

Dead Love

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DEAD LOVE

A call comes through to the Worthing fire station and the only truck available is dispatched within 5 minutes. Fire Chief Dorian Hayde was sitting in his office when the call came through and when the truck was leaving he was on it as well. The truck blares the siren and bobs and weaves through traffic to Rendezvous Ridge. The caller had reported that smoke was seen coming from the basement. Dorian busted through the front door and called out in case anyone was at home. He followed the smoke and in a few minutes he felt the heat from the fire. His men were behind him with the hose and he told them to stand back while he busted down the door. He made a mental note that the door had been locked with a dead bolt. The fire wasn't as bad as they had thought but when he saw the woman floating in the tub, the hairs on the back of his head stood up.

“Shit, someone's in here, get that fire out and call an ambulance.”

Dorian grabs the female who looks as if she is asleep but then he saw a few bubbles just before he yanked her from the tub. She doesn't cough or sputter. He runs upstairs with her to the living room as the fire is almost out. While putting her on the floor she lets out a breath and stares up at him.

“Tell them I'm dead. Please.” She whispers

He sees the fervent plead in her eyes as she closes them and reverts back to the dead look.

Going against everything he knows about people, his line of work and life as a whole, he wraps her up in a blanket and takes her outside to the ambulance which was just pulling up. Fortunately for him and her, the ambulance driver was a good friend. Dorian places her on the gurney and nods to Andy.

“Hey Chief what's up?”

“She isn't dead, I have a funny feeling some one tried to kill her, the lock on the door to the basement where we found her looked brand new and it was locked from the outside. She was holding her breath underwater when I got there, seems she lit the fire 'cause there was no way she could have gotten out. Take my keys, switch from the ambulance to my car, drop her off at my house, I will call Mark at the

hospital and see how we are going to play this out. As well as Mason, he is gonna have my hide for this stunt.”

“Jesus, you are usually right about these things, I will help out as much as I can, keep your cell on incase I need you.”

“Thanks bud.”

The ambulance tore out of the neighbourhood as people gathered around. Dorian rubbed the back of his head and hoped to God he was right about the situation. He went back inside as the fellas were coming up.

“Boss, this looks fishy, is she dead?”

“To us no, to the news yes she is. I have a bad feeling. Did you find the source of the fire?”

“Yeah, I’m positive she used kerosene on a rag and some matches and just dropped it in a bin full of paper. The guys are behind you whatever you do.”

“I’m on my way to see the Commissioner, I have to get to him before this hits the news. Finish up here, do not speak to anyone about this okay!”

“Sure boss.” The fellas turned to make sure they documented everything and as the police took over, they left and headed back to the station.

“Mason, Hayde here. Can you see me now? I’m outside your building.”

“Come on up and come right through.”

Dorian made his way into Central Police Station, he signed in downstairs and went directly to the Commissioner’s office.

“Little brother what did you do now that you needed to see me so urgently?”

“I just came from a fire in Rendezvous Ridge, we found a woman floating in a bathtub but when I took her out she pleaded with me to tell people she was dead.

My gut tells me she is scared and someone tried to kill her, I sent Andy to my house with her but I need you to cover this for me.”

“I need to talk to her as soon as I can and determine what we do next. The press will want answers.”

“That’s why I came to you first, I’m on my way home now, wanna’ follow me?”

“Is she pretty?”

“Yes but that’s not why I’m doing this. If you had seen the way she was floating in that tub, from the way the fire was when we got there she is either a diver or a synchronised swimmer. I know she’s in trouble bro.”

“Okay let’s go see this beauty that has you willing to risk 20 years in the fire department.”

The Hayde brothers drove to Dorian’s house in Chelsea Road. It was late in the evening and outside was a bit dark and the house was set far back from the road and not many people were out. The house was in darkness. Dorian located his spare key and unlocked the front door.

Dorian switched on the lights and he saw a head pull back from the door way.

“It’s okay you can come out.”

“I wasn’t sure who it was.” She looked like she had a shower and she was wearing Dorian’s sweats and t-shirt.

“I put my clothes in the dryer, these were the only things that fit me sorry.”

“That’s fine. I think some introductions are in order. I’m Dorian Hayde, Fire Chief and this is my brother Mason Hayde, Commissioner of Police.”

“I’m”

“DeCarla Walters.” Mason interrupted.

“That’s me.”

“*The DeCarla Walters?*” Dorian voiced.

“One and only. I think you need to see this.”

She flicked on the television.

CBC News was on and the first thing they saw was an ambulance driver loading woman covered in a white sheet being loaded into an ambulance. Someone had recorded it with their cell phone. What made the Commissioner sit down was when a woman with the same exact face as the one standing next to them came on, they figured out what was going on.

“I didn’t think this could happen, I mean she is my twin, why would she do a thing like this on the day of my wedding.”

“Did you know if she was having suicidal thoughts?”

