

side of the fence where the grass wasn't so green. Fortunately for me and in some ways not, I was mostly expected to attend to only Jeffrey's insurmountable of sexual desires. Whereas the other girls who came one day and went the next were promised a multitude of open doors just for there meager participation in sexual acts with random men, only to be disappointed when they realized they were nothing more than a single night out for these geriatric senior citizens who most likely due Alzheimer's would sooner forget the entire experience let alone their first name.

Surrounded by those in our world who many looked up too but not seeing them from where I was standing, I didn't have the highest of standards in humanity. Then I met Al Gore and his lovely wife during one of those many weekends away in the Caribbean. I was blown away by the amount of attention Al doored on his wife, it was so sweet to watch. They sat next to each other at the dinner table gazing into one another's eyes having an intimate conversation between them. Among the many guests visiting that night and many of them young beautiful women, not once did Al's eye's stray elsewhere, to them they were the only ones there. He was up for a presidential election that year and he definitely had my vote. Anyone that could show that much devotion and passion towards his loved ones could have the same devotion towards running a country, or at least I thought so. He only left his wife's side to have a walk down to the beach with the host of the weekend, Jeffrey. The weather was still warm in the evening when I decided to break away from the idle chat around the table and take a stroll too.

Not wanting to interrupt the conversation between Jeffrey and Al, I walked in the opposite direction plucking the washed up sea shells imbedded in the sand along the way. I enjoyed the serenity in the solitude of the island. So many nooks and crannies to get lost in, I could imagine that I actually disappeared from the entire world for a moment. By the time I came back to the main house majority of the small crowd had been long gone retired to their cabanas. Even Jeffrey had gone off to bed but trust party animal Ghislane to still be up entertaining the remaining guests left at the table, regaling her wild stories of people and places she has embarked on. Trying not to make eye contact as I walked past them on my way back to my cabana carrying my seashells inside my curled up blouse. I wasn't up for anymore pointless talking tonight. Emptying out my seashells into a plastic bag, I went over my new treasures one by one. I loved collecting odd things, shells being one of my favorites. Ghislane and I shared that interest together. We would enjoy walk abouts around the island searching for lost pieces of the remnants that pirate's had left behind centuries ago. It was mostly broken plates or smashed glass from bottles of ale, and even occasionally getting lucky

enough to find some old coins here and there. It wasn't easy though, both loving a challenge it was perfect for us. Enduring many scratches from the bushes we would be searching through and then the soar arms from digging all day, but it was worth it in the end. After nearly two years of collecting items and saving them, we made Jeffrey a mosaic table out of the remaining pieces left from the era of the pirate's day. Upon completing it we were both astounded in our creation, it was such an item of rarity and an interesting piece of work. When we presented it to Jeffrey he was even impressed not only in our amazing finds but what we did with them. The table became an important work of art that Jeffrey showed off inside the main house's lounge room, sparking a much intrigue and table conversation by many of the visiting guests to his island.

The next morning was good-bye for most of the visitors, leaving just the usual behind. Soaking in the sun and living it up in the lap of luxury is how the next few weeks were spent before having to get back to the dredge of the city. Sometimes we'd have to go to St. John's island for Jeffrey to do some work in the office. It was so boring for me to sit in their listening to him on the phone or coming down on some poor employee for something stupid like not answering the phone correctly. If I knew he was going to be awhile I would excuse myself for a bit of shopping. Not that the Caribbean had much to offer in the world of fashion but there was never an amount of bikinis one girl could own and I loved all the little knick knacks one could find there. Flying back on a private jet was the best part because I could transport just about anything I wanted back to my apartment, which was already filled with an assortment from my shopping ventures and collection of seashells from the Caribbean.

The next big dinner party on the island had another significant guest appearance being, the one and only, Bill Clinton. He is the only president in the world to be dismissed from his role as a world leader because he was caught with his trousers around his ankles and had the stain to prove it. Publicly humiliating his wife and himself he retired from his title but not from his lifestyle. This wasn't a big party as such, only a few of us eating at the dinner table. There was Jeffrey at the head of it all, as always. On the left side was Emmy, Ghislane and I. Sitting across the table from us was Bill with two lovely girls who were visiting from New York. Bill's wife, Hillary's absence from the night made it easy for his apparent provocative cheeky side to come out. Teasing the girls on either side of him with playful pokes and brassy comments, there was no modesty between any of them. We all finished our meals and scattered in our own different directions.

Jeffrey wanted his evening massage before bed and Ghislane and Emmy went to their office to talk about something, leaving our guest of honor to find company elsewhere. Strolling into the darkness with two beautiful girls around either arm, Bill seemed content to retire for the evening. He wanted to have a hot bath before bed while I began the massage in the tub. Starting with his feet and calves, he wanted to end the night quickly. Never showing any restraint he sat up on the edge of the tub and asked me to perform on him orally. I did my job, but that's all our relationship was these days, a dreadful job. Getting it over and done with as quick as possible was my hope but I couldn't let him pick up on those vibes, to make him enticed I had to act like his little porn star, knowing exactly how he wanted it. Only then would my duties be fulfilled and I would be able to get back the reality of my complicated life. Before I could say goodnight, Jeffrey had one more request. He wanted me to tuck him under the blankets and fluff his pillows for him. Then I had to reach under the covers and massage his feet while watching him fall asleep, he even wanted me to wait like twenty minutes or so after he fell asleep before I could leave. It wasn't unusual for him to ask it but God I hated it, never offering it I would always wait for him to request it. Once he was snoring gently I wiped my hands clean of the lotion and quietly closed the doors to his room. Making my way up the outdoor spiraling staircase, I felt the breeze blow through my hair and looked up to the heavens. The stars shown so bright out here in the middle of nowhere with no big city lights to hinder their effect could get lost in time staring into them. No matter how far gone I really felt there was always something about a simple caress from the wind or the reflection of the star sweeping sky in the black glossy ocean that would always remind me of my fond love of nature's blessings.

Back in New York, there was nothing left of nature to adorn. It was a dwelling for those who no longer saw the use for trees without cages or blue skies without clouds of man made fumes and gases. Unfortunately if we weren't in the Caribbean, we were there in New York. Hardly going back to Palm Beach, barely even seeing my family, my dog or I. These days at all. In my parents heads I was all grown up and educated in the world of wealth not needing them any longer they would just wait for my call once in a while to let them know how I was doing and that was the extent to our restricted relationship. The road my life has led down never has kept me close to home anyways so to me it wasn't anything unordinary but still a sad existence to be without a family of my own. It would've been nice to be missed though, rarely letting myself think like that. No room for pity in my heart, if I did, the floodgates could open and I'd have enough grief in one lifetime to go around a few times that they would've never been closed.

Jeffrey's business was running well from the looks of his attentiveness the office he owned in the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Alan Dershowitz, his colleague in finances and personal solicitor, a bird of the same feather, I had seen hanging around the island and Jeffrey's Manhattan mansion, more and more these days. Alan's taste for the young and beautiful was a bias for a blooming business relationship between him and Jeffrey. After an explicit session of Jeffrey's vulgar pilgrimage into my body, we were interrupted by a knock at the door by Jeffrey's good friend, Alan. I wrapped myself up in Jeffrey's pink bed sheets, which is the color preference he chose to sleep in because it reminded him of the same color of his own words "Pussy", and covered my face from the unexpected intrusion. Jeffrey got up and wrapped a towel around his loins and answered the door completely calm. Opening the bedroom door and letting Alan inside they began to converse about business immediately, right in front of me. Jeffrey started to tell Alan what needed to be done while he jostled some notes down quickly. I peeked my head from underneath the covers thinking they were too wrapped up in their work to notice me get up and dressed, and Jeffrey turned back to me and told me to just stay there this would only take a second. Going back to Alan he turned his focus back into work and hustled out a few more orders before letting Alan out of the door and returning his attention to me.

"Sorry about that, work never stops and neither will the money coming in. How else am I going to make a million dollars while I'm sleeping?" Jeffrey chuckled as he sat back down on the bed next to me. I laughed at his humorous and mostly true statement, then a strand of hair fell in front of my face. Before I could get to it he put it back behind my ears and sweetly stroked my face, for a moment we just looked into each other's eyes and he nearly seemed almost human to me. It was bizarre how he could be so kind and gentle one moment and the second beforehand I was being treated like no more than a common plaything left out for display. Nothing more than an ego trip, Jeffrey got off on letting the ones he wanted to know that he could own anything and anyone he wanted in this world. Maybe for a brief minute I believed the sincerity behind his eyes but that vision would quickly fade away and I would be left second-guessing why I even fell for his deceitful tricks for a moment.

Jeffrey got up from the bed and asked me to join him for a shower. In his bedroom, which was the entire top floor, he had a glass shower enclosed underneath a glass skylight right in the middle of the room. It was perfectly accessible feature for a man that loved both being clean and nude, but still an odd feature at that. As I always did whenever I showered with him, I lathered a loofa with soapsuds and would scrub his body, up and down, in between his toes, even behind his ears and of

course his genitals area. The sunlight shone through the glass ceilings into where we were standing, making the moment feel even more surreal on top of the already popped Xanax I had popped before for breakfast earlier that morning. Jeffrey was in such a lighthearted mood that day, making funny cracks at me, and acting like a flirt. When I was finished washing him he actually wanted to wash me too, which was another totally out of his character suggestion.

For the rest of the day, he took me everywhere with him, the office and then to a friends place, even just wanting to hang out with me for a while. I wasn't used to being treated like anything more than a dog on a leash, when he acted like this it just completely spun me around confusing me even more.

We were spending heaps of time together these days, a lot more than usual. At the ranch we would do things together, alone, and not just the usual perverted things I was accustomed to doing with him alone. Horseback riding on his ranch during weekends away by ourselves and movie nights snuggling up over a bucket of popcorn instead of having to massage his feet during the entire film became his way to alter my perception of my original notion that I wasn't just his sex slave, I thought I was finally becoming his friend.

When we went quad biking he no longer wanted me to take my own bike, he preferred me to sit on the back of his, holding onto him tightly and he even tried to teach me how to drive a manual stick shift car. He was definitely trying to show a softer side of himself, different to the stone cold slave driver I had to come to respect out of fear over the many years. Still a hard image to change after all I had been through and seen over the years I had been with him. Nonetheless he was still my "boss" so I humored his attempts and matched his caring demeanor, giving him the impression I was intrigued in our new kind of affair.

It all came to a sudden conclusion one sunny afternoon in the Caribbean. Jeffrey pulled himself up to the ladders first step and climbed up the next four steps to the top of the dock. His chest was heaving rapidly as he sat down catching his breath. Ghislane was the next one up and then I followed lastly behind them. To me it was an invigorating snorkel around the shallow reefs within the radius of the dock, but to Jeffrey the half an hour swim in the ocean was enough to overexert his ageing limbs. I took off my snorkel gear and placed it in the storage bench, grabbing us a few towels at the same time. Wrapping a towel around Jeffrey's backside and handing one to Ghislane, I sat down next to them on the dock and we laughed how fatigued Jeffrey was, poking fun that he really is getting older. A very touchy subject for the vain at heart but he didn't seem to mind it, probably knowing we'd never take the joke too far. We sat there in silence for a moment, an odd silence at that. Jeffrey looked at Ghislane and then Ghislane looked at me, placing me once again in the spotlight. They both scooted closer to where I was sitting and I felt something stirring in the air. The biggest turning point of events in all of my time spent with them.

Jeffrey sat next to me and put his hand on my back and looked at me with a certain kind of sincerity I hadn't seen in him before. "I want to first of all tell you that over the last few years you have shown me the kind of devotion and loyalty that I believe is rare to find among people these days, qualities I hold that high in regard." Bewildered by the whole scenario I just nodded every time he paused, trying to grasp what his intentions were getting at. He continued to praise my nature saying "I hope you know my appreciation for your embracing of my lifestyle, you have been achieving a name for yourself among the friends I have introduced you to. Everybody says basically the same thing about you, the same thing I believe. You are a delightfully funny girl who has developed into a mature graceful young woman and I could think of nobody else I'd rather have a child than with than you."

And just like that he created a whole new dilemma for me to face. In utter shock from the completely unexpected proposition and before I could even think of anything to respond with, Ghislane made the finishing touches with the business end of the deal starting with the pros before the cons "You would have around the clock nannies to help you. Jeffrey would pay for a mansion of your choice in either Palm Beach or New York" and as if the drumrolls were beckoning "and... you would have a hefty monthly allowance from Jeffrey's bank account" Astonished at their first offers I nearly took the bait. Then she continued to finish the terms of our pre-agreement with "But you would have to travel with the child where and when Jeffrey wanted you to be, and most importantly you would have to sign a contract stating that Jeffrey and you are not

monogamous and that the child would belong in Jeffrey's custody in the event of a falling out between the two of you." She kind of threw that last one in there quickly, as if she could get away with me not hearing that I would basically have to relinquish the rights to my own flesh in blood and surrender them to a life of servitude and abuse with these people. My maternal alarm bells went off straight away and I already knew my answer. No way I could do that to any poor baby, God only knew what these monsters had in store for me let alone a baby, but it was an instant reaction that saved me. "I don't know guy's, I mean I'm really young and never really even thought about having kids yet. Wow, I just don't know." I slicked my hand through my hair nervously and took in a silent breath. I had to go beyond what I was truly feeling and give them the feeling that I'd never let them down. Putting an eager smile on my face and sucking up my gut's intuition I told them "You know what, let me get my certificates in massage and have some time to prepare for this and get healthy then next year we'll all think about having a baby together." It was crazy to even hear me say out loud but from the expressions on their faces I had fulfilled their wishes.

Much reason to celebrate that night they were both in a cheery mood around the dinner table. Except for me who had taken double the dosage of Xanax to even cope with the high amounts of anxiety I had been suffering from since we got back from the dock. I wasn't sipping the champagne that night, I was gulping it and when their moods turned from cheery to raunchy later that evening it wasn't hard for me to comply. From the full effects of the state I was in I would've agreed to just about anything, allowing them to treat themselves to ravishing the tender parts of my body.

