**Rebecca**

by**[Seahawk76](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=648616&page=submissions)**©

The young bride of nineteen stood naked, handcuffed, and trembling in the

bridal suite of the large hotel. She was about to play a game: Andrew

Compton's game. Compton sat watching her closely, a thin smile on his face, a

cigarette smoldering between his fingertips. He could sense her fear and fed

on it like a predator gaining strength from the scent of fear in his prey. At

thirty, Compton was already a millionaire many times over and a man who knew

how to get what he wanted. And at the moment what he wanted was his beautiful

wife to display her naked flesh to others. He gazed with pleasure at her milky

white skin and silky raven hair and began explaining the rules of the game.

"As soon as you exit the room, Becky, the clock will start. I'll give you a

series of tasks you'll have to complete in order to find the key to the

handcuffs and then find the room key in order to get back in. I won't allow

you in if you don't find it." He paused for a moment to let this sink in. "If

you aren't back within an hour the door will be bolted shut and won't be

opened until 6 a.m. tomorrow morning. I'll give you your initial instructions

to get you started once you’re in the hallway."

A nervous chill swept through Rebecca's body. "Aren't you afraid we'll get

kicked out of the hotel?" she asked.

Andrew chuckled and took a drag off of his cigarette. "I’d probably be worried

if I wasn't part owner of the hotel."

Rebecca stood silently allowing Andrew's eyes to roam across her body. She

knew she couldn't hide her nervousness but wasn't going to allow him the

satisfaction of hearing her plead or beg. Compton sat quietly for a few

minutes allowing the fear and anticipation to build in the young woman.

Finally he spoke. "It's time to get started, dear."

Rebecca took a deep breath as the door opened to the hallway beyond. She

hesitated for a moment then stepped outside. Andrew entered the hallway with

her and she heard the door lock behind her with a sickening click. Her eyes

darted quickly back and forth, scanning both ends of the corridor, but it was

empty. It was just after 11 p.m. and many of the guests were already settled

into their rooms for the night. Still, the possibility of being seen was very

real. "Follow me," Andrew commanded and she walked behind him down the hall,

her hands handcuffed behind her back. They reached the elevator and Compton

pushed the down button. Rebecca shuddered nervously at the thought of entering

the hotel elevator in the nude.

"You're to take the elevator down to the 2nd floor, Becky. There are some

public restrooms there. In the men's room taped behind a large waste

receptacle is a plastic bag holding the key to the cuffs along with further

instructions." The “ding” announcing the arrival of the elevator startled

Rebecca and she watched nervously as the doors slid opened. To her relief the

elevator was empty. Compton stepped inside and motioned her into it. After she

entered he pushed the button for the 2nd floor, then stepped out again holding

the door open. He allowed himself a moment to drink in the delicious sight of

his beautiful wife standing naked, handcuffed, and helpless in the elevator.

"Good luck. I'll be expecting you in less than an hour," he said with a smile

and then let the doors slide shut.

Alone in the elevator now, Rebecca watched nervously as the floors ticked off

on her journey to the 2nd floor. As each floor number appeared above the door

she expected the elevator to come to a halt to pick up new passengers, but it

continued uninterrupted to her destination.

The doors slid open and the nude woman peered cautiously out of the elevator

before stepping out into the corridor. About twenty feet away Rebecca saw a

large potted floor plant and she scampered quickly to it, kneeling down behind

it. She took a minute to calm her nerves before peering out from behind the

plant to survey the area. On each side of the corridor she saw hotel shops and

boutiques, all of them darkened and shuttered. This would normally be a busy

floor during business hours but at this time of night the area was deserted.

There was no sign of the men’s restroom, though, and the clock was ticking so

the young bride had no choice but to get moving and look for it. She

reluctantly left her hiding spot and began exploring.

“God, this is nuts,” she thought to herself. The whole thing seemed incredibly

surreal, walking naked and handcuffed down the hallway of a large hotel. Six

months ago she could never have imagined doing something like this. But six

months ago she hadn’t yet met Andrew Compton.

She’d met him while working as a waitress at a very upscale downtown

restaurant where he dined frequently. It’d been her very first job after

graduating high school and she hadn’t hesitated a moment in getting the hell

out of her small town and away from her alcoholic mother and the endless

string of "stepfathers." She didn’t have any waitressing experience, but she

did have fresh-faced beauty, and the manager had hired her on the spot. The

city and the restaurant were like a whole different world from the dirt poor

home she’d come from and it hadn’t taken long for Andrew Compton to notice her

or ask her out. He wasn’t a man who was shy about going after what he wanted.

