

## CAUGHT IN THE LIFE

*BY E. WILLIAMS*

Patricia had just returned home from work. She showered, then put on her strawberry body moisturizer. After that, she put on her red fishnet body stockings and red six-inch-high heels. This was the way she dressed to prepare dinner. Robert, her husband, loved for her to prance around looking sexy. She stood over the stove and prepared salmon and rice. Robert sat on the couch and smoked a joint while watching her cook. He liked to hear her heels tap on the floor as she moved around the kitchen.

Dinner was fantastic as usual. After they ate, they had a bottle of wine and smoked some weed together before bedtime. While they were asleep, she constantly had her knee in Robert's back. If it wasn't her knee, it was her elbow, if not her elbow it was one of her high heels. Therefore, the next morning Robert woke up with back and neck pain. Pat left him asleep and prepared for work like always.

The next week, it was still the same routine. Pat fulfilled Robert's fetish with the stockings and heels, but now she feels like she's not getting anything out of it. At this point in their marriage, he's only turned on by her when she is wearing stockings and high heels. Robert has a fetish he can't control. He's had this fetish ever since he was a little boy, and it began in Sunday church service.

Robert's mother used to make him sit next to her in church service. During the service, if he wasn't asleep, he was looking at the women sitting near him. He stared at their legs, wishing he could feel on them. Sometimes his mother would catch him looking and pinch him on the

arm to make him pay attention to the preacher, but he never paid attention. He was stuck in his own fantasy world of one day having sex with an older woman wearing high heels and stockings. He thought he fulfilled that fantasy when he married his wife.

Pat loved looking sexy, even at her job. She has everybody in her department at the law firm drooling when she walks by. Even though she's almost forty, she still has it going on. At least she and everybody else think so. Robert on the other hand, he takes the way she looks for granted. And that's because she has put on a little weight over the years. But even though she's fifty pounds heavier from the day they got married, she still has a body that make heads turn everywhere she goes.

One day Patricia came home after a long days work. Robert was still laying around sore from back pain. That's when the arguing began. It was about the money. There was money missing from their account and she was pissed. Pat felt like she's been floating Robert, but he said, "Floating us." She told him she couldn't take care of a grown man forever, husband or not. Therefore, Robert needed to make some money and stop investing in houses he couldn't sell. The argument got heated. He was thinking about breaking it off because she made him feel bad as a man. She really took it there and hurt his pride. His heart was broken this time. He thought they were together through "Rich or poor," like they said when they took their vows.

He left to go and blow off some steam. He went to the bar to have a drink. Sitting at the bar, he thought about the good things in his wife and weighed it against the bad things. The bad was outweighing the good. He

couldn't take her big mouth any more, but he still loved her. He wanted peace, so fuck it. He's leaving her after he gets enough money to actually leave.



Its morning. Patricia is at work and Robert is home thinking about calling Marla over for a back rub. His lower back is hurting like hell and his neck and shoulders are all tight. Now he thinks he has an ongoing condition because Pat's been sleeping with a pillow between them. That's so they won't touch each other. Since the pillow had been between them, her knee hasn't been in his back, but he still has the pain. Therefore, he called Marla.

"Hey Marla, are you busy this afternoon?"

"I'm never too busy for you. Do you need me to come over and take care of you?"

"Yes, I'm not feeling well and I need my back rubbed. I'm all fucked up, tense and shit. My lower back is hurting like hell and my neck and shoulders are all tight. Pat's been having her knee in my back at night."

"Ms. Pat had her knee in your back. We're going to have to do something about this woman. But don't worry. I have some oil I'm going to bring and rub you down with."

"And don't forget your high heels."

"Ok Mister Freaky."

Marla, who is his massage therapist, also just so happens to be a woman who he has cheated with before. He lived a double life with her for a few years prior to that. They were old high school friends who'd slipped into an affair some years back. As time went on, even though

they had developed feelings for each other, they still wanted to respect their other partners. Robert broke off the affair, feeling guilty and not wanting to lose Pat. But today, his back hurts and he needs to talk to his friend.

When Robert heard the knock on the door, he took one long puff on his weed, then sipped his morning wine before opening the door. Marla stood there in a business suit with an ID badge clipped on her lapel. She was also holding a folder like she was coming to a business meeting. That's the way Robert set it up. He makes her come to his apartment looking professional because he doesn't want the neighbors thinking he is cheating on his wife. He takes that extra precaution just in case. Never know when the old lady down the hall talks to Pat. When Marla entered, he closed the door and they gave each other a big hug.

