

# THE MILLENNIAL ARK

A novel  
by  
Michael R. Seymour, MA.

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## The Millennial Ark

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# Prologue

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William Howard Bennett, Senior Vice President of Operations for Richman Oil pushed a button on his desk and the great window blinds opened. He rose and walked to the floor to ceiling windows that comprised the west wall of the room. He looked out upon the city wishing that the entire landscape could be covered in oil. “Another lovely day, Patrick.” He spoke as if there were someone else in the room. “Shall we see if everyone made it to work on time?” Since there was no response from the empty room he walked slowly back to his chair and pushed another button.

“Yes sir?”

“Come,” Bennett demanded.

A young man with a red bow tie and carrying a legal pad entered the room and remained standing.

“We want to get a jump start on the tree huggers, Richards. I’ve given this a lot of thought and there are three areas we need to concentrate on. We’re at the end of the line here; we’ve taken all the easy oil and burned it up. The stuff that’s left is going to be hard to get and expensive, we need to keep our prices low enough that those renewables are still uneconomical. We are trying to figure out a way to have a monopoly on the sun and the wind but we aren’t there yet.

“We know that those rigs in the Gulf are ticking time bombs. We know that sooner or later one of them is going to fail. We know they have the potential to pollute the entire Gulf and kill every living creature in those waters. We don’t care. It is important that we appear to care, can you do that Richards?”

“Certainly, sir,” Richards answered.

“That pipeline across the country. We know that those tar sands only amount to a pimple on a gnats’ ass as far as world oil consumption is concerned. We know that it has the potential to destroy the fresh water that is used for irrigation and drinking throughout the Midwest. We used existing pipeline wherever we could so we could lay off those pipe fitters. We know that it is going to leak and we don’t care. It is important that we appear to care, can you do that Richards?”

“Certainly, sir,” Richards answered.

“That fracking we’re doing. We know that it is destroying all the fresh water on the planet. We know that it is taking all the fresh water and contaminating it and injecting it in the earth where it will never fall as rain again. We know that our fracking is causing earthquakes that are destroying roads and bridges and buildings. We even know that our fracking is causing earthquakes that are destroying our own pipeline but we don’t care. It is important that we appear to care, can you do that Richards?”

“Certainly, sir,” Richards answered. He waited. Bennett looked up at him without saying a word. Richards turned and left the room.

The angry voices pounded at Bennett's temples. They started when he was just a child; right after his mother abandoned him.

*She hates you; they hate you; they will always hate you.*

His mother, upon learning her husband was a Nazi, chose to abandon her baby and save her own life. He could never forgive her.

Bennett sat back in his chair and addressed the empty room. "You know Patrick I won't be happy till this Earth is covered with oil. I won't be happy till all the clean water is polluted and those idiots have to pay us for clean drinking water. I would be happiest if those earthquakes were a lot more powerful and I could watch these buildings crumble and fall and be covered in ashes."

Soon, he would get his wish.

# Chapter 1

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Adam leaned against the front fender of the red 1993 half ton pickup truck. He read the words on the sheet of paper for the tenth time. It was a printed copy of an email, and it read:

Adam Lee Thomas \_\_\_\_\_  
From: "Justin Williams"  
jwilliams@richmanoil.com  
To: "Adam Thomas <adamt@penmail.net>  
Subject: Job offer

Adam

I heard they were going to try to use that old pipeline instead of building a new one. Now you need work. We thought that might happen. I was able to get hold of the guy I was telling you about and you need to give him a call. His name is Tom Hendrix and his number is 555-454-9211.

I put in a good word for you and he said they had a couple of openings that might start at \$38.50/hr. with a lot of overtime. Call him quick.

Tell Annie hi when you see her.

Justin

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He folded the piece of paper and placed it back in his hip pocket. He walked slowly around the truck checking the tread wear on the tires. A

cold wind blew from the north; he turned up his collar and turned his back to the wind.

Adam stood six feet one inch tall and weighed nearly 230 pounds; he was wearing a plaid long sleeve work shirt with a jean jacket, old work jeans and well-worn cowboy boots. The old straw cowboy hat concealed his mane of long sandy colored hair. He was standing in front of the Atlas Tire and Rubber Company and as he completed his inspection of the tires he was approached by another young man of slightly smaller build who was twenty-four-years old, wearing a greasy blue uniform. They had graduated from high school together, and had been good friends since grade school.

