend. An apartment overlooking the park was certainly not cheap.

"I'm definitely going to start working out now, and with no complaining."

Mikala looked at her friend. She wasn't fat, but she could definitely use some toning.

Mikala excused the women, and insisted that Carrie have a glass of wine with her. "It helps break the tension. Trust me, if you make the men feel stress-free, they splurge big time."

Carrie smiled at her friend. She seemed to have it all figured out, but her life couldn't be perfect, could it? It had to have at least one flaw and Carrie was determined to find it.

"Time to go." Mikala locked the door and the two women were on their way.

"Mikala," Carrie whispered. "Why don't they pick you up?"

"Never mix business with pleasure, or at least not right away."

In the hotel lobby, Carrie felt a little bit like a call girl. There were several businessmen who nodded at them and gave them a once over, but Mikala seemed not to notice. Carrie noticed. She leaned in and whispered, "They think we are..."

Mikala quickly shushed her. "Don't say it. We are businesswomen." Mikala sat up straight and looked straight ahead.

Carrie studied her every move. She did look professional. She had to admit that. Mikala immediately stood when the two young doctors entered the lobby.

"Mikala?"

"Yes. Dr. Stevens, I presume."

“Gregory, and this is Alan.”

Mikala introduced her friend by her first name only. Mikala never gave her last name to her clients. She had learned that the hard way. When a business deal had fallen through once, the client was so upset with Mikala that he stalked her for weeks.

“Gentlemen, where will we be dining this evening?”

Dr. Stevens revealed the name of one of New York’s finest establishments, and the four of them left the hotel. A limo was waiting for them and Carrie was impressed with the courtesy the two young doctors showed Mikala, but then, she was an accomplished businesswoman.

Carrie could only imagine how Mikala treated them once the deal was done. She knew how much Mikala liked sex. Mikala liked sex as much as she did, and Mikala was getting it a lot more than she.

When they met the older physician, Gregory introduced Mikala as his CEO, a title Mikala assured her clients would command respect and score them a better deal. The retiring physician was extremely frugal and insisted that his price be met. Mikala spoke calmly and a bit seductively to the older gentleman and she began to slide her dress upward along her leg just a little, revealing only a small part of her well toned thigh. The physician was easily distracted by Mikala’s subtle sexiness, and Carrie stifled a laugh.

“I’m sorry, what did you say?” the older doctor asked.

Mikala presented him with a revised proposal in which he would agree to sell at a much lower price. She smiled her full lipped smile, her white teeth sparkling, and the man reluctantly agreed.

Gregory stood to shake hands with the older doctor, and Mikala stood after him. Carrie was impressed at Mikala’s softness at the end of the deal. It was as if she were two very different women. The older gentleman left the restaurant, leaving the four of them alone to celebrate.

“You got him down to nearly half his price, Mikala. How can we thank you? Your fee is not nearly enough.”

Mikala placed her hand on Gregory’s thigh and looked him in the eyes.
“Champagne?”

“Certainly...waiter!”

“I was thinking of something a little more intimate, Gregory.”

Carrie watched as Mikala’s eyes became that of a skilled seductress, and she also watched as Gregory’s eyes became as big as saucers. She looked down at Mikala’s hand that was so near Gregory’s crotch, and she was certain that another part of the young doctor’s anatomy was becoming hard as well. Mikala loved doctors as clients. Having spent so many years with their noses in books, doctors often did not pick up on the subtleties of a sexual advance.

“Perhaps we could celebrate in your hotel room,” she said softly.

Carrie watched as the doctor’s face began to blush. He cleared his throat, and said, “That would be good.”

Alan wasn’t nearly as shy as his older brother. “We have separate rooms, Carrie. Would you care to celebrate with me?”

“You got it,” she answered, eager to get this party started.

The two young doctors escorted Mikala and Carrie to their hotel. "Very nice, doctor," Mikala remarked when Gregory opened the door to his penthouse suite. It had put a real dent in his budget, but he had come here to impress. Now he knew he had been smart about splurging. This beautiful woman was practically raping him with her eyes.