She sat her folder down on the coffee stand and went straight to the refrigerator.

"Let me get some of this wine," she asked.

"I don't even know why you asked," he looked at her. "You come over here and do what you want too anyway."

"I know. But today I thought I would ask first. So, how's everything been going with you Mister Freaky?"

"It's been the same old shit. You know, Pat and all."

"Yeah I know, Pat and all. When are you going to come move in with me and get away from Pat?"

"What? How the hell am I supposed to live with you when you live with old ass Senator Ray Murray?"

"We don't live together. I live in one of his houses and he never come over. Besides, he's old as dirt and

won't be around for long, then everything is all mines, including you. But we'll talk about this later," she grabbed him by his hand, "let's get started on your massage."

She pulled Robert by his hand into the bedroom. Immediately, he took his clothes off and laid on the bed naked. She asked him about the massage oil she left there last time. He went into the night stand and pulled out a half full bottle of oil.

"Pat was trippin' on me about this oil. I had to tell her I got it from the gym after somebody left it behind."

"For real," she laughed. "Don't think she believed that. But it's time for me to get a little more comfortable."

She took off her business attire and left on the matching lace bra and panty set. Not to mention the black stockings. She had on some flats and they were the first to come off and get thrown into the corner. She went into his wife's closet and pulled out a pair of her black stilettos.

"I'm wearing these for you baby." Robert was looking a little confused. "Do you like me in these?" she asked after she put them on.

"I don't know, but I thought I asked you not to forget yours."

"If these look good on her, they look better on me. Turn over and relax."

Marla went to school for massage therapy so she knew just how to make Robert feel better. She started massaging his neck then worked her way to his shoulders. Then she grabbed the oil and climbed on top of him, sitting on his butt. In that position she can better work on his wide muscular back. She poured the oil down the crack of his back and slowly massaged it in. About ten

minutes into the massage, he was so relaxed that he went to sleep.

“Wake up Mister Freaky,” she whispered in his ear.

“I’m woke now Baby, why did you stop?”

“I want to ask you something. Next week I’m going to Las Vegas and I want you to come with me.”

“For how long?”

“Just a few nights, I’m going to a convention and you will love it. Trust me.”

She explained how she needed to go to the convention to buy the supplies to stock the retail store she’s planning to open. After all of the time they had spent, Robert knew nothing of her wanting her own business. She told him she always wanted a business but could never get it started. She explained how it is now possible because she has the Senator and he will back everything. She’s going to sell high-end underwear and give massages in a back room. She planned to have the room dimly lit with aroma therapy.

“My money’s not right and Pat will trip if I spend our little money on a trip.”

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to pay for anything. I’ll have more than enough and I’ll give you some money to play blackjack with. It’ll be just you and me... and it’s all on Senator Sugar Daddy. Now roll over and let me give you some head.”

Marla, even though she’s in her late thirties now, her body is still tight like a 20-year-old. She’s obsessed with her body. Her breasts are a size 38 DD. Her 82-year-old sugar daddy paid for the boob job. Not only the boob job, but he also pays for her life style. He used to be a senator who’s now running for City Council. She tells

everybody she met him at a property auction, but who knows. He takes care of her very well, and in return she's his trophy girlfriend.

Robert is becoming jealous of her sugar daddy. Even though he complains to Marla about Pat, he still resents the fact that Marla is with a senior citizen sugar daddy. The Senator Sugar Daddy lives in a small mansion that was once owned by Barry Gordy. The house he let Marla live in is on the other side of town. Despite how she is living, Robert is just her friend now and they both had that understanding. Robert loved the idea of Marla running a business. That way, he could go to her business if he needed to relieve some tension.

Later, Marla talked her sugar daddy into giving her \$9,000 spending cash for her business trip. And that's in addition to him paying for the hotel suite for her to stay in, plus the airfare. She goes to the old Barry Gordy mansion to pick up her money. The Senator took the afternoon to cook dinner. He made ox tails and rice. Marla fixed herself a plate, even though she hates the food he cooks. They sat in the living room in front of the old big screen TV. She thinks the TV is humongous and outdated, but she never said anything about it. The man loves that TV. He watches all the games and his favorite movies on it.