“Not suicidal but she said she was depressed, I never expected she would do this.”

The woman in her wedding dress turned and cried into the shoulders of a man dressed in a suit.

“Well that says a lot, your own twin sister tried to kill you?”

“I was sitting at the table going through the last details and she came in with a few of our friends and we had some drinks and cake, food, a small hen party. When I woke up I was in the basement and the door was locked. I had to time the fire perfectly when I knew people were out and about. The room is sound proof but smoke will go anywhere. Thank you for saving me Mr. Hayde, I guess you realized quickly I wasn’t dead.”

“Yeah I saw some bubbles right before I picked you up from the tub. Now I know who you are, the holding your breath is well explained.”

DeCarla Walters was an athletic swimming champion. She was also a deep sea diver who owned several yachts. She was well known for winning races against some of the best boaters around the world. She was a millionaire by her own

making. Her boats were the talk of the wealthy. When she threw a party on the water, the price tag was in the hundreds and she always sold out. Her last party was for a charity her mother started before she died. “Hearts of Gold”. It raised money for parents with children who were sick. To even get a ticket DeCarla had to approve and you had to pay by credit card and your name still had to be on the list when you arrived and there were no exceptions. 20 yachts could be seen in anchored out on the sea. 100 people per boat at \$500 per person and all of the tickets were sold weeks in advance.

“Well it looks like we have a case of stolen identity. What do we do now Mason?”

“I need to ask this bear with me for a minute.”

“Yes I think my fiancée is in on this, there are some things my sister and I do not have in common. My sister sleeps around, I don’t, I have a scar over my collar bone where a jelly fish stung me, although we have the same birth mark, we have it in different locations, mine is on my back hers is on her stomach so they only way you would know that is if you slept with both of us and from the looks of it, Jaime was in this from the beginning.

“After your money?”

“Yes My sister spent her inheritance and I’ve been supporting her since. I just never figured she would not only take my fiancé away from me but try to kill me in the process. Jaime on the other hand makes sense, he was my father’s protégé, destined to make it big and he was doing well until he started gambling. He came to me one day asking for a loan, I wrote the cheque and thought nothing of it. Then he started hanging around and we got close, he paid the money back and after about a year of dating he proposed and I said yes. My lawyer insisted he sign a pre-nup so obviously the only way he could get his hands on my money is through my sister, which reminds me, I need to tell my lawyer I’m alive, I can trust him. Can I borrow a cell phone?”

Dorian handed her his and turned to give her some privacy.

“No don’t leave, I need a witness, he won’t believe me otherwise that’s why I trust him.”

She dialed a number and waited.

“Matt, talk to me.”

“Matt, it’s me DeCarla.”

“Oh boy. What’s my favourite ice cream?”

“Duh silly you don’t eat ice cream.”

“Baby girl where are you?”

“I’m here at the Fire Chief’s house with the Commissioner, can you come over, Mr. Hayde will give you directions.” She handed the cell to Dorian who rattled off directions and then he hung up.

“What will he be able to do?”

“Oh Matt is brilliant. I have a document accompanying my will that states all my assets will be frozen until it is proven that my death did not result from foul play. De Cori does not know this, neither does Jaime. If I am correct she will try to access my money as soon as she can, she will sell all the boats and close down the company and people will assume I am too distraught over my loving sister’s death.”

“We need to go about this carefully, if your sister finds out you are alive she will try again. You will stay here for the time being, stay away from the front of the house. The back is secured, everything is at your disposal, I will find some clothes for you. I hear a car that must be Matt.”

Dorian went to see who it was and he immediately recognized the car. He opened the door and grinned as the man DeCarla referred to as Matt, stepped out of his black SUV.

Dorian put his fingers to his mouth as he ushered him in.

“DeCarla honey, you look awesome in that get up, new fashion line? Hey Mason, you ready to come test your skills against mine yet?”

“You’re too old Mattaeus, give it a rest.”

“You two know each other obviously.” DeCarla mused.

“Know each other? Hmmm how about related in the worst way possible. Mason is married to my eldest sister and this hot hunk here was my best friend in school.” He punched Dorian in the chest playfully.

“I see, well since I don’t have to introduce you, we can get down to the trials and tribulations that are my sister.”

“I called the bank and you are already frozen. I have all the documents to everything you own and as your executor, DeCori is now broke and as for the marriage to Jaime, it won’t hold up in court when I ask for blood samples.”

“Oh yeh I forgot about that, another thing my sister and I don’t share, she has my mother’s blood type, I have my father’s. What else do we need to do? I can’t stay dead forever.”

“We need to get a confession out of one of them but first we need a funeral. I will call your brat of a sister in the morning offer my condolences and offer to pay for the funeral expenses. Which reminds me. Give me a second.” Mat takes out his cell and scrolls through it, finding the number he needs he presses dial.