Mikala motioned toward the bed for the doctor to sit. She made herself very comfortable after she slipped off her heels, slid her dress upward along her thighs, and seated herself in Gregory's lap against his crotch.

"How many years have you been in practice, doctor?"

Gregory watched as Mikala skillfully undid his tie and unbuttoned the top three buttons on his shirt. This was the first time the young physician had been seduced. Having spent most of his life in a classroom or a lab, Gregory had little experience with women.

Mikala, sensing the doctor's nervousness by his hesitancy to put his hands on her body, and knowing that Gregory had not been her first young physician, kissed him sweetly on the lips. She held his head with one hand and slowly unbuttoned his shirt with the other.

As Gregory began to relax, his body began to respond to Mikala's touch. She slid forward until her crotch was firmly pressing against the hardness within Gregory's designer slacks. Gregory slid his hand along Mikala's thigh, and she lifted her skirt upward. It had been a long time since Gregory had been with a woman, and the heat from Mikala's crotch as it hit his hand reminded him of his sexual drought. His hand felt good to Mikala and she moaned as she kissed him.

"Let's get you out of these, doctor. They seem a little snug."

Gregory stripped off his shirt, and Mikala forced the doctor's pants to the floor. He stood, and Mikala lowered his underwear down over his solid butt and over his erection. She kissed the top of his cock, holding it for a second between her lips, before she forced the tight shorts down and off. "Nice, doctor, very nice," she said, as she wrapped her hand around the thickness and slid her hand along the length of Gregory's penis. He pulled her to him, lifted her dress and pushed her undergarments to the floor.

"That's the way to treat a lady," she purred.

Mikala stood back and gave the doctor a show as she unclasped her strand of pearls and slipped out of her slinky dress. She stood naked, and the doctor stared at Mikala's beautiful body. His eyes went from her face to her breasts and then to the part of her that had been pressed against his cock.

Mikala waited for the doctor to make the first move. It was her job to make her clients feel good, and if her clients felt good, they made her feel very good.

"Come here, Mikala," Gregory said, holding his arms out.

She slowly walked toward him. He cupped her breasts and he moved a hand down along her flat stomach, over Mikala's mound, and between her thighs. Mikala opened herself to the doctor's touch and she opened her mouth, awaiting the doctor's lips. Gregory kissed her hard and with an urgency now. His fingers eagerly sought out her wetness. Never had a woman wanted him the way Mikala wanted him. She pulled her lips off of Gregory's delicious lips, and smiled.

"Let's try the bed," she whispered.

Gregory nearly pulled the bed apart as he readied it for Mikala. Mikala got on the bed and pulled Gregory down to her. She scooted down, positioning her open wetness at the top of Gregory's cock.

"Give it to me," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "I need some sexual healing, doctor."

Gregory entered her slowly, as if unsure of his skill.

"Oh, yes," she moaned, drawing out the words. She lifted her butt just enough to encourage the young doctor, and he held her as he steadied himself for the amazing sensation that he had nearly forgotten.

"Oh, doctor," Mikala moaned, as she moved with Gregory.

The young doctor began thrusting harder and faster into his sexy lover. She lifted her legs, and the doctor held them up and dove deeper into Mikala's wet and tight pussy.

Mikala pushed her breasts together, hoping that Gregory would take the hint and force her hands away so that he could take her breasts. She formed her hands to allow her hard nipples to push upward with each thrust of the doctor, and he did force the woman's hands away. He wanted the breasts with the hard nipples.

Mikala laid her hands on the bed and gripped the sheets. Her climax was building, and she let the doctor know. "Doctor, oh, I'm...I'm..."

"You're what?" he forced out.

Mikala was rocking back and forth. "I'm cumming, doctor."

Mikala never faked it. She didn't have to. She knew exactly how to move so that her body would feel intense pleasure, with or without a man. But pleasure with a man was so much better.

"Uh, uh", from the doctor, followed by "Ohh, fuck", and Mikala grabbed the solid ass as Gregory experienced his first orgasm with someone other than himself in too long a time. His sweaty body smothered Mikala's as the doctor formed a cocoon around her. He held her more tightly than any other client had held her afterward.

