

Revenge Wish

Amanda Littrell

Warning

This eBook contains sexual scenes not suited for everyone or underage people. Keep your books in a safe place.

Strong language may be used that it's not for all eyes.

Hot scenes and name-calling are ahead, so be wary of who reads over your shoulder.

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Feb 12, 2020

I didn't even try this year, although I did think about throwing a party like the one I saw in one of those cheesy romcom movies, where the girl always did an anti-valentine party, a dark valentine or some crap like that. Instead, I'm in a bar, drinking with some girlfriends and getting tired of their stories about how their boyfriends, and girlfriend, are going out of their way to make it a special day.

After half an hour of listening to their sappy stories, they realize how silent I am and start talking about something else; and I start to think about the only time that I had an actual Valentine's Day date, which was with my high school boyfriend and all he wanted was to have sex, which we had done a week prior, and when I did not feel like recreating the event, he got all touchy and stupid. We broke up, and there started my bad strike of having guys either breaking it off with me before this retched holiday day or the day after because all they wanted were a date to a party.

It's stupid, and I am done with the whole thing, I was last year, and I am this year too, and I will probably be next year.

"There's a guy checking you out," Lucy says next to me.

"What?"

"Totally, over there by the bar. I think two guys are, lucky you, pick one," Susie tells me, and I roll my eyes. Those guys are probably looking at one of them.

But guess what? I was wrong, and I did pick one, and we skipped over the 14th but dated for two months before I found out he had a fiancée and was vacationing in the city. Perhaps, the other one who had also looked my way would have been better.

But, do I really look like the kind of person who deserves this strike of bad luck in relationships? The whole cosmic balance or whatever else happens outside of my control, destiny or something equally idiotic has some serious trouble with me and me alone.

Jan 31, 2021

Last year was horrendous from April forward, from there, it sort of went downhill; thank the heavens I can design from the comfort of my home office, and good thing that everyone else was locked up in their homes or I would have been out of a job.

At least, this year I don't have to worry about any love holiday, right? Yes, I wish.

Part I

Unexpected

“Pleasure and revenge, have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision.”

- William Shakespeare

Careful what you wish for...

There is something to be said about browsing through your social media as if it were a results page, you can see the craziest things that people post and sometimes you might even find an update about your ex, who is getting MARRIED?! Are you kidding me? The guy was incapable of commitment when I met him, and he left our little town before I did, the second he chose a career, he went off to college and left me hanging with barely a goodbye.

My mom decided to call me after I saw that particular piece of news. "Hey, mom."

"What's wrong? Why do you sound like you have the flu?" Mothers, worrying about you since the dawn of time.

"I'm fine," it was not like I was about to cry over the news or anything.

"What's up?"

"Can you send me some money? Today?" and she only calls me suddenly when she needs cash.

"Yes," I say.

"Cool, anything new?"

"Not really," I reply while twirling in my chair. The TV is on, and I frown upon seeing that they are doing some sort of *welcome February* party at a local bar. That's just insane. "I will transfer you the money in a bit, okay?" she agrees and the line goes dead while I frown. Have I been coped up too long in my home? The sole thought of going out gives me the creeps, but maybe I should, most of my friends had been out for a while now, and they're fine, and I had been alright too since last November when I couldn't get out of bed for weeks, and then I was peachy. I find my hand is activating the screen of my phone, and then I'm scrolling for Lucy's number, and next I am calling her.

"Sup?"

"Are you going to this insane Welcome, February-thing?"

"Yes, I told you last week," she did? I don't remember that at all. "You want to go?"

"Sure," I find myself saying and we're all set for the first day of February. Perhaps, it will be a good thing. I do need to see something other than the four walls of my office, my bedroom ceiling, my bathroom tiles. Even my cat gets tired of me and leaves for undetermined long periods of time. So, there I am by the popular bar in my neighbourhood, and I cannot go in for the life of me. I can hear people on the other side, and it sounds like there are lots and lots of them. "Are you going in?" someone asks next to

me, and I snap out of my haze, is some guy. I feel like I have seen him before but no clue where. "No?" he gives me a smile that makes me frown for some reason.

"Yes," I say and go in after he opens the door, I lose track of him the minute we are inside, but it doesn't matter, he looked like a douche even if he had very nicely shaped dark eyes and slightly tanned skin.

