**Rebecca**

bySeahawk76©

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)**

**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.