“Hey Adam.” The young man waved his right hand as he approached.

“Hey Tim,” replied the cowboy. “You suppose I can get a few thousand more miles out of these old rags?”

“Let’s have a look,” offered Tim, as he began to run his hand over the tire treads one tire at a time.

As he was checking the last tire, he looked up. “You told Annie yet?”

“Not yet,” replied Adam, he lowered his head and kicked one of the tires.

“She is not going to take the news very well,” Tim spoke as he slid under the truck on his back to check the spare tire.

“What can she say?” Adam pleaded, “We can’t get married without money, she doesn’t work now

and it's the only job I can find, and I refuse to take her daddy's money."

"She'll probably just bust you up a little," Tim removed a tire gauge from his pocket and began to check the air in the tires.

"She could beat up a lot of guys we know, that's a fact," Adam walked along beside his friend. "I still remember Ted Martin from fifth grade, served him right, but he'll have that limp the rest of his life. What a girl, she's big but I love her."

"You can probably get five thousand miles out of those, watch the left front one, keep the spare aired up and watch the potholes," advised Tim. He patted his friend on the shoulder and walked back toward the building. "You ought to sell tickets for when you're going to tell her you're leaving town, we'd pay to see a good ass whippin'," He chuckled. "When you leavin'?"

"Soon I hope," Adam replied as he started his truck. "The sooner the better. Thanks buddy." He backed out of the parking lot and drove toward home.

The City of Fort Pearson got its name from the fort of the same name that had been built 150 years before to keep peace with the Indians. Wagon trains stopped there on their way to the Santa Fe Trail and a good part of the old historic community had been preserved. It was a quiet little community sixty miles from Wichita, the people were friendly and there was a lot of community pride.

He drove on to his parents' house. He felt terrible moving back home but when he got laid off, he had to quit college and give up his apartment. It wasn't bad living at home; just like when he was a boy; he stayed in the loft above the garage and his parents let him do household chores to make up for their trouble. Of course, if you had asked either of them they would have said it was no trouble at all and they were glad for the opportunity to spend time with their only child.

As he crested the hill he saw the old home place, it was in a middle class neighborhood at the north edge of town; it was built on five acres and Dad had built a large building in the back that served as garage and workshop.

His immediate problem now was that the pipeline work that had kept him busy for the last two years had ended. The contract was finally completed and he found himself suddenly out of work. No way would he even consider asking John Williams for permission to marry AnnaBelle without a steady job. This economy sure messed up their plans. The two of them planned to finish school, get married, have some babies and live happily ever after. Now this. With enough money saved he was convinced that he could persuade Old Man Meeker to sell him that land and those buildings. With that land and a college degree to back him up, Mr. Williams would not refuse; that according to AnnaBelle's older brother, Adam's best friend, Justin Williams. Adam was convinced that if he took that job with the oil company and if he could save the money, that by the time AnnaBelle was graduating they would be real

close, maybe close enough for her daddy to say yes.

He pulled the red pickup into the long driveway beside the house, past the garage; then backed in to the door at the rear of the garage that led up a flight of wooden stairs to the loft where he was staying. His bags were already packed. Besides a few close drinking buddies no one in his family yet knew that he was going south to Louisiana to work in the oil patch.

Mr. Tom Hendrix had been happy to hear from Adam. Justin had indeed put in a good word for Adam and Tom said he could start whenever he got there.

Justin was AnnaBelle's older adopted brother, the son of her father's twin brother who had died; now he was the one Daddy hoped might manage the ranch one day. Justin had other plans. He hated to farm, hated to plant and sow, hated to work with animals and loved to travel. He was two years older than Adam. When he graduated from college with a degree in mechanical engineering he headed for the oil patch and got a good job with Richman Oil, he was now on the fast track toward management in that company; he traveled a lot, and now wanted Adam to come aboard as well.

As Adam carried his suitcases down to the truck he began to worry about how he was going to break this news to AnnaBelle. She was a sweetheart and he really loved her but she had inherited her grandfather's temper. Lord what a temper that girl was cursed with. And she was a big girl, not as big as Adam but really big for a

girl. He never wanted to marry anyone else, not from the time they were small; he didn't want one of those silly sissy city girls. He was planning to need a woman that could raise strong sons and daughters that could tend their land.