Over the next few weeks everything went on as it normally would, and not another mention of their proposal. My birthday was only a week away and I was turning nineteen that year. All I wanted was to get my certificates before I got any older and get trapped into this life for good.

When my big day rolled around I was in New York with Jeffrey and Ghislane. Sitting on my bed listening to MTV's channel blare in the background of my room I was painting my toenails when I was suddenly buzzed on the intercom. It was Jeffrey calling himself to ask me to meet him in his office in ten minutes. Perfect timing to let my nails dry. I thought to myself. Already contemplating his desire to come downstairs I knew it had something to do with my birthday present but I was more expecting the usual shopping money or piece of jewelry, definitely not what he had in store for me.

I knocked on the slightly ajar door to Jeffrey's office and heard him beckon me inside. "Hello, what cha up too?" I asked in a cutesy tone of voice. Walking over to his desk he looked up at me taking his reading

glasses off while granting me a big smile. "Come over here and sit down with me" as he ushered me to come sit on his lap. Pulling me onto him he had a funny look on his face, like he had something really big to tell me and was letting the anticipation build in the thickness of the silence. "What??" I laughed at the way he was looking at me now. "First of all...Happy birthday today." Was only the beginning of his announcement and he proceeded to tell me "I know how much you have wanted this for so long and you are more than deserving of it. You are going away to Thailand to learn authentic Thai Massage and within eight weeks you'll receive a certificate for being a qualified Thai Massage Therapist." Astonished at his attempts to see me get what I wanted, not exactly the type of massage I was interested in but it was a start and a first certificate for me to acquire. My eyes lit up and I threw my arms around his neck, planting a big kiss on his lips, which I rarely ever did. "Wow, I don't know what to say, this is beyond my wildest dreams...thank you so much!" I did well to let him know I appreciated his grandeur offer. He went on to give me the details of where I'd be staying, the school's schedules, and how much he loved Thai massage, apparently it was the next big thing to hit the shores of America. He had planned out an entire itinerary for me. I was to depart at the end of August and he had already enrolled me in a class at "ITM Massage School". I would only have a few days to settle in before I would be attending classes five days a week over eight hours a day. He even had an assignment for me to do while I was over there. I was to meet up with a girl who was also being put up at the "Princess Hotel" where I was staying. She had an Asian sounding name so I just assumed she was a local girl hoping for an opportunity of a lifetime, if she only knew what she would be getting herself into. If I decided that she met Jeffrey's particular quota of approval then she would be sent over to the U.S to meet with him or one of his esteemed colleagues. Besides the guilt of having to decide a stranger's uncertain fate, everything else sounded more than wonderful. Eight weeks gone from Jeffrey sounded like a lifetime away and I couldn't be more excited at this chance. It was the opportunity of my lifetime and I wasn't going to waste a second of it.

Ghislane came in a few minutes later and the look on her face told me she already knew. I got up from Jeffrey's lap and gave her a big hug and second and hugged me back. It was just her way and I had come to accept it. Depending on the level of slander her insults provoked was just her way of telling you she cares without really ever showing it. Probably

doesn't make sense to most sane people but after all of the time spent with them, I had gotten to understand a few of their quirky ways. Even if I didn't agree with them, they knew I would for their sake of opinion. What did it matter anyways I thought, I had been degraded in every other physical way what's the difference from taking their mental abuse too. Not the exact choice of employers I would've chosen over again if given the opportunity but here I was and doing my very best to excel at their demands.

I was sent home for a little over a week to pack for the long trip and make the rounds visiting my family before I left overseas on my first trip all by myself. It was great to see my family after such a long time away. My older brother and his wife even came down to visit for the well wishing of my departure. Everyone in my family seemed stoked at the prospects my long journey had led me down. Here I was jet setting around the world in my teens and getting paid to study the course of my dreams at a cost that I only knew I would have to pay. It was a wonderful get together with all of them around, a great way to remember them. If I'd only known it would be the last time I would see any of them I would've emphasized to my brothers how much I really loved them both and how much I would miss them in the decade to come! But I didn't know what my future held for me, I had nothing planned out I was just hoping for the right opportunities.

I also had a few good friends to catch up with before I went. Every night was another party and by the end of the week I had drunken enough to drown an Irishman on St. Patty's Day. I was given the lists to all of my friends email address and told to keep in touch. Yeah right I thought, I was going to be too busy having too much fun to be thinking about sitting on a computer emailing people, but I told them I would anyways. Save myself the point of having to explain that in many different ways to a group of already tipsy slurring teenagers. Out of everyone who was really happy for me, T.J wasn't. He hated the idea of me leaving him to have a non-stop party in Thailand without him. He was just starting to seem like he was coming good and I didn't like having to leave him at such a vulnerable state but in my young years I had already realized I needed to do some things for myself and this was one of them. There was still a huge amount of broken trust between us, trust that could probably never be rendered again so I thought I was being decent enough letting him stay at my apartment while I was gone, but he was not to drive my truck, at all. I paid too much money on insurance for that thing and knowing his driving record I didn't want the risk of something happening while I was gone for so long. He didn't agree with me at all, throwing a grown up tantrum all over my apartment. Hitting the walls and doors, shouting the entire complex down, there was nothing I could say or do at this point in

time so I just put my dog on the lead and took her for a walk to calm down the situation and give me some time to be alone. Mary Jane was the only one I hated leaving behind. When we got back from the long walk she barricaded my suitcase while I was packing the horrendous amount of clothing that I always did. I was promising her I wouldn't be long and told her how much I loved her giving her a big hug. I choked back on the tears that were swelling up in my eyes, it was like she already knew the night before I flew out to New York that this would be my final trip.

There was a commercial flight booked for me in the morning and I needed the rest that night to fully recover from my binge of celebration drinking. T.J crept into bed later that night and tried to redeem his behavior with sweet nothings and dry humping my backside. It did nothing for me sexually. I didn't feel like that for him any longer and the sooner he realized that, the better he'd be off. I told him I wasn't up for it and he picked up a pillow and slammed the door behind him. It didn't matter I told myself, the next day I was off and wouldn't have to deal with him or anyone.

T.J caught a cab with me to MIA, the airport in Miami. He walked with me to the furthest point he was allowed to go by the security gates and as we stood in line together it was almost heartbreaking seeing him cry. I told him I'd try to call him everyday, attempting to give him optimistic ways to look at this time away from each other. In the end he had me crying and I had to give into my remaining feelings I had for him. One last kiss under the x-ray bridge and he vanished out of my sight as I furthered down the terminals long hall.

Chapter 20

It was only a short flight to New York and I just couldn't wait until next week when I'd be jetting off to an exotic destination all by my lonesome self. It was all I could think about talk about and dream about, finally my break. Ghislane did what she did best that week and prepped me for everything I could imagine under the sun. Do's and Don'ts, emergency numbers and western union locations were among some things on the list she gave me. Like I said, she showed her caring side in other ways. There was also the name of the girl I was supposed to be meeting, the room she was in and what dates she would be staying there. When I got out of Ghislane's office I was instructed to meet Jeffrey in his office. She had to stay back for some paper work that she had to catch up on pronto. Making my way up the red and gold trimmed carpeted

staircase I prepared myself for some major sucking up before I left, he would be expecting it for his recent generosity, or so I had thought. Opening those familiar heavy doors the first thing I saw was an unfamiliar face standing over Jeffrey's shoulder.

She was a tall girl with blonde hair twisted up in a professional looking knot. Her big smile was flashing at him with hints of her cheekiness to come and she was dressed to kill with a short tight grey skirt and a matching suit jacket over her white buttoned down blouse, revealing her voluptuous ample cleavage. She looked like the old college professor's wet dream. When she introduced herself to me, a thick Czech accent presented itself. Her name was Nadia Marcinkova and Jeffrey looked just about as smitten as a victim of a love struck arrow from no one but the cupids themselves. Jeffrey further introduced her as his new assistant and masseuse while I would be away, barely taking his eyes off her for one second. It was a bit of a blow to take, being so easily replaced but also a part of me already knew this was expected off someone like him. Good for him I thought to myself, why should I have bitterness over someone I never had intimate feelings for and knew had never really cared for me in the first place. Kissing her on the cheeks and telling her my name, I was doing my best to grin and bear it. We hugged for a brief show of uniformity but it was just that, a show for Jeffrey to see. When he was away for the moment or she wasn't busy, hanging off his every word, the way we all started out, she would snub me off to only head off in another direction. A real bitch if anyone was to ask me but no one would anyways it wasn't my job to like her.

Over the next course of days it was my task to show her some of my techniques in massaging Jeffrey and the erotic side of finishing it off. Nadia despised me even more when Jeffrey told her to follow my lead during the massage as she tried to take over and do her own thing a few times. To me it was quite funny her competitive side, I had nothing more to prove so watching her put on an act of seduction and scream out her every body function during a faked orgasm was nothing but entertaining in my eyes. After a few sessions together it was my time to be off on another adventure far, far away from here or from the chains that I wore for way too long. Jeffrey had someone else to fit the chains that kept me so close to him. Even though she wasn't the nicest of girls I still couldn't help but feel sorry for her. No girl should belong to someone out of servitude, but unfortunately it is the way our civilization has been for many centuries before us and I don't see changing any time soon or as long as perverts like Jeffrey are allowed to walk around freely and procure our daughters off the streets all because he's got a lot of money to pay many, many, many people off.

Throw out your confetti because here I come Chang-Mai!! My celebrations started the second I landed, it didn't take me long to make myself aquatinted with a few fellow travelers and find the hot spots of the hustling city. It was like nowhere I had ever been before. The streets were lined with stalls offering an assortment of souvenirs, clothing, and knick-knacks. Everyone lived so freely and was in such great spirits. The parties raged on until the wee hours of the morning and people became best friends over night. From the second I got there I knew Thailand was going to be a lot of fun and I was right! Popping bottles of champagne, dancing all night to the beat of every club's rhythm's along my way and carrying on like it was my birthday...every night was a repetition I could definitely get used too. During the day I was a real good girl, the teachers pet even. Showing the credibility of my experience in massage from over the last few years and already ahead of the class the teacher was using me to help instruct the others with demonstrations. Mostly in a class full of males it wasn't a surprise that I made friends with quite a few of them, some of them with ulterior motives, but for the most part the sleazebags were none of my concern, I had already dealt with a lifetime of them to be able to spot one out and steer clear of his approaches. Out of the entire class I had made friends with only one girl from Wisconsin. She was a plain looking girl with big brown puppy dog eyes and a long drawn out accent. Her first time leaving the States or Wisconsin itself for that matter so it was easy to acknowledge that she was a little taken aback by all of the bustling city life so becoming her friend felt like the Chaing-Mai night life. Eventually I even ended up inviting her to stay with me at my hotel. She was running out of money to party every night then pay for school on top of her accommodation, it was all becoming too much out of her small budget. So I thought about it and offered her a bed in my room, I had two of them anyways. Plus she was a really nice girl and if I could help make her first time out of the country an unforgettable experience then I was also gaining something from it as well.

The first month in quickly passed me by. Having such an incredible time on my own and putting my heart into learning Thai Massage it seemed to just fly past. Routinely I had to call in and check in with Jeffrey and Ghislane letting them know my whereabouts and progression in class. Counting down the time left until my course finished Jeffrey was anticipating my departure back to New York. "I can't wait to get my first Thai massage from you. I've got you booked to come straight back to New York for my first one as soon as your course finishes next month." His eagerness put a twisted familiar knot in my stomach. Reminding me of the dream I have to awake from soon and the reality of the certain homecoming I would be arriving to. "It's such a great course, thank you

so much for sending me here to learn this. You are going to love my new area of expertise! I am having such an amazing time over here!!" I had to let him know how much I appreciated what he had done for me and he loved the head swell that it would make him feel as well. Hating the thought of going back to him, I wasn't going to let that put a damper on my spirits while I was still out there. It was my time to party harder than ever before. Every night was a new adventure for me. Chang-Mai was a maze of places to get lost in and the vibrant city was my playground. The way I saw it this was my last chance to get out and break free, letting loose my inner girl it felt so good to take the lead of my own life.

Chapter 21

It was an average evening getting ready in front of the bathroom mirror on just an average Sunday, though unbeknownst to us girls as we sat there chatting away carelessly, this night was already written in the stars for me. It was a very long time ago now when I was still a young child that I sat looking up to those same stars from my bedroom window with my hands pressed tightly together as I cried for God to hear my prayers. All I asked him for was death. My precious life was already such a hopeless battle that I felt too small to fight alone for. Begging him to deliver me from this cruel world I would pray for all of my pain would to away for good. My only clause in my prayers was the possibility that there was somebody in this wide world that I was meant to love, something much bigger than I could have even imagined yet. This invocation of mine was forgotten about long ago now, until tonight.

I wish I had known that night I sat crying beneath the stars that it would all be different one day and that I hadn't sold myself short to the accustomed lifestyle I was brought up to believing was acceptable. It was this night my very soul was about to cosmically collide with the man I was always meant for, the man my heart already belonged to and would know from the instant we met. This night would be the first day to the beginning of my new life to come.

I blushed my cheeks and put on my mascara before me and my girlfriend headed out to hit the town. We were dressed to kill and looking for something to do when we ran into a few of our class mates at one of our favorite drinking spots. They were meeting up for some drinks before a Muay-Thai kickboxing tournament. It sounded like fun when they invited us along to watch it with them. The massive crowd lined the street where the fight was being held and once I got inside the arena it was push

and shove to try to find a spot to watch from. The friends that we were hanging out with were meeting up with another group of guys that were training for the kickboxing tournaments that we were watching. Then it happened it was the first moment I laid eyes on the man that would love me for the rest of my life. I wasn't expecting the most amazing time of my life to happen right there and then but it did and I would never be the same again. Destiny fell right smack into my lap and there was no stopping it! It wasn't just his smoldering appeal that was obvious at first sight it was the entire package of mannerism and chivalry that made him stand out of the crowd. Stepping right out of the pages of the fairytales I used to read, he was nothing like I had ever come to know before.