“Hey shug, I need the biggest favour I will ever need from you other than to marry me and have all 10 of my babies. Yes, yes, I know when hell freezes over. Look I need a funeral planned but the victim isn’t dead, so I need you to have a closed casket that can’t be opened accidentally. What? Yes, I will give you the full scoop as soon as I get there tomorrow. We can make out in a coffin. Yes I know love you too. Bye.”

“Done, you are now dead and your funeral is in a week’s time. I need to run a check on Jaime and see how much he really owes that loan shark. I wonder whose

idea was it his or your sister's. Either way, they won't get a cent honey, you can guarantee that. Now I'm hungry and in need of alcohol, I'll be in the kitchen."

Matt sauntered off as if he lived there, pretty soon there could be smells of onions sautéing and some ice clinking in a glass.

The others sat and planned how they would go about trapping Jaime and DeCori. About half hour later, Matt yelled from the kitchen dinner was ready.

"Oh gosh Matt you still got it, I feel like a whale."

"Nothing about you is whale like honey and yes I still got it. Now I have to go home to my wife, I will tell her you are still alive, can't have her being depressed while she's pregnant." He walked over to DeCarla and kissed her on the forehead.

"I know this is a tough time but I got you kid and from the looks of these two, you are safe. I will pop by tomorrow after I meet the witch and the idiot. Love you."

"Love you too and thanks Matt. Rub Margo's belly for me."

"Get your own belly, Dorian is a great candidate, he's got good genes in good jeans." Matt roared with laughter as he left.

"Gotta love that man."

"Yep, always did. Now young lady, you have had a long day, I suggest you get some sleep, the next few days are going to go quickly and your sister and Jaime will make things go even quicker."

"I'm not sleepy at all, I need to talk to Dorian then I will probably go for a swim, it's kinda hot out."

"Okay, I will keep checking with you, Matt or Dorian. Have a good night."

"Night bro and thanks for everything." Mat walked Mason out to the van, he would take it back to the station and get a ride from there.

"She is worth it, she'd make a good wife, she seems loving, and she isn't angry towards her sister, just really hurt."

"Quit match making big brother."

“Ha ha, talk to you tomorrow.”

Dorian thought about what Mason said and he couldn't agree more. There was something special about the woman in his house and he fully intended to find out when this fiasco was all over.

When Dorian got back into the kitchen, DeCarla was putting up the dishes and clearing the table. He stood and watched and she moved swiftly. Within a few minutes she was finished.

“If you keep staring at me like that, I will jump on you Dorian.”

“If you keep talking like that I might just let you.”

“I..... I just wanted to thank you for everything, not just doing your job and saving me but up until this point you never questioned if I was telling the truth. That means a lot to me.”

“I have an ulterior motive, having a woman in my house is a good thing and for the time you are here I intend to drag every pleasure I can out of it.”

“Why not start now?”

“Careful, we know how things like these go, hero saves girl, they make love on the first night and she wakes up regretting it in the morning, finds out 6 weeks later she's pregnant. I don't want that for you on top of everything else.”

“Very thoughtful of you but I'm a big girl and right now I need you to make love to me. I know you won't do it for any other reason than you are attracted to me and that I can live with and I won't regret it in the morning, I promise.”

“Don't do this sweetie. Tell you what, when this is over, and you still want to make a go of it, I will oblige you but now I think you need to let all that anger and hurt you have been holding in, there's no one here but me. I need a shower. Press the button in the gazebo, the pool will be warm in about five minutes.”

Dorian walked away from her quickly knowing full well he wanted to give her what she wanted but he didn't need to add to her misery with unnecessary

emotions. He heard the sliding door to the pool open. Then a few minutes later he heard a splash.

“Wait she doesn’t have a suit!”

Dorian turned around and headed towards the pool and the scene before him was enough to make him burst the zip on his pants. DeCarla was swimming naked.

Dorian decided he would take her up on her offer and make love to her but first he would test how serious she was.

He stripped down to nothing and dove into the water and swam right next to her, she picked up the pace and he kept up with her. She was now at top speed and Dorian was still there with her not seeming to tire and eventually she realized she met her match and stopped when she got to the steps.

She paused to look back at him and the look said everything she wanted to say.

Dorian read her loud and clear and he followed her out of the pool.

“Can we stay out here? Will anyone see us?”

“The closet house is over 800 feet away and the old couple that live there are half deaf.”

“I want you Dorian, don’t make me beg.”

Dorian went over to two lounge chairs, picked up the seats, tied them together and made a bed. He rested it on the deck and motioned for her to come over. The moment she was next to him he made a sudden move and she was laying under him.

“Say no DeCarla, we will sleep in separate beds tonight.”

Her answer was to put her hands behind his head and bring his mouth to meet hers. Dorian groaned and molded his body to hers. He kissed her like a hungry wolf. Caressing her body like she was the finest piece of silk.

“I’m not going to break, pretend there is no tomorrow Dorian.”

