

Chapter Two

Finding a quiet hallway Regina pulled the loosened cork from the bottle and took a long swig nearly choking on the surprisingly sweet liquor. She had never been much of a drinker due to the fact her father despised it, having grown up with an alcoholic father himself, and had banned it from their home. During high school she succumbed to peer pressure and had the occasional beer but in truth alcohol never really appealed to her.

Drinking now only depressed her more but she still took another long gulp ghting her own self-loathing. Was she really this weak? Was this the image she wanted Savannah to see when she thought of her mother?

Since birth Savannah was her world and Regina would do anything for her little girl. No sacrifice was too great. More than anything she wanted her daughter to know all things were possible and no dream was too big. She could do anything if she put her mind to it.

But it was a thought that was getting harder for Regina to believe in. With every rejection, her dream of being on Broadway slipped further away. How was she supposed to tell Savannah to reach for the stars when all Regina ever clutched was dirt?

Regina downed another swig from the bottle. She stumbled and caught herself. Her face was so warm it felt like she had a fever. Her mind was racing yet a sudden thought occurred to her that if she was found roaming the mansion in this state it would cause trouble.

Trying a nearby door she found it unlocked and stumbled into a bedroom. It was richly decorated with a king-size, four-poster bed and furniture upholstered in leather. Leave it to the rich to live decadently. The thought however was eating as Regina turned the lock on the door to prevent anyone else from wandering in and discovering her.

Reaching the seating area she shrugged off her maroon jacket that was part of her sister's uniform. Pulling her hair out of its taming ponytail she collapsed into one of the chairs. She took another long swallow from the bottle almost choking on it. Coughing she set it aside. If she was hoping the alcohol would erase her frustrations she was mistaken. Tears came unbidden to her eyes as a wave of disappointment hit her.

In high school the drama club was always relatively small so it wasn't uncommon for each actor to receive two or three parts as there were almost always more roles than actors. But that was not the case in the real world. In the real world there were far too many actors and not enough roles to go around and if one didn't fit the image the director wanted it was impossible to make a living let alone succeed.

One director actually told her she was not star material only to point to some ditsy brunette who couldn't hold a tune declaring that was what a star looked like. It was enough to make her scream. If not for Renata's pity she wouldn't even have the catering job to fall back on. She often ran late because of tediously long auditions so most employers would have red her long ago. But eventually something had to give. She couldn't live with her parents forever.

Her mother kept offering to talk to her own employers. She claimed the Stantons were very nice people and would help but Regina didn't want her success to be because of someone else. Renata said she was being stubborn and pig-headed. Everyone used their connections to get ahead in life and it was foolish not to use the ones she had. Perhaps she was being stubborn but it wasn't as if she actually knew the Stantons herself. Why would they want to help their housekeeper's daughter anyway?

The door suddenly rattled with heavy-handed strikes startling her from her circling thoughts. Despite the fact her mind was very numb she realized she was in trouble. Standing up suddenly she fought a wave of dizziness as she looked for a secondary exit. The only other door led to a private bathroom leaving the windows which did not look like they would open easily.

"Hey! Who locked this door!" a voice bellowed from the other side.

Regina hesitated. As much as she didn't want to be caught in this room there was no doubt the person on the other side would attract a lot of attention if she didn't let them in. Walking to the door she wondered if they would believe she had gotten lost. If she pleaded perhaps they wouldn't blame her sister? Crap, what about her breath?

Unlocking the door before the angry solicitor could attract attention Regina opened it and immediately stumbled back as the person on the other side staggered forward hanging on the door to keep themselves upright. Her bad luck was only getting worse. Despite his clearly drunken demeanor he was obviously not a servant. She didn't need to see his suit's label to know it was expensive, far too expensive for the hired help. One word from him could have her thrown in jail for trespassing.

However his anger dissipated to surprise as he stared at her. His frame lled the door making it impossible for her to simply slip around him and he didn't show any signs of moving. Even in her current state Regina could tell he was young, probably only a few years older than herself. His dark brown hair hung enticingly over his forehead and his brown eyes studied her with an appraising gleam. Idly she wondered what he thought of this unexpected meeting as his brow furrowed.

Suddenly he lurched forward, grasped her hand and dragged her close crushing their lips together. Caught off guard Regina wasn't sure how to react before placing her hands on his chest and pushing them apart.

"Wh-what are you doing?"

"Anything you want to do, baby," he chuckled stepping forward and swinging the door closed before he pulled her close again. "Why else are you in my room?"

"Your room?" Regina swallowed hard. "No, I..."

He cut her off with another kiss. The smell of bourbon was almost overpowering as he cradled her body against his. His tongue invaded her mouth, twisting and tangling with hers as his hands caressed her curves drawing out a moan before she realized it.

"Hmm, wait...no..." Regina tried to put distance between them. He didn't seem upset to find her in his room which meant she had a chance to escape without being thrown out. "Sorry, I didn't mean...I didn't know this was your room...I can leave...and..."

Taking her hand he suddenly spun her around and pulled her close to him. His other hand slipped around her waist and he hummed as he waltzed with her. It was far too surreal for her to process and the spinning made her practically giddy on top of the alcohol muddling her thoughts. He paused gallantly dipping her before losing his balance.

They fell onto the bed together. His lips captured hers again as he caressed her. Ducking his head he nibbled at the nape of her neck peaking out of the collar of her shirt sending tremors of pleasure through her. It had been so long since anyone had touched her or looked at her without a thin veil of disgust. She didn't want this moment to end. In fact she wanted more.

He fumbled with the buttons of her blouse before finally succeeding. His hands gently groped her breasts as he buried his face between the soft mounds. Regina moaned appreciation. Freeing her breasts from her bra he hungrily devoured them teasing her nipples and sending more tremors of pleasure through her like electrical currents.

Regina writhed with satisfaction needing more. Her first time with her ex-boyfriend had been as forgettable as it was short. It had been over almost from the moment it started. As impatient as he had been to get her consent his only thought was to get his dick inside of her before his premature ejaculation. It was over in minutes and left her feeling dirty and ashamed.

But those thoughts couldn't be further from her mind now. She didn't know it could also feel like this. These sensations were all so new and overwhelming. It was glorious and this man definitely knew what he was doing as he teased more and more enjoyment from her.

Regina gasped as his engorged member thrust inside of her. She had been so overcome with the waves of euphoria she hadn't even realized he expertly peeled away the layers of cloth separating them until he was suddenly inside of her. His teasing had relaxed and stimulated her body so much it offered little resistance to his entry and she was so wet he slid in with ease. She moaned with the new sensations now bursting deep within her core disappointed it was almost at its end.

But it wasn't.

With a groan he pulled back before thrusting into her again finding his rhythm and teasing her in ways she didn't even know were possible. She rocked with him reveling in the friction of their bodies as they molded themselves to each other. Her body suddenly seemed to have a mind of its own arching to encourage him further as his pace increased.

Pleasure seized her as she clenched around his stiff rod. He slowed teasing her lingering orgasm before increasing his pace again. He was an animal. Regina could barely keep up as her moans grew louder, more urgent, and encouraged him to even greater exploits.

Her next climax came in a rush and he groaned finally succumbing to his own pouring himself inside of her. Before he passed out he mumbled, "Damn, you're the best fuck I've ever had."

Still convulsing from their intense session Regina gave in to the exhaustion weighing down on her and fell into contented sleep.