Watching him from a close distance he was playfully shadow boxing one of the guys from my massage class and it was at that moment that this handsome stranger first caught me staring at him. From top to toe this athletically built man was intriguing to watch, I couldn't take my eyes off him like I was magnetically drawn to his power of attraction. He further interested me when he wasn't acting like the majority of harping dogs that would jump at the eyes I was giving him now. Instead he coyly played hard to get, making me work for any conversation with him. The fight started and the men were going bezerk, screaming at the fighters in the ring offering either fighter their support or discrimination depending on whom they were battling for. It was like watching a primitive scene out of the days when the cavemen ruled the earth but it was as equally alluring to watch unfold, the sweat, the blood and the absolute brutal fascination of it all.

After the fight and all of the men revved up from the fight, I suggested that we all head to the pizza joint in front of the Princess Hotel where I was staying for a late night snack. I made it my goal to make myself known to this appealing stranger. In the tuk-tuk on the way there I made sure I sat next to Robbie. Scooting my knees closer and closer to him on the short ride he continued his chase by moving further away from me, a game of cat and mouse that I loved. When he answered back the array of my questions he had the cutest Aussie accent that drove me absolutely wild.

Gradually we got to know each other better over a pie of pepperoni pizza and two can's of coke. Too me he might as well have been the only other person in the restaurant, he knew he had my undivided attention and I think he liked it. There was no one like him that I had ever met before and I knew there was no other who could make me feel the way that I felt at the first sight of him. Being charming and suave was all an accidental front. It was easy to read him. Immediately it wasn't hard to see his sweet side, holding the door and pulling out my chair at the restaurant, I was

already smitten. After pizza he walked me across the street to my hotel where we made plans to meet up again. There was no kiss goodnight or anything like that. No, he was too polite for that, he wanted to prove himself different and different he was. Walking through the hotel's revolving doors I watched as he walked away and when he was finally out of sight, I sung my way up to my room. Floating on cloud nine I was free falling into a deep pit of love.

The next day I attended my class as usual but not able to concentrate like I normally did, too excited about when I'd be seeing Robbie that night again. As I walked out of class that afternoon even the teacher noticed a difference in my performance and asked me if I was feeling well, "On top of the world actually" I smiled back at the old instructor and it wasn't far from the exact truth either. I hadn't ever felt the churning of butterflies in my stomach and the constant thoughts of anyone else like this before. My girlfriend and I got a tuk-tuk back together as we usually did after school and I couldn't shut up about the night before. She was laughing at my girlishness telling me that anyone who just met me would think I had never been let out before, but little did she know that I had more than my fair share in experience with men and never had I ever come across anyone that could make me feel this way, and what spun me out even more was that it was such an instant attraction. Never considering myself a person who believed in the existence of "love at first sight", but a true romantic deep at heart, I couldn't help but believe in it now. He is my walking proof of it!

Waiting for me in the hotel lobby was the very person I couldn't stop entertaining the thought of all day long, there he was looking ever so fine standing in front of me now. The whole entire world faded away and all that was left for the moment was this complete stranger. I had only met last night but somehow captivated the very essence of my very heart. There was no need for me to try and act cool now. He already knew I was snagged hook, line and sinker. Smiling all the way up the many stories in the elevator up to my room he took notice of the posh decor of the hotel. "You should see where I'm staying, this is a royal palace compared to it!" His first impression of me he automatically thought I was going to be a spoiled high-maintenance girl that had money coming in from a parents hefty trust fund. Casually he got to find out through many deep and meaningful conversations that my life's grim story wasn't that pretty at all. For some reason beyond my knowledge I had the need to tell this stranger almost everything.

Wanting to be judged and looked down upon for everything about my life that I knew was wrong and being the first time I had spoken about my years with Jeffrey to anyone honestly like that ever before, I had felt like I had deserved punishment. He offered me no judgment, instead only

gave me his warmth and compassion as he wrapped his strong arms around me, making me feel so meager and small but so safe at the same time. Encouraging me to see the worthiness of myself and leave that life behind, he adorned me with a kind love that I wasn't accustomed too.

He took me in and made me feel so at home. It was like I had known him my whole life. I couldn't bear to be without him another second while I was away on this dream holiday. When he wasn't training for Muay-Thai tournaments and I wasn't in school, nobody would ever see us. Too enveloped in each other in my hotel room to care about anything else. Which is why I asked him to come stay at my hotel with me, seeing he was never at his own anyways. My girlfriend was soon departing back to Wisconsin, making my room more than available for him. Enchanted by his words and tender touch, the way he made love to me was again like nothing I had experienced before. Even down to after sex as I had been routinely instructed by Jeffrey to get up for a warm washcloth to clean his genitals afterwards, he refused it, telling me I was no longer a slave and that he didn't want me acting like one. He'd just rather lay down together afterwards and repeat our sweet nothings with many adjoining kisses.

On our third night together with nothing but the bed sheets between us, we had spent all night looking into each other's eyes sharing such an undeniable passion for one another. In the deepest caverns of my heart I knew this man would give me what I had never experienced before... True love. We were still laying in each others arms when the orange and pink sunrise began to rise slowly through the peak's of my rooms windows, enticing me to come feel the freshness of the morning's chill. Only the bed sheets were still wrapped around my body as I went the balcony. It was overlooking the city in a valley surrounded by mountainous tops. My thoughts began to rampage through my head and I knew this could only be a dream for me. It was getting serious now, too serious for the life that I led back home. As if he sensed my anxiety Robbie walked up behind me and wrapped his strong arms around my waistline, gently kissing my neck and pausing with his ever so thoughtful stares and gave me the exact opening that I needed to express my thoughts. "Back home, as you already know, I am going back to someone else, it's my job, and as much as I really like you, this guy that I kind of see is going to expect me to be putting him first, I am so sorry to say all of this after such a wonderful few days we have spent together, but you need to know this thing happening between us can't get anymore serious than what we have for now. I am so sorry" I looked down to the floor with nothing else I could say to alter his perception of me now that I had told him the truth and it never dawned on me that thought he wouldn't be out the door before I could even finish my sentence but he

continued to surprise me with his efforts to make me believe we were more than just friends with a summer crush. " You see... your problem is that you don't see what I am looking at right here in front of me, a beautiful girl who is completely lost in a game that she has no control over. Get out of it now, take my hand and follow me back to my home in Australia." I heard what he had said but I found it hard to comprehend what he was actually talking about. "What?" I asked him with a look of confusion on my face. "Your nobody's property, you can do this. Marry me." His statements got more and more profound as he went on. Repeating the question he got on one knee and proposed again "Jenna, I am in love with you and want to spend the rest of my life making you happy. Please don't go back to him. I know that I am the only one for you and I will always treat you right. He paused for another second and repeated his question "Jenna, will you please marry me?" My hands fell into my face after that and without even letting myself think through the answer, I let my heart do all of the talking. Looking back up at him I said "Yes!" I almost shouted the answer at him, as if saying it louder would give the word more meaning. Wanting to believe him and everything that he was saying felt like a vacation from all of the suffering and loneliness that I had endured over a lifetime of abuse and degradation but knowing what you want and getting it are two different things that rarely went hand in hand...or so I thought. All I knew from the brief period I had known this stranger was that he was offering me a life and love down an unfamiliar path and it was a gamble to believe a complete stranger but somehow I knew he was right. My heart was beating so loud I thought it was going to jump right out of my chest. With the earnestly in my reply he picked me up in his strong arms and took me back to the bed and reiterated his words in a more physical sense this time. Never had I felt loved like this before, so swept off my feet and unable to even think, eat, or do anything for that matter which would involve leaving the hotel room without him.

Everyday after school would be my Robbie waiting to take me back to the hotel room for another night's passionate rendezvous, but a few nights after his proposal, he had another surprise in store. He didn't just want to get married someday. He wanted to get married now, this week even. I walked into the fabric store and was attended too by several seamstresses who were already be expecting my arrival. I was there to design and have fun designing my own dream wedding dress. While I was busy picking out fabrics and having measurements taken I would look away for a moment only to catch his tender eyes staring in my direction. Such adoration behind his looks...could it be real? I would often ponder it to myself just hoping for the gamble I was taking to work

out. I still had to believe in something better than what I was accustomed too and here he was right smack dab in front of me. Gigging at all of the lace and frills they were trying to dress me up in, looking more like an antique porcelain doll than anything else I closed my eyes and pictured the day that I thought would never come, starting to imagine the kind of dress I would like to wear I envisioned a simple sleekness, a complimentary figure hugging gown with a small train but long enough to distinct it as an actual wedding dress. After we settled on what we were going to wear for the big day, we would next have to decide where we would hold the ceremony. Not before celebrating the entire week beforehand though. We started our honeymoon early celebrating every night spending our time between my hotel room and sending our heads spinning on the dance floor at many different clubs. Only with each other in sight, the dance floor was ours, we were out to give each other something to remember each night by. I whispered all of the things I couldn't wait to do him once we got back to the hotel room and watching him heat up on the dance floor I was never able to get enough of him driving me crazy. Like a thirst I was unable to quench, his lips were like a fountain of deep springs that I could never reach the bottom of.

Seven days, exactly a week after his proposal I sat on my bed in distress, contemplating what I would say to the man who I was about to call. There was no nice way to go about it. I couldn't last forever with him and this was my one chance to get out of it for good. I was leaving him, never to return to him ever again. I just had to go ahead and do it. Part of me was hoping he'd be at least a little happy for me and the sudden change in my life's direction but the other part of me knew I was already asking too much of him.

Calling his office in New York I was transferred to Jeffrey's personal office. He picked up the phone on the third ring, pausing before I could get any of the words to come out of my mouth but I mustered up my courage eventually and gave him my prepared spiel. Beginning with how much I had appreciated everything he has done for me up until this point. I hoped he would be understanding but he just wanted me to hurry up and get to the point. Trying to contagiously pass on my excitement through the phone lines, I finally screamed out "I'm getting married! Can you believe it?" No reply was given only a silence on the other end. Trying to make some conversation ridding the uncomfortable silence, I went on to tell him about Robbie and how I had fallen madly in love with him over the last amazing few days we'd spent together. The absence of sound made my thoughts begin to run wild and to get some response I had to ask him what he thought about everything I was telling him. Finally a few seconds later his reaction to the news sunk in and his only and final reply

until many years to come was "Have a good life!" With that statement he slammed down phone receiver. Leaving only an echo of the dial tone to answer back too. I was to paralyzed from the shocking response. "What have I just done?" was the first thing that entered my thoughts. Overwhelmed with guilt I felt like I was falling down a deep and dark hole and then the tears began to flood in. Here I was standing at the dawn of a new happy life for myself and I couldn't see past how bad I had let Jeffrey down not yet seeing the hold he had on me.

Like my knight on a white horse, in came my hero to soothe my somberness. He rushed over to the bed where I was heating myself up mentally and wiped the falling tears from my cheeks. "I take it that it didn't go so well...huh?" Sniffing through my sobs I managed to tell him that "It doesn't matter anymore all I care about is you and leaving all of that life behind me!" I wrapped my arms around him and he asked me in a half joking voice "Then why are you crying?" He got me almost laughing now too "I guess it's just so scary taking such a huge plunge away from what I'm used too and taking such a big move to another country. It's just all so different and I'm just trying to comprehend everything that is happening in such a short time." Always out to lift my spirits his next comments made me gush in laughter "You think that was a hard phone call wait until I call my Sicilian mother! Watch this, I know exactly what she'll say. First it'll be a saga about how I'm killing her with my selfish actions then it'll be about how she's going to kill herself for doing such a terrible job raising normal children. Don't worry though, she'll love every second of it. Wogs thrive off of the drama in their lives and off everybody else's for that matter!" He was pretty much on the dot when he told me how she'd react to the news. In the end after relentlessly trying to change his mind, she sighed "if it was going to be anybody to do something as crazy as this, Robbie, it would be you!" It wasn't a blessing as such but at least she wasn't threatening suicide any longer. Calling the closest of our families the night before our wedding to share with them our announcement wasn't celebrated by any members of either sides but that didn't discern us one bit. My parents took it well, considering their only daughter was marrying a foreign man that they didn't know from the next guy on the street and too top it off I was moving to Australia, permanently. When I asked my Dad many years later why they hadn't put up a fight, he just simply replied that nobody expected it too last very long. Fair enough, I thought. I don't think anyone did at first...even us at our toughest times. We were a rare attribute these days in the numb era we have all been accustomed to living in, turning nothing into something, which I had also come to realize, was the most precious gift in life...love.

Falling asleep was easy to do in his arms that night. I laid my head on top of his chest listening to the drum of his beating heart. I had never felt like I was more at home than ever before in my life. He pulled me gently in closer to him, letting me know that he was there for me even when the lights went out and the thoughts would usually creep in. Amazing how he knew what I needed without even asking for it. Wishing for something like this my whole life I thought I was being such a fool in so many ways, but I was so wrong. The way his pretty eyes looked at me with such an understanding and compassionate sincerity made me want to trust his words and believe the love that he was offering me was indeed real.

The next morning Robbie was up and out of bed early to pick up our tailored wedding suits and dresses for our big day at Doi Cep Temple. His best friend from high school days that was travelling with him from Australia met him in the hotel lobby at seven o'clock. He was going to be joining us for the wedding as Robbie's best man. He still hadn't been able to find black shoes to go with the suit, so after he dropped off my dress back to me he was off again to try and find himself a pair of decent looking ones. Overjoyed with excitement I was thrilled from the second I kissed Robbie good-bye for the last time before we were officially married. Looking in the same mirror only a week ago I was now a different person, I felt like I was plunging into a bottomless abyss. Here I go, I thought to myself as I plunged out the door letting the butterflies in my stomach carry me all the way to my nearly husband.