Sugar Daddy happily gave up the cash. He loves to take care of Marla because he truly do love her. But Marla doesn't love him. She's only with him for the benefits. But the 82-year-old senator has six kids and every one of them is old enough to be Marla's parents. The last young girlfriend he had got beat up by all the women in his family. They hate to see their father and grandfather get

used. Therefore, they try to protect him as much as they can.

Marla actually hates taking advantage of the old man, but at the moment he's all she has. Therefore, she does everything she can to please him. Senator Murray has very bad erection problems. Viagra doesn't even help him. Deep down, he knows he can't satisfy her sexually. That's why he pleases her financially.

Robert's way out of town was telling Pat he's going on a business trip to look at some investment properties. His friend Dave found an apartment building in Atlanta, Georgia and they have to go there, look at it and make an offer. And this time, it was going to work out. Pat really only wanted him to get out of her face. She knew Robert didn't have any money and she was going to have to back his business venture, like always. She told him, "Not again, I can't keep fixing your mistakes." But Robert left anyway, hoping for the best... and now it's on.



On the day of the trip, Robert left his car at the airport. They flew first class and they both slept through the entire four-hour flight. When they landed, they took a limo to the Palms Casino. After they checked into their room, they both flopped down on the king size bed. Robert looked around the room and wondered how much did it cost. "Don't worry about the prices Robert, I got you. Just have a good time while we're here. We're going to a big convention," she explains to him. Marla makes a phone call and thirty minutes later a man knocks on the door. The man delivered her some cocaine and she paid



him \$600. She closed the door, then took a hit of the coke off her fingernail. Robert couldn't believe how much coke she had. Marla offered him some, but he only wanted to smoke weed and drink wine. "Oh shit baby, I forgot to get you some weed. I'll call the guy back." So, she ordered him some weed as well.

Later, they made their way down to the casino floor so Robert could play some blackjack. He believed he was a professional blackjack player. He took the \$2,000 Marla gave him and turned it into \$7,000. Now they have an extra \$7,000 to spend while there. But Robert still was clueless to what type of convention they are REALLY going to.

They took another limo ride over to the Sands Expo Center. They walked into the convention and he was in shock. They were at the AVN Adult Entertainment Expo.

The Expo was packed. It was like a sexual mad house, row after row of every pornographic novelty item you can think of. Robert's mouth hit the floor. He couldn't even believe where he was at. It was paradise. His wife would have never taken him to a place like that. But Marla, she loved him and would do anything for him.

The entire porn industry was there taking pictures and signing autographs. Everywhere they walked, a porn star was on a pole dancing. They walked up on a display called The World's First Companion Robot. The robot was called Roxxy 2XL and it only came in one race... white. Roxxy 2XL had the features of a real woman and she even snored a little when on sleep mode. The snoring and talking functions could be turned off.

"Let's buy one of these Robert."

“What in the hell are we going to do with that?”

“We’re going to fuck it!”

“Ok, let’s get it.”

They bought one and had it shipped next day air to Marla’s house. They walked around some more looking at the different exhibits. They saw a long line and wanted to know what everybody was waiting for. It was a mechanical bull ride, but instead of it being a bull, it was a big giant white dick. People were lined up waiting for as long as thirty minutes to ride that thing. It took only two spins before most people were thrown to the mat. Marla climbed on and rode it like a pro. Everybody in the line was cheering her on. She lasted the whole ride without being thrown off.

“I told you I can ride that dick,” she laughed at Robert.

“Wait until tonight. You won’t be able to ride me like that, and it’s not nearly as big as that one.” They both laughed and went to the next exhibit.

As they walked, they could hear rap music playing over all of the other music. They followed the sound and when they reached it, there she was, the legend herself... it was Pinky.

“Oh shit its Pinky,” Robert shouted.

“Damn, look at that ass,” Marla shouted with her mouth wide open.

“I got to get a picture with her.”

“Me too,” Marla laughed.” They pushed their way through the crowd and took a few pictures with Pinky. After the pictures, they picked up a flyer for the AVN after party.

“I’m taking you to this.”

“Oh yes, thank you baby. I love you Marla,” they both started laughing.

