

A week after the wedding, life had returned to normal. Dorian was back to working long hours and Cat was back to being unemployed. Everyone kept telling her to hold off until after the honeymoon. She knew they were right, but she was bored.

Cat looked at the ringing phone and was surprised to see Dorian's number on the caller I.D.

"Hey, sweetie," she answered. "Please don't tell me you have to go out of town."

"Hey and no. I was calling to tell you that we're having dinner at my grandparent's tonight."

"Oh?"

"Dinner is at six. I'll meet you there."

"You're not coming home?"

"No. Grandfather and I have a meeting and it may run over."

"I'll see you there, then."

"See you later, baby."

"Bye."

When she hung up, she grumbled, "Great, a night at the Colliers."

Cat wished Elise was home, at least then she would have backup. She sighed loudly and went upstairs to get ready. By five-thirty she was leaving the house, but still dreading the evening ahead. As she pulled out into traffic, her cell phone rang. She looked at the screen on the dash and saw Myles's name.

She pressed the button on her steering wheel and said, "Hey."

"Hey you, what are you doing?"

"On my way to your grandparent's house for dinner. Are you coming?"

"Yeah, I'm leaving the office now. Where's your husband-to-be?"

"Still at work. He's meeting me there."

"Okay. Well, I'll see you guys there."

"All right, bye."

Cat noticed that since the wedding, Myles had been calling her almost every day to check on her. He always had some reason or another, but Cat figured it was his way of making sure she was all right. Though she didn't understand why he needed to do it.

Thirty minutes later, Cat drove through the gates of the Collier's mini mansion. She noticed that Dorian's parents had already arrived. She parked and got out. The butler opened the door before she could ring the doorbell.

"Ms. Palmer."

"Hi, Dean."

"They're in the living room."

"Thank you."

Cat went into the living room to find Irene, Walter, and Lauren having drinks.

"Hello, dear," Irene said, as she walked over and hugged Cat.

"Hi. Hi, Walter."

"Sweetheart," he said, receiving her kiss on his cheek.

"Hello, Lauren," Cat said, walking over and hugging Dorian's grandmother.

"Hello, Catherine."

"Would you like anything to drink, Ms. Palmer?" asked Dean.

"Oh, no, thank you."

Once Dean walked out, Lauren asked, "So, anything new on the wedding front? Time is winding down."

"Yes, it is, but everything is done. I checked on the dress today, in fact. It looks like it'll be ready earlier than the initial date."

"That's great," Irene said.

"Yeah, I'm just glad there haven't been any major problems."

"That's a good sign," Lauren said.

"What's a good sign?" Grant asked, as he, Dorian, and Myles walked in.

"Wedding plans," Lauren explained.

Dorian and Myles greeted their parents and then their grandmother.

Dorian walked toward Cat and said, "Hey, beautiful."

"Hello, handsome. How was your day?"

"Tiring, but better now that I see you."

"Drinks, gentleman?" Grant asked, as he walked over to the bar.

"Yes," both Dorian and Myles said.

"What wedding talk did we miss?" Dorian asked.

"The wedding dress," Lauren said.

"Dinner is served," announced Dean.

"Thank, God. I'm starving," said Myles. "Grandmother, may I escort you to dinner?" he asked her as he stopped in front of her and put his arm out.

"My little gentleman," she said and looped her arm through his.

Once everyone was seated and served, Grant said, "Catherine, how much more is there to do with the planning?"

"Nothing for now. Just waiting for the big day."

"Well, I was talking to Dorian today and we thought it was a great idea if I walked you down the aisle."

Cat looked at him as if he'd lost his mind. Then she turned to look at Dorian. Cat waited for him to say something, but he only sat there.

"Oh, really? Is that what you and Dorian decided?" she asked, never taking her eyes off Dorian.

"Catherine has Clint to walk her down the aisle," Irene said.

"He's not her real father. He'll understand," Grant said, with a wave of his hand.

Cat was still waiting for Dorian to speak. Since he didn't, she did. "My father will be walking me down the aisle. Thank you for the offer, but no, thank you."

"Since I'm paying for everything..."

"Stop right there," Cat told him. "If you think you are going to throw up the fact that you're paying for this wedding just so I will give in to your request, you are wrong! My father will be walking me down the aisle. Dorian, I can't believe you even agreed to this. Did he also come up with the prenup idea?"

"Of course, I did. My grandson has to protect himself," Grant said.

"You..." Cat caught herself before she said something she would regret.

She looked at Dorian, who looked at her coolly, as if they were having a normal conversation. Cat nodded her head, slowly stood up and walked out.