I had to go to the beauticians that morning for my pre-wedding makeup and dressing. The ladies who were doing my hair and face at the salon did a great job making me feel so beautiful for my special occasion that every girl dreams about their whole entire life. Requesting simplicity at best, not wanting to go overboard with all of the wedding apparel they tied my long hair up into a knot wrapping around it a veil of flowers made up of baby's breath and small yellow and purple budding flowers. I couldn't have dreamt it up better myself and when I met my husband to be at the bottom of the mountain he stood before me speechless "You look so...beautiful!" were his first words that his mouth formed almost whispering them. He took my hand and we walked into the sky lift together. Behind us followed an interpreter that Robbie hired to translate the Buddhist Monks ceremony speech for us English only speakers and then his best friend, who only moments before gave him the best mans speech about being the last chance to walk away from this and not get married to a girl he hardly knew, but my Robbie wouldn't hear a word of it. He already made up his mind the instant he proposed and I said yes, "I was born to be with this girl," he told his best mate. "Alright then lets go do this then!" Once he knew Robbie was sure in his decision he was more than ecstatic for him. We were slowly lifted up the tremendous mountainside,

surrounded by the floral green carpet of mossy grass that covered the earthly skyscraper and falling fog, it was like being carried to heaven or the closest thing to it! Taking my eyes off the scenery and catching him adoringly staring at me again, I welled up with unstoppable tears. "I am so lucky, is this really happening?" He squeezed my hands and replied back "You're the only one for me... I love you!" relieving the anxiety written all over my tear stained face.

Chapter 22

Getting out of the carriage we were greeted by good fortune from the Gods above. A sun shower cascaded over us as we advanced into the ancient holy temple. My tears of joy dried and my happiness was glowing for all to see. The many visitors to the temple stopped and took photos of the passing bride and groom, no other foreigners had ever been married there and certainly anyone wearing traditional western wedding attire, such a sight had never been seen behind these religious walls, we became a permanent icon at the temple. The ceremony was done in the Buddhist customs according to their ancestral accordance, and translated for us in our own language. Both Robbie and I were anointed with a blessing from the monk with a splash of water and seven sacramental bracelets, each one representing another meaning to the longevity of our union together. We signed our names in the Buddhist wedding registry of Doi Cept Temple and officially became Mr. & Mrs. Roberts at least officially in our hearts knowing the laws of Australia only recognize certified weddings, meaning when we got back to his homeland we'd have to make a run for the courthouse. This was our real wedding though, perfect down to every detail. Walking up to the highest point of the temple to the balcony hanging over the edge of a cliff side over looking the city of Chang-Mai, we knew we had found the perfect spot to recite our vows of love to each other. Providing everything for me and more than I could ever ask for, his vows were to love me unconditionally until death do we part, shelter me from all the cruelty in the world that I was so accustomed too and to be like the bear, because the bear never forgets. Tears once again streamed down from my eyes as he made this moment unforgettable. Wiping the mascara fading underneath my eyelids whilst giggling at my embarrassment I took his hands back into mine again and gave him the vows that were the sacred prepared words from my heart. My ears were thundering the sound of a million horses hoofs descending downhill and my heart was beating so fast my words barely trembled out of my mouth when I began to tell him how much he had changed my

whole life around and how I would dedicate my entire being to loving him and only him until I blew my final breath.

I meant every word that I said to him, this was it for me, wanting nothing more out of life than to be with someone like him to raise a few kids together and grow old on the front porch letting the day's fade us by. I know it probably sounds boring to most and it would've to me as well many years ago but after the life I had led, I had enough experience in the real world for my liking and now all I want to do is to enjoy the remaining days of my life for what it is... a simple and satisfying existence. Our day was so special but not only to us, even too the Monk that married us. Upon our descent down the lifts he asked if he could take a photo with the bride and groom in front of their symbolic liberty bell signifying the union between east and west. It represented a lot for us too, it was the commencement of a new life together and just the beginning of battling each other's past demons together.

Kissing the bridal party goodbye, who were just the local girls I had met on some of our many nights out of having fun. I threw my arranged bouquet of Thailand's white wedding floras mixed with colorful orchids to the screaming Thai women behind me and we were given one last tradition to take with us, the release of caged doves. It was such an incredible gesture, especially for me. Symbolizing their freedom as well as mine I opened the cage's door to let them free to decide our own fates. As the wings on the birds began to spread open and they took their final flight into the blue skies granting themselves freedom I knew mine had finally come too. The relevance of watching them fly away and how I had perceived my own day of marriage related to the identical feeling of fleeing an entrapment of my own kind. I was liberated from the bounds of slavery I had come to know over the many years I had spent with my fair share of greedy perverted old men only to have serendipity mend my scars with the powerful healing of what true love has to endeavor on.

As customary in the romance novels I had read as a young girl he picked me up in the hallway before our hotel suite and carried me over the threshold, poufy dress and all. My arms were tightly squeezed around his neck never once taking my eyes off of him until he revealed yet another sweet surprise. Besides the cleaners tidying up my room while we were gone they were also given instructions by none other than the groom himself to pick the petals off the stems of red roses to place on our bed in the shape of a giant heart. The rose petals led the way to where we consummated our love physically and it was undeniably the first time in my life I had really ever been made love too. Hours had passed by before we thought about anything else besides one another's words of arousal, tantalizing touches, and lingering kisses. We ate a quiet dinner at a local restaurant and went straight back to the arms of each other again, so

profoundly in love with one another it was the ideal display of what the "honeymoon period" should have to show for. It was crazy, young and energetic, just what it should be between two blossoming lovers.

The following morning we left the Princess Hotel, no longer under any of Jeffrey's financial privileges or control so to speak, continuing our love spree in another dwelling of our own accord. Three days later when we finally showed our face for the first time since checking in downstairs in the new hotel lobby, besides to request fresh sheets and towels, the entire staff of the hotel had a good laugh at our expenditure, from their reaction it must've been nice to see a couple so affectionately fond of each other.

Now we wanted to have another type of fun, Robbie had visited a tourist agent by himself before we got hitched to book a honeymoon itinerary for us to explore Thailand and beyond together, another surprise he had in store for me. We left early in the morning and joined the crowded bus for our journey beyond the border of Thailand to a village in the war torn nation of Laos. When we got through the extremely armored visa office eight hours off the beaten path, we then had to cross a flooding river from a recent heavy downpour of rain in a slim banana boat that looked like it could barely handle our weight let alone the excess of my luggage that Robbie was so kind to trek around the world for me.

Unbelievably we did make it to the other side only to find that my honeymoon in the tropics wasn't exactly how it had been explained to me. Naked children ran through the dirty streets, with one boy that decided to release his bladder on the pathway where we were walking as we passed by him on the way to our hotel. My doubts of his choice in destinations became apparent after that sight. Robbie was getting hungry after we hadn't eaten the entire duration of the trip and being such a rugged man he could digest just about anything. Deciding to stop on the side of the road he ordered some kind of seafood dish...daring I thought, setting for some toast and jam, something safer I thought. Then I saw the lady behind the counter dip some plates in a dirty bucket full of dirty water and then rinse in another bucket of water that didn't look as bad as the previous mud drenched one and then further proceeded to put my toast and his food on top of them serving it to us all in a clear view. I just couldn't bring myself to even fathom it "I can't eat that!" I mouthed in a hushed voice trying to quietly make my point clear but was made public with his loud mouth outburst of "Why not? Looks fine to me. You have to try and eat something, you haven't eaten all day!" I know it was just his caring side that was trying to force me and to top it off he is Sicilian and they're all about eating so it was our first debate and now we were officially married with many more marital conflicts to subsequently follow. Two head strong and stubborn people both with the right

intentions but still recovering from old wounds. It was only natural and important that we fought just as much as we made passionate love together. Countlessly proving to one another the true intentions of each other loves but sometimes in not so seemingly actions.

Finally arriving at the hotel it was like a scene out of a horror flick. We were showed up to the room that looked like someone had been brutally killed in. The bed sheets were torn apart and the bed was stained with blood from some poor helpless victim. Nearly vomiting at the pure sight of the room and the stench that accompanied it, I was now tearing at the thought of even staying here for a single moment longer. "No way!" I told my new husband and from the tone in my voice he knew I was serious. Not that I was not denying the fact I have never been an outback type of girl. I was fine with that impression, I am no snob but give me the simple luxuries of a clean bed and a shower then I'll make myself at home, but this was just the epitome of filth and even possibly an act of a horrendous event but who knows, the lady who showed us to the room seemed fine with it passing it off as a hooker on her period. In some ways that was even worse..."Yuk...Okay Robbie it's time to go...now!" we were heading back down hill back to the passport center declaring our passage back into Thailand. Considering us a risk due to the short time we spent crossing the border and back, the officials held us at gunpoint while others rummaged through our luggage for drugs or whatever. Finding nothing of course they released us and stamped our passports, making us good for another three months if we wanted. We were thankful for escaping with our lives alone, although we had nothing to hide but still an endearing experience nonetheless in the first days of our honeymoon of all days.

Chapter 23

Arriving in Koh Samui for finally a bit of relaxation in the tropics, it was my idea of how a holiday should be, sunny warm, and clean... well, clean enough. We lived it up like kings for the next six weeks. Making it an ideal way for two strangers to properly get acquainted. Dancing into the wee hours of the night and making love in the blistering heat of the sunny days we discovered everything on that island... mostly being each other. We made friends of all sorts, mostly travelers, but everyone the same in being taken aback by our fairytale romance. With our captivated eyes never straying too far from one another anyone could easily see the strong chemistry between us.

Trying to find the woman in me wasn't difficult, as I took to the bounds of marriage with such ease, no longer a girl I loved the idea of being a

wife and belonging to a husband like Robbie. Marriage was bliss for the duration of our honeymoon until we had to ride coach on our way to Bangkok Airport to fly out to Australia. Chatting away with always so much to say to each other we watched a movie and finally got comfortable leaning up against each other as pillows. We both fell asleep on the long ride and when we woke up to the sound of the buses brakes coming to a halt we initially realized my purse and Robbie's wallet with all of our money and cards in it was missing. Stranded in the city of Bangkok was frightening enough as it was but too make matters worse a lady looking in her mid-seventies, scrawny and hunched over from an obvious lack of nutrition lifted up her skirt to a passer-byer with a she-male hanging off his arm and began smacking her vagina biairing out "Look! No cock... Pussy, pussy! Only five baht" repeating herself many times over the man just walked on past as she sat back down on the curb waiting for the next alluring customer. Robbie and I shook our heads in disgust and disbelief, things could really be that bad for someone, I would know best as it wasn't far off the life Jeffrey had been training me up for. Completely broke at two o'clock in the morning and with no one to call for help, I pancked right away. Robbie rubbed my back and his tired eyes trying to make the situation better. Luckily we had made friends with some really nice people from the resort on the island who gave us about two thousand baht when they saw how devastated Robbie and I were. With just enough money to rent a really cheap room for the night at a backpackers hostel and pay for a taxi to the airport the following day, we were saved.

Early the next morning we were off in separate planes, since Robbie's ticket was pre-booked and no available seats left for me to join him meant we would be landing in Australia separately. Fortunately we had found a corresponding flight that arrived within the same hour of each other but I would have to make a stop over to the Philippines. The lengthy hours of the duration on the flight seemed to stretch on with only the thoughts of the journey ahead of me I couldn't wait to get back to my husbands loving arms. The trip was going well, sleeping the majority of the flight until I had to change planes in the Philippines.

After the plane landed and before any passenger was allowed to get off we were handed a declaration statement that informed us that if we were carrying any drugs or weaponry, we would be arrested and face charges with death as the ultimate penalty. Not that I had anything to worry about, but what a thought to willingly sign over your life. I got the chills handing over my signed declaration and traveling documents to the customs officer. Obtaining my passport he additionally asked to see my departing ticket. No problem I thought, just I had done many of times, and I handed over the requested information. The officer looked me over

and got on the phone immediately which sounded like a phone call to his superiors but I couldn't tell since it was in another language. A brief conversation but long enough to get me thinking, he then called over two guards who took me by the arms and brought me into an empty room but for a desk and three chairs to be interrogated. No one would tell me what was going on there all just scattered around in frenzy, ignoring all of my hysterical inquisitions. Leaving me by myself and alone with my thoughts I couldn't help but panic even worse now.

This was a total bombshell of confusion on my part, what had I done wrong? Minute's later a large-framed woman in a green uniform entered the room with the guards from before and sat down across from me with a stern look in her eyes. She placed my documents on the desk in between us. Not saying a word to me she was waiting for me to give her an explanation for something. "Can you please tell me what this is about, have I done something wrong?" I asked her politely, trying to restrain any animosity towards her. Her reply sounded as grim as she looked. "You have been in Thailand for three months and now you have only a one way ticket booked to Australia with no visa. What exactly are your plans once you get there, Ms. Roberts?" To myself I wondered what business it was to her, don't people travel with one-way tickets all the time? Knowing I was in no position to be able to say anything like that or even at all I just gave in nicely and told her my intentions to travel over there. Crying through my entire explanation I wasn't sure if I was going to even make my flight now. She had to think about everything I had told her for a moment, deciding whether or not she would grant me permission to meet my husband in Australia or send me back alone to Bangkok. With only time on my side she had to make a hasty verdict now. One more question had to be answered before I was let go, she wanted some proof. "If you have just got married can you show me your marriage certificate then?" This didn't help my stories credibility at all seeing that we were married in a Buddhist temple and given woven bracelets instead of certificates. Explaining to her that I didn't have one to show her yet but was already aware that I would have to obtain a legal marriage certificate through a courthouse upon my arrival in Australia to stay there legally, it was only because of my husbands beliefs we wanted to get married in a Buddhist ceremony. She must have shared a common interest in religion or something like that as she finally cracked a smile upon the photos of the wedding day that I showed her and carrying in my purse since getting them developed, if she wanted proof, well this is all I really had.

Handing me back my documents and ticket I was now free to leave but she wasn't leaving me much time to run through the airports terminal to get to my departing plane. Expediously bolting through the busy airport

my adrenaline was still pumping from the previous encounter with the officials of the Philippines who had enough power to condemn me if they had felt like it. I caught my plane in the knick of time and once I was settled in my seat my thoughts went back to my dear Robbie and how much I was missing him. I was just relieved that I was on my way to be back with him again soon.