"There you are," Lucy greets me. *Oh, awesomeness!* The boyfriends and girlfriend are here, that's just great. "I thought for a moment that you brought a date," she whispers to me, and I try to smile but only manage it for a second. Six couples and me, that's all I can think about as I see them, and watching Susie and her girl holding hands and being all happy, more than the rest just makes me think about that horrible time I tried to be gay, and thanks to a girl in a bar who very politely told me that I looked like I might as well be wearing a t-shirt that read '*I like boys more than chocolate*'. I had turned tail and being grateful, even if the reference was way off, because I so loved chocolate more than boys.

"Your mom called me," Lucy tells me after a while, and I nod, drinking whatever they bought me, something sweet that will probably bite me in the ass later if I keep drinking great amounts of it. "She told me about Fred," oh, you should know, Lucy used to live in my small town too, but she moved when she was fifteen, still she knows everyone and everything about my failed love life. "Did you know?"

"I saw it today, yes." I reply, looking around us, trying to make her change the subject. *Why is he looking at me?* The one who opened the door for me, he's like staring straight at me, and he is alone at the counter.

"He's cute," Dana comments, figures, the moment she stops sucking face with her boyfriend is to intrude in my life. "You should go over there," and I roll my eyes at that because she is the first to try to match me with the first guy she sees.

"No, thank you," I say, completely serious. And now I feel bad because she looks like I just hit her puppy. *I am such a nice person.* I think frustratedly. And yet, I am so not going to talk to a stranger in a bar, on principle.

"Who's Fred again?" *Oh, come on!* I think so loudly that I am surprised that no one heard me.

"Susie," Lucy shushes.

"What? And what's up with him?"

"He's my ex, and he's getting married," I reply dryly before anyone else can say anything, and there is a silence, interrupted by the sound of my phone pinging, an email. I should take that and avoid any further queries about my past life misgivings. "Excuse me," I tell them and take out my phone, then walk to the restroom area. I don't even go in. I just stand in the hallway by a paid telephone, and after taking a few calming breaths decide to check my phone for real.

I frown at the screen and the incoming email. *What the fuck?*
Dear Ms Ruby Edgell
You are cordially invited to the rehearsal dinner of Fred...

I stop caring the hell off at that point, did he seriously believe that I was going to go to his freaking rehearsal dinner? The next day? And not even inviting me to the wedding? Or is that invitation lost in cyberspace? Not that I would go anyway. And, an email? This cannot be happening, I don't care about any of it, but we had had zero communication for the past eight years, and when we tried to reconnect but I realized he was even more spoiled than before because that was the reason we broke up, he was too *women have to be at home*, and stuff that I thought were jokes but probably were not. I huff in the small space and try to calm down because I don't care, I should *not* care, it doesn't matter anymore, none of it. I am thousands of miles away and, and suddenly *I wish with all my heart to the closest higher power that might be listening and taking in prayers. I wish that Fred would get indigestion, end up in the hospital and not be able to move for a week and that his fucking wedding gets cancelled due to a stupid reason!!!*

I feel my chest heaving after venting internally and try once more to calm the hell down, no one can see me like this, and then, I hear a small snort and turn around briskly. "Can I help you?" I snap.

"Sorry, you looked riled up. I'll be out of your face and hope that you solve it," is the guy from the entrance and he looks amused as hell, and I want to throw something at his retreating, ridiculously well-formed back and ass.

God! Does he have to be good looking and fit too?
And I see his back shaking, probably in mirth.

I return to the table in a mood, and Lucy, of course, is the only one to knowledge me, the others are trying to have sex on the spot. They should all get a room. "You okay, Rosie?" *Enough with the stupid nickname*, I want to say it but shake my head instead. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. I was thinking with my body," I tell her, and she smiles knowingly. She is aware of how I express my frustrations with body language and it's annoying, yes. "I'm going to go," I say after another two rounds of drinks that I cannot name and that are starting to go straight to my nether region, *wow*, another one, and I might actually go find someone to have some fun with me.

"We'll drive you," Susie says.

"I'm fine."

"No, you're drunk, bitch." She retorts, and I smile.

"Fine, whatever."

"Later, girls," we all wave goodbye and the instant I sit in the backseat, I feel my head spinning.

"Oh, yes, you are just fine," Susie laughs from the passenger seat.