Dorian moved down her body, he was aching to taste her and her essence was torturing his senses. When he dipped his head DeCarla let out a loud moan.

“You taste so good.” He dipped his head again and sucked on her bud. She lifted her hips off the mats.

“Dorian, don’t stop, don’tstop.” DeCarla felt her body burst into flames, she felt Dorian put his hands under her buttocks as her orgasm took over. Dorian continued sucking until she calmed down. He lifted his head only to hear her crying.

“It’s okay, I’m here, you are safe now.”

He lay down next to her and pulled her into him, spooning her as she cried and cried.

DeCarla never knew how she got into the bed but when she awoke, Dorian was nowhere to be seen. She looked at the clock and it said 10am. She saw a note on the bed and she picked it up.

‘Breakfast is on the table, I bought some clothes for you, I hope they fit. I had to leave for work and do some damage control. I will be back at lunch to check in on you. Remember, stay away from the front of the house, it’s the only part where people can see you walking around.’ Dorian.

She took a shower and got dressed, the clothes fit perfectly. She went down, had breakfast and switched on the television in the kitchen.

“Chief Fire Officer Dorian allowed us an interview concerning the death of DeCarla Walters yesterday. Chief, how did Miss Walters die?”

“That’s a question for the coroner. What I can tell you is when I found her she was in a bath tub, I assume she was trying not to get burnt.”

“Do you suspect any foul play?”

“That’s a question for the Police. What I can tell you is that the fires started with kerosene, a rag and some matches. We have no idea who started it and why. Now if you will excuse me, any further questions you can direct them to the officers in charge of the case.”

“He is so sexy. I really need to get some of those genes Matt talked about.” DeCarla giggled and decided to go for a long swim. About an hour later, she was finishing up lunch incase Dorian decided to pop in early when she heard a vehicle pull up. She stood in the kitchen and waited.

“It’s me sweetie.”

“Okay.”

Dorian walked into the kitchen muscles ripping under his t-shirt. His bald head beaded with sweat. His cologne wafted to DeCarla and she inhaled deeply.

“Did you come home to turn me on?”

“Am I turning you on?”

“Since last night, are you going to finish what we started?”

“Maybe. Smells good what’s for lunch?”

“Honey Grilled chicken with avocado sauce and steamed broccoli. You can have tomato, lettuce, carrot, cabbage and cucumber on your sandwich.”

“I could get used to this DeCarla, this is wonderful thank you.”

“Want to hear something really profound and eye opening?”

“Sure.”

“I hated being alone, Jaime didn’t love me I know that and I was willing to put up with him rather than be alone, how depressing does that make me?”

“I fully understand how you feel but what I will tell you is that I’m kind of glad things turned out the way they did, I have never come home to a homemade lunch before and this feels wonderful, so I do understand the not wanting to be alone. What I don’t understand is how Jaime would choose your sister in his bed over you.”

“I’m still a virgin.”

Dorian dropped the fork into his plate and stood up. He grabbed DeCarla’s hand and dragged her into his bedroom.

He didn’t waste any time. He stripped her of all her clothing within seconds and when he lay her on the bed, the look on her face gave him the go ahead. He

wanted to taste her again and he did and when her orgasm hit her she screamed his name. He massaged her body bringing her back down to earth and when he stood up to take his clothes off, his cell phone rang. It was the station.

“Christ not now, not now.” He pulled it from his pocket and sat down on the bed.

“Chief here.”

“Be there in a few.” He clicked off the call and bowed his head. He felt arms come around his waist and a head rest on his back.

“I’m sorry sweetie I have to go. A major supermarket is on fire and I have to be there.”

“It’s okay I understand. I will go pack your lunch so you can still get something to eat. I will make dinner.”

DeCarla got up and put back on her dress. Dorian stood up and pulled her to him, letting her feel how turned on he was for her.

“Go before I change my mind and make you scream my name while I plunge myself into you.” He let her go and fixed back his clothes. When he got down stairs, she already had his lunch packaged and in a paper bag.

“Are you sure you are a millionaire.”

“Are you sure you are the fire chief?”

“Touché.” He kissed her and ran through the door.

“I am in so much trouble.” Her body still tingled from his tongue expertise earlier. She thought about what he would make for dinner and a candle light came to mind, yes that will set the mood for a night of ecstasy.

Throughout the day, Matt, Dorian and Mason called to check in with her and give her updates. She was beginning to feel claustrophobic but she knew it wouldn’t last forever and she had Dorian coming home to her. Wait what?”

Since when was this her home and since when was Dorian coming home to her?

“You know this is what you wanted all your life, a man who appreciates you for you and not what you can buy him. Dorian risked his career to keep you safe and from the looks of it he doesn’t need your money so he can’t be using you.”