Looking out the window I could see the red earth beneath me. As I landed for the last time I took notice of the first steps I walked off the plane and onto a new soil for the first time. I had so much to be looking forward too in my new homeland. In my heart I knew this was all I ever wanted, this was going to be my haven. There was another surprise in store for me when two elder strangers walked up to me and asked my name. "Are you Jenna?" Nodding at their question they gave me their first names and wrapped their arms around my neck. My new mother-in law then said, "We are Robbie's parents. We wanted to be the first ones who welcomed you to Australia and into our family" It was my in-laws meeting me for the first time. Handing me some balloons and flowers they even had gifts for their new daughter-in law. While waiting for Robbie's plane to arrive we all chatted about many things like the flight over from Thailand and the scare at the previous airport in the Philippines. I asked them how they knew whom to look for? My father in law laughed, saying recognizing me was easy from Robbie's detailed description. He told them to look out for a petite, young blonde carrying an abundance of luggage. Laughing together over a few more brief conversations of getting to know each other better they seemed relieved to finally meet me compared how stressed she sounded in the conversations I overheard Robbie having with her while in Thailand.

Watching the arrivals board I knew Robbie's plane had landed ages ago but was just waiting for him to get out of customs. It didn't bother me anyhow, I was enjoying get accompanied with his parents for the first time. Eventually I saw my husband walking down the runway behind the gates, I just couldn't wait a second longer. I ducked underneath the gates and ran all the way up the runway to jump excitedly into his arms. I wrapped my arms and legs around him holding onto him for dear life. I just missed him so much I knew I would never let him go, theoretically speaking that is, and I never have nearly a decade later.

taken a lot of hard work and doesn't come without its flaws but no matter what it is just perfect for the two of us. He helped me how to remember to smile again and life has slowly began to sort itself out. They say that time heals all wounds but what I had experienced in my young years wasn't nearly long enough to let all of the hurt go. Seeking help through many counselors and psychiatrists I was doing everything I could do to deal with the scars and all of the pain left behind. Completely off of any pharmaceuticals, since the last day of our honeymoon, and healing my heart with love instead of hate our marriage is my foundation and Robbie is my solid rock. We have to be for one another, putting the bonds of our union through the wringers and back, as neither of us expected my past life eventually to come back and haunt me after so long.

Our blissful life came to a sudden halt one day when we were out visiting my in-laws at their nearby house on just another plain afternoon. There was a knock on the front door and my father in law got up from watching TV on the couch to answer it. He rushed back quickly coming into the dining room, where I was feeding my nineteen months and five month old boys at the table, and he blurted out, "Jenna there are three police officer's at the door asking for you by the name of Virginia Roberts!" I asked my mother in law to stay with the babies to find out what this was all about. I didn't even think it had anything to do with Jeffrey at first and wasn't even worried when I opened the door to offer them to come inside to talk.

They weren't actually police officers and two federal agents of Australia with one F.B.I agent from America. The American agent asked if I wouldn't mind actually coming outside so that I may speak with them in private. "Okay" I said, as well as mentally preparing myself for something big from the look of it, it's not over a parking ticket or anything small that you get three federal agents knocking at your in-laws front door asking to speak in private. "Can we first ask you if you are in fact Ms. Virginia Roberts and originally from Palm Beach County in the United States?" I confirmed my name and previous state of residence then they even asked, "May we see some identification please?" A different agent asked the question this time and I told him "I will have to go and grab it, my purse is inside. I'll just be one second..."

Robbie was standing on the other side of the door trying to figure out what they were doing here talking to me and when I rushed through it to grab my purse and saw him standing there looking puzzled, I told him I had no idea what this was about yet, but not too worry everything was going to be just fine. Taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling outwards, I opened the door to find out exactly what the agents wanted to talk about.

Chapter 24

Over the near decade we spent together, Robbie and I have shared the common highs and lows that every determined marriage endures. It has

Pulling out my Australian drivers license from my wallet, I was going to hand it over to them but they were sufficed at a quick glance. There was no meet and greet, they went straight to the point. One agent picked up a briefcase off the porch floor and opened it up taking out a stapled stack of paper. Then that same agent asked me if I had ever known an affiliate by the name of Mr. Jeffrey Epstein. All of the sudden my stomach tangled in a familiar knot that I hadn't felt in many years from a past life that I was trying to forget about. I nodded in affirmation of their question and said "It was a long time ago and he's no longer an affiliate of mine, but yes, I did know him once." It was shameful enough to think about let alone talk about with them for the first time since I had started my entire life over. His next response left me nothing short of speechless. The United States Attorney's Office for the district of Florida was giving me a notification of being an identified victim. Jeffrey was finally caught for his atrocious acts of perversion on girls who were barely old enough to even comprehend "the birds and the bees" so to speak.

On June 30th 2008, Jeffrey Epstein pleaded guilty for procurement of minors to engage in and solicitation of prostitution. More than a dozen girls had been named as victims of Jeffrey's federal offense's and without ever stepping a day in court he was granted a plea bargain consenting to charges that named him a registered pedophile for only two of the minor girls. Getting away with even serving only twelve of the sentenced eighteen months behind bars be that in the evening alone and in the morning he was released during the day. Restricted to the confinement of his lavish mansion in Palm Beach only to be with his original sex slaves from over ten years ago, Nadia Marcinkova and Sarah Kellen, and knowing Jeffrey all too well, they wouldn't be the only ones there while he was pulling his laughing stint of retribution. Even at nighttime the girls were still allowed to visit him, accounting to nearly seventy times while serving his time in incarceration.

No justice had been served for any of us victims. Denied the very constitutional rights allegedly there to protect and serve us. We weren't allowed to have a voice in front of a jury and judge or even informed for that matter. Instead we were handed this notification of being a victim but told we were all too late to do anything about. To make matters worse part of that plea bargain was that we had the option to sue him with the lawyers he provided for us, and conveniently enough I found out later they were also his lawyer's old friends from the college days.

I felt my knees go weak and the anxiety churning in my stomach was now making me feel sick. Taking the bundle of paperwork from the agent who was now handing it to over me, I had to excuse myself before my legs actually buckled. Closing the door behind me I couldn't even find the words to tell my husband what was going on. I rushed to the back of

the house and went out to the back yard where I wanted a minute to compose myself and process the information I had just been told. Robbie followed behind me but the stillness in my eyes convinced him to give me that moment to compile my emotions.

A few moments later and I was ready to talk. Collapsing into his arms with such anguish, he just held me until my sobs subsided and I was able to tell him what actually happened. Starting with an apology, I began to tell him how I was so sorry but my troubled past has come back to plague our simply sweet lives and was just about to turn it all upside down. He was so understanding from the beginning of all this, telling me that he will always be behind every choice that I make in mending the sorrows of my tormenting past and there he has been through all of the thick and thins.

Deciding to call the lawyers on the victim suit provided for me was a big decision but one I had to do to seek the unanswered questions from my battered heart. The two women at the firm I spoke to treated me so wonderfully, like long term friends they counseled me not only in the terms of a lawsuit towards Jeffrey but also in the matters of being emotionally and sexually abused. I chose to proceed with the lawsuit at least to make a statement to a man that tried to make a degrading statement about me so long ago. Now it was my turn, I had the choice to turn the tables on him hoping he would feel embarrassed and in the spotlight for everyone's entertainment where he had kept me for so many years.

Winning my lawsuit against him was not enough to heal old wounds, I never got the chance to stand up in front of a jury and tell them how much pain I had endured and still endure throughout the many nightmares I face when darkness hits and the silence of the sleeping household fills my head with pictures of reliving my past with him or the others he sent me too. Or did I even get to hear him confess his guilt and suffer the way I did locked in confinement for many years? No, instead I got to see a picture of Jeffrey with his arms around a very youthful looking teenager, if even that, parading the streets of New York, the very way he had with me and so many other girls long before.

As if it were a public display intended for not only his many victims to see but also a spectacle for the public justice system, it was bold show of insolence laughing in our faces while we all sat by not being able to do anything to help these young girls from the streets still suffering his perverted afflictions. Not much longer there was another story on Jeffrey I saw in the papers of him and Prince Andrew having a stroll together in Central Park. It instantly sparked my concerns for other girls in the very same position I was in so long ago and he was obviously up to the same old tricks, I had to do something now. Not being able to sit by any longer

with the knowledge of being able to help out in some way. I had to tell my story no matter how shameful it was to even speak about. Putting my shame aside I had to derive every bit of courage I could sustain and now I am ready to tell it. The hardest lesson I had failed at learning until later on in my life became my strength, the belief in my inner voice and the ability to speak up. I do have a voice and now the world is going to hear it in my whispered cries for justice. Swept away by a surge of media with one phone call I sent Jeffrey's publicist into frenzy. Not to mention the release of the photos showing the first night that Prince Andrew and I shared together that I so happened to unveil for the public to see.

I spent too much of my life going out of my mind waiting for the rescue that never came until it was too late and then the scars were already imbedded deeply within. Thankfully I am now free from the struggles that nearly destroyed the love inside of my heart. I only wish it could be the same for the other victims, not just of Jeffrey's inflictions but every person who has ever suffered at the hands of another.

I'm here to tell you from my own experience that the moon is yours if that's what you want, all you have to do is stand up and take it. If some girl off the streets of Florida, like me, can stand up against the tyrants that run the deep pockets of our world, than anyone can. Just like I needed to believe that someone stood up for me once like Robbie did long ago, I now stand up for us. For all of us girls, the ones who are still on the streets and think they don't deserve better or it's an unachievable dream to be entitled to more out of life. For all of the beautiful girls who don't see beyond they're outside appearance. For all the girls still trapped in enslavement and unable to get out of the abuse that holds them down. But most of all, I stand up for every girls belief in love, because it is the very savior of my spirit and soul.

The End

Written and Illustrated by Virginia Roberts

EXHIBIT LL

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION
In compliance with Chapter 617, F.S., (Not for Profit)

ARTICLE I NAME

The name of the corporation shall be: Victims Refuse Silence, Inc.

ARTICLE II PRINCIPAL OFFICE

Principal street address:
425 North Andrews Ave.

Mailing address, if different is:

Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301

ARTICLE III PURPOSE

The purpose for which the corporation is organized is: Victims Refuse Silence, Inc. is organized exclusively for charitable and educational purposes including, for such purposes, the making of distributions to organizations that qualify as exempt organizations under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, or the corresponding section of any future federal tax code. The corporation is organized to provide assistance to victims of sexual abuse as well as victims of human trafficking.
Upon the dissolution of Victims Refuse Silence, Inc., assets shall be distributed for one or more exempt purpose within the meaning of section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, or corresponding section of any future federal tax code, or shall be distributed to the federal government, or to a state or local government, for a public purpose.

ARTICLE IV MANNER OF ELECTION The manner in which the directors are elected and appointed: The manner in which the directors are elected or appointed is provided in the bylaws of the Corporation.

ARTICLE V INITIAL OFFICERS AND/OR DIRECTORS

Name and Title: <u>Virginia Roberts, Director</u>	Name and Title: _____	14
Address: <u>425 North Andrews Ave.</u>	Address: _____	05C
<u>Suite 2</u>	_____	23
<u>Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301</u>	_____	PM
Name and Title: <u>Bradley J. Edwards, Director</u>	Name and Title: _____	12:25
Address: <u>425 North Andrews Ave.</u>	Address: _____	PA
<u>Suite 2</u>	_____	PM
<u>Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301</u>	_____	12:25
Name and Title: <u>Brittany N. Henderson, Director</u>	Name and Title: _____	PA
Address: <u>425 North Andrews Ave.</u>	Address: _____	PM
<u>Suite 2</u>	_____	12:25
<u>Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301</u>	_____	PA

FILED

Name and Title: _____ Name and Title: _____

Address: _____ Address: _____

Name and Title: _____ Name and Title: _____

Address: _____ Address: _____

ARTICLE VI REGISTERED AGENT

The name and Florida street address (P.O. Box NOT acceptable) of the registered agent is:

Name: Bradley J. Edwards
Address: 425 North Andrews Ave., Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301

14 DEC 23 PM 12:25
REGISTERED MAIL
FLORIDA CORPORATION
FILED
FILED

ARTICLE VII INCORPORATOR

The name and address of the Incorporator is:

Name: Brittany N. Henderson
Address: 425 North Andrews Ave., Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301

Having been named as registered agent to accept service of process for the above stated corporation at the place designated in this certificate, I am familiar with and accept the appointment as registered agent and agree to act in this capacity

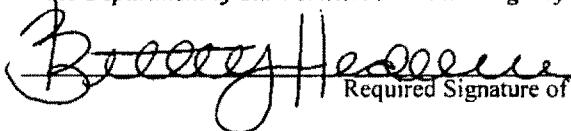


Required Signature of Registered Agent

12-17-14

Date

I submit this document and affirm that the facts stated herein are true. I am aware that any false information submitted in a document to the Department of State constitutes a third degree felony as provided for in s.817.155, F.S.



Required Signature of Incorporator

12/17/14

Date

2015 FLORIDA NOT FOR PROFIT CORPORATION AMENDED ANNUAL
REPORT

DOCUMENT# N14000011657

Entity Name: VICTIMS REFUSE SILENCE, INC.

**FILED
Apr 22, 2015
Secretary of State
CC7801725405**

Current Principal Place of Business:

425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301

Current Mailing Address:

425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301

FEI Number: 47-2627774

Certificate of Status Desired: Yes

Name and Address of Current Registered Agent:

EDWARDS, BRADLEY J
425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301 US

The above named entity submits this statement for the purpose of changing its registered office or registered agent, or both, in the State of Florida.

SIGNATURE:

Electronic Signature of Registered Agent

Date

Officer/Director Detail :

Title	PRESIDENT, DIRECTOR	Title	VP, DIRECTOR
Name	GIUFFRE, VIRGINIA L	Name	GARVIN, MARGARET A
Address	425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2	Address	425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2
City-State-Zip:	FORT LAUDERDALE FL 33301	City-State-Zip:	FORT LAUDERDALE FL 33301
Title	SECRETARY, DIRECTOR		
Name	HENDERSON, BRITTANY N		
Address	425 NORTH ANDREWS AVE., SUITE 2		
City-State-Zip:	FORT LAUDERDALE FL 33301		

I hereby certify that the information indicated on this report or supplemental report is true and accurate and that my electronic signature shall have the same legal effect as if made under oath; that I am an officer or director of the corporation or the receiver or trustee empowered to execute this report as required by Chapter 617, Florida Statutes; and that my name appears above, or on an attachment with all other like empowered.