They walked around some more and found a Twister game. There were porn stars playing Twister with the fans. Robert and Marla got in the game. The porn stars were feeling on Marla when she put her hands on the colors. It only took a moment before everybody was twisted all up. Marla was in such a twisted position that her nipple was exposed. Her nipple was right next to an up-and-coming porn star's face. When the porn star started licking Marla's nipple, all the spectators started taking pictures. When it was time to put their right foot on the red circle, everybody fell to the floor laughing.

They stayed at the Expo until it ended. They had a ball, the best time of Robert's life. Marla enjoyed herself more because every hour or so she went to the restroom and snorted some cocaine. Robert had no idea she was such a coke head, but he didn't care. She was more fun when she was high.

They left the Expo and went back to the hotel. The after party was starting soon so they showered and changed clothes. They both stepped out in all white. Marla had on some white fishnet stockings and white stilettos. Inside the after party, they made their way upstairs to the VIP section. They didn't have VIP passes, but they had cash. Marla gave the security guard \$300 to let them in. At first, he wanted \$500 but she talked him down.

They ordered two bottles of champagne. When the waitress poured their drinks, they had a toast and stood next to the railing overlooking the sea of people dancing on the dance floor. Porn stars were still taking pictures. There were journalist doing interviews all over the place.

It wasn't long before the two of them were on the dance floor.

While they were dancing, an Asian girl started dancing with them. She was sandwiched between the two of them and had her arms wrapped around Marla. The Asian girl licked Marla's neck then turned around and licked Robert's neck.

"I like you guys!" the dancer shouted. "Where are you from?"

"We're from Michigan!" Robert shouted back.

"Oh, I'm from LA, nice to meet you!"

"What's your name?"

"Asian Persuasion."

When the dance was over, they walked back up to the VIP. Asian Persuasion followed because she was sitting in VIP also. Back upstairs, Marla told Robert she was going to powder her nose. Asian Persuasion heard her and followed right behind her. In the restroom she asked can she have some too. Marla took out the stash of cocaine and poured a little on her hand. She extended her hand to Asian Persuasion and she sniffed the hit off of Marla's hand. Then, she told Marla, "Pour some right here," and she squeezed her breast together. Marla poured some coke on the top of her breast and took a hit. They both laughed a little then Asian Persuasion hugged Marla.

It had been over twenty minutes and Robert was still waiting for Marla to come out of the restroom. He sent her a text asking was she Ok. She texted back saying meet her at the restroom door. He walked over and stood there. Marla came out, looked around to make sure the coast was clear then took him in. Asian Persuasion was in the stall waiting. Her dress was off and she still had her

heels on. Robert looked at Marla and said, "So this is what you were doing in here." They closed the door. Marla took out her stash of cocaine. She poured a little on her hand and told him to, "Hit this." He really didn't want to, but he did it anyway. After he hit it, he leaned against the wall and closed his eyes. Both of the girls took a hit, then they all started kissing each other. After that, it was on. They had a threesome.

They all were caught up in the moment. Marla really didn't want anyone else having sex with Robert but she realized, he's a married man having sex with another woman all the time. Before they left the stall, they made sure the coast was clear. They went back to the party and Asian Persuasion disappeared.

Marla and Robert stayed at the after party for hours. Robert was zoned out. He had never felt so good in his entire life. He felt so good he didn't want to leave, ever.

Porn stars were still coming in and Robert was still taking pictures with them. He was on and off the dance floor all night. He was all over the place and loving it. Marla was having fun too, but not as much as Robert. Her feet had started to hurt from the heels and she was kind of ready to go back to the hotel. So, after a while she pulled Robert off the dance floor and they left the party.

Late that night or you can say early that morning, Robert and Marla walked into the room and got right to it. He ran warm water in the oversize square shaped Whirlpool Jacuzzi tub. Marla got in the tub with her white fishnet stockings and high heels still on. Robert took his clothes off, grabbed two bottles of champagne, and got in behind her. He popped open one bottle while the other

one floated around in the water. They sat there and drank straight out of the bottle while the nightlights from the strip shined into their room.