And Rebecca hadn’t exactly been hesitant either in accepting a date with a

rich, handsome man despite the more than ten year age difference.

Andrew had a kind of old-fashioned formality about him – no one ever called

him Andy – and the courtly way he treated her seemed like something from an

earlier era. But beneath the surface she could detect an air of danger and

knew he was not someone to cross or underestimate. Andrew Compton had the

reputation in the business world of being a ruthless and driven competitor.

His wealth had come legally, but not without stretching the law to its limits,

and using everything in his business arsenal to gain a competitive edge. But

around her he’d always been a perfect gentleman and had showered her with

gifts and flowers. And Rebecca had quickly become accustomed to her new

lifestyle. That’s why when Andrew quit calling her for nearly a month she went

into a panic. She'd almost given up hope of seeing him again when the phone

call finally came..

"Meet me at The Arlington restaurant at eight tonight, Becky," Andrew Compton

had said. "We have something very important to talk about."

**Rebecca (Part 2) — Seahawk**

**A VERY STRANGE PROPOSAL**

Rebecca followed the maitre 'd nervously through the upscale restaurant unsure

of what kind of reception she'd be getting from Andrew. He hadn't told her

over the phone what he wanted to talk about and their long separation had

Rebecca expecting the worse. Her heart almost leapt out of her chest when she

saw him sitting alone at the table. He smiled as he stood to greet her.

"Hello, darling," he said and lightly kissed her cheek. Rebecca could smell

his familiar musky, masculine scent and she knew that his absence had made her

want him more than ever.

Rebecca settled down in the chair that had been pulled back for her by the

maitre 'd. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"No thanks, I think we're fine for now," Andrew said and the man returned to

his podium leaving the two of them alone. Andrew pulled an uncorked bottle of

wine from the wine bucket adjacent to the table and filled Rebecca's glass. "I

hope you don't mind but I've ordered the wine and food in advance."

"That’s fine," Rebecca said as a million questions ran through her mind. Was

this a final farewell dinner before he dumped her? Were they getting back

together? Why hadn't he returned her calls in over a month? Was there someone

else? She resisted the urge to blurt out these questions and waited for him to

initiate the conversation.

Andrew held up his wine glass. "You look lovelier than ever, Rebecca." She

clinked her glass against his and felt the calming influence of the wine as it

drained down her throat. They sat in silence for several minutes as Rebecca

picked at the dinner salad that had been placed in front of her.

"It's good to see you again, Andrew," she said finally. "I didn't know if I

ever would again."

"Yes," he replied. "I'm sorry about that, Rebecca, but I had to do some

thinking about our relationship and where I wanted to go with it."

Rebecca felt a nervous chill climb up her back. She noticed that he was

calling her by her full name instead of shortening it to Becky like he usually

did. She wasn’t sure what that meant. "And what did you decide?" she asked,

not at all sure she wanted to know the answer.

A waiter appeared at the table before Andrew could answer and the half-eaten

salad was removed and replaced by a covered entree. The waiter lifted the

cover revealing the spaghetti alle vongole smothered with a sauce of baby

clams, white wine, garlic and olive oil...her favorite. Andrew had ordered the

roasted pheasant for himself. The two of them ate in silence at first and when

they spoke again it was mostly small talk. What had she been doing since he'd

last seen her? Not much, was her reply and that had been the truth. Without

Andrew her life had returned to the dreary routine she'd known prior to

meeting him. Had Andrew done anything special? Just taking care of business

matters mainly, he told her.

The two continued eating in silence until the empty plates were removed.

Andrew re-filled both of their wine glasses as Rebecca's unanswered question

hung over the table. Andrew finally began to speak again. "Rebecca, do you

remember the last time we were together. That night in the hotel?" Rebecca

nodded. Of course she did. He hadn’t called her since. "What were your

feelings when I asked you not to put on your robe when you said you were going

down the hall to the ice machine?"

"I guess I thought you were joking," Rebecca replied.

"Would you have done it if you'd known I wasn't joking?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"I was naked. Someone might have seen me."

"Would that have been so terrible?" he asked.

Rebecca shifted nervously in her seat. "It would’ve been embarrassing."

"Do you think it might have been exciting as well?" Andrew smiled at the

wide-eyed look on her face. "Yes, I mean exciting in a sexual way. Do you

think you might have become aroused by being naked in a public setting?"

"I don't know. Maybe. It would’ve made me very nervous."