SIGNATURE: BRITTANY N HENDERSON

DIRECTOR

04/22/2015

Electronic Signature of Signing Officer/Director Detail

Date

EXHIBIT MM

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

CASE NO: 15-cv-07433-RWS

VIRGINIA L. GIUFFRE,
Plaintiff.

-vs-

GHISLAINE MAXWELL,
Defendant.

/

425 North Andrews Avenue, Suite 2
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301
Thursday, September 8, 2016
8:53 a.m. - 10:30 a.m.

VIDEOTAPED DEPOSITION OF BRITTANY HENDERSON

Taken before Rinat Katz, Reporter, a Notary Public for the State of Florida at Large, pursuant to Notice of Taking Deposition filed in the above-styled cause.

1 APPEARANCES:
2 On Behalf of the Plaintiff:
3 BOEIS, SCHILLER & FLEXNER, P.A.
4 401 East Las Olas Boulevard, Suite 1200
5 Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301
6 Smccawley@bsfllp.com
7 BY: SIGRID MCCAWLEY, ESQUIRE
8 On Behalf of the Plaintiff and Victims Refuse
9 Silence, Inc.:
10
11 FARMER JAFFE WEISSING EDWARDS FISTO LEHRMAN
12 425 North Andrews Avenue, Suite 2
13 Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301
14 (954) 524-2820
15 Brad@pathtojustice.com
16 BY: BRADLEY J. EDWARDS, ESQUIRE
17 On Behalf of the Defendant:
18 HADDON, MORGAN & FOREMAN
19 150 East 10th Avenue
20 Denver, Colorado 80203
21 (303) 831-7364
22 Jpagliuca@hmflaw.com
23 BY: JEFFREY PAGLIUCA, ESQUIRE
24
25 Also Present:
26 Ryan Kick, Videographer

Page 3

1	INDEX OF PROCEEDINGS		
2	VIDEO DEPOSITION OF BRITTANY HENDERSON	PAGE	
3	Direct Examination by Mr. Pagliuca	4	
4	Certificate of Oath	73	
	Certificate of Reporter	74	
5	Witness Letter	75	
	Errata Sheet	76	
6			
7	DEFENDANT'S EXHIBITS		
8	NUMBER	DESCRIPTION	PAGE
9	Exhibit 1	Amended NOD	14
10	Exhibit 2	Motion to Quash Composite	20
11	Exhibit 3	Bates Stamped 01 - 064	31
12	Exhibit 4	Bates Stamped 064 - 091	32
13	Exhibit 5	Articles of Incorporation	36
14	Exhibit 6	Bank Statements	41
15	Exhibit 7	2015 Annual Report	62
16	Exhibit 8	2016 Annual Report	62
17			
18	(Exhibits Retained by the Court Reporter)		
19			
20			
21			
22			
23			
24			
25			

1 she has continued to try and promote Victims Refuse
2 Silence at every possible chance she gets with -- the
3 story she told me was that someone had come to her
4 door, knocked on the door, selling something or talking
5 about something totally different, and she explained
6 what our mission was and tried to get them to, then, go
7 and spread the word for victims of human trafficking,
8 as well.

9 Q And this would be in Australia this
10 conversation occurred?

11 A Correct.

12 Q Okay. To your knowledge, is VRS incorporated
13 in any fashion in the country of Australia?

14 A It is not.

15 Q To your knowledge, does VRS have any website
16 presence in Australia?

17 A I believe that the internet works everywhere,
18 so I would say yes, because, if you Google Victims
19 Refuse Silence, we do have a website. So I would
20 imagine that that's something that would come up in
21 Australia.

22 Q Okay. Other than the somebody knocking at
23 her door, that conversation, did she report to you
24 anything else that she has done on behalf of Victims
25 Refuse Silence in the last year, let's say?

1 MR. EDWARDS: Objection --

2 THE WITNESS: During this telephone
3 conversation --

4 BY MR. PAGLIUCA:

5 Q Yes.

6 A -- or in general?

7 Q During this telephone conversation?

8 A She did explain that, when she goes to her
9 kids' schools and when she is out, she tries to promote
10 the organization, as well, and just talk to people, and
11 general awareness and understanding to raise -- for
12 issues of human trafficking, yes.

13 Q And did she report anything else to you
14 during this phone conversation?

15 A During this particular conversation?

16 Q Yes.

17 A No.

18 Q Okay. Then, you indicated that you reviewed
19 your file for all the paperwork, and we'll talk about
20 the documents produced in this case in a moment.

21 Can you tell me, other than what has been
22 produced as part of the response to subpoena issued to
23 VRS, what other documents are in the file that you
24 reviewed?

25 A I have saved every piece of mail that has

1 "publication," would be the Facebook page; correct?

2 A In addition to the website, yes.

3 Q Okay. Number 11, documents relating to all
4 appearances. As I understand it, there are no
5 documents that exist that comply with this request;
6 correct?

7 A Correct; to my knowledge.

8 Q Do you know, has anybody on behalf of VRS
9 made a public appearance on behalf of VRS?

10 A I believe that there was a scheduled
11 appearance, yes, one.

12 Q And when was that?

13 A I honestly don't know when that took place.
14 I would imagine in the beginning of 2015.

15 Q And do you know who was scheduled to appear
16 in the beginning of 2015?

17 A Ms. Giuffre.

18 Q And do you know where she was scheduled to
19 appear?

20 A I believe in New York with ABC.

21 Q And that would have also been with Mr.
22 Edwards and Ms. McCawley; is that correct?

23 A I believe so, yes.

24 Q And in fact, she did go to ABC and give a
25 taped interview, correct?

1 MS. MCCAWLEY: Objection.

2 THE WITNESS: It's my understanding, yes.

3 BY MR. PAGLIUCA:

4 Q Okay. Is it your understanding that that was
5 on behalf of VRS?

6 A I do not believe her appearance there was
7 made on behalf of VRS, but I do believe that -- I know
8 that she wanted to promote the charity, so that we
9 could start helping people and that she could start
10 getting her mission out to the public.

11 Q Okay. Number 12, all contacts received by
12 VRS through its website, or otherwise, to schedule -- I
13 think it should say "an event," and "and event."

14 There are none of those, as I understand it?

15 A No, that is not correct. We produced a --
16 yes, we did produce something to you. I'm not sure
17 what the Bates Stamp number is, but it was a contact
18 received by another victim of sexual assault who had
19 reached out to the organization.

20 Q An email, I think it's in December of 2015,
21 maybe; is that what you're referring to?

22 A I believe -- I'm not sure of the date. I
23 guess.

24 Q We'll look at it. And that would be the only
25 contact received by VRS; is that correct?

Page 72

1 C E R T I F I C A T E O F OATH

2

3 STATE OF FLORIDA

4 COUNTY OF BROWARD

5

6

7 I, Rinat Katz, Reporter, Notary Public, State
8 of Florida, certify that BRITTANY HENDERSON
9 personally appeared before me on the 8th day of
10 September, 2016, and was duly sworn.

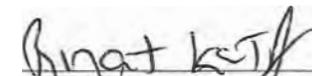
11

12 Signed this 22nd day of September, 2016.

13

14

15



Rinat Katz, Reporter

16

Notary Public, State of Florida

17

Commission No.: FF4576

18

Commission Expires: 04-03-2017

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1 CERTIFICATE OF REPORTER

2

3 STATE OF FLORIDA

4 COUNTY OF BROWARD

5

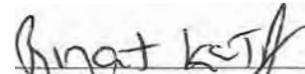
6 I, Rinat Katz, Reporter, certify that I was
7 authorized to and did report the deposition of
8 BRITTANY HENDERSON, that a review of the
9 transcript was requested; and that the transcript
10 is a true and correct record of my stenographic
11 notes.

12 I further certify that I am not a relative,
13 employee, attorney, or counsel of any of the
14 parties, nor am I a relative or employee of any of
15 the parties' attorneys or counsel connected with
16 the action, nor am I financially interested in the
17 action.

18 Dated this 22nd day of September, 2016.

19

20



21

Rinat Katz, Reporter

22

23

24

25

Selected docket entries for case 18-2868

Generated: 08/09/2019 10:17:16

Filed	Document Description	Page	Docket Text
08/09/2019	<u>279 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	2	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 5 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628231] [18-2868]
08/09/2019	<u>280 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	39	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 6 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628232] [18-2868]
08/09/2019	<u>281 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	113	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 7 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628234] [18-2868]
08/09/2019	<u>282 UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, DOCKETED</u>	179	UNSEALED SUMMARY JUDGMENT RECORD, appendix 8 of 13 , pursuant to the Court's decision dated July 3, 2019, DOCKETED. [2628236] [18-2868]

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

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VIRGINIA L. GIUFFRE,

Plaintiff,

v.

GHISLAINE MAXWELL,

Defendant.

15-cv-07433-RWS

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**Reply Brief in Support of Defendant's
Motion for Summary Judgment**

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT	1
ARGUMENT.....	2
I. Ms. Maxwell is not liable for republications of the January 2015 statement.....	2
A. Plaintiff's argument against summary judgment is substantially groundless.	2
B. New York state and federal courts have rejected liability for republication based on "foreseeability."	5
C. Plaintiff's purported application of the <i>Geraci</i> rule is misleading and wrong.	6
D. Subjecting Ms. Maxwell to liability for the media's republication of excerpts they unilaterally selected is particularly unfair.	9
E. Mr. Barden's declaration is perfectly proper.....	11
F. Plaintiff effectively has confessed Arguments I.B. and I.C. of the Memorandum.....	12
II. The January 2015 statement is constitutionally protected opinion.....	12
III. The pre-litigation privilege bars this action.....	20
A. The privilege applies to the January 2015 statement.	20
B. Malice is irrelevant to the pre-litigation privilege.....	21
IV. Ms. Maxwell's January 4, 2015, statement is nonactionable.	25
V. Summary judgment is warranted because plaintiff cannot establish falsity or actual malice by clear and convincing evidence.	25
CONCLUSION	30
CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE.....	32

TABLE OF AUTHORITIES

Cases

<i>Anderson v. Liberty Lobby, Inc.</i> , 477 U.S. 242, 249 (1986)	9
<i>Blair v. Inside Ed. Prods.</i> , 7 F. Supp. 3d 348, 358 & n.6 (S.D.N.Y. 2014)	25
<i>Cerasani v. Sony Corp.</i> , 991 F. Supp. 343, 351 (S.D.N.Y. 1998).....	3, 4
<i>Chambers v. Wells Fargo Bank, N.A.</i> , No. CV 15-6976 (JBS/JS), 2016 WL 3533998, at *8 (D.N.J. June 28, 2016)	2, 20
<i>China Med. Techs., Inc.</i> , 539 B.R. 643, 658 (S.D.N.Y. 2015).....	12
<i>Cowan v. City of Mount Vernon</i> , 95 F. Supp. 3d 624, 645-46 (S.D.N.Y. 2015)	13,25
<i>Croy v. A.O. Fox Mem'l Hosp.</i> , 68 F. Supp. 2d 136, 144 (N.D.N.Y. 1999)	3
<i>Dalbec v. Gentleman's Companion, Inc.</i> , 828 F.2d 921, 927 (2d Cir. 1987)	25
<i>Davis v. Boehm</i> , 22 N.E.3d 999 (N.Y. 2014)	14,18
<i>Davis v. Costa-Gavras ("Davis I")</i> , 580 F. Supp. 1082, 1096 (S.D.N.Y. 1984)	2,3,4,6
<i>Davis v. Costa-Gavras ("Davis II")</i> , 595 F. Supp. 982, 988 (S.D.N.Y. 1984)	3
<i>Dibella v. Hopkins</i> , No. 01 CIV. 11779 (DC), 2002 WL 31427362, at *2 (S.D.N.Y. Oct. 30, 2002)	20
<i>DiBella v. Hopkins</i> , 403 F.3d 102, 111 (2d Cir.2005)	25
<i>Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev ("Egiazaryan I")</i> , No. 11 CIV. 2670 PKC, 2011 WL 6097136, at *5 (S.D.N.Y. Dec. 7, 2011)	3
<i>Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev ("Egiazaryan II")</i> , 880 F. Supp. 2d 494, 501 (S.D.N.Y. 2012)	3,4,5
<i>Folwell v. Miller</i> , 145 F. 495, 497 (2d Cir. 1906)	2,4
<i>Front, Inc. v. Khalil</i> , 28 N.E.3d 15, 16 (N.Y. 2015)	2, 20,21,22,24,25
<i>Geraci v. Probst</i> , 938 N.E.2d 917, 921 (N.Y. 2010).....	2,3,5,6,8,10,13

<i>Green v. Cosby</i> , 138 F. Supp. 3d 114 (D. Mass. 2015).....	14
<i>Hawkins v. Harris</i> , 661 A.2d 284, 289-91 (N.J. 1995)	2, 20
<i>Hickman v. Taylor</i> , 329 U.S. 495, 510-11 (1947)	12
<i>Hoffman v. Landers</i> , 537 N.Y.S.2d 228, 231 (2d Dep’t 1989)	5
<i>Immuno AG v. Moor-Jankowski</i> , 567 N.E.2d 1270, 1274 (N.Y. 1991)	13
<i>Karaduman v. Newsday, Inc.</i> , 416 N.E.2d 557, 560 (N.Y. 1980).....	3
<i>Karedes v. Ackerley Grp., Inc.</i> , 423 F.3d 107, 114 (2d Cir. 2005)	26
<i>Law Firm of Daniel P. Foster, P.C. v. Turner Broad. Sys.</i> , 844 F.2d 955, 959 (2d Cir. 1988).....	15, 28, 29
<i>Levy v. Smith</i> , 18 N.Y.S.3d 438, 439 (2d Dep’t 2015).....	5
<i>Liberman v. Gelstein</i> , 605 N.E.2d 344, 349 (N.Y. 1992).....	22
<i>National Puerto Rican Day Parade, Inc. v. Casa Pubs. (“NPR”)</i> , 914 N.Y.S.2d 120, 122-23 (1 st Dep’t 2010).....	5
<i>Ollman v. Evans</i> , 750 F.2d 970 (D.C. Cir. 1984)	13
<i>Phila. Newspapers v. Hepps</i> , 475 U.S. 767, 773 (1986)	26
<i>Porky Prods. v. Nippon Exp. U.S.A.</i> , 1 F.Supp.2d 227, 234 (S.D.N.Y. 1997).....	2
<i>Rand v. New York Times Co.</i> , 430 N.Y.S.2d 271, 275 (1 st Dep’t 1980)	9, 10
<i>Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.</i> , 420 N.E.2d 377, 382 (N.Y. 1981).....	2,3,7
<i>Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.</i> , 425 N.Y.S.2d 101, 104 (1 st Dep’t 1980)	3
<i>Rizzuto v. Nexus Prod. Co.</i> , 641 F. Supp. 473, 481 (S.D.N.Y. 1986), <i>aff’d</i> , 810 F.2d 1161 (2d Cir. 1986)	16
<i>Schoepflin v. Coffey</i> , 56 N.E. 502 (N.Y. 1900)	3,5
<i>Steinhilber v. Alphonse</i> , 501 N.E.2d 550 (N.Y. 1986)	11,13,16