She took the bottle from out of his hand and started pouring the champagne over her face. Robert grabbed her face and licked the champagne off. Then she poured herself a mouth full, grabbed Robert by the face, and kissed him. They kissed for about five minutes straight. Marla was sitting on top of Robert with his head in her chest like he was a baby. Looking at Marla's sexy tight body, all he could think about was how much he loved her. Even though he had a wife at home, at that moment, he realized he loved Marla more. They both were soaking wet as they hugged, kissed and rubbed on each other. Even though Robert thought he was an insensitive man, he was caught up in his emotions at that time. The only thing he was thinking about was spending the rest of his life with Marla.

“Marla, I love you baby.”

“I love you too.”

The next day they both stayed in the bed eating, drinking, smoking weed and snorting cocaine. Before they knew it, the day was over and it was night time. But during the time they were in Vegas, Robert got caught in the life. He felt like he could live that way with Marla forever. Even though he hadn't been married for too long, he was still tired of it. Shit, that's why he still messed around with Marla. He was just tired of fucking the same woman night after night and year after year. And actually, he's been with these same two women ever since high school. Since that was the case, it would be logical to assume that he would be tired of Marla too. But he wasn't. What Robert loved

about Marla was the fact that she would always reinvent herself. Patricia on the other hand, she always stayed the same, only changing by gaining more weight. Every other year Marla is about something different, like this year and this new found interest in pornography.

Robert sat in the room smoking weed and watching Marla sleep. His thoughts were running wild at the time. It was their last night in Vegas and he was sitting there contemplating on calling his wife and breaking up with her. If he wasn't high off the cocaine, he would not be thinking that way: and that way being, breaking up with his wife over the phone from another state. But he was convinced he was missing out on a better life... the life he had hustled so hard to achieve but never could achieve it. And now, Marla was offering it to him, so it felt like his only chance.

Robert put on his pajamas, grabbed his phone and walked out into the hallway. He dialed his wife and waited for her to answer.

"Hello Baby," she answered happy to hear from him.

"Hey Pat."

"What's wrong Rob, and why haven't you called me before now?"

"I got something to tell you."

"What is it Rob, are you Ok?"

"I'm fine, but I'm not in Atlanta."

"Where are you?"

"I'm in Las Vegas and I'm not coming back home. I'm leaving you Pat." She didn't respond so he continued. "Since I've been with you, I haven't been happy and I can't achieve my goals and it's because you are holding me

back. I can't take it anymore. My back hurt every morning and it's because of you. I want to be happy and successful and I need to leave you to get it. I'll send my boy Dave over to get my stuff. I have another woman and I love her. You can draw up the divorce papers whenever you are ready."

"You low down motherfucker! Nigga, how dare you call me and say that bullshit!"

"Look, I don't want to hurt you but..." she cut him off.

"But what nigga? I been taking care of your ass for years and this is how you do me?"

"I'm sorry Patricia, but I'm leaving," he hung up in her face and turned his phone off. Then he walked back into the room and got in the bed with Marla, his new woman.

Back home, Senator Murray stopped by his extra house to check on things. He planned on just driving by, until he saw a large wooden box on the porch that was as big as a coffin. The box was so big that he had to call one of his sons over to bring it in. When his son got there, he needed help with the box, so he called another son. When his two sons got the box in the house, they just had to open it and see what was in it.

After they pried it open, they couldn't believe what they saw. It was The World's First Companion Robot, Roxxxxy 2XL. His son asked, "Dad why do you have this robot in stockings and high heels?" He had no clue why it was there, thinking it was a dead body at first. "That's not mine," the Senator explained. "Maybe they sent it to the wrong house. Look at the invoice and check the address."



The invoice was addressed to Marla. He wondered why Marla would even have something like that. And the return address was from Las Vegas. He explained to his son that she's in Vegas for the ASD Market Week convention. His son asked what in the hell was that? Then he went online and checked. "You know I don't trust that gold digger." After a quick Google search, he discovered there was no ASD Market Week convention right now. Instead, the son found the AVN Expo and accused Marla of being a porn star. The Senator defended Marla, but the son was determined to get to the bottom of things.



Patricia was calling Robert's phone but he wasn't answering. He had such a good trip that he was now sure he was leaving Pat and starting his life over with Marla. On the last day of their trip, he tried to express his feelings to Marla, but got choked up and decided not to. He had no more weed left and she only had a little bit of cocaine left. She enticed him by sprinkling a little on her chest. Both of them consumed the rest of the cocaine and held each other until it was time to depart.

On the flight, Robert found the courage to express his feelings.