Mikala was confused by the doctor's loving embrace. She had clearly stipulated in her contract that anything that happened was a one time thing, and most clients had their clothes back on as soon as they had the strength. Was Gregory cuddling?

Mikala let him hold her, thinking that this might be his "thing", just his way of saying goodbye. He lay on the bed with his head next to hers, stroking her face, playing with her beautiful hair. "You are very beautiful, Mikala."

Mikala turned to him and smiled. She had planned her evenings with clients down to the minute, and she was unaccustomed to surprises. But Mikala now found herself in very unfamiliar territory, and she didn't know what to do. If I only knew what Carrie was doing.

Carrie had wasted no time with her night's catch. They had popped a few buttons in their hurry to fuck each other.

"I haven't been with a woman in awhile, Carrie."

"What's awhile, Alan? I just got divorced, and my husband stopped fucking me a long time ago. That's awhile."

Those words had earned Carrie a much needed oral orgasm as the doctor buried his face in her pussy. She was pulling his hair as he gave her not one but many orgasms.

“Ahhhh,” she screamed, and then covered her mouth with her hand. This was a classy hotel, and she was supposed to be a classy woman, but damn. Good sex was good sex.

“Doctor, are you this good to all of your patients?”

Alan grinned at Carrie. “No,” he answered, as he kissed his way upward to her nipples that seemed to be beckoning to him. He took one of Carrie’s small breasts into his mouth, sinking his teeth lightly into her nipples.

Carrie flopped her arms over her head and onto the pillows. The doctor was ravaging her sex starved body and she wanted to give him full and free range. Every part of her that Alan touched he satisfied. He began rubbing her clit while he sucked her breasts, and Carrie had more than one orgasm under the doctor’s expert touch.

“Fuck me, doctor.”

Alan made a growl-like sound, and he kissed her neck. Carrie felt as though she couldn’t breathe as the doctor entered her skillfully and fully.

“Oh, more, more,” she begged. “Harder, harder,” she shouted.

Alan gave Carrie what she had not had in what seemed a few thousand years. His dick felt twice as big as her ex-husband’s, or maybe her virginity had somehow grown back. Carrie wasn’t sure. All that Carrie knew was that it felt better than good.

“Oh, Alan, your cock is hard and thick and perfect.”

Alan did things to Carrie that she had only read about in erotic novels. He rolled over and lifted her on top of him. She lowered herself down onto his hard rod until she was sitting on him. She loved the control she had over Alan and over her own pleasure. She leaned back and Alan grabbed her breasts. “Uh, ah, it’s happening again.” She looked into Alan’s eyes and grabbed his chest as her orgasm rocked her body.

“That’s it, baby, take me,” Alan encouraged. He held Carrie’s hips as she rocked her body back and forth on his hard cock. She had definitely gotten hers by the time Alan came.

“Oh, shit, Carrie.” He held her still as he came inside her. “You are wild, girl.”

Carrie leaned down and looked him in the eyes again. “Honey, you have no idea.”

The young doctor couldn’t resist this woman. He forced her onto her back and within minutes the young doctor was ready to go again. Plunging hard and deep, the doctor filled Carrie again. Carrie couldn’t believe her luck. If her husband had been half this good in the sack she would probably still be with him.

The two of them showered together afterward, exploring each other again, licking and sucking as they pleased. Carrie had never given her husband a blowjob, but she wanted to do it to Alan. She knelt on the warm shower floor, the water adding to their arousal, as she pulled his dick into her mouth. It was so thick and long that she couldn’t take it all, but the doctor had a remedy for that. He sat on the floor of the shower and forced Carrie onto his pole. Carrie closed her eyes as yet another orgasm was felt throughout her body.

“Damn, girl, I think I’m dehydrated.”

Carrie laughed at the doctor’s remark. Only a doctor would say something like that, but who was she to argue with the truth?

After they had dressed, their hair still wet, Alan kissed Carrie passionately. “You need a good fuck at least once a week. Doctor’s orders.”