I seriously have no idea how we got to my place, but there I am at the door and the girls are helping me enter and then they put me on my couch. "Drink water and don't hurl on your pretty hair, okay?" Susie is freaking annoying in her good-hearted nature. I push her away and sit up, was I lying down? Maybe I am drunk. "Take care, stubborn girl," she calls, and then they leave me and I somehow find my way to the shower and soon after, I am in my bed, and my hair is wet and I really hope it is not something that came off my body because I don't remember being on my knees pulling an exorcist moment.

Thank the lord that I fall asleep because my head is starting to hurt. And the next thing I hear is a mewling from outside a window. "I swear to God, Yue," I complain, getting up and tracking the sound to one of the windows in the living room where my white cat is. "I love you, you stupid ball fur, but today was not the day to get me up at this ungodly hour," I complain as he wriggles out of my arms and goes to the kitchen, surely looking for his bowl.

"Here," I continue, filling it up while he curls through my legs. I rub him behind the ears and decide that a little before six is fine enough to start my day.

At six-thirty, I'm outside of my favourite coffee shop and the girl looks at me like I'm insane, maybe I am because it's way too early to be out and it's freaking cold, just my luck that they're not ready to take orders yet, so I wait. And by the time they are ready, I find myself ordering food for me and my other personalities because I keep asking for stuff that I know I won't eat right away, I don't care. I still need to vent, and my head hurts.

"Cold morning," a voice says behind me while I wait outside of the place. I mumble my agreement.

"So, did you see the news yet?" I turn halfway and surprise, not *good* surprise! It's the guy from the night before. I frown at him.

"Are you stalking me or something?" he laughs in my face, and I lift an eyebrow while also adjusting my beanie because my head is tilting far back to see at his face, and wow, look at those eyes, if he is a stalker than that is too bad, he has really nicely shaped eyes.

"I am not," he tells me after his mirth has died down a bit. "But I am here to collect," he continues and makes me frown again.

"Excuse me?"

"You haven't seen the news from your hometown, I guess," he sighs, and I start to think that he is truly crazy, and he might be indeed stalking me.

"What about it?" I play along because the only people around are inside the building behind us. I have to give them enough time to come out here and see that this person is freaking insane.

"I'll come back when you know," he states.

"Okay," I say and turn around.

"Though, you might find it hard to believe that I made it happen for you, but also know..." he stops when I am about to bolt inside the coffee shop.

"Damn, I have to go."

"You should do that," I reply sternly.

"Seriously, I made it happen." And then I turn to give him a piece of my mind, but there is nothing but air behind me, I look around and neither see nor hear anything, am I losing my mind? How could he leave so fast? I was definitely talking to that stranger moments ago, right?

"Miss? Your order." I am in automatic now, and take the bags and coffee tray the girl hands me with barely a thank you in her direction.

It's insane. I know it. And yet, after my breakfast and staring at the screen of my computer for an hour and not working, I decide to go to the local newspaper of my hometown. Maybe something big happened, and everybody knows about it, but how would he know where I'm from? I shake my head at the thought; perhaps he misspoke.

"Oh my God!" My eyes are going to pop out of my face while I read. I reach for my phone. How can it be true?

Local new shop owner apologises to all his guests and family members, but he finds himself in the hospital at the moment. Our friend Fred knows that you all rearranged your schedules for his dinner and wedding, but neither will be happening.

"Mom, what happened?" I don't even have to explain what I'm referring to, my mom was basically waiting by the phone to tell me, and I don't even remember dialling her number, yet, I get the whole story. Because he was admitted in the middle of the night with severe pains after suddenly waking up from it, his fiancé and father took him to the clinic, and he has been there ever since without really knowing what put him in that pain other than indigestion. I laugh, I truly do and my mom stops her story. "It's bad form to laugh, Rosie," she tells me, and I sober up for a moment.

"It said something about the wedding too?" I ask, trying my best not to go into fits of giggles.

"Oh well is just that little Elise wants to postpone or cancel the wedding."

"She wants to, why? Cannot take care of him while in the hospital?" I guff, and I can almost hear my mother rolling her eyes.