"You know I love you Marla. Listen... I broke up with my wife while we were here." Marla didn't even believe him. "I'm serious. I called her and told her I wasn't coming home, ever again."

"What are you going to do now?"

“What do you mean what am I going to do? I’m going to do you. It’s me and you now Baby. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“For real, you’re finally ready for me. I love you so much Robert.”

Marla and Robert arrived home from Vegas. They pulled up to Marla’s house and everything was dark when she thought she left some lights on. She opened the door and they walked in. When they turned on the living room lights, Marla screamed and tried to run back out of the door. Robert stood there looking dumbfounded. There was a room full of people sitting on the couches. It was Senator Ray Murray, all of his kids, two of his nephews, and some random white woman.

When the shock wore off, Marla noticed who was sitting in the living room. Then she noticed it wasn’t a random white woman sitting with them, but it was actually The World’s First Companion Robot, Roxxxxy 2XL. She caught her composure and started to talk.

“Hey Ray, I’m glad you’re here. Hey everybody, how’s it going?” Nobody responded to her. “Well... Ray, um, what are you doing with that robot?”

“It was on the porch,” the Senator said in return. “I stopped by to check on my house.” Everybody looked at Robert.

“Who is he?” they all asked.

“This is my friend Robert.”

“Hello everybody,” Robert introduced himself, but no one responded. Instead, they all looked at him like they wanted to kick his ass. Then his youngest daughter stood up before speaking.

“You know what Marla? I’m tired of you using my father! You’re nothing but a little gold-digging hoe and you about to get your shit and get the fuck out of my father’s house!”

“Wait a minute! Ray, you gonna let her talk to me like that?” She looked to the Senator for support, but the daughter got louder.

“Look bitch, you got the nerve to disrespect my father and go out of town with another man and come back to his house with him! BITCH, I should be kicking your ass right now! So get the fuck out!” Marla called out to the Senator one more time, “Ray... Ray...”

Outside the house all you heard was commotion. Across the street a neighbor sat on his porch and watched what was unfolding. Marla was dragged out of the house by the women. Robert ran out of the house bleeding from a head wound. One of the nephews ran up behind Robert and hit him in the head with a lamp, splitting the top of his head even more. Robert fell to his knees after the blow. They all started kicking him in the back of his head next to his car. The sisters all jumped Marla. She tried to fight them off, but it was too many of them. They were pulling her by her hair, kicking and punching her. Marla curled up in the grass in the fetal position to protect herself. She was screaming and begging for them to stop. Even the senator was begging for them to stop. Robert was getting stomped so bad that he curled up into the fetal position also. They let up enough so the two of them could crawl into the car.

When Robert finally pulled the car keys from his pocket, two of the sons were dragging the Roxxxxy 2XL out the door. They threw it onto the hood and said, “Take

that with you!” He pulled off and the Roxxxxy 2XL fell into the street. He drove five miles before stopping.

Robert was sitting in the gas station looking stupid.

“I left my wife for you.”

“I didn’t believe that lie. I just lost everything over you, don’t be selfish.” As she was talking a black SUV pulled up next to them. “I love you, but you are not worth what just happened to me. Ray took care of me and I took care of you with Ray’s money. I have to get my priorities straight before is too late.” She got out of the car. “Robert you have seven thousand dollars in your pocket. Go start over. Have a nice life.”

Marla got into the SUV with a man Robert had never seen before. When they pulled off, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the \$7,000 he won. Then he reached into his other pocket and pulled out the stockings he took from Marla.

“Man... this is fucked up,” he said to himself. “All of this over a fetish with stockings and heels. I’m going home and make up with my wife.”

Robert went back home to Pat. He walked in and fell to his knees crying and begging her not to leave him. He pulled out the money he won and placed it at her feet. She looked down at him. She felt bad for him. It took a while, but she forgave him. She wiped the blood from his face with a towel. Robert vowed to never mess up again and promised to get a nine-to-five job, just for her.

## ONE YEAR LATER

Robert is now working as a real-estate agent. Every Friday, he comes home and gives Patricia his check. He doesn't even open it and look at it first. One Friday she looked at him and said, "You know babe, you don't have to keep giving me your entire check. I do trust you. I see you putting in all of this effort to keep our marriage together. Baby it's okay. I'm never going to leave you."

The end...

# *Caught* **IN THE LIFE**



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