DeCarla sat down and prepared her plans for a romantic dinner. Unfortunately, Dorian never came home, the fire had spread to a few other buildings which stored chemicals and they needed all the hands they could get. It was around 5 in the morning when the sound of a vehicle pulled up to the house. She heard a car door and then the front door being unlocked. She waited and pretty soon she heard he bedroom door open. She knew it was Dorian as the cologne invaded her nostrils. He tiptoed into the bathroom, shed his clothes and took a shower. When he was finished, he climbed into the bed and cradled her in his arms.

“I wish you were mine DeCarla.” He whispered into her ear. She stirred and turned to face him but not opening her eyes. Dorian kissed her on the nose and fell into a deep sleep. Somewhere in between sleep and wake, Dorian felt hands all over him, he thought he was dreaming but when a hot pair of satin lips drew his erection in, he opened his eyes.

“Stop.”

She didn’t.

“I said stop.”

DeCarla lifted her head from him and looked up questioningly.

“Why are you doing that?”

“You did it to me twice, I was just returning the favour. Don’t you want me to?”

“It’s not a prerequisite of you being here.”

“I will take that to mean you were enjoying it so let me finish.” She resumed her earlier actions. Truth be told she had never done this before either but the feel of Dorian’s thick manhood between her lips and hearing him groan, gave her power. She took him in deeper and felt his body stiffen. She used her hands to pump him and she felt him pulsating.

Dorian felt his climax and his body jerked. He felt DeCarla suck him in as deep as she could go and she didn’t stop until he was finished.

“Jesus woman, come here.” He pulled her up his body and kissed her.

“I’ve never heard about a man to kiss a woman after she did that to him.”

“I’m comfortable with my own body. You kissed me after I did it to you so it’s not a problem. Sorry about dinner, I saw the candles and the setup. I promise I will make it up to you.”

“What are we doing Dorian, are we in a relationship or are we just humouring each other ‘til we get my issues sorted?”

“I told you I could get accustomed to coming home and finding you but when this is over you will go back to work and days like these will be a thing of the past.”

“That’s your assumption. I am an old fashioned girl, I hoped that Jaime was as well, I wanted to hire a manager to run the business while I stayed home and raised a family with someone who loved me as much as I loved him. I can have that with you can’t I?”

Just as Dorian was about to respond his cell rang. DeCarla got up and went to the bathroom. She could hear the frustration in his voice when he answered.

“Hayde here. What? No, I’ll be right there after I had breakfast.” She heard a few epithets then a loud groan.

“You have to go?”

“Yes I have to go but first, I need breakfast after I shower. We will continue our conversation when I get back home, is that okay?”

“Yes, you go shower, I will have breakfast ready when you come down.”

“That’s not your job sweetie.”

“I want to. Go.”

DeCarla threw on some clothes and headed to the kitchen. Within 15 minutes she had a few pancakes, a bagel with bacon, egg, tomato, cucumber and orange juice.

“You’re spoiling me honey. Thank you.”

“My pleasure, Matt is coming over today to give me some information, he met with my sister and Jaime.”

“I can come back if you need me here.”

“You can’t baby sit me Dorian and as much as I love being here with you, there are people out there who need you. Now eat up and get going. I’ll be here when you get back.”

“Promise?”

“Scouts honour.” She made the scout sign and laughed.

Dorian ate quickly and took the orange juice with him. He grabbed his bag and headed out, giving DeCarla a warm kiss on the lips.

DeCarla cleaned up, prepped for lunch and waited for Matt to arrive. When she heard the car, she sat and waited. The front door opened and a voiced sounded.

“I hope you have lunch because I am hungry.”

“In here Matt.”

Mat went into the kitchen and DeCarla was putting food in a plate for him.

“In all my life I’ve never made a mistake where my job was concerned but this time I made a serious error and fortunately I caught it in time.”

“Oh God what happened with my sister.”

“Car honey when I advised you to make the addition to your will, I never dreamed it would be your twin sister who would be the cause of your death. So when she came to me this morning, I almost treated her as DeCori. The addition states in the event of YOUR death, not your sister’s. Everyone thinks it’s her that’s dead not you.”

“Shit, shit shit. So what do we need to do now?”

“Oh my brilliance kicked in of course, I called the bank and spoke to the manager and came up with a small scheme. When you sister goes to the bank today, she will have to provide a fingerprint to prove that it’s you. Your file states you don’t have the same prints, nor blood type.”

“Wow, Imagine I have to go through all of this because my sister and fiancé want my money that I worked so hard for. I just want this to end so I can start a new life with.....”

“Fell in love with the fire chief did ya?”

“I never even felt this way about Jaime. What is wrong with me, we almost made love twice. I feel like such a slut.”

“Did I ever tell you how I met Margo?”

“Nope, tell me now and make me feel better.”

