

## 16. IN YOUR DREAMS

Everything was happening so fast now. She had discovered that Dale Simon was part of her former life. She wanted to storm into his office and confront him. But she knew better. She had been so free before she learned of his part in her life. Now she felt the curse descend again. Tonight, she needed some real healing. She would avoid the Roadhouse. She again went to Cartersville. No one would know her here. She could act freely.

With a few drinks she again felt her independence. This was all that she needed to cast off her demons. She was a stellar attraction at the bar that night. Eager men offered to buy her drinks. She slunk past them letting her body brush theirs. She danced suggestively to the juke box. Any willing participant could play along with her. She gave herself to the night.

In the darkness of the bedroom, she felt his caress. His touch was so tender.

“Oh that feels good. Give me a little more.”

She expected him to be a gentle lover. She felt that she could just let herself go. It had been a long night and she welcomed the sweet effects of his love-making. This was too good to be true.

She could feel herself getting lulled into another dream. She tried to shake it off. Immediately she realized that she was back in her bedroom. This wasn't a dream. This was real.

She pushed his hand off as he moved over her arm. Suddenly she felt a hand reach from under the bed and pull her to ground. It just hooked her down and sent her flying. She was still in a daze. But this wasn't just her imagination. She tried to kick him, to fight him off. She saw the light go on in the hall. Lynette was coming. Her attacker realized that his discovery was near. He couldn't finish the job. He pushed her down and ran from the room. Lynette was walking towards the room. She couldn't see his face as he ran down the stairs and headed for the door.

Lynette arrived to see Sienna still on the floor.

“Did he hurt you?” Lynette reached her arm out to help her up. Sienna was now sitting on the bed in her nightgown. The light was on.

“No, he didn't. But he scared me like crazy.”

“I'm going to call Warren.”

It had all happened so quickly that she had no idea who it was. The man had meant business. It was as if she was getting too close, too close for his comfort.

Sienna wanted to blame herself. It was as if she thought he had come home with her from the bar. Her wicked ways had caused this just retribution. She hated to think like that. That was exactly what her attacker wanted her to think.

Now that she knew who Dale Simon was, was he trying to silence her? She needed to meet him. She needed to find out why he had been laying low all this time.

Things were coming back to her in patches. Details started to fill themselves in. The attack was only part of all of that. She thought about Warren coming over. Would Jack be with him?. She now had a new fear of Jack. The encounter with Dale had triggered all these memories. In that darkness, Jack was more frightening to her than ever.

She had to shake off the effects of sleep. She was still in the grips of her nightmare. It was difficult to think straight. Jack had never posed any threat to her. Dale had acted weird towards her. And Ray Worth was still giving her those bizarre looks.

Warren and Jerry showed up in separate cars.

“I’m glad that I got to bed early last night.”

It was around 5AM.

Jerry was more philosophical, “Why don’t they commit the crimes when we’re up and ready for them?”

Everyone smiled.

In fact, Jerry had been patrolling the area. Before the attack, he had gone for a quick refueling. The assailant had slipped by at that moment.

“I don’t think that I can sleep there tonight.” Sienna was going out of her mind.

“We’ll get you in a hotel.”

They decided to sneak her out in Jerry’s car. They had her stay at a place on the interstate so no one in Cordelia would know what was going on.

It took her a while to quiet down. The night was just a blur. She reviewed the events of before the new attack. She had already been a little buzzed when she made it to bed. She had passed out.

Her assailant was bold. He had no fear of coming in and out of the house. He knew that nothing would stop him. He didn’t count on the fact that her memory was coming back. The tables were going to be turned. He had already revealed himself.

They found a hotel near Cartersville. Only Jerry and Warren knew about her. She didn’t have a car. But she was safe. This was the opportunity that she needed. She had a shower and put on her robe. She lay on the bed to watch TV. But as she watched all these thoughts started to come to her. It was a mishmash of details. She needed to sort it all out.

She sat down at the desk and pulled out some paper from the drawer. She started by diagraming the situation. Then she started to write her story. It all fell into place. She felt like a mystery novelist. Finally she could start to tell her story. She had been living her life in reverse. Now she was going to have the chance to turn it around right-side up. It still seemed so confusing for her.

The faces had new stories connected with them. She remembered first meeting Dale Simon. She had been trying to get away from her life and run into his. From that memory, she was able to construct a life for herself. She realized that she had a husband that she was trying to escape. Then there was all the stuff from Cordelia. Jack and Ray Worth. She was able to sort it all out, at least most of it.

She could never look at things the same. She would have to make a new start. She wouldn’t be able to go back and live with Lynette. Lynette was still a bit of a puzzle. But as Sienna went over the details, she hoped that she could put it all in place.