Andrew smiled again. "That's good, Rebecca. Being nervous and excited is very

good. It makes you feel alive doesn't it?"

"Why are you asking me these things?"

Andrew leaned in toward her as if letting her in on a secret. "Rebecca there

are two things in my life that go beyond normal passions and needs into the

area of obsession. The first of those things is making money and gaining the

power that having wealth brings." Rebecca took a nervous sip of wine as she

listened to him speak. "Do you know what my second obsession is, Rebecca?"

"Sex?"

"That's very important, yes, but I think my appetites fall within the norm in

that regard."

Rebecca didn't offer up any more guesses and waited for him to continue. He

fixed his gaze on her and spoke again.

"Rebecca, I've had strong fantasies ever since I was a child...fantasies about

public exhibitionism, about naked flesh in a public setting. Not my own naked

flesh. I don't find the male body particularly attractive, not even my own.

But a beautiful nude female body revealed in a public setting...my god,

there's an awesome power and excitement in that, especially if the woman is

not entirely willing."

Rebecca could feel her heart pounding in her chest and a nervous energy filled

her body as the direction this conversation was heading started to become

obvious to her.

"You have to understand, Rebecca, that this is not a normal fantasy...it's

something that permeates my dreams. The nervous excitement, energy, arousal,

and humiliation of the exhibitionist is something I feed off of and derive

power from. It's not something I want, Rebecca...it's something I need."

Rebecca stared down into her wine glass, avoiding Andrew's gaze. "I..I don't

think I could ever do anything like that," she said at last.

"Do you love me, Rebecca?" he asked.

"Yes."

Andrew smiled. "That's good because I've realized over this past month that

I'm in love with you, too. I couldn't stop thinking about you." Rebecca was

thrilled by these words.

Andrew continued. "One of the things I find most intoxicating about you is

your innocence and lack of vanity. Those are rare qualities in a beautiful

woman." Rebecca listened silently, not sure what to say. "In fact, I've

decided that I want to marry you."

Rebecca looked up at Andrew stunned. She hadn't been expecting this at all.

"You do?"

"Yes, I want that very much. There's only one thing standing in our way." He

leaned in very close to her now and lowered his voice. "I need to exhibit your

nude body to people, Rebecca, in places where nudity is not normal or

expected. I need to feel what you're feeling when you experience that. It's

something I have to know that you'll do for me whenever I ask."

Rebecca's head was spinning now. "Couldn't you just hire someone to do that

for you?" she asked, a little shocked by her own suggestion.

"You mean hookers or strippers? I wouldn’t get any satisfaction from women

like that. I need someone who’d find what I asked them to do daring and

exciting. Or, even better, frightening and humiliating.” He leaned in even

closer and looked intensely into her eyes. “I need someone like you, Rebecca."

Rebecca took another nervous sip of wine and avoided his eyes as she stared at

her glass. "What are you talking about here, Andrew? I'm not sure exactly what

you’d want me to do. Are you talking about going down the hall naked for ice

or being naked in front of a lot of people?"

"Both. Sometimes I'll ask you to do things where you might not be seen at all.

The thrill will come from the possibility of being seen. Other times there’ll

be no question that people will see your nude body."

"How often would you ask me to do these kinds of things?" Rebecca couldn’t

believe she was even considering this.

"Not often. It might be weeks or months at a time between experiences. It's

important to me that you never become jaded or accustomed to it. You'll never

know ahead of time when I'll ask and that will be part of the excitement of

it. It could happen at any time and anywhere."

"And what if I refuse to do it?"

"I'd consider it a breach of our wedding vows and grounds for divorce. You

wouldn't get much in the settlement either. I have very good lawyers and a

pre-nuptial agreement will be part of the deal."

Rebecca sat stunned by what she was hearing, unable to speak. This was

sounding more like a business negotiation than a wedding proposal and Andrew

Compton seldom walked away from those with less than what he wanted.

"Rebecca,” he continued, “I want to take care of you. I'll treat you like a

princess. You'll have wealth and everything you want in this world. We'll

raise a family together. I just need you to do this one thing for me. I can't

marry you without the promise that you will."

"I..I don’t know if I can. I don't know if I'm capable of doing the things

you're asking."

"There’s one way to find out," he said.

"How?" She looked into his face but he didn't answer. He just leaned back in

his chair and stared at her intensely. With a growing realization it began

dawning on her what he was suggesting. Her eyes grew wide as she looked around

the crowded restaurant. Every table was filled and there were more diners

standing near the front waiting for a table. "Here?" she whispered in shock.

