

# Suits and Prostitutes.

By : **AnotherLovelessMachine**

For the past two years, Adalia Jones has been a prostitute. Her and eight other women have been working down in an alleyway. But recently, a man who always smells of cigarettes and wears suits all the time, has been coming for the girls. Adalia is the one who wants him most. But he doesn't seem to notice her. What Adalia notices is that there a girls disapearing after they spend a night with the man in the suit. Will she let it slide or will she do something when her best friend Hellehna goes missing as well.



Published on  
**Booksie**

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## **Table of Contents**

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 1

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 2

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 3

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 4

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 5

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 6

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 7

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 8

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 9

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 10

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 11

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 12

Suits and Prostitutes. Chapter 13

## Suits and Prostitutes. : Chapter 1

It was a typical night for me. It was slow, and not many of the girls were out. Actually... Some of the girls have been disappearing from around here. There's this man who comes to the alleyway everynight. This man drives a purple 1967 Pontiac GTO, and he always wears a suit. The man wears his hair slicked back like Morrissey from The Smiths. The suits he wears are highly classy, and he comes after prostitutes.

Not going to lie, I want him. I've always been highly attracted to men in suits. I haven't figured out as to why yet, but there's something about the way specific men look.

"What time is it?" My voice finally broke the silence between me and five other girls. Harley, Sandy, Cora, Micha, and Hellehna. I've always been the closest with Hellehna and another lady name Carmen, but Carmen is one of the girls that have disappeared. During the day, I go out to find her. I check her house everyday. I ask all the men that come in here that have been with her, except for the man with the suit. Who may just be here soon.

It was silent for a few minutes. An answer would really be helpful. Finally, I got one from Micha, "It's 11:58." The man always shows up at exactly twelve. I smiled to Micha in thanks and moved closer light making sure I was visible. For some reason, he just doesn't even seem to notice me. But today I went over board. I look like a burlesque queen. Fishnet tights, a bright red tutu with a black and red halter corset as well as wearing black ankle high boots.

There's no way he is going to miss me now! He will deffinantly want me... I hope. "He's here ladies..." Harley purred. Harley sounded a little too excited. Harley had been around the longest. She is... Flawless. Everyone wants to be her, or be with her. I'm surprised she wasn't first to go. But she might be next.

I could hear his shoes clicking against the gravel as he walked down the alley. He smelled of cigarettes and coffee, along with a scent of cinnamon. His hair was perfectly slicked back as per usual. He wore a grey blazer today with matching dress pants. He wore a light purple dress shirt with a grey vest over it, and of course, his silver pocket watch that was neatly tucked into the vest pocket.

He walked agonizingly slow towards us all. Until he came to a halt in front of me. But he wouldn't turn to face me. "Aren't you a little young to be a prostitute?" He voice was like velvet. It killed me a little on the inside. But who is he to judge!? I've just turned twenty-one, so I am an adult. But my only response, was me scoffing at him. With no response, he walked away from me.

I turned my head towards where he was walking. Hellehna... He was going to go after Hellehna! My best friend, and after this, she's just going to disappear! I watched as he held his hand out to her which she gladly took. She wouldn't! Hellehna is... My line of vision followed my best friend as they ventured back to the beautiful car. There's no way of stopping her! The man has money, and when you're a prostitute, there's a reason for being on. Hellehna's is the money.

When I first met Hellehna, she was homeless. It was two years ago and I had been out partying just after I graduated high school. She was crying. I had never heard such sorrowful cries in my entire life. I had to stop and look. There she was. In tattered clothes, her beautiful red hair a mess and she was dirty. Without even second thinking of it, I told her to come with me. It was at that point, I brought Hellehna back to my apartment. We've lived together since that day.

"Hellehna..." I whispered to myself, as a tear rolled down my cheek. When will I see her next? Will I ever hear from her again!? The car doors shut and the two of them took off. My heart seemed to shatter as I

## Suits and Prostitutes.

watched the tail lights off in the distance. If I were to never see her again, I don't know what I'd do.

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"You seem upset tonight... Why?" Maxwell asked me as he lit up a cigarette. Maxwell is the man I've been sleeping with for the past few nights, but we've known each other for a long time. So it's a little weird when he pays me to have sex with him. Should I really tell him what's been going on? I turned my head on the pillow, looking over at the blonde beauty next to me with a cigarette in between his fingers.

What's the worst thing that can happen? This is my friend, I can trust him with my life. So I decided to go on with what's been going on, from the man into the suit, all the disappearing prostitutes, up until tonight when he took my best friend. "And now, here I am laying next to my other best friend," I finished as he put out his third smoke. Had I really taken that long to tell the story?

There was no response from Maxwell yet. The bed shifted around as he moved to brace himself above me, his blonde hair dangling in his face. "Hellehna will be fine... She's a strong girl. Plus nothing can break your friendship, I always hear the two of you laughing like little girls from down the hall," Maxwell said as he brushed my light brown hair out of my face. That was the best part, I could just go home when I want as quick as I want. But this time, I didn't want to leave. I needed to be around someone.

It's like Maxwell had read my mind when he said, "Why don't you just spend the night? You look shaken up, and I don't want you alone tonight." Tears rolled down my cheeks again as I nodded in response. What would I do without Maxwell? Probably fall apart. Maxwell leaned down to peck me on the lips before getting off the bed. He's always had a childish crush on me, but lately it feels like it's growing into something more... For now, I won't question him.

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"Morning Adalia," Maxwell greeted as I hug him from behind. His bed sheet was wrapped tightly around my body so I wasn't actually exposed now. Maxwell turned to face me and chuckled. "You look like hell," Maxwell said as he picked me up bridal style and carried me over to the couch. He flopped down onto the black leather couch, with me on his lap. Maxwell was still trying to calm me down.

In all the years I've known him, he has never shown love to his family, especially his baby sister, and me. "Max... I think we should date. It'll probably keep me off the street, plus I really need you more than ever right now," I told Maxwell without looking at him yet. But there was no hesitation.

Maxwell just hugged me closer to his chest, rubbing my back. "Of course... I'll always be here for you Adalia," Maxwell whispered into my hair as he rubbed my side. Was this really the right choice to make... Especially with my friends slowly disappearing. But for now, I'd put on a smile and go with it. As my mother used to tell me; Keep Calm and Carry On.

## Chapter 2

I looked at the pancakes that were in front of me happily. "Maxwell, you are the best cook I have ever met. These better be good," I told him seriously but with a playful grin. After Maxwell and I decided we'd start dating, I told him to go make me pancakes. There's no way he'd be whipped already, we've just always played around like this.

Maxwell just gave me this look that read "are you serious?" All I did was smile in response before starting to eat the pancakes. They were honestly the best pancakes I have ever had. "I have to go to school, are you going to be okay for a few hours?" Maxwell said as he stood from his chair and flattened out his clothes.

Now I was going to be alone... I didn't want that, but he goes to culinary school for the next two years. "Yeah... It's fine, I'm going to go see if Hellehna's home and we'll go for coffee," I said with a shrug. If Hellehna isn't home, I don't know what I'll do. Maybe just hang out around home for a little bit.

Maxwell looked at me with a frown, like he knew I was telling a lie. But he came over and kissed the top of my head. Maxwell grabbed his car keys and looked over his shoulder at me. "I'll be back in a bit, if you need me, call," Maxwell said before leaving the apartment. Now I was alone.

I just decided I wasn't going to stall any longer. Slowly, I dragged myself off the chair making my way towards the door. I was going to leave my things here and pick them up later when Maxwell is home. Did I really want to go back home? Knowing that Hellehna most likely won't be home. A small frown appeared on my lips, but I decided to force a smile as I walked out the front door.

It seemed to take forever to walk just down the hall. Hellehna, please be home. What will I do if I can't find her again? I don't want to go to the police, I hate them. They're all worthless scumbags who sit around eating donuts and drinking coffee. I will figure this out by myself, no matter how long it takes me. But for now, I have to manage to get myself through my most likely empty apartment.

I grabbed onto the door handle, slowly turning it just in case. It's unlocked?! As fast as I could, I barged into the apartment. "Hellehna?!" I called out in hopes of getting a response. Wait, I can smell the man in the suit. My house just never smells of coffee, cigarettes and cinnamon at the same time. As soon as I kicked the door shut behind me, I began wandering towards the living room where I heard rustling.

"Adalia!" My brother Calvin said as soon as he saw me. I looked at him doe-eyed. Why was he here!? Better yet, why does it look like he had been crying...? I had no response as he broke down crying again and wrapped me into a tight hug. For a moment, I hesitated, but I hugged him back eventually. "Mother passed away," Calvin whispered to me.

My stomach began turning, and it felt as if my heart stopped. "No... No, mom cannot die! I need her!" My shaky voice cried out. Why was this happening to me? My best friend is most likely gone for good, and now my mother had died. Maxwell... I need to call him, now. I shoved Calvin away and ran for the landline phone.

As soon as I grabbed it, I had no hesitations of calling. I held the phone up to my ear as I sobbed, and it didn't take long. "Hey!" Maxwell said cheerfully, until he heard my sobs. "Adalia? What happened?" Maxwell asked sounding worried. I couldn't bring myself to say anything at the moment. I was crying far too hard. "Adalia, get to the coffee shop down by the University. I'll meet you there," Maxwell said before hanging up.

My attention turned back to Calvin. "Take me to the coffee shop by the University... Please," I managed to get out in between sobs. There was no way I was getting dressed into something cute like usual. I felt like utter

## Suits and Prostitutes.

crap and now, I just don't care how I'm looking.

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"Max!" I shouted as I ran into his arms, crying even harder. Maxwell was still wearing his chef's jacket that was covered in flour, which would cause me to be covered in it once I pulled away. But me pulling away, wouldn't happen for a bit. I needed to feel safe. "My mom is dead," I cried to him as my arms tightened around his neck.

Maxwell's arms wrapped around my waist, holding me close to him. "You have been through far too much in the past twelve hours, Adalia..." Maxwell said as he held me close to his body. I really have been through far too much. It's almost a little too much for me to even handle. Sure I'm no longer a child, but I am weak. "How did she pass away?" Maxwell asked as he rubbed my back, probably for the billionth time in twelve hours.

It made me think... My mother has been sick for awhile, but I never realized it was deadly until now. "My mother was sick... So I'm guessing that's what did it," I replied as I rested my head on Maxwell's chest, listening to his still beating heart. What if his heart beat stops one day? Just out of no where. I dreaded the thought of it.

There was no response from Maxwell for awhile, he just let me cry as he hugged me tight. "Your mother is still with you darling... Just not physically," Maxwell told me when I looked up at him with blood-shot eyes. Anyone who had a first glance right now, would think I am a dirty drug addict, when they don't even know the whole story.

I forced a smile onto my lips, and nodded in response. Maxwell always knew of all the right things to say. No wonder he's such a sweetheart. "Go home, rest a little. Have Calvin make you some tea, and I'll be over within three to four hours. Alright?" Maxwell said as he pulled away from me a little. I hated it. I want him to stay with me right now.

