

QUESTIONS AND UNFORGIVABLE BETRAYALS

QUICK AUTHOR'S NOTE

HELLO THERE, AND WELCOME TO THIS LITTLE CREATIVE IDEA OF MINE.

This is a two-in-one book. The first book, Penny's Perfect Revenge, deals with a weak woman who slowly discovers the strength she has within. Now, I know a lot of you are not comfortable with the portrayal of a weak character, but the sad reality is that not every woman has that iron steel resolve you all love to see. This book is very dear to my heart because it is based off a true story, and I wrote it to raise awareness and to point out some of the stupid mistakes we as women make in the name of love and fear of abandonment.

BOOK TWO: This is titled Saving the Senator's Daughter (starts at the chapter named, A Father's Greatest Fear)- It's a captivating story about a spiteful woman who hides her heart under a thick wall of condescension and brattiness and a former maa killing machine who has convinced himself that he's incapable of love. What do you think will happen when they crash? Keep reading to find out.

I sincerely hope you are patient enough to keep reading, because trust me, Book One will really frustrate you, but I can totally guarantee that it will all be worth it in the end.

With that said, let's proceed to the story. ♥

(Penny's POV)

"And so a toast, to my amazing husband, Fabian Tarantino, and to the greatest friend I could ever wish for, Kira Atkinson," I raised my glass of champagne at the two of them, the two people who had come to mean the entire world to me. My smile was wide, my heart almost bursting with joy at the fact that despite their insanely busy schedules, they had still managed to spare some time to attend my Vice Presidency acceptance party, even though I'd told them that I would totally understand if they couldn't make it. "I don't know what I'd do without you two, Kira, Fabian. To many more years of love, and friendship and support."

"Hear, hear," The crowd chorused happily as I made my way off the podium and to my special seat. Since the party was in my honor, an elaborate ceremony to celebrate my wonderful achievement as the first woman and the youngest person to ever bag the role of vice president for our prestigious firm, I was given a guest of honor status, meaning I wasn't sitting with my family and all the people at work who had come to support my big moment.

My life was perfect.

The room buzzed with conversation and laughter, the shuing of plates and the clinking of glasses as the party continued around me. Music filled the air, and guests mingled, getting to know one another. It made me contented, for being someone who didn't have her own family aside from her husband's family and Kira, I seldom enjoyed the joys that came with feeling like you belonged. But now, thanks to Fabian and Kira though, those days of enjoyment and happiness were becoming more frequent. They were my family, they were my everything.

You know how they say that sometimes the fates bring people into your life for a reason?

I think Kira was brought into mine to fill that void that had always been in my heart.

You see, I grew up in the foster-care system, and the first people who took me in when I was just a baby were perfect. They were the ones who gave me their last name. Unfortunately, I lost them way too early, throwing me back into the system again where I was tossed from one home to another.

What type of abuse didn't I endure?

I have seen them all, and I know it scarred me, changed me, made me untrusting and, in an implicit sense, weak, but hey... I'm taking it a step at a time, and while I am not completely where I want to be yet, I have surely gotten better, trust me.

I snapped out of my melancholic thoughts, tuning back into the celebration. Now wasn't the time to be down and pensive? It was a celebration for crying out loud.

My celebration.

From where I sat, I had the perfect view of the happy people all around me celebrating with me. I noticed every little detail, like how Mr. Laswell, our company's Chief Financial Officer, sneakily handed his card over to a waitress even as he sat right next to his wife, his right hand lovingly caressing hers as she chatted with another woman sitting beside her, totally oblivious.

Men.

Were they ever going to change?

There was no denying that I had landed a jackpot with Fabian though. He was perfect, and after three years of a blissful marriage, I believed that more and more each day.

He would never do something as callous as this.

I trusted him completely.

My heart warmed as I searched for my husband among the crowd, finding him seated with Kira, talking and laughing animatedly.

Were they always this close?

I'd been trying for so long to get them to be friendly, but it never really worked. I mean, they were cordial, but you know, I wanted them to be more.

It was nice to see them like that.

Though knowing them, this was all the alcohol and things would go back to being all formal and awkward for me the next time I interacted with them sans wine.

I chuckled to myself, digging into my dinner and just enjoying the music.

I was snapped out of my thoughts as a looming figure approached my table.

Mr. Reynolds.