"It seems her best friend told her that she had a feeling and she should wait, in case, it turns out they're not meant to be." I laugh so hard my sides hurt, and I can barely hear my mother telling me that I should not be enjoying other people's unhappiness so much, but she does not get that it's just dumb, how could they cancel for something so stupid... I sit straight in my chair.

Stupid reason. Indigestion.

"Are you listening, Ruby Leigh?" Oh-oh, full name is out. I sigh.

"Yes, mom. I am not enjoying it, I think it is very tragic, and they deserve the best."

"Exactly, thank goodness I didn't raise an unfeeling child." My mom continues with the guilt trip for a bit, and I mumble yes, here and there until she decides to end the call, though I was the one who called.

Nothing makes sense, and I need to know that there is a perfectly logical explanation for all of it since it is complete insanity to think that because I *wished* something, it came to happen. I cannot bring disaster to people, it was a freaking coincidence.

Earning a living

I wait until I am calm enough to start thinking clearly. This is not my fault. The guy I met was delusional, and what he told me just happened to seem like it was true, but he doesn't know anything for real. And the more I think about the whole thing, I keep getting a feeling that it's all too crazy and accurate, and perhaps true? I don't know. *Go to the source*. That's it. All I have to do is find the guy and ask him, it shouldn't be that difficult.

And I am out and off to the bar in the afternoon as if I need to be out. But I cannot stay in!

I go inside the bar and find it almost deserted. It should be completely empty, don't these people work? Or stay indoors anymore? It seems not.

"What can I get you?" the bartender asks happily.

"A soda with lime juice," I tell him, and his face falls in disappointment. Well, I drank half of what he had in store last night. I cannot take it anymore.

"Came to find me?" I jump in my seat at the voice in my ear.

"Yes, actually," I reply and turn around to be dumbstruck for a second with those eyes, they seem to have a bit of blue in them too. He blinks and the effect it's gone, though.

"Ready to pay your debts?" he asks me with a charming smile. The bartender places a drink in my hand, and I take a sip.

"I have no idea what you are talking about," I answer. "But I would like to know, how did *you* know?"

"Because you asked for it, and I made it happen," he explains.

"That makes no sense. I have never talked with you about anything."

"Ah, but you *thought* it, very fervently, some might say, you prayed and *wished* for it with all your heart to the highest closer power," I choke on the drink. This is just insane.

"Clearly, I was babbling last night and you overheard me," I declare, and he smiles.

"No, you weren't," he retorts and sits beside me, but I am already searching in my pocket for some money and set it on the counter, then get up to leave. "Your place then?" the guy asks me, holding me by the arm and giving me a side glance. I free my arm and walk away.

Half an hour later, I enter my place, mumbling. "This is crazy," I say to the empty space, how could he think that I would believe that he got the thoughts out of my mind? Because that was what he was implying, and he told me pretty much what I was thinking, which means I was drunker than I thought and was babbling in that hallway in the bar. I hunt the kitchen for something sweet.

"You know you could have waited for me," and I am screaming.

"How, how," I stutter after my scream dies down in my throat. He is my fucking living room, there is a kitchen island between us, but he is there. I can see him. "How did you get in here?"

"I appeared." He tells me and sits down on my couch.

"Get out!"

"No."

"I am calling the police."

"Please, with this phone? Or this one?" he asks, waving first my cell phone then my cordless. "Come sit down. I will be nice and explain." He tells me, and I start to think of all the ways this can go wrong, like he could murder me and leave me here and who would know? No one, for days!

"Are you going to kill me? Abuse me?" I found myself asking, and I think that I am just giving him ideas.

"Don't be ridiculous," he snorts.

"How did you get in?"

"I told you, I appeared here. Your mind is really easy to follow, actually."

"My mind?" Oh great, I am talking to a freaking psychopath who believes has mental powers. That's simply fantastic.

"Yes, after the first wish, I kind of connected with it and since you owe me." He explains with a serious tone. I start to move, my body is doing it before I can think, and I am inching my way to the main door. He barely glances at me, and instead starts fidgeting with my phone, he has unlocked it somehow, and while he has his focus on it, I make it to the door. "Your keys are here on the couch," he calls and jiggles them. I curse internally, and then I gap at my door and my multiple locks, they're all locked as I left them, and I even put the inside chain, the one that doesn't let anyone open the door fully if you're *inside*.

"You got in and also locked the door behind you?" I interrogate him in a strangely calm voice that I have no idea where it's coming.