Andrew Compton pulled a small box out of his pocket, opened it, and set it on

the table in front of her. It was a diamond engagement ring and to Rebecca it

was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

"Rebecca, there's a women's restroom at the back of the restaurant. I'd like

you to go in there, freshen up, and think about everything I've said here. If

you decide you can't go through with it then just return to the table and

we'll leave. We'll both know at that point that it's not going to work out

between us."

Rebecca closed her eyes and could feel her head spinning knowing what he was

going to say next.

"But if you decide you do want to marry me, to live the life that I'm

offering, then I want you to remove all of your clothes and put them in the

trash can. Every stitch. Even your shoes. Leave your purse here at the table.

If you return to the table in the nude then I'll know that you've accepted my

conditions as part of our marriage contract."

**Rebecca (Part 3)**

**REBECCA’S DECISION**

Rebecca shoved open the door to the women's restroom and walked quickly to the

sink. A woman applying make-up was the only other occupant. Rebecca turned on

the cold water tap and began rubbing water over her face. "Are you alright,

dear," she heard the woman say. "You look ill."

"I'm fine, thanks," Rebecca replied as she made her way into one of the

stalls, latching it behind her. She stood leaning against the side of the

stall, tears welling up in her eyes, a torrent of different emotions rushing

through her. She heard footsteps, then the door opening and closing as the

restroom turned silent. Rebecca began sobbing quietly, unsure of what to do.

The marriage proposal was a dream-come-true for her but the conditions

attached to it were almost unthinkable. Could she possibly walk naked out into

a crowded restaurant? And even if she did it could she possibly do that kind

of thing over and over again? That might be the worst part of all...not

knowing when or where Andrew might ask her to take her clothes off. She'd be

in a constant state of anxiety! Rebecca wiped her eyes and tried to think it

through logically. I'm only considering this because I love him, she thought

to herself, but knew immediately that wasn't completely true. She did love him

but would she have ever considered doing this if Andrew had been some working

class stiff struggling from paycheck to paycheck? Not a chance in hell. She'd

never thought of herself as being particularly materialistic before but when

you grow up poor and then get a taste of the other side of life it's hard to

go back. Money matters, she thought, not wanting to lie to herself. Money

always matters when you don't have any.

Rebecca wiped her eyes and could feel her fingers trembling as they fumbled

with the zipper behind her back. She slid her hands beneath the straps of her

dress and pulled it down her body to the floor. As she stepped out of it she

saw it lying in a crumpled heap on the stall floor. That's my favorite dress

and I'm going to throw it in the trash, she thought numbly, barely believing

that she was actually going through with this. But he'll buy me another. Oh,

he's going to buy me whole closets full of beautiful dresses for doing this,

I'll make sure of that!

Rebecca continued undressing until she held all of her clothes and shoes in a

ball against her bare stomach. She unlatched the stall door and walked to the

large white trash can in the corner. There was one last moment of doubt and

hesitation before she shoved the lid open and jammed her clothes into it.

As she turned toward the door she got a glimpse of herself in the mirror and

the full shock of what she was doing hit her. A wave of panic and despair

washed over her as she stared at her naked body in the mirror. Her face had

turned a beet red and the unmistakable feelings of arousal were coursing

through her. Andrew was right about what I'd experience, she thought to

herself. This is exactly what he wants.

Rebecca stood at the restroom door for what seemed like an eternity, terrified

of what she knew was in store for her beyond it. She breathed deeply trying to

calm herself, half-expecting the door to open at any moment. "Oh, god," she

said quietly as she pulled the door open and stepped out into her new life.

**COMPLETING THE ASSIGNMENT**

Rebecca approached the end of the hotel corridor, afraid of what she might

find around the corner. She paused for a moment, thinking back to the night of

that bizarre wedding proposal and all of the eyes staring at her as she walked

out of the restroom. She’d never forget the gasps and snickers, or the look of

intense delight on Andrew’s face as he saw her, like a junkie who’d just

gotten a much needed fix. She’d thought her legs were going to buckle beneath

her until Andrew took hold of her and escorted her to the door. That had been

her only nude-in-public experience. Until tonight. Her wedding night.

Rebecca tried to put that night out of her mind and concentrate on the task at

hand. She needed to find the men’s restroom. She poked her head around the

corner and saw, with a shock, that there was a bar at the end of the hall and

it was open and serving customers! And, in the corridor just outside the open

door of the lounge, was the men’s room.

