

## Rideshare

Isha

I looked at myself in the mirror. I'm in a very daring dress. Something I've never worn before, but when I saw it in the store yesterday, I just had to have it. It was red, re engine red. My br\*asts were cupped in a corset-like top with a daring V that emphasized my deep cleavage. The material was somewhat see-through around the waist and the skirt of the dress was owing to the oor in gauzy material. The underslip of the dress was a nude color, just as my thigh-high stockings were and it all blended well. I had ve-inch silver sandal heels on that had small crystals glued around the straps. My black hair was curled over one shoulder. My lips were a bold red and I had black cat eyeliner and smokey eyeshadow.

"You look beautiful," Jason said from behind me. He walked up to me. His 5'10" frame looking at both of us in the mirror. He had on a standard black rented tux. His brown hair was slicked back. He had shaven, and his white skin looked awless. His moss-green eyes sparkled at me. Jason was a very handsome man, and I loved him. Even if he might be having an affair.

"Thank you, you look very handsome," I said in a whisper. I could feel tears pricking my eyes. No matter how freeing the alcohol made me feel last night. I was hurting now, and couldn't fathom him being with another woman.

His recent neglect towards me and our marriage was hurting me.

"Hey, hey, what's the matter, are you okay?" he asked, turning me around.

"I just...I love you," I said.

He sighed and hugged me.

"Oh Isha, my business is starting to really ourish, and after tonight, if I win the award, it'll ourish even more. I'll be on top of the world."

Money. Why was it always about money with him lately?

"Right, well, we better go. Don't want to be late," I said.

He smiled and picked up a thick envelope that was on the table by our bed.

"What is that?"

He looked at it and then looked at me guiltily, "It's just something I need to have with me. Something I've been thinking about. But, depending on how tonight goes, I have to have it on me."

"Ohhhkay," I said, confused.

I grabbed my red beaded clutch and we left the house. I was surprised to see he had ordered a limo. I thought we were just driving into town.

"Why the limo?"

"Oh, did I not tell you we were picking up Mr. Montgomery and his daughter tonight? The ceremony is in Denver," he said.

"No, you didn't tell me any of this," I said. My heart rate picked up. Madilyn Montgomery, the woman I suspected my husband was having an affair with, was going to be in the car with us.

Ten minutes later we were pulling up a long driveway.

"This is what sold this ranch to Mr. Montgomery. He really liked the long driveway, plus the history of the house captured him too," Jason said enthusiastically.

We pulled to a stop in front of a yellow two-story farmhouse with a huge front porch. Madilyn and her father were standing there. Madilyn had on a pink short cocktail dress that had a short slit up her left leg. The dress looked to be satin, and it was tied on one shoulder in a big bow. She had on pink high heels. Her blonde hair was in a pretty curled updo.

Jason stepped out, and she had a huge smile on her face, Mr. Montgomery shook Jason's hand. He was the rst to get in the limo. His surprised expression on his face at seeing me morphed into an appreciative glance.

He was in his mid-fties. He was very distinguished looking. He had blonde hair that he must keep dyed, and crystal clear blue eyes. He sat across from me, Madilyn got in next. When she saw me her smile dimmed. She went to sit next to me so she would have been in the middle of me and Jason, but her father told her to come sit next to him. His eyes never left mine. I blushed slightly and his smile deepend.

When Jason got back in, I noticed he couldn't take his eyes off of Madilyn's long legs.

"Jason, who is this stunning creature? Is she your date? Maybe your assistant?"

"What? Oh, no, she's my wife," he said, dgeting. Why was he acting uncomfortable?

"Your wife? I didn't know you were married."

"Yes, for the last year and a half," I said, with a small smile.

"Oh, I guess I never noticed a ring on Jason's nger, not that I was looking," Mr. Montgomery said.

"Really? Maybe he forgot it at home or at his oce," I said.

"Isha, I always wear it, it just wasn't noticed," Jason said.

I looked at Madilyn, and she had a smirk on her face. She uncrossed her legs and right in front of me and her father she slightly opened them.

Jason, I could hear and see from the corner of my eyes. His breathing started to increase. This brazen hussy. We had to be the same age. I was only twenty-four and a half, my birthday was in six months. Yet she's acting like a h\*my teenager.