But of course, I agreed. Calvin and I shared a short, yet sweet kiss before he pulled away from my embrace. I watched him run back off to the University, and I lugged myself back to Calvin's car. I took my time getting in and buckling myself up. But eventually, I was good to go.

As Calvin began driving, I began thinking if my mom really is still here with me. My mother had always been disappointed because of who I have become... But it was something she slowly began accepting because it was my choice. I'm going to miss her so much.

## Chapter 3

The door shot open and I looked over at it from the couch. Maxwell was finally here. My blanket was wrapped tightly around me, and I had a cup of chai tea in my hands. "Hey," Maxwell greeted as he walked over to the couch to sit next to me. What could I actually say?

All I did was give him a look. I had been watching Tim Burton movies since I got home. Calvin had left after he brought me home and mad sure I had everything that I needed. "Okay, so not good," Maxwell said wrapping his arm around my shoulders. "You're loved by everyone, you'll never be lonely," Maxwell told me as he pulled me into his side carefully.

There was no fighting against him this time. I have a large family and I of course try to see them all as much as possible. Except for my father, I've never actually met him... My mother had just always brought him a new man alot. But I guess that's where I got it from. My mom wasn't a prostitute, but she was just very attractive so people wanted her a lot.

Maxwell and I hadn't been saying anything. Until I finished my tea. "The funeral's on Saturday... Can you go with me?" I asked in a low voice. Even though all my family would be there, I'd feel lonely. I need someone to go with me. If not, I may just have a mental break down during the whole funeral.

My family has never seen me cry, apart from a few of my cousins. But that was because they had gotten me into trouble when I was younger. I refused to talk to them for a few months after that. Until they finally made it up to me when they brought me candy. Since that day, our friendship has been un-breakable.

It than came to my mind, what if Hellehna's dead!?! I didn't want to go into a panic attack right now, so I had to just keep calm. Hellehna is most likely okay, and some where in the city. Hopefully she just isn't on the streets again.

Maxwell smiled down to me and gave a small nod. "Of course I will go with you, I don't want you there alone," Maxwell told me and kissed the top of my head. I just hope everything will be okay. With the funeral, as well as Hellehna missing.

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"Where are you going?" Maxwell asked as I pulled on my trench coat over my pyjama's. I was going to go see if Hellehna was down in the alleyway. It was close to tweleve, so I had to get down there quickly. "Are you going to the alleyway?" Maxwell asked me as I pulled on my shoes.

My eyes flickered up to Maxwell who was laying on the couch with his arms folded behind his head. "Yes, I need to see if Hellehna's there. I'll come right back, I promise," I said before rushing out the door with no response. Even if Maxwell were to argue, I would have left anyways.

Instead of waiting for the dreadfully slow elevator, I ran down the stairs. I only lived on the third floor, so it didn't take me that long. The only problem I had, was getting the courage to goto the alleyway. But it was the only place I could possibly find Hellehna. Or get the balls to ask the man in the suit where my best friend is.

Once I got out of the apartment building, I ran down towards the alleyway just so I would get there on time. There was a few more minutes until he would arrive there, and I was cutting it close. But it was all worth it for Hellehna.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

As the alleyway came into sight, I stopped running and walked quietly, yet quickly down the sidewalk. I had to hide behind a few boxes and trash cans as I looked around for Hellehna. I didn't want any of the girls to see me. Or even the suited man who was already here. I watched as he strode towards the girl.

This time, it was Harley's turn. I frowned a little as I watched the two walk towards the Pontiac. Harley and I were never super close, but we were still friends. As soon as the car drove off, I stood up from where I was crouching down and looked around. No Hellehna. "Shit!" I cursed out loud and kicked the garbage cans.

The rest of the girls looked over at me in shock. All I did was glare to them all. Obviously I wasn't happy. They all just gave me a nasty look after I glared. "What!?" I snapped at them all before turning around the corner, automatically bumping into someone. "Watch where the fu- Oh! Max, I'm so sorry! What're you doing here?!" I asked in shock, feeling bad I almost began yelling at him.

Maxwell placed his hands on my shoulders and smiled at me. Maxwell has a smile that could make any girl fall in love right away. It's a beautiful smile, but it doesn't have that affect on me. "I was worried so I came to look for you. Plus, I wanted to see if Hellehna was here. Which I'm guessing she wasn't," Maxwell explained to me and I just shook my head. I wanted her to come home... But I don't think she will. "Let's go home so you can get some sleep," Maxwell suggested as his arm wrapped around my shoulders.

I didn't argue but instead, I walked along with him. Honestly, I felt like death had taken over my body. Sleep would win soon, and knowing me, I would collapse on the ground

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Maxwell rested his hand over mine as we pulled up to the funeral home with my brother and his fiancée. I didn't want to go in at all. I had such a bad feeling about this. What could possibly go wrong? It's just a viewing of the body before the ceremony. "You sure that you want to go in?" Maxwell asked me in a low voice.

The week had been hectic. Every night I went out to the alleyway, until every girl was gone. I have no idea where they are, and I've been freaking out. "Yeah... It's my moms funeral," I responded to Maxwell. I hesitated a moment before getting out of the car. Flattening out my dress. It's now or never.

Maxwell walked over to me, and grabbed my hand. The two of us walked up the steps and into the funeral home. There were two wooden doors, and when I looked through them, I could see my mothers open casket. My heart just dropped.

It seemed as if though it was taking a century to walk towards the casket, ignoring all my family as I did so. Once I was there, I looked down at my mother. My mother was still just as beautiful as ever. "I love you mom," I managed to choke out through the tears. I looked at her hands, noticing she was holding a pendant she always wore around her neck. We had matching ones actually.

My shakey hand raised up and rested over the pendant. Why did this have to happen to an angel. But who ever the mortician is, did a wonderful job. "You must be Adalia, Evelyn's daughter," Someone said from behind me. I turned to face who was talking to me.

My tears stopped and I was in shock. "I'm Oliver, the mortician," Oliver said extending his hand to me. The room began spinning. People were calling out to me, but I wasn't able to reply seeing as everything went black.



## Chapter 4

When I woke up, it was to the strong scent of coffee. As well as tabaco. At the moment, I was still a little out of it, so I didn't try to find the source of it. For now, I just stared at the blinding light above me. Eventually, I felt like I was going blind so I turned my head over. Beside me, I saw a machine sitting there. 'What is that?' I thought to myself, until it finally clicked it.

It's an embalming machine! Which only means one thing, I'm laying on the embalming table. With that realization, I jumped up from the table screaming in a panic. "Dead people have been on that!" I whispered to myself, as I hunched over resting my hands on my knees. When I stood back up right, I saw Oliver there, with a cup of coffee in one hand, a cigarette in the other. "Dead people have been on that!" I now shouted at Oliver, who seemed all calm and collected.

Oliver jabbed the cigarette into the crystal ash-tray that was next to him on a chrome table. Was I even going to get a response from him?! "Be quiet, the ceremony is going on upstairs. You'll ruin it with that voice of yours," Oliver said coldly. Excuse me? My eyes just followed him as he walked right passed me. But it than hit me, this is the man who's responsible for the disappearances of my friends.

What am I actually supposed to ask? But if I don't do it, I'll never know. "Where are my friends?" I asked Oliver expecting a response right away. Oliver stopped in the door way, looking over his shoulder at me. For a few minutes, there was an awkward silence. "Where's Hellehna?" I asked in a low voice, waiting for him to say something.

Oliver sighed, and turned to face me. "Now I know where I've seen you before," Oliver muttered as he leaned up against the door frame. "As for Hellehna, the pretty red head. I cannot tell you where she is. Or any of the other females," Oliver told me which caused a bundle of rage to build up inside of me.

Oliver turned to walk away again, but I was going to be stubborn. I began following him out of the embalming room, and followed him up the stairs. "Where is my friend!?" I asked him again, with more anger in my voice this time. "I've been suffering for the past week trying to find her!" I told him, with tears threatening to slip out of my eyes.

Of course, there was no surprise from Oliver now. Why wont he tell me where me friends are? I need them back in my life. "I'm not going to tell you," Oliver said in a whisper as the doors to the chapel opened up. "Now go home, and stay off the streets," Oliver told me before walking away.

There's no way I was just going to leave yet! "I'm saying good-bye to my mother first," I said pushing past him, and everyone that walked out. Matthew stopped in his tracks as he noticed me walking passed him. I made my way up to the casket. "You're so beautiful mother. Even though you were put in the hands of the devil. I love you so much, say hi to poppa," I whispered as the tears finally slipped. This whole week, I've bottled up so many emotions. But now they were all flowing out.

Matthew walked up to me, wrapping his arm around my waist. "Let's go home sweetheart," Matthew said as he led me away from the casket. All my eyeliner was flowing into my eyes, which was burning like crazy. But that wasn't even bothering me. It was the fact Oliver wouldn't let me know where my friends are, as well as that my mother is now gone for good.

As Matthew and I headed out of the funeral home, I stared at Oliver on my way passed. "You'll never find them," Oliver lipped out with a smirk. My jaw dropped, and my eyes widened. You have got to be kidding me! I will find my friends, no matter how long it takes!

## Chapter 5

"Adalia! You have got to get up, you'll be late for work!" Matthew said as he violently shook me awake. That was probably a lie, Matthew always says this just to get me awake in the mornings. He normally has me awake right on time. So just to annoy him, I turned over, pretending to still be asleep. "Adalia..." Matthew said, able to hear to amusement in his voice as he climbed up onto the bed. "If you don't get up, I will jump on you," Matthew threatened, causing my to jump up into a sitting position.

My eyes wandered over to Matthew, who had an amused look on his face. Oh god, my hair! I raked my fingers through the mess. "I'll make it on time," I muttered sleepily before dragging myself out of bed. It's been a little over a month since Hellehna's disappeared, and I've given up as of last week. It's just taking too long to find her. But I still refuse to file a missing persons report. On any of the girls.

But one day, I know we'll all be reunited again. Whether it's in person, or even in hell. Like any of us are going to heaven! We've all been selling ourselves for sex or money. I've gone back to the funeral home multiple times, but there was no Oliver... Maybe he quit? But why does it have to take this long?! For now, I just have to focus on school and work. I've got an actual job, and I've gone back to school. Surprisingly enough, I've been doing amazing there.

It's a school for adults who've never got the high school diploma, and I love it so far. Despite being up early. "I'm going for a shower," I told Matthew as I finally made my way off the bed. "I'll be quick, and make it on time still," I said smirking as I shut the bathroom door behind me. Within the past month, I've moved into Matthew's house. It just made things easier for the two of us with living in the same building and being in a relationship anyways.

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So I was wrong, I took a shower longer than I expected. But I did a lot of thinking while I was in there so it's not my fault. Who am I kidding? Yes it is. "See, you'll be late," Matthew said with a smirk as I tied my hair up into a pony tail. I glared over at him as I began running around finding my shoes. "But you're lucky you have Richard as a boss," Matthew called out from the bedroom and I was in the living room.

Richard was the most easy going boss ever. He's also one of the only people that I've actually told about the disappearances. "Yes, I know," I said to Matthew as I walked back into the room. "I'm leaving, so I'll see you later," I told Matthew just before I kissed him good-bye. There was no time to share a kiss like we normally do, seeing as I was going to be late.