Carrie slipped her feet into her high heels. "I always follow doctor's orders."

Carrie was supposed to meet Mikala in the lobby, but when she and Alan arrived, there was no Carrie.

"Did she leave without me?"

"No, I doubt it. Call Gregory's room."

Carrie wasn't sure about that. Maybe Carrie was still entertaining, or whatever she called it. Carrie decided to wait awhile, and she and Alan ordered a drink in the bar while they waited for Mikala.

Mikala glanced at her watch. "I need to go now, sweetie. I promised to meet Carrie ten minutes ago."

Gregory continued to lie on top of Mikala, and he looked into her beautiful eyes. "Move in with me, Mikala. You would never have to work again. You could live a life of luxury, and we could be together. You would be there waiting for me when I came home from my busy and lucrative practice every night."

Mikala wanted to laugh in his face. She may look like a trophy wife, but she was far from it. She had known too many women who were so unhappy in the role of wife, trophy and otherwise, that they were screwing every man who came to service anything in their home. A few of her close friends had fallen into that trap and were now sleeping with the plumber, the electrician, and any number of delivery men. One of Mikala's friends had gotten it so good from a floral delivery man that she had a weekly arrangement with him. She sent flowers to herself and insisted that only that particular man make the delivery.

"Honey, I'm not cut out to be a wife," she said, trying to let the doctor with the sad puppy eyes down easily.

"I can give you everything, Mikala, a place in the city, a country home in the Hamptons, and the prestige of being the wife of a very wealthy physician. I'm going places, my dear."

Mikala stroked his soft hair. "I know you are, honey, and you deserve someone special."

"But I want you, Mikala. I could never find someone as beautiful as you."

Mikala smiled sweetly, not knowing what to say next. This had never happened to her before. Never had a client declared his undying devotion to her. Gregory hadn't had that much to drink tonight.

Mikala realized that she was going to have to be firm with this man. "Look, sweetie, the night is over, the deal was made, and if I stay here much longer my rate will go sky high."

The sweetness immediately left the doctor's face and he rolled off of Mikala and pulled on his pants. "Get out now," he ordered.

Mikala was already slipping into her dress. She stuffed her nylons into her purse and wore her shoes without them.

With her hand on the doorknob, Gregory had one more thing to say to her. "Are you a whore?"

Mikala turned on her heel and stated firmly, "No, Dr. Stevens, I am a deal maker."

The doctor stared at Mikala, remembering the fantastic deal she had gotten for him earlier. She raised her eyebrows, as if daring him to say more. It appeared to Mikala that Gregory wanted to say something but didn't know what to say. Gregory was on the verge of calling her a filthy whore, but he realized that he may need her again in the future. She was one hell of a deal maker, whatever her secret, and she no doubt had many wealthy contacts in the city.

Mikala left Gregory to his thoughts, and hurried to meet Carrie in the lobby. She looked around, but there was no Carrie. She doesn't know the city. Where is she?

"Mikala, in here."

Carrie gave her doctor a last kiss and thanked him for the drink.

Mikala hailed a cab, and once the two women were safely back at her apartment, Carrie asked about her night, after the deal.

"It was okay."

"Just okay? Dr. Alan was superb. I had the most intense orgasms, more than one, of my entire life. I actually screamed."

Mikala smiled. "It was okay," she repeated.

"Well, I'm off to bed," Carrie said, with a smile.

"Carrie, just a minute."

"Yes?"

"You still planning to stay in the city for awhile and work with me?"

"Absolutely, Mikala. Not only did I have multiple orgasms tonight, but I had a sexual epiphany. I was married for too long, and I have missed too many orgasms."

As Carrie hummed her way to the bedroom, Mikala thought about Gregory. Maybe someday I will be happy with a provincial life, but not now. Still, she wondered what it might be like to be married to someone like Dr. Stevens, but happy, not like the girls she had gone to college with whose lives had become empty shells of existence. She slowly walked down the hallway to her bedroom. She climbed into her bed and fell asleep, hoping to dream of a perfect life, whatever that might be.

~K. Lyn~