I hit the button so the window could start to go down.

"Why are you rolling down the window? It's perfectly ne in here," Jason asked.

"There was a sudden seafood-like smell, it made me nauseous," I said. Okay that was childish, but I didn't f\*cking care.

Madilyn's mouth dropped open and she closed her legs. I gave her a smirk this time.

The conversation was stilted, and I wanted to yell at Jason when Mr. Montgomery asked what I did for a living.

"She's just a stay-at-home housewife."

"There's nothing wrong with that. She makes your house a home, so you don't have to stress about the little things and concentrate on your work. I imagine it will be a great relief to you when you start having children," Mr. Montgomery said. I smiled at him.

"Mr. Montgomery," I started to say. I was going to reveal what I actually did for work.

"Please call me Paul," he said.

"Paul," I said with a smile, "I."

"Daddy, you have to introduce Jason to all your friends that will be there tonight. You are an honored guest. I mean you just bought twenty acres of land and with the history of the house on it, you'll be regaling your story all night. Which means your friends will be on your every word, so you must make sure you introduce all of them to Jason."

"Of course, Princess. Jason really found me a real estate gem. I'll denitely sing his praises."

I decided not to let Paul know what I did for a living and instead ask about the history of the house.

"Oh, Jason didn't tell you? Well, I'm a huge Doc Holliday fan. Rumor has it that the house we live in now Doc Holliday owned and somewhere on the land is buried treasure. I don't plan to live here all the time. The house has ten bedrooms, a parlor, a huge dining room, and a gorgeouse kitchen. I plan to get some horses, and I'm going to turn it into a bed and breakfast. Madi is going to run it for me. She will be living here full-time. Jason is actually looking for a nice place for her to live, because she said she didn't want to live where she worked."

"Interesting," I said.

"JJ is working really hard to nd me the perfect place. I hope soon he will have the place I want."

"JJ?" I asked.

"Oh," Madilyn giggled. "It's just a nickname I've started calling Jason. It's young and hip."

"Is it?" I dead panned.

"Well, maybe someone your age wouldn't nd it that way. What are you thirty?"

"Madilyn Leigh, manners," Paul barked.

"I'm twenty-four actually, will be twenty-ve in six months. JJ, as you call him, is thirty."

"Oh, well, sorry I thought you were older. I'm only twenty-two. I can't really tell how old people are."

"Then maybe don't try to guess," Paul said. "I'm sorry, Isha, since Madilyn's mother left she's been a little moody. She takes it out on others. Not that I am excusing her behavior. She's a grown woman who shouldn't act like she's thirteen."

I smiled at the slight digs at Madilyn. She huffed and crossed her arms. She glared at Jason and Jason looked everywhere but at her.

The rest of the drive was just Paul and I talking. He was subtly irting with me and I couldn't help lapping it up. Jason hadn't looked at me since Madilyn got in the car. She was avoiding me and I think it was because he didn't want to piss her off even more than she seemed to be. Daddy dearest was giving me all the attention. She didn't like it.

When we pulled up to the building where the ceremony was, I was surprised to see there were photographers and a freaking red carpet.

"There will be some high-prole people here tonight, that's why there's all this hoopla," Paul said.

I nodded.

Jason got out of the car when the door was opened and before I could move, Madilyn launched herself across the car and grabbed the hand Jason held out for me. She wrapped herself around his arm, smiling at the cameras. I was waiting for Jason to correct her, but he just started walking. I was abbergated.

I froze for a minute, contemplating that maybe I should have the driver drive me back home.

"Come, you can be on my arm," Paul said. I could see he was upset by his daughter's behavior. I nodded. He got out and held his hand out for me. The photographers went wild. People yelled, wanting to know who I was. They called out to Paul, asking if I was a new ame. Are there wedding bells in the future. I blushed profusely, probably adding fuel to the re.

Paul took it all in stride, he even wrapped an arm around my waist for some of the pictures.

"Play along, maybe it'll light a re in your husband's a\*s," he whispered in my ear. I threw back my head and laughed.

I felt myself cheer up a little. It felt good to not be ignored.