Blackout- Chapter 1

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First book attempt. Chelsea is a divorcee who has been suffering from blackouts. As if that wasn't enough the things that happen during are increasingly hard to bear. Is she going crazy or is somebody messing with her head?

Published on
Booksie

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Table of Contents

Blackout- Chapter 1 Chapter 1

Blackout- Chapter 1 Chapter 2

Blackout- Chapter 1 : Chapter 1

"Damn" Chelsea thought as she was waking up. "It's happened again". After a quick look at her watch she realized this episode had been an all-nighter. At 5:30am the sun was just beginning to shine light on her city. In less than 2 hours she would need to be at work. Not completely sure of where she was she took stock of her surroundings.

The dark motel room was sparsely furnished and smelled of mildew covered over by cheap disinfectant. The cheap room was representative of various roach motels in the area. The ones that rent rooms by the hour, night or even week for those desperately in need of shelter or anonymity. Though there were no tell tale signs to distinguish this from any of the other motels in the city, Chelsea knew where she was. She had woken many times to find herself here.

The Harrison, a one story motel with 15 rooms was built on the outskirts of town. It attracted all types from truckers to hookers and the occasional clandestine affair. The manager was known to keep his mouth shut for the right price. Slip him an extra twenty at check in and you were guaranteed confidentiality. This unspoken knowledge was the reason behind the heavy traffic the Harrison saw. The motel itself was dirty, poorly decorated and offered no amenities but at any given day of the week the rooms were being used.

Chelsea took quick stock of herself. She didn't have to explore too far to realize the night she spent in the motel room was not alone. It never was. Her legs were still heavy and her body had all the tell tale signs of a night of passion. After a quick look around, she confirmed she was now alone, her unknown lover having left while she slept.ï¿½Chelsea longed for answers but was incredibly relieved by his absence nonetheless.

Chelsea scanned her memory trying for any recollection of the prior evenings events. She remembered leaving her house around ten and heading to the local hotspot in town. That's the last clear memory she had of the evening. Other memories came in flashes. Ordering a drink, making contact with the man across the bar, flashes of bodies entangled together. She couldn't remember his face or leaving the bar. She had no recollection of arriving at the motel or of the mystery lover leaving. This was nothing new. As hard as she tried she could not recall the pertinent details of her affairs.

"Just how wild did last night get?" she asked the empty room. Judging from the ache in her body she guessed probably a seven on a scale of one to ten. It may have been gymnastics worthy but seemed devoid of any light or heavy bondage or even worse. There had been times in the last six months that she had woken to being tied to the bed or marks on her body with no idea how they got there. The scarier implications of those nights had been almost more then she could bear.

Shaking off those thoughts she glanced in the mirror. Even though her dark auburn hair was a disheveled mess and her makeup from the night before was streaked across her face she was still unbelievably attractive. Everything about her looks screamed sex from her shoulder length curls to her smoky gray eyes and her full lips. She was curvy in all the right ways with full hips and breasts a slim waist and flat abs. She had the type of body that could pull off the skimpiest clothes or a business suit with ease.

With nothing with her to put herself back together again she would have to return home before work. At six o'clock she had enough time to get across town to her condo and take a quick shower.

"Breakfast is going to have to wait" she thought as she hurried from the room.

ï¿½

Chapter 2

While getting ready for work Chelsea reflected on what her life had become. The double life she seemed to be leading was taking its toll. When she filed for divorce she had thought life would get much happier and less complicated. Now she was beginning to wonder if she had made a mistake.

Chelsea Alexander grew up in the Midwest. At age ten her mother committed suicide after battling delusions and depression. Her father, believing he was protecting her, told her little of her mother and her demons. Chelsea believed this was also partly because her father had never gotten over her death. He was old fashioned and raised Chelsea to believe her place was in the home supporting her husband.

She moved to Seattle with her husband, Martin Alexander, straight out of college. He had high financial and political aspirations and took a position as a Junior Associate in the Law firm of Krantz and Schmidt. Believing Martin to be the love of her life Chelsea quit college and devoted herself to supporting her husband. Chelsea spent 8 years putting her dreams of a family and career on hold while Martin raced through the ranks on his way to partner. For him it was never the right time to start a family or for her to return to school. He wanted her there always in support of him. He treated her like arm candy and spared no qualms about throwing her mother's past in her face dare she complained. She was expected to smile and take whatever was offered with gratitude while he neglected her and screwed around.

At 34 she realized there was more to life than this. She wanted more to her life than being a doormat and told him so. She packed her stuff, filed for separation and moved into her condo.

That was almost a year ago. In the beginning the divorce moved swiftly. Her husband seemed in agreement that their relationship was over. Chelsea asked for nothing except control over her minor family inheritance and gave him everything else.

As he was already heavily involved with his secretary it seemed things would go smoothly and Chelsea would be free in no time. About seven months ago everything changed. He began to stall out the divorce claiming the possibility of reconciliation. When that didn't work he wanted to change the terms of the divorce. With each proceeding it seemed she would never get her divorce.

It was around this time the blackouts started. The first time it happened she had gone to bed and "woke up" a few hours later dressed in her skimpiest clothes in the back alley of the seediest bar in town in the arms of an unknown man. Her skirt had been hiked up around her waist and he was thrusting into her with a frenzied urgency. Confused and terrified she began to protest. She screamed at him, beating her fists against his chest, begging him to stop. Her assailant looked as confused as she felt. He backed away from her and ran down the alley. Last thing he said before taking off was "slut begged me for it then screams rape, I don't need this shit". Chelsea was so confused in that moment that she could not say for sure whether she had asked for it or not. With no memory leading up to the incident she could not say absolutely that it had been rape. Embarrased by the situation and frazzeled by her own confusion she dragged herself home and hoped she would forget that night soon enough.

Over the course of the next six months she would experience many blackouts ranging from a few hours to all night. Always sexually charged, she would "wake up" to either a random man inside her or just the knowledge of having had sex before. Occasionally she would get flashes of the encounter; brief slivers of recollection. Her seducing her chosen partner, the entanglement of their bodies etcâ ¦These flashes were the only thing that made her believe her willing involvement. Reassuring her no rape was being committed; that and the frequency with which the blackouts had occurred.

After the first few encounters Chelsea chose to journal the blackouts in the hopes of making sense of them. Her otherwise stable life felt like it was falling apart at the seams. She liked her life and her new found freedom. She had a career as a paralegal for a private firm, her own independence and had started making friends of her own.

Her mother's mental history scared her of involving anybody else into her nightmare. She'd be damned if they locked her up in the loony bin and over medicated her. She was terrified of turning into her mother and of completely losing her grip on reality. While she knew deep down that she should seek therapy, she wasn't willing to give up what control she currently had. She still had hopes of figuring this out on her own.

She had been precariously balancing her daytime life with her nighttime blackouts. On those mornings she woke up after one of her encounters she felt tired and distracted. It was difficult to get through a work day without obsessing over the previous night. She had hoped it was not affecting her work but her boss had been noticing a change and made it very clear he was less than satisfied. Chelsea liked her job and was not inclined to pissing off her very influential boss Leland James. With a last look in the mirror Chelsea headed out for work.

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