"Catherine, wait," Lauren called after her.

“Let her go. She’s just having one of those tantrums that women throw to get their way,” Grant chuckled.

“Dorian, go talk to your fiancée,” Walter said.

Dorian slid his chair back and made to get up, but his grandfather stopped him. “You can’t run after a woman every time she has a fit. Show her you can stand your ground, too.”

“Dorian!” Walter said. “Go after her. Now!”

Dorian waited a minute before he got up and walked out. He expected to find Cat in the den or bathroom, but she was in neither. When he went outside, he saw that her car was gone. He pulled out his cell phone and pressed one.

“What?” she answered.

“Cat, get back to this house. Now! You will not embarrass me in front of my family!”

“What about how you embarrassed me? Did you really agree to have your grandfather replace my father?”

“Not really.”

“Not really?”

“I…”

The next thing Dorian heard was dead air. She’d hung up.

“Where’s Catherine?” his father asked, when Dorian walked back into the dining room.

“She left,” Dorian said and sat down.

“You’re still here?”

“That’s right! That’s the way you train them, son.” Grant laughed.

“Train?” Irene said. “Oh, I know it’s time for me to go. Walter.”

“Did I say something wrong?” Grant asked.

“Thank you for…dinner, Lauren,” Walter said. “Grant, as always, it’s been interesting.”

Myles stood up and kissed his grandmother on the forehead and said, “I’ll call you later this week.”

“Mmm-hmm,” she said, staring at her husband.

“Grandfather.”

“Myles.”

Myles then grabbed Dorian by the arm and practically dragged him out of the dining room.

“Really, did I say something wrong?” Grant asked his wife.

“You always do,” she said.

Lauren stood up, slammed down her napkin and walked out.

They met their parents outside and Myles said, “What the hell was that? Sorry, Mom.”

“No, this time it’s okay.” Irene looked at Dorian and said, “What the *hell* was that, Dorian?”

“It was just an idea,” Dorian said.

“Are you serious? An idea?” Walter asked, noticeably getting angry.

“Where does Grant get off thinking he can just push Clint to the side?” Irene asked, as she shook her head.

“That man knows no bounds. Son, I raised you to think for yourself. I know your grandfather has some influence over you, but don’t let that man’s wrong thinking mess up your home,” Walter told Dorian.

“Go home, son. Talk to Catherine,” Irene said.

Myles and Dorian watched their parents get in the car and drive away.

“What do you have to say?” Dorian asked his brother.

Myles put on his shades and said, “Get your ass home, boy.”

Then he got in his car and drove away. Dorian drove out behind him. On his way home, he tried to call Cat a couple of more times. She didn’t answer. Usually, he knew exactly what to do or say to get Cat to forgive him, but this time he knew an expensive gift wouldn’t get it.

“Damn.”

As soon as he got home, he walked in calling Cat’s name. No answer. He went upstairs and found their bedroom empty. He turned to walk out, but something caught his eye. On the dresser was Cat’s engagement ring. Dorian stared at the ring without moving. For a minute, he didn’t understand what he was looking at. He reached out and picked up the ring to make sure it was real. He practically collapsed on the bed. His brain had shut down. Nothing made sense.

“No,” he said.

As he sat on the bed, he looked around and saw that her things were gone.

“She left.”

He couldn’t believe it. Dorian took a deep breath and kicked his brain back into gear. It’s obvious Cat didn’t go to his family’s house, they would’ve called him.

“Where could she…”

Then it dawned on him. He took out his phone and went to the GPS app; he tapped on Cat’s name. A second later, a dot that represented her phone, appeared. When he tapped on the dot, her destination popped up. Dorian put the ring in his pocket and left. Twenty minutes later, he pulled up to the valet station at The W Atlanta Downtown.

“Any luggage, sir?” the valet asked.

“No.”

Dorian walked into the hotel and headed for the front desk.

“Well, hello.”

“Hello.” Dorian smiled.

“How can I help you, handsome?”

“I don’t know how to explain this. Earlier my sister had a fight with her fiancé and she stormed out. When I talked to her an hour ago, she said she was here, but wouldn’t give me the room number.”

“Awww, poor thing. We’re really not supposed to…”

“I know. I’m just worried about her. Can you help me out?”

“What’s her name?” she asked.

“Thank you. Catherine Palmer.”

“Palmer,” she said, as she typed. “Oh…she’s in a corner suite.”

“That’s my Catherine. Even upset she gets the best. If I have to kick the door in, charge it to her card.”

“Please don’t do that. Hold on a second.”

The clerk printed out a card and handed it to Dorian.