I ran out of the apartment, and down the steps. Thank god for Coffee Culture being a two minute walk away from the building. I pushed the front doors open and began walking down the sidewalk, but I stopped dead in my tracks seeing that car there. The pontiac Oliver drives. "Shit..." I cussed under my breath, turning the other way. Looks like I was going to be taking the long way to work.

Or maybe not... The car made a u-turn and began following me. But I ran as fast as I could, in hopes of getting away. Why is Oliver here!? Better yet, what does he want with me!? There was no way in hell I was going to stop now, I had to get away. I need to hide. If I try to turn and go home, Oliver will catch me that way.

My best bet was to turn down the first street, in hopes of hiding somewhere down here. But I hadn't realized it was a dead end. "No..." I cried as I turned, seeing the car stop right in front of me. Oliver stepped out with a synyster smile. God how I hate this man!

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Oliver took long strides towards me, until we were standing right in front of each other. "Nice to see you again, Adalia," Oliver said with a low chuckle. Another man had gotten out of the car and walked around behind me. But I was in too much fear to even move, or scream. The next thing I remember breathing in, was the scent of chlorforme and everything went black.

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When I woke up (from what I was hoping to be a nightmare), I was in an unrecognizable bed, in a room that I have never seen before. It was far too large for my likings. I've always been so used to staying in a smaller space, so with a room this large, you can only imagine how terrible this is.

There's only one way to find out where I am, and that's to wander. Even though the bed was comfortable, I got out of the bed, making my way towards the door, until my eyes landed on a red dress laying across a chair with a note attached. I snatched up the note and sighed, noticing it was from Oliver right away.

Adalia,

When you wake up, please consider wearing this dress, or atleast trying it on as well as the red shoes that go with it. When you are ready, make your way down the hall to your left, and go down the staircase. Once you are down here, make your way through the first door way to the left.

Sincerely,

Oliver Watkins.

After reading the letter, I scrunched it up into a ball, and tossed it to the side. The dress truly was beautiful. It was a bright red, strapless dress with a sweetheart neck like and a black belt on it. It was too pretty not to wear, so I willingly changed from my work clothes, into the dress. It fit perfectly, but how did he know? Whatever! There's just no way he got the shoe size right!

I slipped into the red pumps with ease and sigh. Damn men. Maybe he's gay? No... What would he do with a bunch of females than? I looked around the room, until I found a body length mirror. "Crap, it looks good," I muttered unhappily. But my hair was rather... Unsuitable. So I yanked the elastic out of my hair, letting my hair flow down into it's natural curls. "Let's get this over and done with," I said to myself as I headed out the room.

Left, right, left. That was all I had to remember to get out of this hallway. But it took ages to find what he was talking about. I finally made my way to the bottom of the staircase, hearing chatting and laughter to my left. I guess Oliver wants me in there.

As the high heels clicked agaisnt the ground, the room got silent. Oh this is rather awkward. I stood in the door way, looking at the table. "Hellehna..." I whispered to myself seeing her there. But why didn't she look to happy to see me? Does she not know who I am?

Oliver stood from the head of the table, walking over to me. "Ladies, I would like you all to meet Adalia. My bride to be," Oliver said with no hesitations. Bride to be!?! The room began spinning, but I kept my cool.

"Excuse me?!" I snapped looking up at him. This is the man who refuses to tell me anything! As well as calling me "too young!" I paused a moment and just looked at Oliver grinning. "I will not marry you! What about Matthew!?" I stated and asked in a panic.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Oliver bent down so he was leveled with my ear. "Don't worry, I've dealt with him," Oliver whispered and chuckled lowly. Oliver killed him! It's like he knew I was thinking that as he said, "No I did not kill Matthew either." Oliver stood back up right motioning to the seat next to him but had to lead me over. Without fighting back, I sat in the seat and looked at the stares from all the previous prostitutes. "Pick one of the ladies, to be your maid-of-honor," Oliver said motioning to the females.

Right away, I pointed at Hellehna. "Her, the pretty red head," I said acting as if I didn't know her. If Hellehna would be that way with me, I'd do the same with her. But what if she was brainwashed or something! What if she really doesn't remember.

Oliver grinned just as Hellehna did. "I would be honored to, Adalia. It's also a pleasure to meet you," Hellehna said and my heart stopped. My best friend doesn't remember me, and I've been pulled out of my life. What the hell is going on here?

## Chapter 6

The entire dining room was silent after I had declared Hellehna as my maid-of-honour. Was Oliver really expecting me to marry him? Especially after kidnapping me! The man took me away from my life. I was just getting back to school, and I had a job. Everything was finally starting to become perfect in my life. Thank you for fucking things up Oliver. Thank you so very much.

Oliver set his fork back down and looked at me. "Adalia, are you not eating?" Oliver asked as he motioned to my plate filled with food. I shook my head in response, moving my eyes to glare at him. Oliver seemed pretty content with himself at this point. Which he probably was. He's living in a house filled with women, and another man, I think. I haven't actually seen him since he stepped out from the car.

Oliver rested his hand over-top of mine, and I stiffened up. "It's alright," Oliver whispered, trying to calm me. Yeah right! You can't just make someone marry you. You have to do it properly. Not knocking someone out with chloroform and bringing them back to this unnecessarily large house. So without trying to anger Oliver, I slipped my hand out from under his, and folded my hands on my lap.

'Don't touch meâ ' I thought to myself as I sat here awkwardly. "Hellehna!" Oliver called over to her, and my head shot up. Before looking at him, Hellehna took a drink from her water and smiled.

"Yes, Oliver?" Hellehna asked sweetly. Why does she have no idea as to what's actually going on here? Does she not realize she's living under the same roof as the devil himself!? It's slowly getting more and more ridiculous. Like I'm in a dream, almost as if none of this is real. Which I'm starting to slowly doubt. Maybe Matthew will wake me up in a few minutes, and everything will be back to normal.

Oliver stood from his seat, lifting me up with him. Bastard, don't touch me. "I have to get to some work up in my office; do you think you can take Adalia out to the rose garden?" Oliver asked as he dropped his arm from around me. A rose garden? You have got to be kidding me. How much more sickening can this place get?

Hellehna stood up from her seat in an instant with a cheery grin. Oh how I've missed my best friend's smiling face. It seems like it's been ages since I last have. "Of course," Hellehna agreed easily as she walked over, linking her arm through mine. "Let's go," Hellehna said pulling me along. I honestly had no idea as to where we were off to. But it finally gave my time to hang out with my friend again. Even if she doesn't remember me.

It took ages to finally find the rose garden, but to say to least, it was beautiful. Red, pink and white roses were every where. No matter how much I seem to hate flowers, it was rather peaceful. "You know, Adalia, it feels like we've known each other forever! We're really bonding huh?" Hellehna said and I smirked. Oh you have no ideaâ ;

But before freaking her out, I smiled in response. "Yeah, I really love it. But I have a question; how long have you lived here for?" I asked Hellehna as we stopped by the water fountain. I sat on the edge of the stone fountain, running my finger tips along the water.

Hellehna sat down next to me, with that bright smile of hers. "Since I was three; my parents died in a plane crash, so Oliver parents had adopted me. So I guess Oliver's like a big brother to me since than," Hellehna explained and my eye twitched. Bullshit. Hellehna's parents kicked her out when she began getting into drugs. They did not die in a plane crash. Actually, I'd be rather glad that they did. But even if they had, I would have kept Hellehna with me. Instead of lying to her.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

But I forced a tiny smile. "Aw, that's so sweet," I covered up my pain by lying to Hellehna, which I have never done, nor wanted to do. Who would lie to their best friend like that? Besides me; now I just have to figure out how Oliver did it to all the girls! But why hasn't he done it to me?

Hellehna jumped up from the stone and grabbed my hand. "Come! I want to show the gazebo Oliver has back here," Hellehna said pulling me along with her. As long as I can remember, Hellehna has always been this energetic. Oliver may have changed her memories some how, but he can't change her personality. "Look," Hellehna said nodding to the wooden gazebo that had vines all over it.

Not going to lie, it was rather amazing. Hellehna must have loved it because she let go of my hand to run up to it. Not wanting to stay behind, I followed her up the wooden steps. It was so much cooler in here. "Oh my! Adalia!" Hellehna said my name in that sing-song tune of hers.

I turned my head over to her as she handed me a rose with a stick-it note to it. I grabbed the rose and read the note; Adalia, I'm sorry for this. But you'll understand eventually. -Oliver.

Ugh, he makes me sick. I looked at the rose seeing the damn ring on it. Why does it have to be so pretty! I just grabbed the ring off from the rose, and slid in onto my ring finger. "Excuse me Hellehna, but I need to go find Oliver," I said and began heading back towards the house.

It wasn't hard getting back inside; it was just finding Oliver's office. "Ha! Finally," I said victoriously as I opened the door, seeing Oliver with his glasses on his face and reading over papers. Oh good god he's attractive.

Oliver pulled his glasses off his face and set the papers down. "Hello Adalia," Oliver said smiling and looked at my hand with a smirk. "Glad you found it," Oliver added as I looked around his office. There were skulls and taxidermy everywhere. Scarily enough, it made him even more attractive. One skull really caught my attention. The stop of the skull was cut off and was used for holding dead flowers. I have a weird taste.

Before I got carried away, I remembered why I was even in here. "How'd you do it?" I asked Oliver who looked at me with a confused look on his face. I let out a sigh and shook my head. "How did you make Hellehna think she's been here since she was three?" I asked him again, which then caught his attention. Oliver smiled and rose from his chair, walking over to me.

Oliver wrapped his arm around my shoulder, leading me over to a wall. "I want you to meet someone," Oliver said as he pushed open the door that you never would have guessed was there. I'm not surprised. This is like a typical house you see in movies with hidden stairwells. "Simon!" Oliver called as we walked through the marble hall. Hating this more and more.

Once we came to a stop, a man in a suit turned to look up at us from his book. Oh my god! It's the man who knocked me out with chloroform. "Simon is a hypnotist," Oliver explained and I went wide eyed. That's just unfair!

## Chapter 7

Simon snapped the book "Lucile" shut. Where have I seen that book before? I thought about it for a moment, but just forgot about it. "Adalia, you have seen Simon before. But I would like to properly introduce the two of you," Oliver said extending his arm towards Simon.

I looked at Simon for a few minutes, with a smile. Simon has a dark chocolate brown eye, and the other is a pale blue. Maybe something happened to him. Besides that, Simon's beautiful. Simon has dark brown hair, that's styled into a faux hawk. He almost reminds me of Jeff Davis. "Hello, Adalia. It's a pleasure to meet you without me actually knocking you out," Simon said with a low laugh. It was no funny by any means.

It took a moment before I replied to him. "It's a pleasure to meet you too," I responded to Simon with a forced smile. So I'm standing face to face with the man, who's made my friends think that they've been here for the better part of all their lives. "How did you do it?" I just now had to ask. If I didn't, it would bother me for however long I'm stuck here.