Nathaniel Reynolds was one of the members of my firm's board, and while I wanted to say that he was just here to congratulate me on my promotion, the serious and urgent look on his face made me unsure.

Nevertheless, I greeted him with a warm smile, "Nathan! Thank you so much for honoring my invite and coming to the party."

He smiled softly at me, "I wouldn't miss it for the world, Penny. I hope you're enjoying your celebration."

"Yes, it's been wonderful so far," I replied.

Nathan leaned in slightly, his voice lowered as a shameful look graced his features, "Pen, I hate to interrupt the festivities, but a very important meeting just came up. It involves some of our consignments. Word on the streets is that the Diavoli have them. We need you back at the office. It won't take too long, but it's urgent."

I furrowed my brows, my excitement dampening. "A meeting now? Can't it wait until tomorrow?" The Diavoli, the most notorious Mafia gang in the city, was truly getting out of hand, but surely, their shenanigans did not have to ruin my beautiful night?

And knowing Alu-Steele and Co, they never did meetings that 'didn't take too long', even Nathan knew this, he just wanted to butter me up so I'd say yes.

I was seriously hoping that he'd say yes to my question, but he only shook his head, "I'm afraid not, Pen. This is really important. We can't reschedule and, as vice president, we really need your input. I promise, it won't take too long."

"Now, come on, Nathan..." I admonished him, "Don't bullshit me, you and I both know we'll probably be there till morning."

He couldn't say a freaking word to counter that.

I sighed softly, realizing that duty called, and that I wasn't going to be able to get out of this. It'll just pain me in bad light to the old sore losers I'd manage to beat to become vice. "Well, alright, Nathan, I'll head back to the office, but let me first say goodbye to my family."

"Of course, of course. By all means, please do, Pen... I'll meet you there."

I watched him leave, standing up and grabbing my stuff.

I nodded and thanked various people in my path as I made my way over to the table where my husband and Kira sat, so engaged in lively conversation that they didn't even notice me coming from behind them. I leaned in to kiss Fabian's cheek, grinning like an idiot when he pulled me in to properly kiss me on the mouth once he noticed me, and then I turned to my best friend, hugging her tightly, "You two are so amazing... I really can't believe you made it!"

Kira was a highly acclaimed supermodel, and she was supposed to go for a very important photoshoot in LA, and as for Fabian, he ran his father's large conglomerate and was urgently needed in Detroit for an important handing-over ceremony that required the presence of the company's CEO.

Somehow, they had cancelled their very important plans for my sake.

But my husband subtly brushed off my gratitude, "Come now, Pen... you know you deserve more than this. So much more. So, are you ready for the romantic night I have planned?" He smiled at me, as Kira watched us with a small smile on her face.

I grimaced shamefully, "Unfortunately, I have been called into a meeting, and knowing Alu-Steele and Co., this is probably going to take all night." I wrapped my arms around him, letting him feel how sorry and disappointed I was, but he was quick to get over it. "It's ne, Pen... you know I support your career one hundred percent. Are we still on for tomorrow though?" He looked up at me.

"Damn straight we are." I deadpanned eagerly, "Nothing's canceling that one, my love," I assured him. Turning to Kira, I showed her the puppy face I learnt way back in college that she couldn't say no to. "I'll be at your place first thing in the morning before I have to leave with Fab, alright? We need some girl time, lord knows we haven't done that in a while."

She reached for my hand, squealing delightedly, "I really can't wait! I've got so much to tell you, Pen."

From the way her eyes twinkled, I could tell that it had something to do with the mysterious man she had been seeing. Who knew, maybe she was finally ready to tell me all about it.

I glanced at my watch distractedly, tugging on my shawl, so it could cover my shoulders very well. I wasn't exactly used to having my abby arms exposed like that or wearing strapless Armani Gowns for that matter, but then Don Georgio himself had assured me that I looked fabulous, and since this was kind of his job and he was a legend in the business, I'd gone along with his suggestion.

I think I was regretting that decision now.

"Alright, guys, I've got to go... try not to miss me too much," I teased with a grin as I kissed my husband goodbye and hugged Kira, and with a sad sigh, I walked away from them, shaking my head in amusement as Kira called out mischievously, "We'll enjoy your party on your behalf, Pen!"

As I walked towards the exit, the sound of laughter and chatter and music slowly faded behind me. By the time I stepped out to the car park, I couldn't hear a thing.