“Thank you, sweetie.”

The clerk giggled like a schoolgirl and said, “I get off in an hour.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” He smiled.

By the time Dorian made it to the elevators, his mind was back on Cat. As he rode the elevator, he contemplated what he would say. He could always say the right things to get back in her good graces. Dorian walked off the elevator and headed for the double doors at the end of the hallway. He used the key and walked in without any hesitation. The suite was large. And the view was amazing. *I've taught her well*, Dorian thought to himself. He went into the master bedroom, where he saw Cat's suitcases on a chair. He could also hear the shower running. Dorian sat in a chair in front of the wall of windows and waited.

Minutes passed before Cat turned the shower off. All she really did was stand under the water and cry. She couldn't believe she'd left Dorian. She'd actually packed her things, left her ring on the dresser, and walked out. Cat knew he would look high and low for her. Which was probably why Myles had been calling nonstop. Which is also why she didn't answer. Dorian would have to search every hotel in Atlanta to find her.

She shut off the water, dried off and wrapped the towel around herself. Cat walked out into the bedroom and screamed.

"What the hell are you doing here? How did you find me?" she asked.

"We need to talk," he said.

"How the hell did you find me?" she repeated.

"I can find you wherever you go. You need to remember that."

"Don't worry, I will. Now get out before I call security."

"You know I'm not leaving until we talk."

"Talk to your grandfather. It's obvious that's who you've been talking to all this time," Cat ranted.

"I want you to come home," Dorian said.

"That's exactly what I plan to do. Go home."

"Good. We..."

"I'm going back to Chicago."

"You're leaving?"

"Yes."

Dorian stood up slowly and walked toward her. On instinct, Cat took a step back.

"Don't you dare touch me!"

"Catherine, you can't leave me."

"The hell I can't. I'm not doing this with you. Get out!"

"Okay. Calm down. Just listen to me. Please."

Cat nodded her head.

"I know my grandfather crossed the line today."

"You both did."

"I'm sorry for that. Very sorry. I didn't think how it would upset you."

"Seriously, Dorian? He's my father."

Before he spoke, Dorian took a deep breath. "Catherine, I didn't mean to hurt you. I'll do whatever you want. Just don't leave me. I love you so much," he said, reaching out and touching her cheek.

For a moment, she leaned into his hand and then jumped back. "No, not this time. I won't live under the ruling of your grandfather. How could you do that to me?"

She tried to walk around him, but he grabbed her waist and fell to his knees. She'd forgotten she was wearing a towel, until she had to pull it up.

"Dorian, let me go."

"Please, tell me what to do," he said, looking up at her.

"Let me go! I can't breathe."

Dorian only loosened his grip and continued to plead.

"The only thing you can do to fix this is telling your grandfather to go to hell!"

"What?"

"You heard me."

Not able to take his weight she sat in a nearby chair.

"Tell him we don't want anything from him. Refund everything and give him his money back. You tried to make me choose between my father and your grandfather, and now I'm telling you to choose between *me* and your grandfather."

"He's my grandfather, Cat. I can't..."

"You didn't care when it was my choice. Why should I?"

"Cat, I can't."

"Goodbye, Dorian."

Cat tried to stand up, but Dorian's grip tightened again.

"Okay, I'll do it. We'll return everything and give him his money back. We'll pay for the wedding ourselves. We'll do it. Don't leave me," he said, leaning in closer. "Will you come home...to our home?"

She stared at him for a minute and finally said, "Yes."

Dorian reached into his pocket and pulled out her engagement ring. "I believe this belongs to you."

She nodded and held out her hand. Dorian slipped the ring on her finger and then kissed her hand.

"This will never happen again. I promise."

Cat nodded as Dorian leaned in and kissed her eyes and then her lips. She felt Dorian open her towel.

"Let me show you how sorry I am," he said.

He pulled her to the edge of the chair and kissed the inside of her thighs.

"Do you love me?" he asked between kisses.

"Yes," she whispered, breathless.

"Watch me."

"Ohhhh."

Cat felt Dorian's tongue dance across her clit. He put her legs on his shoulders and explored her deepest realm. Cat held the back of his head when he invaded her spot. She moaned his name with each stroke of his tongue. Before long she was in the throes of multiple orgasms. He continued his tongue lashings until he felt the grip on his head loosen.

"Oh, my God," she said.

"I love you. Don't you ever leave me again," he said and kissed her still sensitive lips.

Dorian stood up, picked her up and carried her over to the bed. He laid her down and wrapped himself around her as they watched the city lights twinkle for the rest of the night.