Simon looked at me with a grin. "A hypnotist never tells his ways," Simon told me, with a wink. Ugh. I thought it was supposed to be that way only with magicians. I suppose not. "But I will tell you, it took a little bit, especially with that Harley girl. That one is quite the little harlet," Simon said pinching the bridge of his nose with an annoyed sigh. Oh god! She probably tried to have sex with him. "But Oliver, if the two of you can leave? I have some work that needs to be done."

With that, Oliver nodded in response, leading me back down the marble hall way. "So what do you want to do today?" Oliver asked me as he shut the hidden door behind us. What do I want to do...? I've just been taken away from my life. There's nothing I really want to do. But there always has been one thing I love to do when I'm upset.

I stepped out from Oliver's hold and looked at him with a grin. "Oliver, I want to have a pyjama party with Hellehna. We need to re-bond thanks to you. So I'm going to need all my clothes so I can have my pyjama's. A room with a tv and a stack of movies, candy, and Hellehna there with me," I told Oliver with a smirk. Some how, he just didn't seem shocked.

Oliver wrapped his arms around my waist. "Your clothes are already here. In my room, seeing as you'll be marrying me, we will be in the same room. I told you, when I dealt with that Matthew fellow, I also gathered everything you need," Oliver told me, as the two of us headed out of the office. Oliver just continues to get even more weird.

It finally hit me. "You'll be on the floor! Or even in the dog house! I refuse to sleep in the same bed as you. Repulsive. You make me want to throw up!" I shouted, making things over dramatic. It's how I've always been! So to make it even worse, I moved away from him, running up to a planted tree in the hall. I hunched over, beginning to make gagging noises.

All I could hear, was Oliver groaning in annoyance from behind me. "You're so unlady like," Oliver complained, causing me to smirk. I stood back up right, walking over to him. Secretly, Oliver loves it. He must if he has this goofy smile on his face. "And I will be in the same bed as you," Oliver added. You have got to be kidding me. It's bad enough I have to now live with him.

Matthew would have laughed at what I was doing... Matthew, I miss him so much. He was in love with me! I didn't really love him back yet, but if I gave it some time, I probably would have. "What do you mean by you took care of Matthew?" I asked worriedly. Oliver frowned, not looking at me. Had I upset him?

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Oliver moved his arm back around my shoulders. How many times must he do this!? Does he not realize I don't want him to touch me? "Simon..." Was all Oliver told me. Then I realized that it was all through hypnosis. Lovely.

I never ended up replying to Oliver as we made our way up the steps. What do I say to that? He hypnotized my boyfriend. Or at this point, ex-boyfriend. "Here," Oliver muttered unhappily as he opened the bedroom door. It wasn't the same room I woke up in. But they were almost similar. "This is our room," Oliver said sliding his hands into his pockets. "Your clothes are in that dresser and closet. Movies are over there, same with the tv. Remotes beside the bed... Just get ready and I'll go find Hellehna for you," Oliver told me motioning to everything in the room.

Had I really upset him after mentioning Matthew? What does he expect? I can't let it bother me though. As soon as I heard the door shut behind Oliver, I began running around, trying to get ready. I have no idea how long they'll be. "Where the hell are my pyjama shorts!" I whined and looked over at the other dresser, which I was guessing to be Oliver's. Fuck... I ran over opening the drawers until I found his boxers.

"This is rather embarrassing," I mumbled as I un-dressed, pulling on a pair of Oliver's black boxers. Not going to lie, they're very comfortable. In a weird way. After tossing my clothes into what I presumed to be a hamper, I walked back over to my dresser, pulling out a baggy t-shirt that was actually Hellehna's. It was a "The Smiths" t-shirt that was cut to fall off the shoulders.

Just after I was dressed, Hellehna and Oliver walked in. "Here, I finally found Helle- ...Cute," Oliver began saying until he realized I was in his boxers. If things worked out a bit better, I wouldn't even be in them! I just didn't say anything to him.

After I finally found my voice again I looked at Oliver with a menacing look. I wish I was scary... "Oliver, candy and drinks?" I said with a smirk, causing Oliver to roll his eyes. I'm pretty sure I heard Oliver mutter something along the lines of "she's turning me into her bitch already", as he left the room.

As soon as Oliver was gone, I felt so relieved. "Hellehna! Excited? We finally get to bond. We didn't hang out much in the rose garden, so why not tonight?" I said to her happily. Hellehna grinned in response and I looked at her pyjama's. Oh my god... It's the pyjama's I gave her for this past Christmas. "Where'd you get those?" I asked with a grin, referring to the pyjama's.

Hellehna looked down at the grey pants and baggy shirt with a smile. "Oliver gave me it for my birthday," Hellehna told me and I forced a smile. Such bullshit... But of course, I didn't tell her that. I don't know how she'd react to something like that. Especially when she doesn't know me anymore.

"Well, let's not stall any longer!" I said with a grin and ran over to the movies. If Oliver is to have actual decent movies, I'm going to be impressed. Right away, my eyes landed on the Rocky Horror Picture Show. "Have you seen this?" I asked with a grin and Hellehna brightened up.

Hellehna began doing the "Time Warp" causing me to laugh. "Nice moves," I said as I popped the movie in. Right as it was in, I ran over to the bed, jumping onto it. Oh god! It's amazing. Almost like laying on a pillow. Hellehna did the same, laying on her stomach next to me. Our heads were at the foot of the bed. "Crap... I need the remotes," I said laughing as I got up onto my knees, crawling over to the remotes.

Once I had both remotes, I flopped back onto my stomach beside Hellehna. I turned on the tv and dvd player. Even though I'm in a new environment, and Hellehna has no idea of it... It feels like one of the first nights I ever spent with Hellehna.



## Suits and Prostitutes.

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When Oliver walked in finally with the candy and soda's, Hellehna and I were doing the time warp on the bed. Oliver looked at us with a scoff. "You're going to break the bed!" Oliver whined and I burst out laughing flopping, onto the bed. Hellehna flopped down next to me and Oliver shook his head. "The two of you are childish," Oliver muttered he sat the candy at the foot of the bed along with the cans a soda.

I scrambled over to the candy, grabbing the first thing I could find. Which was sour skittles. Where does he get all of this candy?! "You love skittles too?" Hellehna said as she grabbed the other pack of then. Still the same Hellehna as always.

I grinned as I ripped open the packet. "Of course," I said as I shoved a few into my mouth. "Thank you Oliver, you can go now," I told him with a grin. Oliver looked at me blocking the screen, with his eyebrow arched. "No!" I whined trying to looking over him. It didn't work.

Oliver stepped forwards so I deffinantly didn't see at this point. Good god. "Do I not get a kiss?" Oliver said with a smile. Was he trying to be cute? Oliver's not cute... At all. Unless I did it, he was going to leave. I groaned in annoyance before pecking him on the lips.

Oliver scoffed and grabbed the back of my neck, forcing me to actually kiss him. I thought I was going to be sick, but sadly enough, I felt butterflies. "Aw!" Hellehna squealed like a little girl. "I'll leave you two be. We can finish this tomorrow," Hellehna said as I forced myself away from Oliver.

Shit! He just ruined movie night with my best friend. "Okay, I'm tired anyways," I said smiling to Hellehna as she left. When the door shut Oliver removed the candy and sody from the bed, looking at me with a grin. "Don't even touch me," I warned, but he didn't listen. Oliver jumped right on top of me, pinning me down.

Oliver leaned down, kissing along my neck. "What're you going to do now?" Oliver said against my neck, causing me to shiver. I hate this... Well, as much as I secretly love it; I hate it. Oliver smiled as I tried to push him away. It wouldn't work anyways.

I wanted to get away from him. "Oliver, I'm tired... Get off of me," I told him as I slapped his face away from my neck. Oliver pushed himself up, with his hands on either side of my head. Oliver just frowned to me and rolled off of me.

"Sorry," Oliver said as he stood up from the bed. I didn't look at him at all after that. But he climbed back into the bed not long after. I kinda figured he was only in boxers at this point, when I felt his warm skin against mine.

I screamed and jumped up. "No!" I said pushing him away slightly. I grabbed a few extra pillows, building a barrier in between us. "That's better," I said as I climbed back into the bed under the covers. Oliver just groaned and wouldn't say anything to me. In a way, I did feel bad. Why does it feel like he loves me? This isn't right.

## Chapter 8

When I woke up, I was so unaware as to where I was. I tried to move around, but failed. "Why can't I move?" I said feeling like there was cotton filling my mouth. I turned my head over to the cause of my restraint. Oliver! I swear to god there was a barrier in between the two of us. I tried looking around for the barrier. Oliver was laying right on top of the pillows. Fucker. "Oliver!" I snapped trying to get him off me.

Oliver's head was on my shoulder, and I could feel the scruff on his chin against my neck. That wasn't even the worst part. Oliver's arm was draped across my waist, and his hand was tucked under my side. "Oliver Watkins, get the hell of me!" I yelled at him, but Oliver didn't budge. Oliver can probably sleep like the dead.

But finally, I got a response. A very annoyed groan. "Shut up," Oliver muttered against my neck. You've got to be kidding me! This is ridiculous. I tried rolling away again, but Oliver's arms just tightened up. "No," Oliver said bluntly, pulling me up against his chest. What an ass. But I had my ways... I had to think of them right at the moment, but I have my ways.

To start, I moved my head away, watching his hair flop slightly. Ugh... Adorable. As much as I try to convince myself that he's not the cutest thing ever, I can't lie to myself. "Oliver, will you please get off me?" I asked trying to be nice. Maybe that'll work. If I'm lucky. I've only known him personally for under twenty-four hours, and so far I know that he's stubborn. As well as an asshole.

At first, I wasn't expecting an answer. But I guess asking nicely worked as Oliver rolled off of me. "There," Oliver said into the pillows. Maybe Oliver isn't as bad as I thought... If I ask nicely, or say something that makes him feel bad, he does as I say or ask. Ha! Oliver's my bitch!

To make it up to him, I leaned down and kissed the top of his head. I was seriously expecting him to turn around and kiss me, but no! The bastard started snoring. Loud. How did I sleep through that!?! Whatever! Just whatever. It'll be safe to get dressed in the room as long as he's sleeping like this. I carefully climbed out of the bed, walking over to my dresser.

Of course now, a song gets stuck in my head that Hellehna showed me. Wetsuit by the Vaccines. So as I got dressed, I began humming to it. I pulled my jeans on quickly after putting on my undergarments and opened the drawers until I found a shirt I wanted. "Put a wetsuit on, come on come on. Grow your hair out long, come on come on. Put a t-shirt on, do me wrong, do me wrong, do me wrong," I sang as I shut the drawer after grabbing my shirt.

"Oh baby, I'll do you right," Oliver purred trying to be sexy as he arms wrapped around my waist. Not sexy! I freaked out though. I'm half naked! "You know, you're really fucking white," Oliver said laughing and I blushed looking down at my stomach... I just don't like the sun. Is that against the law?

But to shut the fool up, I turned and sucker punched him. Oliver actually felt that one! Or he must've seeing as he placed his hand against his cheek. "You know, for a girl who looks weak, you can seriously pack a punch. But what was that for even?" Oliver said as he rolled his jaw around. There was a red spot on his face from where I hit him, and I felt proud.

