

# *The Chase is Over*

by

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*It was another sleepless night. He wasn't home, yet. How typical, Anna thought. Moving onto her side, she looked at the clock, "Two a.m.," she whispered. She wanted to trust him, but she couldn't. The past years had set a record that foretold what he was doing. A business meeting, she thought. "I wonder if this one is a blonde, a brunette, or a red head," she said to herself. Did it matter anymore, she thought.*

*The kicker that punched her in the gut was that she herself was beautiful with sandy blond hair, tall and thin with toned legs and shapely breasts that didn't sag. She had an hourglass figure that most women would kill for. She was smart, energetic, and fun loving. She wasn't a bitch or self-centered, and she loved him beyond what people could imagine, and yet, he cheated. He always cheated.*

*She figured that it must be a game for him. The animal instinct of catching a prey and devouring it must run heavy through his veins. The more he caught, the more he wanted to chase another. The more the challenge, the more he chased. He was the same in the courtroom as he played the game of the high-powered attorney. He played the jury like a master violinist plays the violin. He wooed the people with his charm, and the judges with his knowledge. He had charisma, and he knew it, and that's what made him unstoppable—that's what made him dangerous.*

*Leaning over, she turned on the Tiffany lamp and propped her self up on the down pillows and stared into oblivion as she contemplated her life. The pink luminous light covered the room as the cream colored sheers swayed with the wind by the French doors. The cool breeze came through the doors filling the room with a chill, and a scent from the garden below. The white Jasmine tree was in bloom, and it's sweet fragrance*

*filled the night with an intoxicating aroma that left her feeling alive and yet dead inside.*

*She inspected the room around her. It was beautiful. Although she was not from a poor family, her status in life had moved up with her marriage. Decorated in regal colors of burgundy and cream, the room reeked of status. The chair rail on the walls separated the two colors and crown molding flowed around the edge of the ceiling in a scalloped lace that gave to the architecture. The early American furniture was high-polished cherry wood. It was then that she glanced towards the open door and saw him standing there, watching her. He was tall and handsome with a chiseled face and broad shoulders. His deep dark eyes kept an intense stare on her. His towering height added to his substantial muscles. He worked out religiously, and his appearance was a part of his plan. It added to the attack. It added to the female desire—and he knew it.*

*Staring at him with contempt, she questioned, “Another Meeting, Trey?”*

*Walking in and placing his briefcase against the dresser, he laughed heartedly and said, “Aren’t they always, Anna?”*

*‘You’re such a pompous ass! You think this is a game! The little wife, who will always be there,’ she yelled as she moved toward the edge of the bed and grabbed her negligee to cover herself, and then got up.*

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*Trey turned to look at her and stared her up and down, checking out the curve of her legs and her breasts as they tightly fell against the flimsy fabric. He wanted her. He always wanted her. She was his biggest challenge. He walked toward her, “The more I cheat; the more you want me. You love the jealousy game. The idea of another woman having your man makes you desire me more, and you know it,” he said with a smug.*

*She started to laugh. “Are you insane?” You love yourself so much that you actually believe that. I think your brain is shrinking with age. Or maybe that’s it. Are*

*you afraid of growing older? Do you have to keep young women in your stable to prevent the inevitable—old age?”*

*He was forty-seven and she was thirty-six. They met by chance through a friend. She was intrigued with him instantly, and he was equally intrigued with her. She was his biggest chase, and his biggest challenge.*

*“You won’t go. You won’t leave all this.”*

*“Watch me!” She shouted at him.*

*“You love this house, the stables, the horses. Are you willing to give up your clothes, your unlimited shopping?” You can’t afford to have this on your own. You were a secretary. I’ll make sure that you get nothing. Have you forgotten who I am and what I can do with the power that I have? I will make your life a living hell.”*

*Anna stopped and stared him straight in the eyes and said, “I’m not afraid of you. I was happy with who I was before I ever met you.”*