“I was setting up my office and this lovely lady stopped in to ask a question. There are some people in life who will affect you in a way you cannot even begin to understand. Margo is that for me, even to this day. She was looking for a store but couldn’t find it and my door was open. The moment I saw her, I saw my future flash before my eyes. I saw us getting married, I saw her pregnant with my children, I saw us growing old. She saw the same things because I closed my office door, put the closed sign on it and we made love on the floor.”

“How long ago was that?”

“Eight years and before you do your calculations, Marcus is 8 and yes he was conceived that morning. We got married when she was 8 months and we spend our wedding night on the labour ward. People will criticize you for wanting Dorian but only you know where your heart lies. Dorian is an awesome man, he lives up to anything he preaches or teaches, he follows rules as long as they aren’t detrimental to his health and he will never lie to you, at least not where it’s important. He may sneak out ice cream or drink from the juice box but I love that you two have so much chemistry, go after what you need honey or you will live to regret it. If it doesn’t work, then you tried.”

“Oh thank you.” She got up and hugged Matt.

“Am I ‘gonna have to pound you Mattaeus?”

“For this little birdie, not a chance, she’s all yours budd. The funeral is set for this Saturday. I have all my people in place and the very next day after the funeral is when we start making our moves, so be ready. I have to go, Margo isn’t feeling to

hot today so I'm working from home, this baby is restless. Be good kids." Matt left in his usual style and flare.

DeCarla got up from her chair and walked over to Dorian and hugged him tightly.

"Miss me?"

"Yes."

"That's good to know, I just popped in for a bit, I'm headed to St. Lucy, I won't be back until late. Sit with me for a minute."

He sat down and pulled her onto his lap.

"I've been thinking a lot today and I need you to understand what I'm about to say. I want you so bad but at this point it's only physical. I need more, and I don't want us to start this and then we end up hating each other. I need you to need me and you aren't there yet. We need to resolve the issue with your sister and Jaime and then we are free to concentrate on us."

"Fine, if that's the way you want it." DeCarla got up and left Dorian staring at her back as she left the room. He put some food in a take a way container, took a plastic fork and napkin, a juice from the cooler and left. For the rest of the day her reaction bothered him. Was he wrong not to make use of the opportunity to make love to her? Did she want the same things he wanted but like him was too afraid to say?

When he arrived home that morning, DeCarla was gone. Dorian called her cell, it rang from her bag on the counter. He called Matt, he didn't know where she was or why she would leave at this point.

"You scared her didn't you?"

"I told her we should wait until this was over. Was I wrong?"

"No but at this point the two men she got close to have basically rejected her. You do know she has never been with a man before right?"

"Yes she told me."

"Jaime doesn't know that but she trusted you almost a stranger. She's known Jaime for over ten years. She's in love with you, it's as plain as day. Look I will

try to find her, I think she will try to see either Jaime or her sister and blow this thing out of the water. Will let you know.”

“Shit, what have I done?”

He called Mason.

“Jesus bro, you rejected her? She handed you her fantastic self on a silver platter and you turned her down? You are adopted surely.”

“It’s not the right time, I stand by that and this just proves she isn’t ready. Matt’s gonna find her, you keep an eye out as well I have to go back to work in a few, wait I think I hear her. It’s her, call you back.”

Dorian hung up and waited until DeCarla stepped into the kitchen.

“Where the hell have you been?”

“Why do you care? I’m just a passing thing, a physical attraction remember?”

“You know that’s not what I mean, why would you endanger your life because you think I don’t want you?”

“First Jaime, now you. I think maybe I should be more like my sister and sleep around, men tend to respect you more when you are loose it seems.”

DeCarla found herself backed up to the partition and her legs wrapped around Dorian’s back. She felt Dorian unzipping his pants and when he pulled her panties aside she braced herself for the pain. Dorian rubbed himself against her, teasing her, making her ache for the intrusion. Her wetness coated the tip of him driving him mad. He kissed her, forcing her mouth open with his hot tongue. Searching for permission to continue. He ripped open her blouse and the buttons popped and hit the floor. Then..... he stopped. Pulled his mouth way from hers. Slowly let her down his body, resting her feet on the floor. He growled and released her.

“I’m going back to work. I want you to think about how you felt against me just now, I am as hard as a rock and I have to leave you. Tonight when you take a shower, think of my hands touching you instead of the soap. When you are drifting off to sleep, remember whose bed it is. I will call you in the morning.”

Dorian stepped away from her and left. DeCarla sank to the floor. Her body screaming for release. She wanted to kill Dorian.

The next morning DeCarla woke up with so much hatred in her, she didn't notice the arms wrapped around her until she decided to move.

“Morning sleepy head.”

“Good morning Dorian.” Her voice was soft but sharp enough to make Dorian let her go.

“I'm leaving here today, I need to get my life back and start a new one. You don't have to worry about me anymore, I can take care of myself. Thanks for everything.” She got up, took a shower and got dressed. When she was on her way out the bedroom, Dorian spoke.

“Can you sit for a minute?”