He finished packing the truck and walked around the garage to the back door of the house to say goodbye to his folks. No sooner had he entered the door than he heard a lovely voice.

"Go back and wipe those feet, Cowboy!" Jerri Thomas worked part time in the office of the utility company where Ken worked and made a decent living as a part time interior decorator. The front room of her house was a constantly changing showplace for her clients and she had worked a deal with a local furniture company to use their place to help sell the new stuff.

Jerri was a small woman and not at all suited for farm life. Adam decided that he must have gotten his love for the land from his father.

"How's it going, Mom." Adam caught his mother in a bear hug in the living room. She looked down at his feet and smiled when she saw that he had removed his boots at the back door.

She hugged him back.

"Pot roast for supper." She knew it was his favorite.

"Can't stay, Mom" he apologized with disappointment in his voice. He could smell the rich aroma from the kitchen. "I need to get down to Pittsburg before dark."

"What's the hurry," she questioned.  
"AnnaBelle's not going anywhere."

“I’m going to be gone for a while,” He finally broke the news. “Justin found me a job down south and I need the money.”

Jerri stepped back with a questioning look on her face. “You can’t just up and leave like this, have you talked to your father? How long will you be gone for?”

“No and quite a while, where is Dad?” He started walking toward the kitchen.

“Your father had to work late again, something about a blown transformer or something. Surely you don’t expect to leave without saying goodbye to Ken?” She pleaded. “And pot roast is your favorite.”

He hated to disappoint her but he needed to get on the road. “Can’t wait Mom, the sooner I get down there the sooner I get back.”

“And where pray tell are you going exactly?” She followed behind him, but stopped a moment to straighten a picture.

“I’ll be in Lake Charles, Louisiana to start with.” He was at the back door and putting on his boots.

“You’re just like your father, once your mind’s made up there’s no stopping you. At least let me make you some sandwiches for the road.” She opened the refrigerator and began to dig inside.

“Thanks Mom, but I’ll get something on the way.” He stepped over and hugged her.

“Do you need any money?” She asked with resignation in her voice.

“I’ve got plenty, thanks.” He walked out the door. “Tell Dad I’ll be in touch, love you both.”

He walked quickly around the garage to the truck and as he drove past the house, Jerri was standing outside the back door and waving. He could tell that she was crying. He knew that would happen and he hated to see Mom cry. He waved and wondered if he would ever be here again, not for the last time.

## Chapter 2

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As Adam drove out of town, he took a right on a country road. Patches of snow remained in ditches and shaded areas; they might be there till spring. He drove for two miles then turned back to the east. On the northeast corner of the intersection sat a small house built of stone, it was over a hundred years old and was surrounded by many old trees that would shade it all summer. Beyond the little house were several outbuildings in a state of disrepair: they needed painting and many of the roofs showed signs of wear. To the east of the house were many long, low, metal-framed buildings, also in a state of disrepair. Some of the glass was broken, but much of it remained in the steel frames. These dilapidated buildings covered several acres of land and at one time would have been a showpiece. Ben Meeker inherited this place from his uncle and during the whole time he owned it, never did one bit of improvement. Adam thought this place had tremendous potential, and when he had enough money saved he would buy it and those greenhouses would be filled with plants. He and AnnaBelle agreed that it would take a lot of work but it would be worth it. Besides, this piece of land adjoined the Williams property and would be a nice addition to her inheritance.

John Williams began to manage his father's property before he left high school. This land had

been handed down for four generations. Those generations were of the belief that land acquisition was key to success in farming and the farm was always expanding; never selling. They raised cattle and row crops, corn and milo and soybeans. The Kansas farmland was perfect for this combination. His hope was that his eldest adopted son, Justin, would one day take over the reins and it was hard to accept the truth that Justin was not destined to be a farmer. AnnaBelle on the other hand seemed to enjoy farming, she was in college now majoring in business; there might still be hope. He demanded that his children finish college and since he was paying the bills they shared this belief.

The only time that John had ever spent away from the farm was when he went away to college to get a degree in agriculture. An adventurous part of him wished that he could have worked in a big city. That part of him yearned for fast cars and fancy things. His duty was to the farm so after graduation he returned home and never left again.