She closed her eyes and silently cursed Andrew. She should’ve known he wasn’t

going to make this easy. She had to get to the bathroom so she had no choice

but to go down the hall towards the bar. Rebecca stepped around the corner and

began creeping along the wall trying to remain invisible to the people

drinking within the lounge. She could hear music tinkling from inside as a

piano player played quiet tunes for the bored late night drinkers.

Rebecca moved as stealthily as she could down the hall until she was opposite

the men’s room door on the other side of the corridor. This was obviously the

restroom used by the bar so the chances of someone being inside were good, but

what choice did she have but to go in? She dashed across the hallway, breasts

bouncing as she ran, and pushed her way through the door into the bathroom.

Thankfully, the bathroom was empty. Rebecca found the white trash receptacle

near the sink and slid it away from the wall with her foot. She breathed a

sigh of relief as a plastic bag taped to the rear of it containing a key and a

note came into sight. Awkwardly she turned around and removed the bag and

began tearing it open. She heard the key clatter to the floor. The nude girl

sat down on the cold tile floor and, with her hands still cuffed behind her

back, tried to pick it up. Thank god they keep this floor clean, she thought,

as she finally managed to retrieve the key and began fumbling around trying to

put it in the handcuffs lock. The key fell again to the floor. This is no

good, she thought, aware that a bar bathroom probably wouldn't remain vacant

for long. With an effort she struggled to her feet and, bending over at the

waist, attempted to slide her handcuffed wrists past her butt. The cuffs bit

into her wrists as she strained but she finally felt them slip past to her

rear thighs. Then, sitting down again, she brought her legs through freeing

her arms. With her arms now in front of her the process of retrieving the key

and unlocking the cuffs was much easier and they soon snapped open. Rebecca

tossed them into the wastebasket and, grabbing the note, fled into one of the

stalls to read it.

"Congratulations on successfully completing the first part of the game. I

figured that someone as limber as you should have no problem finding a way to

escape from the handcuffs. Or did you require assistance?

Now for your next task. This will be relatively straightforward since I don't

want to challenge you too much on your first time out. I'm sure you noticed

that small bar nearby. The bartender will be expecting you. He's saving you a

seat at the bar. All you have to do is go in and order a drink and he’ll hand

you a note with further instructions. I'll be in the corner of the bar

watching. Please don't acknowledge me in any way.

Oh, by the way, the bartender will not allow you to charge the drink to the

room. I'm afraid you'll have to find someone in the bar to buy it for you."

Rebecca sighed as she read the instructions. All of the stealth and caution

she’d used to avoid being seen by the customers in the bar had been for

nothing. She was going to have to walk right in naked and belly up to the bar

for a drink! And then, god only knows what the next set of instructions will

bring.

Rebecca knew that the clock was ticking so she had no choice but to get

moving. She had no doubt that Andrew would lock her out of the room naked all

night if she was even a minute late. She stepped out of the stall, crumpled up

the note and tossed it into the trash. At least the cuffs were gone now making

this marginally less humiliating. A sense of déjà vu came over her as she

thought back to the last time she stepped out of a restroom totally naked. At

least she wasn’t a total novice at this, she thought to herself, so maybe that

will make it easier. That was her hope anyway. She pushed the door open,

stepped into the corridor, and walked without hesitation through open door of

the bar.

**Rebecca (Part 4)**

The hotel lounge was only about half full but Rebecca could feel every head in

the place swivel her direction as she walked in. The customers were mainly

bored businessmen although there were several couples sitting at tables

talking quietly. In the corner she saw Andrew sitting at a table, his eyes

focused intently on her. Rebecca turned her eyes from him and walked to the

bar.

The bartender smiled and tossed a napkin down in front of her like it was the

most natural thing in the world for a nude woman to walk into his bar. Rebecca

sat down on the stool next to a businessman in a rumpled white shirt and tacky

tie. "Whoa," the man exclaimed as the naked woman sat down beside him. Rebecca

could smell the whiskey on his breath from where she sat. "Hello there,

darlin'."

Rebecca forced a smile onto her face. "Hi. Would you mind buying me a drink?"

"Sure thing," the man replied and he managed to tear his eyes off of her

breasts long enough to shove a crumpled up wad of bills toward the bartender.

"Get her whatever she wants, barkeep."

The bartender smiled. "My name's Jimmy. What can I get you?"

"I'll have a glass of Chardonnay please, Jimmy."

"My name's Ed," her companion in the next seat said. "What's yours?"