<i>Sweeney v. Prisoners' Legal Servs. of N.Y.</i> , 538 N.Y.S.2d 370, 371-72 (3d Dep't 1989).	19
<i>Telephone Sys. Int'l v. Cecil</i> , No. 02 CV 9315(GBD), 2003 WL 22232908, at *2 (S.D.N.Y. Sept. 29, 2003).....	16, 30
<i>Travelers Indem. Co. v. Northrop Grumman Corp.</i> , No. 12 CIV. 3040 KBF, 2013 WL 3055437, at *3 (S.D.N.Y. Apr. 22, 2013)	12
<i>United States v. Chimurenga</i> , 760 F.2d 400, 405 (2d Cir. 1985).....	25
Rules	
Federal Rule of Civil Procedure 12(b)(6).....	5
Treatises	
<i>Sack on Defamation</i> § 2.7.2, at 2-113 to -114 (4 th ed. 2016)	4

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT

Before the Court reaches the question whether plaintiff can prove falsity and actual malice, it should decide three questions of law, one that narrows considerably the legal issues and two that dispose of the case entirely.

1. It is undisputed Ms. Maxwell, through her agents, sent to various media-representatives—and to no one else—the January 2015 statement. It is undisputed she had no control over any of the media that decided to republish excerpts from the statement. On these facts, under black letter New York law, she is not responsible for these republications. Plaintiff's contrary argument relies on a “foreseeability” doctrine the New York Court of Appeals has specifically rejected. Summary judgment should enter in favor of Ms. Maxwell as to any republication.

2. Under the New York Constitution, whether a statement is constitutionally nonactionable opinion depends upon, among other things, an examination of the full context of the communication and consideration of the setting surrounding it. The January 2015 statement, making no reference to specific allegations, explains *why* the author believes plaintiff's allegations are “obvious lies”: “Each time the story is re told [sic] it changes with new salacious details” It is an expression of a venerable opinion: when a person falsely cries wolf previously, others are free to opine she is telling falsehoods now. This is nonactionable opinion.

3. Under New York law, a statement made pertinent to good faith anticipated litigation is nonactionable. The statement was sent exclusively to the media representatives, and contained a clear message: the media should not republish plaintiff's “obvious lies,” else Ms. Maxwell would sue them. Such a statement is nonactionable.

If the Court reaches the question of falsity and actual malice, the Rule 56 record establishes plaintiff cannot prove falsity and actual malice by clear and convincing evidence.

ARGUMENT

I. Ms. Maxwell is not liable for republications of the January 2015 statement.

Under black letter New York law, liability for republication of an allegedly defamatory statement “must be based on real authority to influence the final product.” *Davis v. Costa-Gavras*, 580 F. Supp. 1082, 1096 (S.D.N.Y. 1984). “[W]here a defendant ‘had no actual part in composing or publishing,’ he cannot be held liable.” *Id.* (citing *Folwell v. Miller*, 145 F. 495, 497 (2d Cir. 1906)); *accord Geraci v. Probst*, 938 N.E.2d 917, 921 (N.Y. 2010). “[C]onclusive evidence of lack of actual authority [is] sufficiently dispositive that the [trial court] ‘ha[s] no option but to dismiss the case’” *Id.* (emphasis supplied; quoting *Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.*, 420 N.E.2d 377, 382 (N.Y. 1981)).

It is undisputed Ms. Maxwell and her agents had no ability to control and did not control whether or how the media-recipients would use the statement. DOC. 542-7, Ex.J ¶¶ 2-3; *id.*, Ex.K ¶ 24. Unsurprisingly, plaintiff has offered no evidence of such control. *A fortiori* this Court “ha[s] no option but to dismiss the case,” *id.* (internal quotations omitted), to the extent it is founded upon the media’s republication of the statement.

A. Plaintiff’s argument against summary judgment is substantially groundless.

A legal argument is frivolous if it is presented contrary to a “long line of authorities” and the “fundamental principles”¹ of the underlying substantive law. Plaintiff Giuffre’s argument opposing summary judgment as to republication is frivolous.

The New York Court of Appeals in *Geraci* followed a long line of New York cases holding that a defamation defendant is not liable for republication of his allegedly defamatory statement unless he had “actual authority” to control the decision to republish: “Our

¹*Porky Prods. v. Nippon Exp. U.S.A.*, 1 F.Supp.2d 227, 234 (S.D.N.Y. 1997), *aff’d*, 152 F.3d 920 (2d Cir. 1998).

republication liability standard has been consistent for more than one hundred years.” See *Geraci*, 938 N.E.2d at 921 (footnote omitted). Indeed, the *Geraci* court observed, the New York Court of Appeals in *Schoepflin v. Coffey*,² a case decided in 1900, held:

“*It is too well settled to be now questioned* that one who . . . prints and publishes a libel[] is not responsible for its voluntary and unjustifiable repetition, without his authority or request, by others over whom he has no control and who thereby make themselves liable to the person injured, and that *such repetition cannot be considered in law a necessary, natural and probable consequence of the original slander or libel.*”

938 N.E.2d at 921 (emphasis supplied; quoting *Schoepflin*, 56 N.E. at 504).

The cases in which this Court and its sister courts in this Circuit assiduously have followed this line of New York cases are legion.³ The Second Circuit was in the vanguard.⁴

²56 N.E. 502 (N.Y. 1900).

³See *Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev*, 880 F. Supp. 2d 494, 501 (S.D.N.Y. 2012) (“[t]he original publisher is not liable for republication where he had ‘nothing to do with the decision to [republish] and [he] had no control over it.’”) (quoting *Rinaldi v. Viking Penguin, Inc.*, 425 N.Y.S.2d 101, 104 (1st Dep’t 1980), aff’d, 420 N.E.2d 377 (N.Y. 1981)); *Egiazaryan v. Zalmayev*, No. 11 CIV. 2670 PKC, 2011 WL 6097136, at *5 (S.D.N.Y. Dec. 7, 2011) (same); *Davis v. Costa-Gavras*, 595 F. Supp. 982, 988 (S.D.N.Y. 1984) (“Under New York law, liability for a subsequent republication must be based on real authority to influence the final product, not upon evidence of acquiescence or peripheral involvement in the republication process.”); *Davis*, 580 F. Supp. at 1094 (original publisher not liable for injuries caused by the republication “absent a showing that they approved or participated in some other manner in the activities of the third party republisher”) (quoting *Karaduman v. Newsday, Inc.*, 416 N.E.2d 557, 560 (N.Y. 1980)); *Croy v. A.O. Fox Mem’l Hosp.*, 68 F. Supp. 2d 136, 144 (N.D.N.Y. 1999) (“The original author of a document may not be held personally liable for injuries arising from its subsequent republication absent a showing that the original author approved or participated in some other manner in the activities of the third-party republisher.”) (citations omitted); *Cerasani v. Sony Corp.*, 991 F. Supp. 343, 351 (S.D.N.Y. 1998) (“a libel plaintiff must allege that the party had authority or control over, or somehow ratified or approved, the republication”).

⁴See *Folwell v. Miller*, 145 F. 495, 497 (2d Cir. 1906) (affirming directed verdict in favor of managing editor: “when it appears affirmatively that he was not on duty [upon receipt of libelous matter and its republication], and could not have had any actual part in composing or publishing, we think he cannot be held liable without disregarding the settled rule of law by which no man is bound for the tortious act of another over whom *he has not a master’s power of control*”) (emphasis supplied), quoted with approval in *Davis I*, 580 F. Supp. at 1096; *Cerasani*, 991 F. Supp. at 351.

In the face of this uninterrupted line of New York state (and federal) cases dating back to the nineteenth century powerfully establishing a bright line rule regarding republication liability, plaintiff Giuffre manages what amounts to a—frivolous—murmur of opposition. She claims there are “[t]wo standards” in New York law: one “older,” and one “more modern.” Resp. 28. The “older” standard, plaintiff says, is represented by the legion of cases we have cited. The “more modern formulation”—where can it be found? Why, in one place: a treatise on defamation. *Id.* (citing *Sack on Defamation* § 2.7.2, at 2-113 to -114 (4th ed. 2016)). It surely is frivolous to argue that a treatise creates a republication-liability standard that is separate from, “more modern” than, and supersedes the New York Court of Appeals’ 2010 decision in *Geraci* and this Court’s 2012 decision in *Egiazaryan*.

Trying to build on this start, plaintiff argues, “New York appellate courts have *repeatedly held* than an individual is liable for the media publishing that individual’s defamatory press release.” Resp. 28 (emphasis supplied). Even if we accept plaintiff’s mischaracterization of the January 2015 statement as a “press release,”⁵ her argument still would be meritless. To begin with, when plaintiff says the New York appellate courts have “repeatedly” supported her claimed rule of law, she means . . . twice. And an examination of those two cases reveals she is quite wrong and, worse, has advanced a seriously misleading argument. Neither case involved, as here, a motion for summary judgment. In both cases, the New York appellate division affirmed the denial of a motion to dismiss under the state’s equivalent of Federal Rule of Civil Procedure 12(b)(6). See *Levy v. Smith*, 18 N.Y.S.3d 438, 439 (2d Dep’t 2015); *National Puerto Rican Day Parade, Inc. v. Casa Pubs.* (“NPR”), 914 N.Y.S.2d 120, 122-23 (1st Dep’t 2010).

⁵As discussed in This Reply, at 16-19, the January 2015 statement would be a strange “press release,” as it threatened to sue the very press to which it was “releasing” information.

This argument, too, is frivolous. Despite plaintiff's baseless claim there is an "old" formulation and a "more modern" formulation of republication-liability law in New York, both cases she cites *applied the same "old" standard used by the New York Court of Appeals in Geraci, by this Court in the two Egiazaryan cases*, and by us in our Memorandum of Law in support of Ms. Maxwell's motion for summary judgment. *See Levy*, 18 N.Y.S.3d at 439 (citing *Geraci and Schoepflin*); *NPR*, 914 N.Y.S.2d at 594-95 (citing *Hoffman v. Landers*, 537 N.Y.S.2d 228, 231 (2d Dep't 1989) (citing *Schoepflin*)).

Both the courts in *Levy* and *NPR* applied the *Geraci* standard and the 12(b)(6) standards, e.g., assuming the pleaded facts were true. They concluded it was possible to infer from the complaints' allegations that the defendant caused the republications. Accordingly, they denied the motions to dismiss. *See Levy*, 18 N.Y.S.2d at 439; *NPR*, 914 N.Y.S.2d at 123. It was improper for plaintiff to cite these cases without disclosing they are 12(b)(6) cases in which the courts applied the *Geraci* republication rule and inferred facts from the pleaded allegations.

B. New York state and federal courts have rejected liability for republication based on "foreseeability."

Plaintiff cites section 576 of the Restatement (Second) of Torts for the proposition that if republication was foreseeable, then the defendant is the cause of any special damages from the republication. This argument is frivolous. As an initial matter, plaintiff has pleaded no special damages. *See Doc.1; Doc.23 at 23; Doc.37 at 17.*

Regardless, the New York Court of Appeals in *Geraci* rejected the Restatement's foreseeability doctrine. *See 938 N.E.2d at 921-22* (noting that section 576's foreseeability standard "is not nearly as broad as plaintiff . . . suggest[s]" and "[t]hat we did not endorse such a broad [Restatement] standard of foreseeability in *Karaduman* is evident from our decision the following year in *Rinaldi*") (emphasis supplied).

While trying to distinguish this Court’s decision in *Davis*, plaintiff fails to disclose that *Davis* itself—decided 26 years before *Geraci*—also *rejected* plaintiff’s foreseeability argument. The *Davis* plaintiffs, like plaintiff Giuffre here, also asserted republication liability, despite defendant’s lack of participation, on the ground “he could reasonably have foreseen that republication would occur.” 580 F.Supp. at 1096. This Court, relying on *Karaduman*, was unpersuaded: The New York Court of Appeals “has not applied the foreseeability standard suggested by plaintiffs in prior libel cases in which such a standard would have been relevant, if not controlling.” *Id.* This Court noted: The jurisdictions that have adopted a foreseeability standard “have refused to hold responsible a defendant with no control or influence over the entity that actually republished the statement.” *Id.* Plaintiff’s failure to disclose this Court’s holdings in *Davis* is a notable lapse in candor.

C. Plaintiff’s purported application of the *Geraci* rule is misleading and wrong.

Plaintiff eventually purports to apply the “old” standard, that is to say, the controlling law in the state of New York. She argues Ms. Maxwell “authorized” the January 2015 statement, “paid money to her publicist to convince media outlets to publish it,” “request[ed]” its publication, “made a deliberate decision to publish her press release,” “actively participated” in “the decision to publish her press release,” was “active” in “influencing the media to publish” the statement, and “approved of” and “pushed for” the publication of the statement. Resp. 30-31. These argument-manufactured facts have no record support.