It wasn't that he didn't like Adam exactly, there was that one little fire event, but other than that; well, you shouldn't blame the son for the sins of the father. Besides, AnnaBelle seemed to care for him. It was difficult for John to show much emotion toward anyone one way or another and sometimes people thought that meant he didn't like them. He was simply a task oriented individual. If you needed something done; he could do it, but if you needed someone to kiss your baby he wasn't your man.

## The Millennial Ark

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He had spent the morning feeding cattle, carrying those giant bales of hay out into the pastures and unrolling them so the cattle could eat. As he turned into the field he saw a red pickup stopped in the road at the crest of a hill, he didn't give it much thought and continued into the pasture.

Adam drove slowly past the old Meeker place and up to the crest of the hill that marked the end of the property line. He sat for a moment on the hill and gazed at the land, he could see for miles. To the right was the Williams ranch, a sturdy stone house with many outbuildings, several pole barns, three grain silos, and one large blue metal building. John had constructed this large building so that AnnaBelle could practice her barrel racing. She rode a four-year-old Sorrel Mare named Trixie and one wall of her bedroom was covered with ribbons and trophies.

The leaves on the distant trees were thinning with the cold weather but some of them still held their color, in a couple of weeks they would all be gone. The several ponds in the distance would all be frozen over and it would be a struggle to keep all of those cattle fed and watered. He wished he could be here to help, he wished AnnaBelle's daddy liked him better. Adam had taken the blame for that fire, even though he was covering up for the girl. If her daddy knew she and her friends had been smoking and set all those bales on fire he would have been so mad at her that he would probably have cut her off and then she never would have finished college. It would be

alright once he saved a little money and fixed up the Meeker place.

In the distance he saw a man in a green flatbed truck, feeding hay to the cattle; it must be John. He wished they got along better. He put the truck in gear and drove past the farm buildings, as he passed the truck in the field he made a point to raise his left hand in a wave. There was no response from the man in the truck; surely he was busy with his hay bale.

John was watching the big hay bale roll out on the ground and the cattle run to eat it. As the big roll emptied out he looked up at the road just in time to see the man in the red truck waving, he waved in return, too late

## Chapter 3

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AnnaBelle Williams wanted nothing more than to please her father. This man was known to have sacrificed many times so that his children could have a better life. Both of the children agreed that all Daddy expected was for them to finish college and then get on with their lives. They knew that it was his hope for them to come back to the home place and help to preserve what their parents and grandparents had worked so hard for.

As a dutiful daughter, AnnaBelle was enrolled in a good college and would work hard to complete her degree in business. She was in her third year of a four-year program and her grades were good. Daddy was happy. All she really wanted to do was to marry Adam, raise a passel of children and live happily ever after. Marriage and children would wait until she finished school. By then, Adam would have also finished college and been able to get that piece of property next to Daddy's. Her hope was that those two bull-headed men in her life would finally get together.

AnnaBelle had no real preference for schools, but her best friend, Debra Sturgis, talked her into coming along with her. Debra was an art major who wanted to teach art in elementary school. The two girls took as many classes together as their different majors would allow and today their English course finished at 3:20. The two girls shared an apartment together on North Rock

Road and since they both had an easy schedule on Thursdays, this was their day to party. Today was AnnaBelle's turn to drive and when class was over they drove together east on 21<sup>st</sup> street. She drove a small four-door bright yellow pickup truck that Daddy bought her for school. It had distinctive chrome railings along the sides of the bed and a front bumper sticker that read, "EAT BEEF."

"Have you noticed those two guys that sit together in the back corner?" Debra asked as she buckled her seat belt.

"They are kind of cute," answered AnnaBelle. "But remember I'm taken."

"Doesn't hurt you to look," replied Debra, "That one just makes me want to say screw this class, let's go get some beer and party."

"I'll go so far as to buy the beer," AnnaBelle pulled into a big shopping center parking lot. "But I'll reserve the partying for you and me and Adam."

"You're no fun," Debra took the twenty that AnnaBelle offered and jumped out of the parked car and walked into Twenty First Street Wine and Liquor. She returned a short time later with two sacks.

"What did we get?" asked AnnaBelle as she drove back out into traffic.

"A little beer, a little wine," Debra turned around in the seat and placed the sacks in the back seat. "Let's get a couple of burgers to go with the egg salad, I'm hungry."

As they entered the drive through Debra continued. "So, have you heard from Adam since the big layoff?" This was a touchy subject with AnnaBelle but Debra needed to know.