"I'm Suzy," she replied, not wanting to give the man her real name.

"Pleased to meet ya, Suzy. Damn you got the nicest tits I ever seen. And they

look real, too."

Rebecca tried to ignore the man as Jimmy brought her glass of wine along with

a note. She felt a tingle of anticipation as she opened it, not knowing what

to expect next.

"Congratulations on your progress so far, Becky. Only one task remains and

then you can return to the room. After you finish your drink you will request

a song from the piano player, and I want you to sing it for the bar. You know

what song I want to hear. Once you've finished the bartender will give you

your room key and you may leave at any time."

She knew what song Andrew wanted. Danny Boy. His grandmother had come from

Ireland and used to sing it to him as a young boy. Hearing it was one of the

few things in the world that could move him to tears.

Rebecca's new friend Ed was engaging in a drunken one-sided conversation with

her that she’d been tuning out. He apparently thought that her "outfit" was

the latest fashion for hookers in the area and he couldn't have been more

pleased about it. Rebecca felt Ed's hand on her back and she quickly gulped

down her glass of wine. "Excuse me Ed, but I want to request a song from the

piano man." She rose from her stool and all eyes were on her as she approached

the piano. She waited self-consciously until he finished his song and then

spoke briefly into his ear. He nodded and began to play. Rebecca looked around

the bar nervously and began to sing:

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling

From glen to glen, and down the mountain side

The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying

'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow

Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow

'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow

Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

Rebecca sang with a strong, clear voice. She loved to sing and, for the moment

anyway, she forgot about her nudity. She was lost in the moment and the crowd

listened with rapt attention to the beautiful song.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying

And I am dead, as dead I well may be

You'll come and find the place where I am lying

And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me

And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be

If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me

I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

There was silence for a moment, then the crowd erupted in applause. Rebecca

blushed then took a small bow. In the corner she could see Andrew clapping as

well, a tear running down his cheek. A rush of adrenaline ran through her and

she couldn't help but smile as she returned to the bar.

"That was damn good," she heard Ed slur and felt his hand on her ass. She

turned to him and smiled. "Ed, would you mind buying me another drink?"

"Sure thing, hon," he replied and removed his hand to reach for his wallet.

Jimmy placed another glass of wine in front of her along with the room key.

"That was wonderful singing," he said. Rebecca blushed again at the

compliment. "Thanks Jimmy." As she sat down on the stool she could once again

feel Ed's hand, this time moving up her thigh. She took a quick sip then

turned to her seat companion and threw the remainder of the wine into his

face.

A shocked and surprised Ed sat back with wine dripping off of his face onto

his white shirt. "You f\_cking bitch... "

Rebecca grabbed the room key and turned to Jimmy as she walked toward the

exit, "I'm sorry I can't leave you a tip."

"No problem," the bartender laughed. "You're presence here was tip enough."

With that Rebecca strode through the open door of the bar into the hallway

beyond.

As she walked down the corridor Rebecca's brief exhilaration began to fade as

she heard the sound of footsteps behind her. Nervously she picked up the pace,

afraid to look back. Reaching the elevator she pushed the up button just as a

hand grabbed her and spun her around. In her face was a drunk and angry Ed.

"Where the hell do you think you're going you little prick tease. The party's

not over yet." He leaned over and attempted to plant a kiss on her as Rebecca

struggled to push him away, his foul-smelling breath nauseating her. Suddenly

a hand seized Ed by the throat and he gasped for breath as Andrew Compton

slammed him against the opposite wall. Ed took a wild swing but Andrew blocked

it easily and slammed his knee into Ed's groin. The color went out of Ed's

face as he slumped to his knees in pain. Andrew grabbed the man by his hair

and then buried a fist into the man’s gut. What little air was left exploded

out of Ed's lungs and he crumpled into a heap on the floor, gasping and

retching. Compton looked on for a moment with a cruel grin at the sight of the

beaten man, then turned and led his wife into the open elevator.

As the elevator climbed upward the man and wife found themselves in an embrace

of hungry passion. The embarrassment, humiliation, fear and adrenaline that

Rebecca had experienced were now fueling a fire inside her that she'd never

felt before. She greedily tore at Andrew's clothes wanting to feel him inside

of her. As the elevator doors slid open, Andrew swept her off of her feet and

carried her in his arms down the hallway to their room, pausing only briefly

to unlock the door. Then Andrew Compton carried his young bride across the

threshold into their bridal suite, kicking the door shut behind him.

Moments later the Comptons consummated their wedding vows.