“Why you will just convince me to stay, then you will reject me every night and make me yearn for you even more. I can't handle that.”

“I promise you, I won't tell you anything don't need to hear. Sit.” He patted the bed next to him.

DeCarla went over and sat down.

“I've seen many things in my line of work. I've rescued naked women, I've been propositioned by women after being rescued but I have never let anyone in my home. I've never gone to work wondering if they were awake, what I would go home to find for lunch or dinner, what they were wearing. I've also never been so hungry for a woman that I almost force myself on her. When you go through that door, I will make this offer once, you are free to come back. When you have decided what you want out of life I will be here to listen. Now you can go.” Dorian got up and strode into the bathroom naked as a jaybird.

DeCarla felt a heat rise from between her legs and creep right up to the tip of her head. She flung whatever little clothes in the bag they came in and left.

Dorian was standing under cold water. He really wanted to take DeCarla and ravish her but he was just as confused as she was.

Back in the Walters house DeCori was having rough sex with her new husband. She had already pawned all of her sister's jewelry that was left in the open but she couldn't get into the safe in her study. She would start on the expensive paintings, furniture, shoes bags, everything until it was all gone and then she would find someone to crack the safe and sell the house.

"What's wrong with you Jaime? You used to love this when we weren't married."

"We aren't married DeCori."

"What's your point?"

"I'm just not comfortable with the way things happened, you never said you were going to kill your sister."

"Is that all? She deserved to die, prissy bitch, always getting everything she wants, even you."

"She knows I didn't love her but she was willing to build something anyway, you were just after the money. Get up I need to go to work."

"You can't just leave me like this?"

Jaime paused, turned around and buried his face between her legs and started sucking. Within minutes DeCori was screaming her orgasm. Jaime got up and took a shower, got dressed and left for work. He was beginning to regret choosing the woman he left sprawled on the bed. People kept asking him how the honey moon was going and he tried to keep a brave face but it was becoming hard. He got into DeCarla's car and drove away. He never saw the woman in the hooded shirt on the other side of the street staring at him.

The woman watched the car and then walked up to the house, opened the door and closed it behind her.

"Honey did you come back to finish?" DeCori ran to the top of the stairs and when she got there someone punched her in the face.

When she came to she was in the basement chained to the bathtub.

“Hello there oh loving sister of mine. Let’s get this straight before we begin. You can’t say anything to convince me it wasn’t your idea. All I want is my life back, you can keep Jaime and whatever money you accumulated by selling my stuff.”

“You’ll let me go?”

“Yep and you will leave Barbados and never come back. This island isn’t big enough for the two of us and I’m not going anywhere. I met a wonderful man who doesn’t care about my money and when I leave here I’m selling this house and if he will have me I’m ‘gonna get married, have children and be happy like mom and dad were.”

“I hate you, even now you are in control.”

“You don’t get it do you? I struggled everyday trying to figure out what I wanted from life so much that I was willing to marry Jaime even though I KNEW he was sleeping with you. When I woke up in this basement all I could thinking about was getting out. Not to stop you but to be free of what was holding me back. If you needed money all you had to do was ASK but no you try to kill me and pretend you are me, what kind of person does that to a twin no less? I don’t hate you I just don’t ever want to see you again. I will leave the key so Jaime can get you out when he comes home this evening. In the meantime I’m taking what you haven’t sold. By the time I get back I want both of you gone. I don’t care if he leaves the island but you, gotta go.”

DeCarla left her sister and ran upstairs. She locked the door and put the key in her pocket. She went to the safe and grabbed the bag inside. She grabbed a duffle bag from the closet and put as many things in as she could and dragged it downstairs. She and Matt had planned this down to the last bit and she hoped nothing messed it up. She pushed the bag into the closet under the stairs and called Jaime at work.

“Jaime, you have to come home, she isn’t dead, she’s here and she knows.” DeCarla whispered into the phone and hung up. She called Mason and Matt and told them she was ready and the bait was set.

She sat on the couch and waited.

Jaime came screeching up the driveway. Mat and Mason were already in place across the street and it was just a matter of time.

“DeCori, shit you scared me, what the hell’s going on?”

“Why I ever thought I could make a life with you is beyond me.”

“DeCarla? Wait if you’re here where’s your sister?”

“In the basement and I will let her out but you and I need to talk first. Have a seat.” DeCarla pulled out a gun from under a throw cushion and pointed it at Jaime.

“There’s no need for that. I must admit, DeCori came up with the whole thing I just helped her, I didn’t think she would try to kill you.”

“I started that fire not her. She left me down there to die though. Now. Here’s what’s gonna happen. I am going to leave and you both will get out of my house. Legally you aren’t married to me because I wasn’t there to sign the papers and the pre-nup would have cancelled you out anyway. So go pack your stuff and get out. My sister is leaving the island, I have her on a flight to the US and she can go anywhere from there.”

“You aren’t pressing charges?”