"He moved out of his apartment, moved back with his folks, cancelled his phone and his Internet, and hasn't called me for four days. I have no idea what he's up to, but he'll come up with something." She sounded a little worried.

"Have you tried to call him at his folks?" Debra persisted.

"Jerri works all day. I left a message, but Adam hasn't called me back. I'm sort of pissed right now." There was anger in her voice.

"If you'd marry the guy, Daddy would surely support you both." Debra was digging into the sack of food and began to eat a French fry. "I am so starved."

"Adam would never take money from Dad. He's too proud. He'll make it on his own or die trying. The problem is that he is so stubborn he won't talk to Dad about us getting married until he thinks we're set, and we might never be set enough for him." She pulled into the apartment complex.

They gathered the food and drink and books from the truck and walked to their second floor apartment. Debra stopped to check the mail on the way.

When AnnaBelle opened the door, a long haired yellow cat rushed out the door. "Go ahead out you slut," she chided the cat, "get yourself knocked up and see what happens."

“At least one of us is going to party tonight.” Debra laughed as she sorted through the mail, tossing the junk mail in the waste basket and placing the bills in a wicker basket on a shelf.

The apartment was a two bedroom, two bath affair with a front room, a kitchen/dining room and a large balcony. The bedrooms each had a private bath and were at either end of the apartment, separated by the living area. A bar with three bar stools separated the kitchen area from a comfortable carpeted room with a fireplace, large TV/stereo, couch and two reclining chairs.

Debra removed a Tupperware container from the refrigerator and placed it on the bar along with two plates and silverware. AnnaBelle filled two glasses with wine and placed the fast food on the counter and the girls began to eat.

“So, does your dad still hate Adam?” Debra struggled to ask with a mouth full of egg salad. “This stuff needs more salt or something.”

“Dad doesn’t hate Adam,” AnnaBelle insisted. “He still hasn’t gotten over that fire that burned up those big hay bales.”

“Why didn’t you tell him you started that fire and Adam took the blame for it?” Debra scolded. “I wanted to tell him at the time but you wouldn’t let me, remember?”

“I remember and you know how Dad feels about smoking and he would have disowned me if he found out. It should be good enough that I never did smoke after that.” She was finishing the last of her fries and stood to refill their wine glasses.

“Do you think you ever will tell him the truth?” Debra insisted. “You should you know.”

“I’ll wait till I’m out of school,”

“Didn’t I remember hearing something about a rift between your dad and Adam’s dad?” Debra pushed the empty plate away and stepped into the living area and curled up on the couch, still sipping on her glass of wine.

“Adam and I have talked about that on several occasions, nobody wants to talk about it, not Mom or Jerri. It’s sort of like an old family secret that no one wants to talk about. There might have been something going on between Dad and Jerri and Mom and Ken, but nobody talks about it. Whatever it is, it’s like those two guys just really don’t like each other, so it sort of reflects on Adam.” AnnaBelle brought the bottle of wine into the room and refilled both their glasses.

“I’ll ask my mom,” Debra said, “She was in high school with them, if anybody knows what the deal is she will. I’m supposed to call her tonight and I’ll ask. More wine please.”

The girls were well into the second bottle of wine when there was a knock on the door. Debra rose too quickly and stumbled against the table, the empty wine bottle fell over but she was able to save the less empty one.

“Whoa,” she said as she stumbled toward the door, “I’m not used to this.”

She opened the door and exclaimed, “AnnaBelle, it’s your knight in shining armor, Hello Cowboy.” She hugged Adam.

AnnaBelle did not rise from the couch, she turned and waved for Adam to come to her.

“Hello lover,” Adam sat beside her on the couch, they hugged and kissed.

“Why didn’t you let me know you were coming?” AnnaBelle punched him on the arm. “I’ve been worried sick.” She meant it.

“I didn’t want to get you all disappointed if I couldn’t come.” Adam explained.

“Want a beer Cowboy?” Debra shouted from the kitchen.

“Sounds great. Thanks,” he replied.

“What’s going on now,” AnnaBelle asked, “what about your phone?”

“Still no phone, can’t afford one yet,” he replied, while he took the can of beer that Debra offered.

“Thanks Deb.” He finished half the beer in one long pull and set the half empty can on the table.