*He watched her walk over toward the dresser and stare at her reflection in the mirror. “I will not lose who I am because of you,” she said. Turning around with a composed voice, she continued, “I will not be a trophy on your mantle. You don’t know how to love anything but yourself. You don’t want me! You just don’t want me to leave because it would admit to all that the great Trey Thomas Kingsley failed. You couldn’t keep her with all your beauty, power, and success—she left anyway. I can see them now laughing behind your back at the club saying that the egotistical maniac has an Achilles heal! Imagine that, Trey?”*

*His face turned expressionless. He knew she meant it. Her strength was a strong as his. “What do you want?” He finally asked as he made himself a drink from the small bar in the room.*

*“Nothing.”*

*He stood there confused. His eyes frowning as he tried to figure out what she meant.*

*“What? Nothing?”*

*“I want nothing but the personal items that are rightfully mine. I want no alimony and no settlement. I just want to be away from you and never see you again. I don’t even want your name any more. You can’t buy love, Trey. You can’t wrap it in a fancy package and put a bow on it. It comes from your heart, and you have to have a heart first in order to give it.”*

*He laughed with a smug expression as he gulped down the bourbon, “You want no alimony? How the hell will you survive? What are you going to do be a secretary again?”*

*“If I have to, than I will. Any job will be better than being your wife. The saddest part is that I really loved you. You could have had it all with me, and instead, your need to constantly be with all those women was more important than us. You have no idea what you are losing. Thank God we never had children! I wanted them so badly with you, but not anymore.”*

*She started to walk out the door and head toward one of the guest rooms.*

*“Where the hell are you going?” It was more of a command than a question.*

*“To sleep in the other room. I’ll be gone tomorrow. It should be an easy divorce.”*

*Standing against the dresser, he twirled the glass that was still in his hand.*

*“Don’t count on it. Nothing is easy with me. I don’t take losing very well. As a matter-of-fact, I never lose,” he sneered with a smug grin.*

*She stopped at the door and turned around before she touched the brass handle, “I know you don’t, and I’m prepared for a fight. I don’t want you in my life after the divorce. I don’t want anything from you or to give you the right to have a say so in anything I do. That’s why I am only taking what is mine. Just the fact that I want nothing from you and that everyone will know that will kill your ego, and you’ll never be able to say that I just married you for your money—because I didn’t!”*

*She looked at him and walked back into the room and said, “As a matter-of-fact, you get out! You can sleep in one of the guest rooms. I sleep in this room more than you, so technically it’s mine.”*

He ran his hand through his hair and decided to say nothing. He grabbed the bottle of bourbon. He brushed past her and stopped. Staring her down, he finally spoke slowly and determined, "It's not over. You know you want me. You can feel the excitement and that will never go away." He ran his hand slowly down her face and onto her neck, and he felt the goose bumps grow on her skin. He moved in closer to her and whispered, "That animal instinct in you loves the chase, too. After a few months of being back where you came from, you'll still want me, you will always want me."

"Maybe that was true a few months ago," she slowly spoke. "I gave you so many chances. I married you because I loved you. I stayed because I loved you, but that love is gone, and without it, nothing else matters. I don't love you anymore."

She touched his face with her hand and whispered, "The chase is over."

He stared intensely into her eyes and said nothing. Turning away, he walked out the door and headed down the staircase to his study, his cave, with a wounded male pride.

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Anna lifted the silver framed picture from the nightstand and stared at it. Taking a deep breath, she sat on the bed holding the picture in her hands. She didn't know if she should cry or rejoice. Her emotions were so confused. There is a fine line between love and hate she thought. She placed the picture face down onto the table. Easing herself back into bed, she scanned the room. She knew she would miss her home. She could fight for it because they built it together, but she didn't want to. My life will definitely change she thought. "The next time, if there is a next time that I fall in love, I am not going to be blind to a person's true nature," she said out loud to herself. As she softly leaned back against the plush pillows to fall asleep, a single tear fell from her eye.

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