The night air was crisp as I made my way to my car, a sleek, silver Porsche Panamera Turbo Executive (Yes, I know a little thing about cars), a gift from Fabian on our last anniversary, our third, just in case you were wondering... but that was the last thing on my mind. I couldn't help but feel a little bit uneasy about the meeting. I don't know why, but anything involving the Diavoli was enough to put me on edge. There was just something about talking about the Mafia that made me feel like they were... I don't know, watching me... I know, I know, I can have the worst case of paranoia sometimes, but don't we all?

A loud sigh escaped my lips as I sat in my car and glanced at my watch again.

11:47pm.

Fuck, it was going to be a very long night.

The meeting ended way earlier than I'd expected.

Nathan really hadn't lied when he said they'd keep it short and brief, and now, thanks to them, I had about a good few hours before morning came.

Fabian would be long asleep by now.

I was disappointed, but my eyes quickly lit up as another thought popped into my head.

I could go visit Kira and spend the night with her instead of going in the morning!

That way, we'd have more time to ourselves before I had to leave for my trip with Fabian to the hush-hush secret destination he had planned for my promotion.

And so that was exactly what I did.

I pulled up to the entrance of Kira's upscale apartment building in minutes thanks to zero traffic, and I stepped out, grabbing the limited edition Salon Le Mesnil Blanc de Blancs Brut Champagne I always kept in my car for when I might need it from the backseat.

Everything was just perfect.

My phone was off, and so I unfortunately couldn't call my best friend to let her know I was coming, but it didn't matter anyway, I had a spare key... I could use it to let myself in in case she was still out at the party.

The doormen in the lobby nodded respectfully at me as I smiled at them, walking past them and over to the elevator. I punched the buttons to the last floor, the penthouse, and then the elevator beeped and slid close, caging me in. The doormen had seen me here enough times to know who I was and who I was after, and so now they let me right in without even checking for identification.

My heart almost burst out of my chest in excitement as the elevator opened up on her floor.

We hadn't really had a girl's night in a long time, so I was really looking forward to this one.

The door was locked when I tried it.

And so, naturally, I reached into my bag for her spare key, wondering why I had my work bag on me instead of an elegant purse to go with the lovely dress I was wearing.

As I stepped into her living room, I smiled lovingly as I took in the mess.

Kira Atkinson will never change.

You know, my story started on a very bad note as I told you earlier, but thanks to my academic excellence, I was able to make it into Harvard, where I met Kira. She was my roommate then, and she used to irk me greatly with her messiness and carefree attitude. In a way, we changed each other. I made her take a few things more seriously, and she got me to loosen up a bit.

Yes, even I had to admit that I was a bit stuck up.

I broke out of my musings as a soft chuckle wafted into my ears from her bedroom.

Oh s**t.

She was in there with someone.

The sound of Kira moaning loudly and deep, hushed whispers filled the air, causing my face to turn red with embarrassment as the horror of what I'd almost walked in on dawned on me.

What if she and her mysterious man had decided to get busy in her living room instead?

I probably would have had to gauge my eyes out right there and then.

No one told me to leave.

I discreetly tiptoed back the way I came, eager to come and make it look as though I was never here,

But then I saw it, lying on the coffee table.

A watch.

Fabian's watch.

Now, don't tell me it could be anyone else's... this was a one of a kind, limited edition Patek Philippe watch that I'd had specially made for Fabian on his last birthday.

It was his alright.

I'd recognise it anywhere.

My heart stopped in my chest as more sounds of moaning and grunting filled my ears. I took in the men's night shoes in the corner of the room, tried to notice that familiar tint in the masculine voice...

All the signs were there.

But my stubborn heart refused to accept it, because accepting it meant the world as I'd come to know it was all a lie, because accepting it would completely shatter me.

And yet, my stupid, rational mind tugged me towards her bedroom door, wanting to get all the facts straight before blowing things out of proportion. I wanted to be certain, to make sure there was no mistake, to see their betrayal for myself if that were the case.

My hands trembled as I pushed the door open, it wasn't locked, and there they were—

My husband and my best friend, tangled in each other's arms, their clothes strewn across the room as they f****d each other's brains out.

The only sound that came out of my lips was a soft gasp, and then the tears started to stream down my face in a rush, making them break apart in horror to take cover under the sheets.

And just like that, my perfect world came crashing down.