AnnaBelle immediately raised it from the table and placed a coaster under it. “Your mother would skin you alive.”

“So, what’s your plans? Got a job lined up?” AnnaBelle asked.

“Yes I do,” he replied. “Got any more beer?” He rose, finished the beer and as he walked toward the refrigerator, he removed the piece of paper from his pocket and laid it in AnnaBelle’s lap. He picked up the two empty wine bottles on his way to the kitchen. “You two must be half lit?”

“Plenty of beer Cowboy. Help yourself.” Debra chuckled. “I believe we’re lit all right.”

AnnaBelle was laughing along with Debra but the joy seemed to leave her as she read the email.

“Surely you’re not going to consider trying to get this job?” AnnaBelle asked with fear in her voice.

“Done deal,” Adam said, as he pulled on another can of beer. “Called the guy, got the job, I start as soon as I can get there. You can thank Justin.”

“What’s the job?” Debra asked.

“Oil field work,” AnnaBelle said with disgust in her voice. “Damn dirty, greasy, dangerous job, and half way across the country.” She turned to Adam. “Did you tell this guy you’d take the job? What about us?”

“Of course I told the guy I’d take the job,” Adam countered. “There’s no work back home right now. I can make \$38.50 an hour, with a lot of overtime. If I save all my money, we can still get married when you get graduated.”

He sat beside her on the couch and tried to hold her hand. She pulled it away from him.

“What about getting on with your dad, like you said?” She asked.

“They’re not hiring, and no one else is either. Look, Annie, it’s only for a little while, then I’ll be back and we will be able to afford to buy the Meeker place, and we can have those babies and live happily ever after,” he pleaded.

“Not if you’re dead, you fool.” AnnaBelle was angry.

“It is dangerous work,” Debra agreed.

“And so is ranching, and farming, and walking down the street.” He rose and took the paper from AnnaBelle’s lap. “Look, my mind’s made up, I’m going. I’ve tried every other option; I’m tired of being poor. I’m packed and ready to go to Louisiana and I can leave right now if you want me to.”

AnnaBelle rose and hugged him. “Look Adam, I’m sorry, I’ve had a little too much to drink. Why don’t you get your bags and come on in and eat something and tomorrow morning when I feel better we can talk about this, what do you say?” She was rubbing him on the back.

“That’s settled, Cowboy’s staying,” Debra rose and walked to the kitchen. “Want a beer Annie?”

“We all need another one,” Adam said, he kissed AnnaBelle and walked out the door.

“Is he leaving?” Debra asked as she returned with three beers.

“I hope not, I shouldn’t have jumped on him like that. He feels bad enough already what with losing his job and all. I am such a bitch.” She popped the top on the beer.

The door opened and Adam returned with two suitcases. “Daddy sure keeps you in style,” he said as he looked around. “This place is fancier than your last one.”

“Daddy read the papers and thought we needed to move into a better neighborhood,” AnnaBelle explained. “Take your stuff down that hallway; you’ll probably want to clean up a little.”

He carried his bags to the bedroom, took the beer from the counter and soon the shower was running.

AnnaBelle walked back to the bedroom and changed into a baby blue nightgown. She was seated on the bed when Adam stepped from the bathroom; he was wearing only a pair of gym shorts.

“What happened to Deb?” He asked.

“She knew we wanted to be alone,” AnnaBelle explained.

He sat next to her and they began to kiss.

“Look Adam, you’re going to be leaving for several months and that’s going to leave me here all alone.” She stood. “You know how I’m going to miss you.”

“And I’ll be all alone and be missing you too,” he explained.

“Here’s the deal, I promise to let you go without making a fuss on two conditions. First, you take my cell phone and I’ll get another.”

“And let Daddy pay for my phone, no chance.” He was irate.

“Just till you can get a paycheck, then you can pay me back, but in the mean time I worry if I can’t get hold of you. Deal or not?” She was firm.

“Ok, deal. But first paycheck I’ll pay you back,” he acquiesced.

“Second, I want to tie you to that bed and blindfold you and have my way with you.” She smiled.

“No problem, babe.” He flung himself onto his back and spread his arms and legs wide.

“You have to promise that no matter what happens, we have a deal.” She was firm.

“Ok, deal.” He shut his eyes.

“Don’t struggle.” She kissed him, here and there. “I might get used to this.” She chuckled.