I pulled the loose pink t-shirt on and shook my head. "Oh I don't know. Maybe for scaring the crap out of me, and for you having the balls to touch me while I'm half naked!" I snapped at him as I pulled my hair up from out of the back of the shirt. "When did you even wake up?" I asked resting my hands on my hips, looking up at him. Never quite realized how tall Oliver is until now.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Oliver had this look to him right now. Kinda scares me. "The whole time..." Oliver said evilly and those words rang through my head over and over. "I watched you get dressed," Oliver told me, with a demonic laugh. I feel like I'm going to die! I wanted to go dig a hole, and die in it!

It actually felt like swept over me for a minute. "You saw... my ass..." I said slowly, seeing as I was in severe shock. Oliver just saw my ass, and god knows what else. Let me die now. Strike me dead God! No? Okay... Beam me up, Scotty! Nope... Shit! Closest escape is the door.

Oliver looked at me, mocking the way I was standing. "I also saw your bare chest," Oliver told me, as if he was proud of it! Jack ass. Tears began pouring down my face and Oliver finally dropped that stupid look of his! Finally! "Adalia, I'm so so-" Oliver began saying, until I cut him off.

"No!" I shouted angrily at him through the sobs. I kicked him hard, in the balls. Right now, he deserved it. Oliver toppled down onto his knees, groaning in pain. As soon as he was on the ground I ran out of the room. Oliver was shouting after me, but I ignored him.

I continued to run, until I found the front door, passing by Hellehna as I did. "Adalia?" Hellehna said as I zipped by her. I wasn't stopping, for anyone. Not even the one who used to know me the best. I just barged out the front door. It come to my awarness that I had no shoes on. Perfect, it's a stone driveway too. This will hurt.

Before Oliver could find me, I began running down the drive way. I have a feeling it's going to be long. There's no stopping though. If I stop, Oliver can find me. I can now finally get away from here. Away from Oliver, and all the girls... Where am I even going to go? I'll figure it out when the time is right.

"Figures!" I shouted at the gates. I began screaming at the top of my lungs and dropped onto my knees, crying. My life is falling apart. I laid on my side, on the driveway, hoping someone will come visit the house, and run me over... I can't do this.

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It took a few hours, until someone finally came. I figured it was around noon, seeing as the sun was beating directly down on me, and it was bloody hot out. I shut my eyes, waiting for the tires to roll over my body, but the car stopped before it hit me. Damn it!

The car was still running, but someone got out. "Hubba hubba, ding ding, who invented this thing?" The man said with a British accent. I want him... My eyes opened, and looked up to see a replica of Oliver. I screamed and scrambled up to my feet.

I stared at the man, who looked to be a little younger than myself, and instead of Oliver's dark hair, his was lighter. But they have the same eyes. "There's two! Oh lord, why am I not gone yet," I whined and bowed my head down. "You might as well tell me who you are before I kick you in the balls too," I said unhappily, as I looked up at him from under my bangs.

He looks terrified. "Jack! Oliver's younger brother! Don't kick me, please!" Jack said covering his lower region with his hands. So technically there is two of them... Great. "I can tell you don't like my brother. But can I ask why?" Jack asked taking a hesitant step towards me. Why does Jack have the accent, but Oliver doesn't?

My head snapped up, and I forced a smile. "It's nice to meet you, I'm Adalia, Oliver's fiancée," I said sourly, almost gagging at the last bit. Jack stared at me for a moment, before breaking out into uncontrolable laughter. "It's not funny!" I shouted at him, raising my leg, threatening to kick him in the balls. That shut him up.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Jack raised his hands in defense and smiled. "It's not, I just feel bad for you. My brother is a prick!" Jack said laughing and I nodded in response. That he is... "Get in the car, I'll drive you back. If you walk, I will shoot you in the head," Jack said jokingly. I began walking with a smile. "I'm not gonna shoot you!" Jack said with a sigh. "Just get in."

Jack is pretty much just as stubborn as his brother! God damn it... "Did you know that there's close to ten other women in the house," I told Jack as we drove towards the manor. Jack now had a smirk on his face. I shouldn't have said anything. I think the boy's a little excited now. "How old is Oliver?" I finally asked, having no idea.

Jack parked the car and killed the engine, giving me a look like 'you don't know?' Jack pulled the keys from the ignition and laugh. "27," Jack told me and I began gagging. It's a six year difference between us. "I know you're 21 though... Oliver's told me about you," Jack said and I sighed. "I'm 20, just in case you care," Jack said as I got out of the car.

"I don't," I said smirking. "Why do you have an accent, but he doesn't?" I asked as we walked up the steps to the door. It's been bugging me for the past five minutes. Jack looked over at me with a smile and paused a moment.

Jack rested his hand on the handle of the front door. "Our parents divorced long ago, I lived in England with our mother, he lived here, with our idiot father," Jack said before opening the door, walking inside. "Oliver! I found your lost puppy!" Was the first thing Jack shouted when he walked inside. Wow. They are both assholes.

Oliver came bolting into the room, with a worried face. "Adalia! Oh my god, you're safe!" Oliver said, sounding relieved going into hug me. But I pushed him away, refusing to even look at him. "Adalia... Why are you being like this," Oliver said going into hug me again. But once again, I shoved him off harder this time.

"Don't fucking touch me!" I shouted at him as I pushed past him, heading back upstairs to the bedroom. Oliver had now shut up. Thank god. His voice was starting to annoy the living hell out of me.

When Jack thought I was out of the hearing range I heard him say, "You made her mad. What the hell'd you do?" No response from Oliver.

I stopped a foot from the door smirking. "Damn fucking right he did!" I shouted down the stairs, and walked into the room, slamming the door shut behind me. Oliver wouldn't be pleased by that, but right now... I could care less.

## Chapter 9

The door slammed open after countless hours of Oliver calling me to lunch, dinner, and trying to calm me down. "What have I done!? Can you please just tell me!?" Oliver shouted and I still ignored him. For the entire day, I just stayed in bed. I didn't want to be around any body. Right now, I felt completely insecure.

Oliver wasn't getting a response from me right now. I guess trying to cuddle up to me was his next step. Oliver laid next to me, face to face, looking at me with a puppy dog look. Dear god... "You saw me naked," I told him lowly, curling my body up even tighter now.

There was a confused look on Oliver's face for a few moments. "You're a prostitute, and you care if a man saw you naked?" Oliver said unsurely and I nodded in response. "That makes no sense! You're a slut, I'm shocked you don't run around with your boobs hanging out all the time!" Oliver shouted at me, causing me to cry again. Seeing me cry was someone besides Hellehna, has never experienced. It shut him up though.

"You don't realize, how drunk I have to be before I sleep with a man that buys me. I've been raped countless times, and I'm not physically scarred by it, but mentally. So unless I'm drunk, I won't let anyone see me naked... Ever," I cried turning away from Oliver. I didn't even want to face him right now. I didn't think he'd hug me, but Oliver's arm wrapped around me.

We stayed silent for awhile, with small, yet sweet kisses against my shoulder from Oliver. "I'm so sorry... I didn't even think that something like that could happen to you," Oliver said in a caring tone. I wanted to call him out on being a jack ass, until I turned my head, seeing the sincerity in his eyes. "You know, I can find them and have them beheaded..." Oliver whispered with a smirk.

It caused me to laugh and I shook my head. "No... You'll probably put their skulls in your lair," I said wrapping my arms around Oliver in a hug. He hesitated a moment, but hugged back eventually. "This is the last time I'm going to hug you willingly." No word of lie, I just needed to hug someone right now.

There was no awkwardness from it, until my stomach began growling. "See what happens when you miss breakfast, lunch and dinner!" Oliver said laughing and lifted me out of bed. He began carrying me towards the door and hummed the same song I was singing this morning. "Let's get some food in you," Oliver sang, trying to incorporate it into the song. It sucked.

My hands pushed up against Oliver's chest. "I can walk," I said trying to get out of his hold. Oliver fought back as I pushed, but finally, his arms gave in. A loud scream passed my lips as he dropped me onto the ground, butt first. "Ow..." I muttered as I sat on the ground, taking a moment before I got back onto my feet.

Oliver had a guilty look to him, and I grinned. "Sorry," Oliver said looking down in shame. Good! I turned and just walked on, not even caring really. Oliver stayed behind, like a heart broken puppy. He looks so pathetic.

I began whistling to him like he was a dog. "Come 'ere boy!" I called to Oliver from the foot of the stairs. Oliver's head shot up and he began panting as if though he were an actual dog. Oliver bolted down the stairs and barked once before licking my cheek. "Augh! You're disgusting!" I shouted and shoved Oliver away before wiping my hand down where he licked.

The ever so odd Oliver winked in response and walked off to the kitchen normally. I had to follow him, seeing as I had no idea as to where I was going. "What do you want to eat?" Oliver asked as he pulled open the double door fridge as well as the freezer.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

My eyes darted towards the freezer, seeing a tub of mint chocolate chip icecream. I snatched it up and hugged it. "Eat it with me," I told Oliver in all seriousness. All he did was stare at me. "Yes, I'm eating this in replacment of all three meals today. I'll eat normally tomorrow, I promise!" I begged really wanting this icecream.

And he caves in! I mentally did a little jig as Oliver shut everything. "Putting my culinary skills to waste," Oliver muttered as he grabbed two spoons. "We're eating it upstairs so we can cuddle," Oliver said snatching the icecream from me.

My jaw dropped as Oliver walked away innocently. "Fine," I muttered unhappily, as I walked along with him. I now had to cuddle with the fool! Not long ago, we were but I said it was the first time I'd do it willingly. I'm going against my own word! Shit!

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"So, who exactly raped you?" Oliver asked as he shoved a spoon full of icecream into his mouth. Highly unattractive for a normal male... But who said anything about Oliver being normal?

I didn't respond for a few moments, because I had to think of it. "I don't know... They had blind folded me each time, so I really never saw them," I replied honestly as I shoved another spoon of icecream into my mouth. Oliver frowned and wrapped his arm tighter around me. The two of us have been sitting here watching *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. Who knew Oliver could have a good taste in movies.

Oliver took the last whole two or three spoon fulls of icecream and shoved them into his mouth. Dick! I wanted more. But now I was just waiting for the brainfreeze to kick in on him. Oliver began whining, toppling over onto his side. "It hurts..." Oliver cried like a baby and probably expected me to kiss it better. Not happening.

I just pretended as if Oliver wasn't even there. Eventually, he gave up. There's no way a brain freeze will last that long. "Are you done bitching you big baby?" I asked with a small smile as I kept my eyes glued to the tv. Oliver just gently shoved me over with a chuckle. I curled myself up into my sweater even more and fixed my pyjama pants. "I'm tired," I told Oliver who automatically removed the carton and spoons from the bed, setting them on the bed side table for now. Oliver shut off the movie and I crawled under the covers.

The same familiar arms wrapped tightly around as they were this morning. "What? No barrier tonight?" Oliver asked me with a laugh and I shook my head "no". Oliver looked at me in shock and I smiled. Oliver really could be quite a sweet heart, I guess... "Goodnight, Adalia," Oliver said looking directly at me, even though it was now pitch black in his room.

