

Chapter 2:

Donnie stumbled out of bed, still more than half asleep. His head was heavy, weighted against his shoulders and tensing the muscles there. At least his headache was mild. He didn't remember what time he made it back to the hotel, but he did know two things: 1) it was near daylight; and 2) he wasn't alone. He smirked to himself as he made his way to the bathroom. Maybe he could persuade the vixen in his bed to massage his neck and shoulders before he artfully sent her away in a cab.

He relieved himself, washed his hands, and splashed his face with cold water. He let his face air dry; the droplets felt good as they slowly dripped down his neck and bare chest. He stepped back into the bedroom and slipped his boxer briefs on, looking at the bed. Her breathing was steady, the sheet wrapped tightly around her body, gently rising and falling. Her curves were visible as the sheet pulled taught around her ample ass and legs. Donnie licked his lips as he glimpsed a flash of her thigh, tan, thick, and full. He recalled for a split second the feel of those thighs squeezing his head between them as he tasted her. It was a fleeting memory, but enough to make him semi-hard. Adjusting himself, he thought of waking her with his tongue, having dessert before his breakfast. The covers were pulled up around her chin, her face turned away from him. She seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Maybe he shouldn't wake her just yet. He spotted his cigarettes on the bedside table, and opted for a morning smoke and some Vegas air instead.

He slid open the balcony door as quietly as he could, and stepped out into the sunlight. The awning blocked most of the sun from his eyes, and he stood comfortably at the railing, taking in the city below him. His room was high enough to muffle the noise of the city, and he was able to have a peaceful moment. He wondered what time it was- it was always difficult to gage in Sin City, where there was indeed a sin waiting to be had at every turn. It could be 7a.m. just as easily as it could be 7p.m. If New York was the City that Never Sleeps, then Las Vegas wasn't too far behind.

Donnie stood there for a few minutes, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his hands. He would love to have a Red Bull and some breakfast, so he stamped out his cigarette and turned to head back inside. He thought he would order a variety and wake up the beauty with breakfast in bed. Maybe they could even have a little food play. He grinned as he entered the bedroom, sliding the glass door closed behind him.

His grin quickly faded as his eyes settled on the empty bed. The covers were strewn haphazardly, and his gaze around the room picked up no signs of

clothing. The bathroom remained open, light off, but still Donnie peeked inside. Empty. His eyes scanned the room again- no shoes, no purse, nothing to indicate that a female had even been there, with the exception of the lingering scent of her perfume. It was stronger than before, not freshly sprayed, but as if it had been stirred up by her movements. He may have just missed her. He ran to the door and pulled it open, not caring he was clothed only in his underwear. He looked down the hall in time to see the elevator doors closing. Was it her? If he hurried, maybe he could catch her in the lobby... Wait. Why did he even care? Wasn't he going to send her away in a cab anyway? Now he didn't have to. This should be a relief. No awkward morning-after dismissal necessary. He didn't even remember what she looked like. He remembered what she felt like, though.

Donnie shook the thought away. He'd had more one night stands than he could count, let down many girls the next day who always seemed to think they could be "the one". Each time became easier than the last as he honed his already instinctual charm. Never had he wished for a longer time with one of his conquests. So why were both his heart and mind racing with the thought of seeing her again?

*Because you didn't have to send her away. **She left you.*** This was a first. That had to have been it; his ego was wounded. At least it was discreet. He would recover in no time.

He collapsed back onto the bed, letting his breath out in a loud sigh. His motion stirred up her scent again, and he closed his eyes as he breathed it in. Sunshine, lilacs, vanilla, and a hint of spice. He rolled over to her side of the bed and buried his face in her pillow. Contemplating going back to sleep, he quickly dismissed the idea. The feeling of such comfort in which her scent conjured up in him, was unnerving. He jumped up and stalked towards the dresser for a fresh set of clothes. He would shower, eat, then see what the guys had planned for the day. He reached to pull open the top drawer, when an unusual piece of paper atop the dresser caught his eye. At the same time, his left hand plinked against the metal drawer pull.

He stared at the paper a moment before the sound registered with him. All at once, it hit him.

"Fuck!"

His eyes flitted back and forth between the marriage certificate and his left hand, where on his ring finger was a thick gold wedding band.