In applying the controlling law, plaintiff wittingly makes a mess of it. She disingenuously suggests any help Ms. Maxwell gave to help her lawyer prepare the January 2015 statement and her signing-off on it are the equivalent of requesting, authorizing and controlling its *republication*. That isn’t the law. The “authority” required for republication liability is the “actual authority . . . to decide upon or implement” the republication. 580 F.Supp. at 1095

(emphasis supplied; citing *Rinaldi*, 420 N.E.2d at 382). Judge Sofaer studied *Rinaldi*'s holding, and noted republication liability must be based on a “decision” by the defendant to republish and must focus on “real authority to influence the final product, *not upon evidence of acquiescence or peripheral involvement in the republication process.*” *Id.* at 1096 (emphasis supplied). Accordingly, Judge Sofaer held, when there is “conclusive evidence of lack of actual authority” this is “dispositive” of republication liability and the trial court “ha[s] no option but to dismiss the case against the [defendant].” *Id.* (emphasis supplied; quoting *Rinaldi*, 420 N.E.2d at 382).

There is no evidence Ms. Maxwell “paid money to her publicist to convince” the media to publish her statement; this is why plaintiff cites no evidence to support that assertion. *See Resp.* 30. Mr. Gow’s email containing the statement says nothing to “convince” the media to publish the statement. *See Doc.542-6, Ex.F.* There is no evidence Ms. Maxwell was “active” in “influencing the media to publish” it; nor is there any evidence she “pushed for” or “requested” its publication; this is why plaintiff cites no evidence to support these assertions. *See id.* 31.

Indeed, plaintiff has zero evidence Ms. Maxwell or her agents ever did anything to urge or request any media to publish the statement. Mr. Gow presented the January 2015 statement via email to six to thirty media representatives; it was not sent to anyone else; in the email he told the journalists he was presenting a “quotable statement” “on behalf of” Ms. Maxwell and “[n]o further communication will be provided.” *Doc.542-6, Ex.F.* It is undisputed Ms. Maxwell and her agents had no control over the media that republished portions of the statement.

Doc.542-7, 542-7, Ex.J ¶¶ 2-3; id., Ex.K ¶ 24.

Plaintiff argues “a jury” should decide whether Ms. Maxwell “authorized or intended” the statement to be republished, or “approved of, and even participated, in” its republication. *Resp.* 30-31. All plaintiffs want to get to “a jury.” The summary-judgment question is whether they deserve to. Plaintiff has offered no evidence to put before a jury on the dispositive *Geraci*

question: whether Ms. Maxwell affirmatively authorized or requested a person or entity “over whom [s]he has . . . control,” 938 N.E.2d at 921. The only new argument plaintiff makes in her entreaty to see “a jury” is that she should be permitted to prove Ms. Maxwell’s “complicity.” As with her other factually bereft arguments, the complicity argument awaits plaintiff’s introduction of facts to support it. Having failed to do so, plaintiff cannot avoid summary judgment.

Plaintiff labors in vain to turn the Barden Declaration into “disputed issues of fact.” For there to be a disputed factual issue, plaintiff would need to introduce evidence disputing his sworn statements. She has not done so. In any event, the Barden Declaration is all but irrelevant to the central, dispositive republication question: whether Ms. Maxwell is liable for the media’s republication of her statement, where they did so without her authority or request and where she and her agents had “no control”⁶ over the media. On this question we cited to the Barden Declaration for one evidentiary fact: Messrs. Barden and Gow had no control over the media.⁷

*See Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶ 24, cited in Memo. of Law 14.*⁸ Plaintiff has offered no admissible evidence disputing this fact.

“[T]here is no issue for trial unless there is sufficient evidence favoring the nonmoving party for a jury to return a verdict for that party.” *Anderson v. Liberty Lobby, Inc.*, 477 U.S. 242, 249 (1986). It is one thing to argue in conclusory fashion, as plaintiff does, that “a jury” should decide a factual question. It is quite another to identify evidence in the Rule 56 record that raises a genuine question of material fact, which plaintiff does not do. Summary judgment is warranted.

⁶*Geraci*, 938 N.E.2d at 921.

⁷As discussed in Argument I.D., below, we cited more plenarily to the Barden Declaration in connection with a different point—the particular unfairness of subjecting Ms. Maxwell to liability when the media selectively quoted portions of the January 15 statement.

⁸In the Memorandum, we erroneously cited to ¶ 24 of Exhibit J; we intended to cite to ¶ 24 of Exhibit K (Doc.542-1, Ex.K), which is Mr. Barden’s declaration.

D. Subjecting Ms. Maxwell to liability for the media’s republication of excerpts they unilaterally selected is particularly unfair.

It is undisputed that no one ever republished *in toto* the January 2015 statement and that various media unilaterally selected portions of the statement to republish. We said on page 14 of our Memorandum that the media’s “selective, partial republication of the statement is *more problematic yet*” (emphasis altered). That is to say, as improper as it is to hold a publisher of a statement liable for republications over which she had no control, worse is it to make her liable for selective, partial republications of her statement. We relied on the holding in *Rand v. New York Times Co.*, 430 N.Y.S.2d 271, 275 (1st Dep’t 1980), that a publisher cannot be charged with a republisher’s “editing and excerpting of her statement.” Memo. of Law 14.

Plaintiff argues that our position is “absurd on its face” because “[i]t would mean . . . a defamer could send to the media a long attack on a victim with one irrelevant sentence and, when the media quite predictably cut that sentence, escape liability.” Resp. 32. This argument has two erroneous assumptions. One is that the “defamer” can “escape liability.” Not true. An original publisher remains liable for her defamation. We are concerned here with *republication*. The second wrong assumption is that the original publisher must always remain liable for any republication. *Geraci* rejects that view: Under New York law “each person who repeats the defamatory statement is responsible for the resulting damages.” 938 N.E.2d at 921.

The effort by plaintiff to distinguish *Rand* is meritless. She argues the media’s republication of the January 2015 statement actually was not a republication at all, just an original publication. Resp. 32. *That* argument is “absurd on its face,” *id.*, since there is no dispute Ms. Maxwell did not control the media’s decision to republish (excerpts from) the statement. Plaintiff next argues the media did not “edit[]” or “tak[e] . . . quote[s] out of context.” *Id.* Plaintiff could not be more wrong. As she concedes, all republications of the statement by the

media were selective, partial republications of the statement. Any such selective, partial republication by definition took those excerpts “out of context.” This is so because Mr. Gow informed the media in his email that he was providing “a quotable statement,” Doc.542-6, Ex.F, not a statement “from which you, the media, are free to excerpt as you please.”

More importantly, as Mr. Barden explained, selectively excerpting the statement substantially altered his message. *See id.*, Ex.K ¶ 20. For example, when he said in the third paragraph that plaintiff’s claims are “obvious lies,” it followed two paragraphs in which he explained *why* it was obvious the new claims are lies. *See id.*, Ex.K ¶¶ 19-22. Excerpting and republishing only the “obvious lies” phrase—as plaintiff did in her complaint—certainly gives the reader a different understanding than if the media had republished the entire statement. As *Rand* held: A defendant cannot be liable for the republication of derogatory but constitutionally protected opinion “when the foundation upon which that opinion is based is omitted. The defamatory remark should be read against the background of its issuance.” 430 N.Y.S.2d at 275 (internal quotations omitted).

Plaintiff argues: “A jury could reasonably conclude that [Ms. Maxwell’s] statement that Ms. Giuffre’s *claims of child sexual abuse* are ‘obvious lies’ is not a rhetorical device, nor hyperbole, but a literal and particular affirmation that [plaintiff] lied.” Resp. 33 (emphasis supplied). We italicize plaintiff’s rhetorical sleight of hand. As plaintiff knows, nowhere did the January 2015 statement specify which of plaintiff’s countless allegations are “obvious lies.” Indeed, this is the problem with plaintiff’s case: since the statement specified no particular allegations as obvious lies, plaintiff believes she is entitled to “prove” the truth of every allegation she ever has made about her alleged experience as a “sex slave.” What Mr. Barden’s declaration makes clear is he deliberately made no reference to any specific allegation by plaintiff. He had a bigger target: plaintiff’s credibility. He used the statement to show plaintiff’s

behavior is that of a liar, i.e., one who increasingly embellishes her story, and her allegations become more and more outlandish, so that by January 2015 she was claiming to have had sex with a well respected Harvard law professor, Alan Dershowitz. *See Doc.542-7, Ex.K ¶¶ 19-22.*

Contrary to plaintiff's argument, "even apparent statements of fact may assume the character of statements of opinion, and thus be privileged, when made in public debate . . . or other circumstances in which an audience may anticipate the use of epithets, fiery rhetoric or hyperbole." *Steinhilber v. Alphonse*, 501 N.E.2d 550, 556 (N.Y. 1986) (internal quotations and brackets omitted). That was the case here. Plaintiff falsely—and, as Judge Marra held, "unnecessar[ily]"⁹—alleged in lurid detail that Ms. Maxwell had sexually abused her. The six to thirty journalists would have anticipated a "fiery" denial of the allegations. Regardless, the statement overall was constitutionally protected opinion grounded on facts disclosed to the journalists: plaintiff's increasingly outlandish and inconsistent stories, her newly embellished allegations, and her increasingly lurid and salacious enhancements of her earlier allegations.

E. Mr. Barden's declaration is perfectly proper.

Plaintiff makes a plethora of complaints about Mr. Barden's declarations. None has any merit. She objects to Mr. Barden's declaration of his intent and purposes for preparing the January 2015 statement because, she says, this implicates the attorney-client privilege. That is untrue. His intent and purposes are by definition *not* attorney-client communications and do not implicate such communications; they are attorney work product,¹⁰ which he is free to disclose.¹¹

⁹Doc.542-5, Ex.E, at 5.

¹⁰*Travelers Indem. Co. v. Northrop Grumman Corp.*, No. 12 CIV. 3040 KBF, 2013 WL 3055437, at *3 (S.D.N.Y. Apr. 22, 2013) (identifying work product as including defense counsel's "mental impressions, thought processes and strategies connected with [the] defense") .

¹¹*See In re China Med. Techs., Inc.*, 539 B.R. 643, 658 (S.D.N.Y. 2015)

She objects he is “non-deposed.” But Mr. Barden was the third-listed potential witness in our Rule 26(a)(1)(A) disclosure, served on plaintiff a year ago; the disclosure said he “has knowledge concerning press statements by . . . Defendant in 2011-2015 at issue in this matter.”¹² Plaintiff was free to depose him; that she chose not to was her own tactical decision. Finally, plaintiff argues “there are factual disputes” regarding the declaration. But plaintiff identified no such factual disputes relating to the declaration. A party opposing summary judgment cannot create a dispute by arguing, which is all plaintiff does. *See Resp.* 35-38.

F. Plaintiff effectively has confessed Arguments I.B. and I.C. of the Memorandum.

Argument I.B. of the Memorandum contends the First Amendment bars liability for republication by media organizations of the January 2015 statement. *See Memo. of Law* 16-17. Argument I.C. contends that under *Geraci* plaintiff is barred from introducing into evidence any of the media organizations’ republication of the January 2015 statement. *See id.* at 17-18. Plaintiff offers no resistance to these arguments. We respectfully request that the Court consider these arguments confessed. *See, e.g., Cowan v. City of Mount Vernon*, 95 F. Supp. 3d 624, 645-46 (S.D.N.Y. 2015) (citing cases).

II. The January 2015 statement is constitutionally protected opinion.

In deciding whether a statement is opinion the New York Constitution requires application of “the widely used four-part *Ollman*^[13] formula,” *Immuno AG v. Moor-Jankowski*, 567 N.E.2d 1270, 1274 (N.Y. 1991). *See id.* at 1274, 1277-78, 1280-82 (noting *Steinhilber*’s adoption of formula). We addressed each of the four *Ollman* factors. The plaintiff avoids this analysis, choosing merely to block-quote large portions of this Court’s Rule 12(b)(6) order. That

¹²Menninger Decl. EXHIBIT NN, at 2.

¹³*Ollman v. Evans*, 750 F.2d 970 (D.C. Cir. 1984).

is a mistake. *Immuno AG* is the seminal case prescribing the analysis to be used in a *summary-judgment proceeding* for assessing whether under the New York Constitution a statement is absolutely protected as opinion.

Instead of addressing the four factors, plaintiff simply relies on this Court's 12(b)(6) order. The Court's order does not control. In deciding the Rule 12(b)(6) motion, the Court assumed the complaint's allegations were true and drew all reasonable inferences in plaintiff's favor. In this proceeding, plaintiff is not entitled either to the assumption or the inferences. The opinion-versus-fact question will be controlled by the Rule 56 record.

Relying on the Court's order, plaintiff argues that the question whether the three allegedly defamatory sentences are opinion or fact is controlled by *Davis v. Boeheim*, 22 N.E.3d 999 (N.Y. 2014), and *Green v. Cosby*, 138 F. Supp. 3d 114 (D. Mass. 2015). See Resp. 38. *Davis* was an appeal from a 12(b)(6) dismissal. This procedural posture was critical to its decision:

[D]efendants argue that because a reader could interpret the statement as pure opinion, the statement is as a consequence, nonactionable and was properly dismissed [pursuant to a pre-answer motion]. However, on a motion to dismiss we consider whether any reading of the complaint supports the defamation claim. Thus, although it may well be that the challenged statements are subject to defendants' interpretation, the motion to dismiss must be denied if the communication at issue, taking the words in their ordinary meaning and in context, is also susceptible to a defamatory connotation. We find this complaint to meet this minimum pleading requirement.

Davis, 22 N.E.3d at 1006-07 (internal quotations, brackets, ellipsis and citations omitted).

Green was a decision on the defendant's motion to dismiss. The case was decided under California and Florida defamation law. See 138 F. Supp. 3d at 124, 130, 136-37. The court made it clear the 12(b)(6) procedural posture was critical to its decision: "At this stage of the litigation, the court's concern is whether any fact contained in or implied by an allegedly defamatory statement is susceptible to being proved true or false; if so capable, Defendant cannot avoid application of defamation law by claiming the statement expresses only opinion." *Id.* at 130.