Oliver's warm lips pressed against my forehead, before he flopped back down onto the bed next to me. My eyes wandered over to where Oliver was and I smiled. God's gift to man kind.

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"Where the hell are you going!?" I snapped following Oliver to the front door, who'd told me nothing at all of where he was just about to goto. Oliver sighed and turned to face me as he pulled on his suit jacket. "You're tie is messed also..." I said reaching out to fix it. Much better.

Once I was done fixing it, Oliver smiled in thanks. "I have to goto work... So unless you want to come along, than you have to stay home with the girls," Oliver said and I pouted to him. Oliver looked at me for a minute and was now defeated. "Get your shoes on..." Oliver ordered me and I grinned hunting down my shoes.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Seeing as I couldn't find the flats, I was stuck in the high heels. Perfect! Especially when it's far too early in the morning. I'm going to be stuck in a funeral home, for god knows how long! But I didn't want to be without Oliver today for some reason. "Why do you have to go today?" I asked Oliver as we walked out to the car. That was the worst question ever.

Oliver just laughed at that and unlocked the car. "There's a funeral," Oliver told me as we got into the car at the same time. I'm so bloody ridiculous at times! "Thank god you wore darker colors... Even though pink's your color," Oliver said with a grin as he drove down to the gates. Freak... It's almost as if Oliver's gay sometimes. I love gays, but I'd never imagine Oliver as one.

After my stupid question, I just shut up for the rest of the ride. Maybe now I'll figure out where I actually am, and how far I am from the familiar places.

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Seriously, it's a ten minute drive! Ten fucking minutes! "Calm down," Oliver said holding my arms from smacking him anymore. I've been so close to home this whole time. "Adalia!" Oliver shouted as I fought back. The only way he stopped me from calling him an asshole over and over, was to apparently kiss me.

The only reason Oliver let go was so he was capable of holding me against him. Oddly enough, I kissed him back. My arms found their way around his neck, keeping him from pulling away. When did I turn into such a little whore? Oh, wait....

I guess Oliver and I got a little too far into it when I felt my back slam up against the car and Oliver's body press into mine even more. I was a little worried things would have gone too far, especially when outside. Thankfully someone cleared their throat from behind us.

The two of us broke apart in a flash, and I fixed my clothes. "That's a little unprofessional, don't you think?" That familiar voice said and my eyes widened. Matthew... Oh dear god!

Even Oliver looked shocked. Matthew turned and walked off. "Did you know!?" I asked harshly in a whispered. If Oliver knew that Matthew would be here, and didn't even bother to tell me, he will be the next one on that embalming table!

Oliver looked at me with his jaw dropped. "No! I have no idea! It's an old bat named Carol! Seriously, I didn't like the looks of her..." Oliver said looking towards the door. Aw... Matthew's grandmother passed away. Wasn't a fan of her in the first place, but it is still a little sad for Matthew.

"How long will this take?" I asked Oliver and he shrugged. Great... I may be stuck here, in the presence of my ex-boyfriend who doesn't think I ever existed, for a long time! Oliver wrapped his arm around my shoulder, walking me up the steps, and inside.

Oliver opened the door of his office and nodded to the chair. "You can sit there for a bit," Oliver told me and I sighed walking in. "I'll be back soon, I swear," Oliver told me with a grin. Bullshit. I flopped into the brown leather chair, kicking my feet up onto the desk, grinning. "Unclassy."

After that, Oliver just left. Which caused me to rummage through his drawers. "Oo, pictures," I said pulling out the stack of photos. But they all fell from my hand as I saw they were of myself and all the females. There was all of us in one. Than each of us separately. Oh my god... Oliver is a freak!

## Suits and Prostitutes.

I'm no surprised that he has the pictures, but does he have to be so freaky about it? ...Yes, he does. I sighed and opened the drawers and burst out laughing, pulling out a human skull. I set it in my lap, and turned to face the window behind me. This should get interesting.

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"Adalia?" Oliver called out as he finally returned after two hours. I turned around in the chair, holding up the skull with a grin. Oliver pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing. "You little snoop. Can't leave you alone, ever."

I looked at the skull and turned it so it looked at me. "Frederick, don't you think it's a little morbid to have a skull inside a funeral home?" I asked it and caused it to nod. Oliver looked pissed. Instead of telling me to stop, he walked over and snatched it from me.

Oliver set everything back to where it was and didn't even care about the photo's. Like he would! "No playing with my skulls," Oliver told me and I just rolled my eyes. Kill joy! "It's time to go home," Oliver told me and dragged me up to my feet. Why is he being like this?

I pulled my arm out from Oliver's hold and sighed. "What's wrong?" I asked as he rushed outside to the car. Oliver shook his head in response, unlocking the car. Oliver wasted no time at all, getting in and starting up. I got in just after him and as soon as I shut the door, Oliver sped off. "What the hell Oliver!" I shouted at him, slightly scared.

"Fuck off Adalia!" Oliver shouted at me, and realized his mistake right away. But there was no apology. My heart actually broke a little bit... I looked at my lap in silence, wanting to cry. I tried to hold it all back, but a few tears passed. "No, don't cry... It makes me feel like a total asshole when you do," Oliver said looking over at me as he pulled into the long drive way.

My head snapped over to him and I stared at him in shock. "You are!" I yelled at him, now sobbing. Why was I crying so much around him lately?! Oliver frowned and drove up the rest of the way. He parked the car and stopped it, but never got out.

Oliver looked down in shame again, knowing he made the mistake of making me cry again. "I love you..." Oliver told me without looking at me. That shut me up completely and stopped the tears. No... No, fuck no!

My eyes wandered back up to him and I shook my head. "No, you don't! You can't. It's only been two days! Please don't tell me you love me. I don't want to hear it," I told Oliver and wiped the tears from my face. "Don't love me. It'll turn out bad," I said getting out of the car and Oliver stayed in.

Things in my life are still turning into shit! Perfect. When things slowly seemed to get better, Oliver says he loves me.



## Chapter 10

I ran into the manor, making a beeline for the stairs. There was a clear passage way until Hellehna ran into the room, stopping me. "Hey! What happened? Last night and today, you've pretty much been gone," Hellehna asked, sounding worried. I didn't even know where to begin! I nodded towards the stairs and walked past Hellehna.

Hellehna hesitated a moment, before walking along with me. It's not like I want everyone else to hear what happened. The two of us walked into the room I shared with Oliver and I shut the door behind us. My head bowed down, and I let out an irritated sigh. Hellehna flopped into the conveniently placed chair, crossing one leg over the other. The way she was sitting, made me want to grab my camera and take a picture of her. She looks as if she's a model.

After taking a few moments to collect my thoughts, I looked back up at a patiently waiting Hellehna. I needed to get everything out. I walked up to the bed, and laid across in horizontally. And thus, I began my story; from Oliver seeing me naked, up to him telling me that he's in love with me. It took longer than I expected, I just didn't want to leave anything out.

The silence between us was a little calming really. "If Oliver loves someone... He truly does love them. There was this woman a few years back. Looked kinda like you. Her name was Rebecca, and Oliver loved her so much. But Rebecca got sick with lung cancer. The girl could smoke four packs a day. Oliver had her put on life support when it got so bad, but one day Rebecca was miserable and was in so much pain. When Oliver left for work, he asked me to check on her, but I also had to finish some work. I was a little too late. Rebecca pulled her own plug," Hellehna explained to me and stood from her chair turning to face me. She looked so hurt.

"Oliver pushed everyone away, and when he found you... He knew he couldn't let you go," Hellehna finished off and turned to leave. "Don't hurt him," Hellehna told me before leaving the room, without a final glance.

It made me wonder, is Rebecca real? Or is she just someone that Simon made her think is real? I have to find out... I carefully got off the bed, raking my fingers through my hair. Let's just hope that Oliver is no where around while I go snoop around. Never in my life, have I been so bloody curious about something that I'll go through personal belongings.

The first place I have to check, is Oliver's office. The physco has everything in there. From skulls, taxidermy and god knows what else....

Trying to be as stealthful as ever, I tip-toed through the house until I arrived at Oliver's office. Just to make sure there was no sign of him, I cracked the door open, looking around. No Oliver. "Ha!" I said in victory as I walked in. Where am I going to start? There's books laying around on the desk, in shelves and even on the floor. "Oh, Oliver... You're such a slob," I muttered to myself.

I decided I'd start at the book shelves. My eyes scanned through every book. Dorian Gray, Wuthering Heights, Lucile, Twilight, The Harry Potter series... Wait, Twilight? I looked at it and began laughing. "Loser..." I said to myself and continued looking through the shelves. Nothing! Ugh.

I checked the books on the floor, as well as the desk... Oliver has no photo albums! I'm starting to doubt this "Rebecca" lady even existed. I was about to check the computer, until the hidden door opened. Shit! I began running off towards the door, but it was too late. "Adalia?" Simon called out and I froze it place, avoiding looking at him. "What're you doing in here?" Simon asked. I turned my head, seeing Simon returning a book.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

I awkwardly cleared my throat and fixed my posture. "I could ask you the same thing, Simon," I challenged crossing my arms, watching Simon hold a book up and return it to the shelf. Oh... Embarrassing. While Simon's in the room, I may as well ask about Rebecca. "Simon... Is Rebecca real? Or was she someone you planted into Hellehna's mind?" I had to ask and Simon smiled.

"Rebecca is real. But I also had to plant into every girls head," Simon said nodding to the chairs. I sat down in the one, and Oliver sat in the other. "The two of them were in love. Always sat in these chairs, reading. All the books in here, are hers." So there was evidence of her, but I never knew of it. "Oliver could never get rid of them after she passed away. I'm surprised he's decided to get married, especially to a girl who looks just like her," Simon told me and I sighed, looking down at the books surrounding the chairs.

I almost felt... Jealous. It's not like I can easily come out and say that though. Whatever, I have to get over it. Hellehna passed away a few years back and for some reason, he's picked me. Am I just a re-bound girl? My heart shattered. "Am I a re-bound?" I whispered, not expecting an answer.

There was a gasp and I turned my head to the door. Oliver stood there, looking crushed. "You think, you're a re-bound..." Oliver said as he loosened up his tie. "You're ridiculous, you really are!" Oliver finally snapped. He turned to leave, and walked out of the room. I jumped out from my seat, and ran put after him. "Adalia, you're ridiculous. I tell you I love you, and you think you're just a rebound after Rebecca!"

Can he blame me? We look alike apparently! But there are the odds, we aren't even close to being alike. "I just... Don't want to talk to you, please leave me alone for a bit. But lastly, we're having a party tomorrow also. Our engagement party to be exact," Oliver told me before making me leave him alone. Great, now Oliver's mad at me and I have to deal with an engagement party tomorrow!

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An older woman, with black hair like Oliver's with small patches of grey streaks ran up to me. "There's my future daughter!" She exclaimed as she hugged me. So awkward... But I hugged her back quickly. "I'm Linda, Oliver's mother," Linda finally greeted her self and I smiled.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Linda. I'm Adalia," I returned and smiled sweetly. Linda had to be atleast in her late forties. That, or she ages well! My eyes wandered across all the people who I'm guessing were all friends and family of Oliver's... None of mine. Figures.

