

Chapter Twenty-Eight

"I'll get it, honey," Diane said, as she ran to her front door, wondering, who could be knocking at that late hour? She moved aside and peeked around the narrow curtain that covered the clear glass on either side of the entrance. "Oh my God," she exclaimed and quickly opened the door.

Angry, sobbing and dripping from the evening rain, Connie Raymond stood in the doorway looking like a drowned rat.

"What happened to you?" Diane asked.

"We had a big fight and I left. I'm so sorry but I had no other place to go at this hour."

"Well, don't just stand there, come in and let me get you something dry to put on."

Diane left Connie seated in the living room, while she retreated to explain the intrusion to her husband. She returned several minutes later with a towel and a dry outfit. "Do you want to talk about it," she asked, while lowering the bundle to the coffee table.

"He's such a selfish prick," Connie hissed, while rapidly running the towel through her hair. "All he thinks about is his career and the damned state and who knows what or whomever else."

Diane took a seat on the couch beside her friend and in a consoling manner, placed an arm around her shoulder. "It can't be that bad," she said, "we all know that things have a way of working out."

"How can they, he's never home long enough to discuss anything. I don't seem to count anymore, I'm just a fixture in that house and his life."

"Maybe you should consider a career of your own."

"Now you sound like John. All I ever wanted to be was a wife and believe me I've tried, God have I tried, but he doesn't appreciate what I do."

"I can't believe that he treats you like a fixture."

"Really? If you were a fly on the wall, you'd see how he sits at the breakfast table, reading the newspaper without ever looking at me. And dinner together, well, that's a rarity."

Diane shifted her position to the end of the couch, yawned and glanced over at the crystal clock resting on her grand piano.

"Look, it's after two A.M.," she said, "let me show you to the guest room and we'll talk in the morning."

Connie awakened at six A.M. and made her way to the kitchen. Diane was already seated, staring off into space, a large coffee mug suspended from her right hand. "I didn't expect to see you up so early," Diane groaned, as Connie slid listlessly into the opposite chair.

"I tossed and turned all night," Connie replied.

"Poor baby," Diane cooed, as she rose for a refill.

"Coffee?" she asked.

"Yeah, I could use a jolt."

"What's your plan?" Diane inquired, as she handed a steaming mug to her friend.

"Not sure but I am certain of one thing."

"What's that?"

"Something has to change."

"Look, I'm not trying to rush you out but, shouldn't you be thinking about having a sit down with John?"

"How do I go about arranging one, he's never home?"

"Show up at his office, wear something sexy and insist that he take you out to lunch."

"He'll just claim that he's too busy."

"Well, on another note, today is Friday!" Diane said with a wink.

"So?"

"For the humdrum, it's the beginning of the weekend but for me, club night."

"Club night?"

"Yup and tonight is the once a year special slave sale."

Connie lowered her mug and giggled, as a big smile spread across her face. "What's a slave sale?" she asked.

"Only the most exciting night of the year, where the doms get to bid for their slave of choice."

"You mean, men?"

"Sort of, but the slave isn't necessarily a man."

"What about your husband, what does he think about your escapades?"

"Have you seen him around this morning? Of course not, he has his own life and friends and frankly, the old man decided long ago that he couldn't keep up with my sexual demands."

"So, he lets you do whatever you want?"

"Yup, pretty much so."

"How does that work?"

"He pays the bills and for that, he gets a younger woman to hang onto at his special events, as well as a piece of ass when he gets home, if he feels up to it."

"Sounds like a good deal ... for you, that is."

"Yeah, well, it wasn't always like that but as he got older, our sex drives went in different directions and as you remember from college, I was always in hyperdrive."

"How can I forget; all those nights I had to spend in the library while you were doing the football team in our room."

"You got better grades, didn't you?"

"But you had more fun."

"So, any thoughts about tonight?"

"Sounds interesting but I'm still not sure about the S&M thing, on the other hand, it would serve the bastard right."

"You already have an idea about what goes on there from your first visit ..."

"But it was safe," she interrupted, "I didn't do anything."

"Who says that you have to?"

"You mean I can just come and watch again?"

"Sure, but I'll bet you'll change your mind."

"About?"

"You'll see."

"Hmm."

"So, does that mean you'll go?"

"OK, just as long as the decision to participate is mine."

"Well, then we need to get you something to wear and since my stuff won't fit you, that means, shopping."

"I have a feeling that the local department stores don't carry what you have in mind," Connie said, with a smirk.

"Probably not, but there is a small exotic-wear shop not too far from here."

"Really?"

"Yes, so get dressed, we have a mission."

Connie kept checking her cell phone throughout the day looking for any missed calls from the senator. She was torn. She just couldn't understand why he hadn't called but in her mind, calling him would have meant that he had won and she couldn't let that happen. As she and Diane exited the exotic wear store, a shopping bag draped over her arm, she snapped open her phone.

"Give it a rest, honey," Diane beseeched, "if he wanted to talk he would have called you."

"But he doesn't know where I am," Connie replied guiltily.

"He's got your cell number, right?"

Connie's face twisted in anger as she seethed. "Damn right!" she hissed, "that bastard, he screws up and now he's punishing me by pretending that he doesn't care and who knows, maybe he really doesn't."

"Let it sit for awhile, he'll come around. That is, if that's what you want?"

"I guess," Connie replied, not really sure at that moment if she did or not.

"The old man's out with his cronies tonight, so, let's get something to eat ..."

"And drink," she nervously interrupted.

"Yeah, and then we can prepare for fun and games."