“I’m alive, she didn’t try to hurt me, she just didn’t think the whole locked in the basement thing through. Go pack, I will let her out when you are gone and no funny stuff.” DeCarla got up and made the mistake of turning to walk towards the door. Jaime grabbed her from behind and took the gun.

“You bitch.” He spun her around and slapped her. She fell to the floor.

“You think I would want someone like you. DeCori was right, you are a prissy bitch. Playing high and mighty not pressing charges, well this time I will finish the job. It was me who locked you in the basement not your sister and we didn’t intended on letting you die but smart ass had to go light a fire. Well you will have the pleasure of dying a second time.”

Jaime raised the gun and aimed it at DeCarla but before he could get a shot off, a bullet came through the glass window and plugged him in the shoulder. He fell and dropped the gun. Within minutes police swarmed the house.

DeCarla decided there was someone she had to see.

“Mason, I need to go, can we talk later or tomorrow?”

“I’m sure he’s waiting for you shugger. We can handle it from here.”

Back at Dorian’s house, he was watching the afternoon news before he had to go back to work and the next scene got him to his feet. Just then he heard a car blaze up the driveway but he was staring at the house on the TV. The front door opened and DeCarla flew into his arms. One of the Police officers had dropped her off on Mason’s instructions.

“I’m sorry about the way I left but I needed to have a clear head when I took on Jaime and my sister. When Jaime pointed the gun at me all I could think about was regretting never telling you I love you.”

“You love me?”

“Ofcourse you idiot. You had me so confused but on my way back to my house I realized what you were telling me. I needed to be free from Jaime and all the drama that was my sister to be able to commit to you. If you still want me, I’m ready for everything you have to offer. I want a husband and children and I’m selling my house and all the yachts.”

“Wait slow down honey, I know you want a family and I have enough money to support us for quite a while but you built that business from scratch, don’t give up something you love doing. Hire the manager after we get married, I have about 2 months’ vacation owed to me, we can have the honey moon and start a family.”

“Thank you Dorian, I just needed to see where your head is at. You know how much my business means to me. Can we start on the family right away?”

“No.”

“No?”

“No, I have to go back to work in a few minutes. Wait, what the hell. We need to go.”

Dorian grabbed DeCarla and ran out to his SUV. He got in and as she was buckling up he peeled out.

“Where are we going?”

“Your house.”

“Why?”

“There’s a fire.”

“Oh God, my sister’s in the basement and I have the key. Call Mason he should still be there.”

Dorian picked up the cell and dialed his brother.

“Mase, DeCori is locked in the basement, you have to get her out. What? Shit shit shit. We are on our way.”

“Your sister tried to pull the same trick you did, only she didn’t check to see if the water was on. It wasn’t. Something exploded and she has burns to her face, chest and arms.”

“Why wasn’t the water on?”

“Only in the basement. I had turned it off when I found you. I didn’t turn it back on.”

“It’s not your fault honey, DeCori brought this on herself. I don’t even have any feelings for her at the moment.”

“I have to show my face, you can stay in the truck if you want.”

“Thanks.”

Dorian pulled up to the house and Mason showed him in. They did the routine inspection and spoke to the press. Mason nodded to DeCarla and Matt came running over.

“So, when’s the wedding?”

“Soon I hope, thanks for everything.”

“Produce me some babies and call it even. Love you baby girl. Gotta run Mason need a copy of the tape. Later.”

Dorian finished up and went back to the truck. DeCarla had fallen asleep in the seat. It was now after 10 and he got in and drove them home. He lifted her from the vehicle, kicked open the door and put her on the sofa. While he was securing the house. DeCarla woke up.

“Dorian?”

“Coming honey.”

“I’m hungry would you like something to eat?”

“I wanna eat you but food sound almost as good.”

“How does a sandwich sound?”

“Great I will go and grab a shower and be back in a minute.”

DeCarla made a ham and cheese sandwich with lettuce and tomato, she grabbed some lemonade and poured two glasses and waited for Dorian to come back.

“That looks good. Let’s eat, I really want to make love to you tonight.”

DeCarla looked shocked.

“Oh did you think I was gonna let you get away again?”

“I hoped not. Let’s eat.”

They ate and drank quickly, washed the dishes and made their way to the bedroom.

Six months later

“I now pronounce you man wife.”

Dorian kissed his bride on the lips and they turned to greet a boat full of people.

DeCarla has changed up the business a bit and now she offered wedding cruises, theirs being the maiden voyage. They sailed to Jamaica, where the yacht dropped

them off and it would go to 6 more islands and pick them back up on the way to Barbados.

“Honey.”

“Can we name the baby Mattaeus Mason if it’s a boy and....”

“You’re pregnant?”

“Almost 2 months.”

“I love you, I love you. We’re having a baby YES!”

Dorian grabbed his wife and took her to their honeymoon suite where they picked out baby names in between sessions.

The End.

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