The only people I've met so far are, Linda, Kristofer (Oliver's cousin), Jameson (Oliver's nephew), Oliver's older sister Maggie, and Oliver's father Harold. Oh, what a name. I've always wanted to meet a person named Harold. I know regret it. The man could go on for days and days! Linda just stared at me for a minute, and I looked around awkwardly.

Having Linda staring at me for a long period of time was actually making me highly uncomfortable. "Do you know? About who the ladies and myself once were?" I asked quietly, in hopes no else heard me. Linda smiled and linked her arm through mine. The two of us walked towards the bar.

Linda smiled at the bartender. "Two tequila sunrise's Rupert," Linda said in a flirtatious tone. Cougar! Linda looks to be twice Rupert's age. Repulsive. Rupert handed over the drinks and I grabbed onto mine and Linda grabbed hers. "Of course I know darling. Oliver's a mummies boy, so he emails me everything. He just never told me that you were as pretty as you are." Hearing that, I blushed and kept my mouth shut by drinking.

Linda sat into a white plastic chair and I sat into the one next to hers. "When Oliver told me that you were a previous prostitute, I expected to see a scrawny girl, with terrible hair, and dark eyes. But no, you're so

## Suits and Prostitutes.

beautiful. Bright brown eyes, dark brown hair, you're fairly pale, but that's nothing a little sun can't fix," Linda said laughing and I still kept my mouth shut. Seriously, where's Oliver to save me from this situation?

I can always just go find him myself. Knowing Oliver, he's probably in his office, sitting there doing god knows what. Probably talking to his skulls... "Excuse me, I'm going to go find Oliver," I said excusing myself, heading back into the manor. "Oliver?" I called out through the empty house. No response. That means the door will be shut. Damn men, always hanging out in the "man caves".

It took a bit before I finally found the courage to walk up to Oliver's office. I pushed open the door, seeing Oliver asleep on his desk. Lazy asshole. For now, I'll just be nice about waking him up. "Oliver?" I called out as I walked up to the desk. My hand rested on Oliver's shoulder and I smiled slightly. He was fast asleep. Now I didn't want to wake him up.

Refusing to wake him up, I turned to leave. That didn't go as planned. In a flash, Oliver grabbed my wrist and pulled me back so I landed on his lap. "Hi," Oliver said resting his head on my shoulder. I had a near heart attack! My heart was pulsing faster and I looked at Oliver in shock.

"I thought you were sleeping!" I exclaimed and Oliver shook his head. He certainly was tired though. "You're mother's here, momma's boy," I said teasingly and Oliver chuckled slightly. If he didn't even get up to go see his mother, he's bound to be tired.

Oliver's arms wrapped tightly around my waist as he hugged me into him. "Cute dress," Oliver said grinning as he examined the yellow sundress. Originally, I wanted to wear my red dress, but Oliver and I argued over the two dresses. Eventually, Oliver won.

My eyes wandered down to a sleepy Oliver, who was slowly dozing off against my shoulder. "No, you need to stay awake and make an appearance at the party. Why are you so tired anyways? You went to bed early last night and made me as well," I wondered and frowned. My hands ran back through the perfectly slicked back hair, messing it up a little.

Oliver face nuzzled into my neck and he yawned. The warmth of his breath against my neck caused me to shiver a little. "I have insomnia," Oliver told me, keeping me closer to him. "I did take sleeping pills, but I ran out as of two nights ago. I'm too lazy to go pick them up, so I try to go to bed earlier in hopes of falling asleep," Oliver explained and I laughed a little. He really is lazier than I thought! "Why can't you love me back...?" Oliver asked in a low voice and my heart stopped.

Oh I don't know, maybe because of the fact he's kidnapped me! But I can't tell that to him. "Just give me some time, Oliver," was the only excuse I had. I was getting over the fact that I had been kidnapped, and stripped from my previous life. Things here were amazing. All of us were so close... Kinda. The only people I've really been talking to are Hellehna, Oliver, Simon and occasionally Harley, when I see her around anyways.

Oliver only nodded in response and lifted me up from the comfort of his lap. "After the party, we're going to the pharmacy. I need to sleep," Oliver said as he set me onto the ground. Oh look at that, he didn't drop me this time!

The two of us made our way back outside to the party. So many drunks were around. "See what happens when you decide an open bar is okay," I told Oliver as I grabbed his hand, slightly afraid to be alone at this party now. People looked like they were having fun though. But there's a high chance that's also just the alcohol kicking in.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Hopefully, the party just doesn't last much longer, I want to spend time alone with Oliver. I have a little over a year, before I have to marry him... I didn't gag at the thought of it this time. Oh for Pete's sake! I will not fall in love with him yet. Maybe I will, after a few more drinks.

## Chapter 11

"You're drunk," Oliver stated as I stumbled around the yard with Hellehna. The two of us were giggling about nothing! "I've got her Hellehna, just go lay down or something," Oliver said wrapping his arms around my waist. "It's only seven, and you're hammered. You will not be leaving the house tonight," Oliver said keeping me up as I swayed back and forth.

Being the drunk I am, I ignore him and grabbed his hands. "I love you," I slurred out to Oliver, starting to giggle again. Oliver just stared at me in shock. The drunken giggles never stopped and my arms wrapped around Oliver's neck loosely, keeping myself up.

Oliver dropped his hands away from my waist, and moves mine from his neck. "No, you don't. You're either; one, too drunk to know what you're saying. Or two, telling me you love me so you don't feel bad," Oliver said and stalked off. My obnoxious giggling stop.

Hearing that actually kinda broke my heart. I watched as Oliver walked back into the manor and decided I wont let him get away. I stumbled up the steps to head back inside and ran towards the door. Obviously I didn't do it perfectly.

Right when I entered the house, I began looking in every direction, until I saw Oliver making his way to the front door. "Oliver!" I called out to him, causing him to stop in his tracks. As I made my way over to him, I began to get nervous. The feeling in my stomach might also be the fact that I'm drunk right now. "I do love you!" I managed to get out to him without slurring. "I can't prove it to you, but believe me!" I added as my arms wrapped around Oliver in a tight hug.

Hug me back... Why isn't he hugging me back!?! Right at that point, I felt water hitting my forehead. I looked up to see tears were pouring down his face. Oliver gripped the back of my neck. "Finally," Oliver whispered happily, as he crushed his lips down to mine. Was Oliver just crying tears of joy? Whatever it was, I enjoyed knowing he was now happy. To make things better, I willingly kissed him back. I just hope we don't get into a fight again afterwards.

Things turned the same as it was yesterday at the funeral home, my back was pressed up against the wall, and Oliver was pressing into me. I seemed to sober down a little bit, but that's what scared me the most. I'm terrified to do things, while I'm sober. "No... No I can't," I said as I slightly pushed Oliver way from me, unable to look at him.

Oliver's hands braced on either side of my head against the wall. "I promise, I wont ever hurt you the way they did," Oliver told me, and I knew that we was being serious. If he claims to love me, he must be serious. Oliver brushed my hair from out of my face with that killer smile of his. It made me melt into butter. Augh, everything does makes me like that!

Oliver took my silence as the "okay" for him to sweep me up off my feet. Literally. Oliver lifted me into a bridal fashion, and made his way up the steps easily. He must've figured I was to drunk to walk up the steps on my own. Oliver paused a moment looking at the door with a laugh. It put me into hysterics. Oliver never thought about this.

Being the helpful person I am, I reached down opening the door. "Should've thought of that," I teased as Oliver walked us into the dark room. The white curtains blew around as the wind came in. Great, I left the balcony doors open when I was finished getting ready. Oliver kicked the door shut, pulling my from my thoughts and I looked up at him blushing. It may have been to dark to notice... But I did.

## Suits and Prostitutes.

Oliver walked up to the foot of the bed and tossed me down onto it, so I was laying on my back, looking up at him. My dress was a mess, and my hair fanned out everywhere. I watched Oliver's every move. He swiftly remove his suit jacket, tossing it over to the chair. My eyes followed his hands to his tie as he began loosening it. As Oliver did that, he climbed onto the bed, moving so he was inbetween my legs.

"Do you trust me?" Oliver asked in a whispered and I nodded in response. I couldn't find my voice. Before Oliver could fully remove his tie, I grabbed onto it pulling him down to me. Oliver's lips crashed against mine, and I let go of the tie, allowing him to finally discard it.

My hands shakily reached up, grabbing onto Oliver's shirt. Of all the times I've done this to a man, I get nervous with Oliver. I began fumbling around with the buttons on the shirt, but slipped everytime. Why is this so difficult!? Oliver chuckled at my attempts before helping me. "Relax..." Oliver told me and I looked up into his eyes. They're beautiful. A bright green.... I never noticed before.

My lips meet Oliver's again, in a sweet, blissful kiss. As our lips molded perfectly together, my fingers finally stabilized allowing me to unbutton Oliver's shirt. My hands quickly found his chest, and rested against them. Oh, wow... For a man who doesn't look strong, he deffinantly has the muscles.

I let my hands wander down further, until I could feel his actual abs. I might die from the happiness. They weren't super obvious, but if you rest your hands on his stomache, they are so there.

Oliver's arms wrapped around my waist, lifting me up farther on the bed. My head was now resting against the pillow, and Oliver decided to press his body against mine. My fingers tangled into the black locks of Oliver's hair, messing it up like I had earlier in the office. Hands clutched at the edge of my dress, lifting it upwards. I mindlessly lifted my body until the dress hit my upper back where Oliver left it.

I willingly let Oliver's hand's roam around my body. I never actually realized his hands were so cold, until now. Goose bumps started to form on my skin, as his hands moved along my stomache. Than farther, and farther, until the point when his hand slipped under a piece of fabric it shouldn't have. A loud yelp escaped my lips, as Oliver made it worse. "This is worse than the doctor up there! You're colder!" I whined trying to make him get rid of the feeling.

It failed, miserably. "Yes but see, you love me, and the doctor... Well, we wont even go there. They're all creeps," Oliver said with a grin and pushed in more, causing me to whimper. Fucker! Oliver had a look of pride on his face. It was finally at that point, I could hear the music from outside. Follow you into the dark by Death Cab for Cutie was playing. The song made me smile and Oliver used his free hand to cup my cheek.

"Don't do this to me... Not like this," I pleaded, looking into the bright green eyes. Oliver listened to me and removed the uncomfortable cold. My arms tightened around Oliver's neck, pulling him back down to me. All I could taste from him was strong coffee, and tobacco. Oddly, I didn't mind.

Cold fingers curled around the top of the fabric, and easily slipped them off my legs. There was no turning back now. The whole time, our lips never parted from each other's. Oliver shifted around until his trousers were gone, along with the boxers. "You're sure?" Oliver asked against my lips. I was still unable to find my voice, so I nodded to him.

My arms tightened around Oliver as I felt uncomfortable for a few moments. It scared me a little, but I soon realized; I've found the one that makes it right again.

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## Suits and Prostitutes.

The sunlight was hitting my face and it was highly irritating. I turned over onto my side, and forced myself to open my eyes. Oliver was laying there with his hair a mess only in his un-buttoned shirt and boxers. I was still laying in my dress which was highly uncomfortable. I forced myself up from the bed, heading towards the bathroom. I'm in dire need of a shower.