"I never used the door," he declares. "Who's this? Another ex?"

"Yes," I reply through my teeth. I forgot that stupid photo was there. I thought I had deleted it.

"So, you will have other wishes in store," he murmurs, and I have a feeling he is talking to himself.

"How did you get in?!" I lose my patience, looking to the windows, they are all closed.

"I will say this one last time, and perhaps you will get it." He seems a bit exasperated. *"I. Appeared. In. Here."*

"That's impossible because you cannot appear inside someone's home, you're not Harry Potter."

"Of course I am not. He's a fictional character." And I gasp, more shocked that he gets my reference than anything else.

"I am losing my mind. Perhaps, I am talking to myself right now."

"Sit down. You're not mentally unstable, Rosie."

"What did you just call me?"

"Oops," he says and for the first time, appears apologetic. "Eh, is Ruby, right?"

"Dude, you are just getting creepier by the minute," and I know that is not the right thing to say to a potential serial killer, who is calmly talking to me but I cannot help my tone.

"Okay, let's put it this way," he begins. "There are inexplicable things in the world of humans, at least to the humans; Gods and Goddesses exist, and you can get your wishes granted if you want and pray to the right being," he finishes with a smile. And I sit down and stare at him, then blink. "Are you in shock?" he wonders slowly. And I burst out laughing.

"For a moment, you got me." I tell him, swiping at my eyes. "No, seriously, admit it, you escaped from a mental institution, right?" I ask him, and he rolls his eyes, and damn but it's a sexy roll. "For fancy spoiled brats," I add, noticing his clothes, his designer clothes.

"Are you done being dumb?"

"No."

"Because I would like to get on to the part where you pay up. I really should have gotten that payment in advance." He continues, and I just sit in front of him in my little puff as if I am indeed dumb. He sighs. "I grant wishes, and normally people call on me, but last night you were so desperately calling out that I felt the need to oblige you."

"Desperately?" I know, that is the last thing I should have picked on to complain, but I was not desperate.

"Yes, you were."

"Holy shit, can you really read my mind?" he frowns at me.

"No, why, are you thinking that you were not desperate?" he smiles, and I fake a cough and sit straighter, ignoring him. "I was replying to your question, you were desperately asking for someone to hear your prayers, and I did."

"So you're a God or something?"

"Or something," he agrees.

"A devil? Do I have to sell you my soul?"

"I don't want your soul. I would have no use for it." He declares, and I cannot believe I am having this conversation in my freaking living room.

"So, what do you want?" Wow, who asked that? I must be insane, am I even considering this? If it will get him out of my home then sure, right? What's the harm in indulging him? As long as he does not kill me.

"Well, Ruby," I swallow hard at the mention of my name. He still has not explained how he knows it, and is that a sexy tone when he pronounces it? "Normally, the payment for revenge wishes is memories, strong emotion-filled ones, but since I'm feeling benevolent and you are hot," oh no, here it comes, and revenge wishes? "I could use some relief," he finishes, and his meaning is clear as day, and I try, I really do, but after holding in for a few seconds, I start to laugh.

After I am over with my various fits of hysteria at the ludicrousness of his claims, I manage to focus on him again, and he is just sitting there, watching me. I feel my face sobering, my expression, my body, and then I lean back and cross my arms. Damn, body language. That's a *no-way-in-hell* movement. And what do you know? He tracks every movement.

"Are you going to force me?" I ask defiantly.

"I don't need to force you. I know you are attracted to me, so we just need to get to it." I scoff, not my most brilliant moment but he is too cocky.

We stare at each other for a moment, and I am sort of lost in those eyes, and those handsome features, all perfect carved angles.

"And then you'll leave?" I found myself asking, and I am aware that I have completely lost it.

"Yes," he tells me. "And we wait until you call me again."

"I never called you before," I respond angrily, and my arms loosen to my sides, then I get up.

"Regardless of what you think, I did make your wish come true, so here? Or in your bed?" I turn around and stare at him in disbelief, but then he gets up and does the one thing that I think will make me be physical and aggressive for the first time in my life, he unbuckles his belt.

I hope you enjoyed this free sample of my book.

You can find **Revenge Wish** on [Kindle](#) and as a Paperback. But also, on Barnes and Noble, Smashwords, and Kobo.