

The Joy of Revenge by Sheila Chapter 30

CHAPTER 30 The Councilman

Joy

Four people were shrugging off their coats and hanging them on the nearby coat rack. While I immediately recognized Nicole, Liam and Dan, I surmised the fourth and tallest person in their group, who Lisa was trying to kiss, was Cris Murdock.

At first glance, Cris and Lisa looked as though they complemented each other. He was her 'yin' and she was his 'yang'. Cris had blonde hair like the color of ripe corn during a summer's harvest, gray eyes, a square jaw which gave him that manly rugged look, a pointy nose, and incredibly thin lips above a dimple on his chin. He was wearing a black pinstripe suit and carrying a small briefcase. If it weren't for the little stain on a section of the upturned collar of his light gray shirt, I would have assumed he came from a business meeting. Aside from being Lisa's husband, Cris was Liam's bestfriend and the star quarterback when we were still in high school.

Evidently, I wasn't the only one who noticed the stain on his collar. Lisa reached up and immediately fixed his collar, then quickly turned away from him. Not even her small smile could hide the sadness in her light brown eyes. According to Sebastian, Cris was known to have a penchant for his young secretaries, something Lisa knew.

"Where's Jack?" Lisa asked, noticing they were one short.

"He's still down at the police station. There was an accident on the I-94 this afternoon," Nicole answered, fixing her black fitted minidress while scanning the people around the bar. "Where's Dom? He said he was already here."

Wow, Nicole was keeping tabs on Sebastian.

"He's in the office with Chip and Bo, Lisa replied, walking towards me. She wrapped her arm around mine as if I was her new security blanket. "Cris honey, she's the one I was telling you. who bought the old Taylor house and fixed it up. Virtue, this is my husband, Cris Murdock. He's the town's councilman," she said so proudly.

Why shouldn't she be proud? She was like me in high school, practically a nobody, but look at her now; she was beautiful and married to our high school quarterback. Back then, as much as she tried to please Liam and Nicole, she could never get into their inner circle. It was quite pathetic actually, watching her kiss their asses.

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But high school is hellish and if you could become popular in any way, try as you may.

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I wanted for Cris to extend his hand or say something, but he just stood rooted at the spot, staring at me... in awe. If his wife wasn't clutching my arm, I would feel triumphant in a way. That was the reason why I was here. To make them kneel on their knees and beg me to be theirs.

I lowered my eyes, acting a little self-conscious, as Cris blatantly stared at me. Cristian Murdock was the typical jock who bullied all the nerds, freaks and geeks. He'd either give you a wedgie, steal your lunch money, make you do his school work for him, or if he was in a really bad mood, punch you in the face. When his coach reprimanded him for the numerous black eyes he caused, he decided it was best to hit people in places hidden by clothing. He began sucker punching people in the gut or kicking people in the back. Since all injuries were practically invisible, Cris continued with his bad behavior, loving how he could get away with anything.

Cris was the one who took my virginity, both vaginally and a nally. While I was tied bench press, he quickly took off his pants and underwear to fuck me, but his penis needed

up to the coaxing. The only way for him to get an erection was for him to hurt me, but for him to reach an orgasm... well, he almost killed me.

My fingers instinctively tightened around the neck of my beer bottle as images of him breaking my nose flashed through my mind while he pumped harder and harder into my raw anus.

I felt the urge to hit him on the head with my beer bottle then stab his face with the shattered bottle repeatedly until there was no skin left. I felt my cheeks grow warm just thinking about it.

"You're making her blush, Cris. By the way, wipe that drool off your face, Liam said, pushing him out of the way. "Miss Sullivan, what a wonderful surprise! I'm so glad to see you here."

"No need to be formal, Mayor Cohen. You can call me Virtue," I smiled

"People of New Salem use Mayor Cohen when they speak to me directly at him.

call me Liam instead." He gestured to the bartender. "Patrick, usual. The his head and began preparing their drinks. "Virtue, would you care to join us? have a table reserved when we're here. Of course, Noah will be joining us too. Right Liam gave me a quirky grin, but it looked more like a sneer rather than a smile.

I looked at Noah, who was standing near the jukebox, hoping he would refuse their invitation, but he nodded his head meekly while casually drinking

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I took a couple of wine glasses and the bottle of red wine and placed it in front of Sebastian. I gave Chip my credit card and told him to open a tab and include the drinks from Liam's table.

"Dominic, I need your help." He smiled and poured himself and Nicole a glass. "Virtue, you came to the right place."

Cris

I was tongue-tied, speechless! She was a goddess. And without even imagining hurting her, I got a full erection. This has never happened to me before.

Unfortunately, I couldn't divorce my wife. Her family had a good standing in this town and were well-off. Lisa was also well-loved by the people, a hard worker, and she was photogenic, beautiful in pictures at any angle.

But Virtue Sullivan was a ten! She had so little make-up on, but she was utterly beautiful. The way she blushed, bit her pink luscious lips, even her eyes were a unique kind of blue I have never seen before. Her hair draped neatly on her shoulders even when she moved and her voice was sexy. Imagine waking up and seeing her face greet you in the morning. Oh wow! I wanted it to be me.

Elections will be held on the second week of June. I will use Lisa to secure my reelection then divorce her and pursue a relationship with Virtue. It sounded far-fetched, but maybe it was possible.

I glanced at the bar and saw how my wife had taken a liking to Virtue. I saw how wrapped her arm around hers. She was protecting her.

I was busy watching Virtue's every move when Beth, one of the pub's server girls, placed our drinks on our table.

"Uhm, Mister Mayor Sir, all your drinks have been paid by Miss Virtue and she wants me to tell you she'll pay for everything for tonight," Beth said to our surprise. Liam took his scotch and raised it for a toast.

"To Miss Virtue then," Liam said before downing his shot of scotch. "Beth, if everything

her, then keep them coming."

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"She checks out," I whispered, after Beth left. Liam nodded his head. I was expecting him to say something, but he kept silent.

"Liam, she's an asset to our town," Dan said. "I heard the renovations she made to the old Taylor house has increased its value two-fold. Now, she's planning to open a boutique to cater to the fashionable people of this town."

We need someone like her. She isn't whatever you've already judged her to be."

"What do you know about her, Dan, huh? She just moved in and you've already put her on a pedestal," Liam argued. "Well, I guess we can all agree she is the most beautiful woman in this town."

"Exactly, Liam. She is the most beautiful woman here," Dan said. "Why don't you woo her to be your wife? With her by your side, you can run for Governor or maybe vie for the Senate. She obviously has money. No matter what Theodore Cohen says, Liam, she will make a perfect wife."

I sank into my chair, jealous and envious. Liam was single. He had a better chance of winning her than someone who was married like me.

The only way I could get Liam out of the picture was to turn him in to the authorities or kill him. Unfortunately, he could do the same to either one of us. The s hit we do for ambition. It never pays.