I shut the door behind me, and stripped from my dress, and bra before attempting to figure out how to turn on the shower. Oliver's done it for me the past few times... I've never paid attention though. After messing around for a few minutes, I figured it out. I threw my fist up in victory and grinned. Finally! I stepped into the shower, feeling so relieved as the warm water washed over my body. Finally, I'd feel clean again.

After the shower, I grabbed a fluffy white towel and dried myself off. Crap, I failed to bring clothes in with me. Now I have to go back out into the bedroom, looking vulnerable in a fluffy white towel that's tightly wrapped around me! I quietly opened the bathroom door, looking into the bedroom, seeing Oliver still fast asleep. Aw, how adorable.

Still trying to be as silent as possible, I made my way over to the dresser, pulling it open. I managed to get on my undergarments without waking up Oliver. I think... My head whipped around to seeing Oliver sitting up in bed, watching me. "I knew it!" I shouted at him with a sigh and Oliver looked at me in a bemused manner. At this point, I don't even care anymore!

I tossed the towel into the hamper, officially not caring. Oliver smiled as he watched my every move. It was slightly uncomfortable, but I wouldn't show that to him. I dressed myself quickly, and saw Oliver with his hair flopping into his face, and looked perfectly shaven. "Did you shower last night?" I asked curiously, seeing as he always wakes up with scruff.

Oliver got off the bed, walking over to me. "Yes, I couldn't sleep. We forgot to go get my sleeping pills," Oliver said smirking down at me, causing me to blush. He just had to bring up last night's events, didn't he!

I awkwardly cleared my throat as I ran my fingers through my wet hair. "Put some pants on, everyone's going to wonder why we aren't at breakfast," I ordered Oliver with a grin. Oliver saluted me before finding a pair of jeans and just pulled them on, leaving the shirt un-buttoned. Ugh! Why is he perfect?!

Refusing to look at him anymore, I left the bedroom with Oliver following behind. There was silence between the two of us as we made our way to the dining room. Everyone was already seated and talking amongst themselves. "There they are!" Hellehna exclaimed with a grin and I smiled to her. Oliver and I took our seats. Oh my lord, Belgian waffles!

"It's hot in here! I'm sweating like a hooker in church!" Harley said fanning herself with her hand and I nearly choked on the first piece of waffle as I began laughing. Oliver kicked me from under the table and I coughed a little. "What's so funny?" Harley asked looking at me, raising that far to thin eyebrow of hers.

I waited a moment until I was able to speak again and took a sip from my water. "Oh, just a joke an old friend told me awhile ago," I replied to Harley with a simple shrug, trying to avoid having to explain myself.

That didn't work. "Why don't you tell us the joke?" Harley suggested and I mentally slapped myself for being so ridiculous.

I glanced at Oliver, who was just eating, pretending he wasn't even there. I'm going to kick his ass later. "Well, there's a group of prostitutes, who all mysteriously lost their memories. Except for one. So one night all the girls were hanging out on a hot summer day, and the one girl said exactly what you did. About sweating like a hooker in church; without even realizing she was once a prostitute," I explained the "joke" to Harley,

## Suits and Prostitutes.

who actually laughed.

If only she knew the joke was real life. "So, on a different not, you, my mother, and all the girls here are going out later on today," Oliver told me and I glared at him. Why!?! I just stared at him expecting him to answer without me asking. "Dress shopping for the wedding," Oliver explained simply and I almost smashed my head off the table. I forgot that I'm engaged to Oliver...



## Chapter 12

Oliver handed me my purse and high heels with a smile. I started with the heels and pulled them on. "Behave while I'm gone," I told Oliver with a smirk as I took my purse. Without Oliver's response, I kissed him on the cheek before leaving the house with Hellehna and Harley. Everyone else had already left for the dress shop, and Linda was just meeting us there.

Dress shopping... Something I have never done. Even with my eighth grade graduation, I just borrowed something from an old friend. I never went to prom though, so it's fine. But now, I have to find a wedding dress of all things!

I'm not pleased... Not at all. Hellehna, Harley and I climbed into the car. Hellehna driving, and I'm next to her with Harley in the back. "Are you excited?" Harley asked me as she pulled on her seat belt. Am I excited? Seriously though!

No. "Yep." Lies. I never lie. What is wrong with me!?! This is just odd for me. Getting married to someone I never thought I'd marry... Even though he is rather kind, but odd at the same time. I thought I'd marry a man who sits around all day, writing or drawing. A man who smokes which Oliver does, as well drinks coffee. A lot of that is Oliver, but still.

A man who collects taxidermy and skulls... Never would have thought that it's my kind of man. I've now been proven wrong.

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I guess I had spaced out for the entire ride because when I was snapped back into reality, we were at the dress shop.

Crap.

"Yay!" Harley squealed, causing me to roll my eyes. Hellehna did the same. Still the same. Hellehna rarely ever got along with dresses. I only ever saw her in them on the hottest days of the year and she wanted "something breezy" because it was too hot.

Couldn't argue with her, but even then, I refused to put on a dress. As all three of us got out of the car, I felt even worse. Do I really want to get married? Especially without any of my family being aware... I do miss my brother's dearly. But I have to just, deal with it I guess. I haven't been given a choice.

The three of us walked into the dress shop, only to see women dressed up in all black running around with dresses. "Hi! Welcome to Ballet's. How may I help you?" The lady asked looking at us. Claire. Only know that thanks to her name tag.

"We're here under Oliver Watkins," Hellehna said and Claire grinned. Oh the over cheery-ness. It sickens me. Claire gestured for us to follow her, which we did. We were led to the back of the store, where all the girls, as well as Linda, were already waiting. Let the games begin.

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This just isn't the right dress! "Nope... Not it..." I said looking at myself in the mirror, displeased with my reflection. "This is the fifth dress now!" I whined. Far too poofy for me. "Can I please go find one myself?!" I

## Suits and Prostitutes.

begged looking at the dress consultant.

Fianlly, the man caved in. "Fine!" Jarrod said throwing his hands up in defeat. I left the room and made my way to the dresses, avoiding all the girls. So many. It's slightly irritating. I began wandering through the dresses, until I found it.

My heart stopped and I lifted it up. "It's pefect!" I said grinning before running back to the dressing room. "Ha-ha!" I said to Jarrod before hanging it up. Jarrod looked at it, awe-struck, before looking at me.

It was a stapless dress with a sweetheart neck line. It was tight until my waist, than it flowed down to the ground. Thank god there's no train on it. It had a few jems along the hips and towards my bust. Of course it ties up in the back as well.

"Shall we?" Jarrod asked with a grin as he brought me out so all the girls could see it. "Five dresses later, ladies, and Adalia has found her dress!" Jarrod exclaimed, souding pleased. No response. Linda looked like she was crying though...

Yup, she was. "You're so beautiful, Adalia," Hellehna told me happily and I blushed. I felt awkward in a dress, but this was the perfect dress. I never realized until now, but Hellehna and all the girls were in different dresses.

Bridesmaids! Shit. I forgot about their dresses. The one I loved the most though, was Hellehna's red halter dress with a white belt on it. "It's perfect..." I said reffering to Hellehna's dress. "I need to get out of here. The dress, and the store," I said with a sigh. Everything was so weird. "We'll go with this dress, and the one Hellehna is in," I said mainly to Linda, rushing off to the dressing room.

Everything's happening far too fast for me! I'm still so young, and here I am.... In a wedding dress.

## Chapter 13

The entire way back to the manor, I just cried. Hellehna was confused as to why though. "Adalia? Why are you crying?" Hellehna asked me finally and I wiped my tears away on the back of my hands. What am I supposed to actually tell her? Oh, right! All you girls were kidnapped by Oliver and just, y'know, Simon wiped your minds!

Yeah, like that'd go over well with the girls.

"Everything just seems to be happening so fast, it's just over-whelming," So I told Hellehna half the truth. It really has been though. It's been what? Three, four days since Oliver's taken me as well? It's even like he didn't sweep my memories because he wants me to suffer without my friends.

To make me feel so alone, and not be able to tell Hellehna about everything that happened from when she was kidnapped, to Matt, my mom and finally up until today. Yes, Oliver can be quite the sweet man, but I do get confused by him quite a lot. "But everything will be okay," I forced out a lie and a false smile.

Hellehna smiled to me and continued to look out the window. This time, we had Harley driving home. I had been crying since we left the dress shop so Hellehna decided to sit in the back with me. All the other girls had been confused as to why I was crying. Thankfully, none of them asked me why.

"Simon's pretty cute, huh..." Hellehna mumbled and my eyes widened. She has got to be kidding. Hellehna's talking about the man that made her believe she had a totally different life than she did have! I coughed awkwardly and ran my hand back through my hair.

What do I actually say to that?! Sure, I support her and her decisions, but... Simon's a total creep! "Yeah... I guess, but I'm good with Oliver," I told Hellehna with a small laugh. Harley looked back at me through the rear-view mirror with a smirk. It's almost like she knows something.

I looked at Harley curiously, before shrugging it off. The car pulled into the long gravel driveway, that just drove me nuts. Why is it so long!? It's really unnecessary! Oh yes, now I remember. Oliver's kidnapped a few females and doesn't want them found. How could I forget?

"Alright ladies, we're home," Harley said with a grin. Thank god. As soon as she car doors unlocked, I jumped right out. The other girls were already home. Some how they always beat us!

I quickly ran into the house, just wanting to go for a nap. But that'd have to wait. Oliver was there waiting for me. I arched an eyebrow as I took off my shoes and walked up to him. Oliver took my hand, without saying a word to me and took me upstairs. Something must've been on his mind.

Oliver didn't speak to me, until we were in the privacy of our bedroom. "I heard you were crying... Why?" Oliver asked pulling me into his arms. It just made me begin crying again. Is he that dumb?! Like c'mon!

My arms wrapped around the devil in a hug as I cried. "I miss my friends and everything is happening too fast for me. It seems like you're trying to make me suffer by making me the only one with my memories still in tact. All my friends are clueless as to who I am and that we've known each other for a long time!" I cried out to Oliver who stroked my hair, trying to calm me down. Not working very well.

Oliver just sighed. "Two of you have your memories..." My head snapped up to a frowning Oliver. But... Who!? It deffinantly can't be Hellehna, she just has completely no idea of what's happening! Oh my god...

## Suits and Prostitutes.

"It's Harley..." I mumbled, not really surprised. All the time, Harley gives me these knowing looks, but until now, I didn't know what to actually make of it! "But why her?" I asked Oliver, needing to know why Harley had kept her memories as well.

Oliver let go of me and went to go sit on the bed. He didn't look pleased. "We were trying... But we got cut off, by one of the other girls so we never got to wipe her memories. So she said she'd stay here, and if we ever brought you here... You'd have to keep your memories because you have too many precious ones to lose," Oliver explained as I slid down the wall as a blubbering mess.

Thank to Harley, I'm suffering, but I get to keep all my loving memories. A part of me wants to hit her, but the other part wants to thank her.

Suits and Prostitutes.

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