

Maddie and David both were dreading going into the office the day after their return from Paris. Each of them kept thinking that things should have turned out differently. Instead of returning from Paris a couple they were returning as...*what?* Neither really knew. They knew they weren't pals but they weren't a couple either; they both decided they would just treat the other as a friend and business partner even though it was killing them inside wishing it could be more. But they both believed the other didn't feel the same way they did. It was time to move on. They had moved on for two years hadn't they? Then this trip happened and feelings long buried came to the surface. How did it get so out of control in one weekend?

Maddie stopped to take a deep breath before she entered the office. Another night of not having a good night's sleep; another night of dreaming of *him*. Would she ever sleep soundly again? Maybe if David was beside her, but she must get that out of her head. *It will never happen again*. She turned the knob on the door slowly and entered Blue Moon to a curious Agnes. The rest of the office got quiet too. All eyes were on her. She could see the secretary was dying to know what had happened on the trip but Maddie had nothing to tell her; nothing she was proud of anyway. What could she say? That she allowed David to seduce her over and over without any promise or words of love. Well she couldn't blame it all on him. She did throw herself at him. No, she would keep all that to herself.

"Miss Hayes!" Agnes ran around her desk toward Maddie and threw her arms around her. "How was your trip? We missed you!"

Maddie laughed. "I was only gone a couple of days Agnes and it was the weekend so Blue Moon would have been closed anyway. Oh here I bought home a few boxes of French chocolates for the office." Maddie handed Agnes a small shopping bag with the name of a French chocolate shop engraved on it.

Agnes took them from her. "Oh wow French chocolates! I've never had any from another country before. Thanks Miss Hayes." Agnes looked Maddie over.

"Where's Mr. Addison?"

"Mr. Addison?"

Agnes nodded her head up and down causing her earrings to jiggle. "Mr. Addison! You know! Handsome, green eyes, always joking..." Agnes teased. "You went away with him this weekend."

"Oh of course. That Mr. Addison." Maddie nodded. "Well I don't know I guess he'll be coming in late as usual."

Agnes stared at Maddie. "I thought you two might be coming into the office together today."

"And why would you think that Agnes?" Maddie played dumb.

Agnes shrugged.

Maddie's eyes bore into Agnes' soft ones. "Nothing has changed between David and me Agnes if that's what you are hinting at. It was just a short trip. What could have happened? We saw a lot of beautiful art work and went to a party for David. That's it."

Agnes shrugged. "Okay Miss Hayes." Maddie turned to walk in her office. "Oh Miss Hayes what's that on your neck?"

Maddie had forgotten to wear a scarf. Damn! "My neck? Ohhhhh my neck! Oh that's nothing. I umm burned myself with a curling iron."

Agnes wasn't dumb. "Oh a curling iron? Sure thing Miss Hayes."

David came down the hallway to Blue Moon slowly. No spring in his step, no song to sing. He was so tired. He didn't sleep much and not due to the reason he had hoped. He was alone in his bed and not in Maddie's. He wondered how things would be once he walked through that door and saw *her*. He figured the whole office expected them to come in today as a couple. But that didn't happen. He stood outside the office door took a deep breath then turned the knob with great force. Suddenly, the door to Blue Moon slammed open and David blew in like a tornado. He plastered on a huge smile at the two women who had turned his way. "Good morning Ladies! Sorry I'm late." He greeted with his crooked grin. His eyes avoided Maddie though as he turned to walk into his office.

Agnes stopped him. "Welcome back Mr. Addison. Oh I was just going to tell Miss Hayes when you walked in that Mrs. Robinson made an appointment for 11

o'clock today to review the status of her case." She looked closely at David. "Gee Mr. Addison were you using a curling iron too?" Agnes knew now what those matching bruises on both their necks meant.

David was confused. "What are you talking about Agnes?"

Agnes pointed to the red bruise peeking out from his shirt collar. "Oh, well you and Miss Hayes seem to have matching uh burns. Miss Hayes said it was some curling iron accident so I thought well..."

Maddie wanted to die. How could David not cover it up, how could she not cover it up?

Maddie interrupted Agnes before she went any further... "Ok Agnes. Let's not worry about this anymore."

David finally looked at Maddie. He could tell she was embarrassed. He changed the subject quickly to help her out. "Yes I agree with Miss Hayes. It's not important. So partner where do you want to go over the particulars of the Robinson case? With everything that has happened in the past few days I seem to have forgotten the details." David's eyes looked her over. "Maybe you can refresh my memory. I seem to have forgotten a lot of important things lately." David smiled at her.

Maddie threw him a dirty look. "Sure David. It shouldn't take more than a few minutes to go over the case. My office would be fine to go over the details." Maddie grabbed the mail from Agnes' desk and strode into her office with David at her heels.

When they entered the office, David closed the door softly behind him. Maddie sat in her chair and he took his usual spot perched on the edge of her desk. "So how did you sleep being back in your own bed partner?" He asked her curious of her answer.

"I slept fine why wouldn't I have?" Maddie got defensive.

"Oh, that's great Maddie. I slept fine too in case you were wondering." He smirked at her.

Maddie ignored him. "Listen can we go over this case please before our client gets here?" David nodded at her. As succinctly as possible she went over the Robinson case. She wasn't sure if David was actually listening but she wanted him out of her office as soon as soon as possible. His nearness was making her uncomfortable. She wanted to throw him down on her desk and have her way with him. Instead, she waved him toward the door in dismissal. "I think we are done here Addison."

David looked at her sourly. "Sure. We are done. I get the hint Blondie." He muttered as he picked himself off her desk and slammed out of her office.

Maddie looked at the closed door and felt a physical pain in her stomach. Why was *he* angry at her? Maddie then made a vow. Not a *pact*, with herself that she would not think of David and Paris again. It was back to business time.

David and Maddie spent the next week solving cases and working together as polite strangers. Both of them were heartsick but neither would admit it. David spent the time hanging out in his usual haunts, bowling with his friends and playing poker with the guys. He made sure to stay out as late as possible and have enough to drink so he would be tired enough to fall asleep when he went to bed but it didn't matter how late he stayed out or how much he drank or how tired he was when he finally fell into his bed; Maddie still occupied his thoughts and dreams. He was suffering and didn't know what to do about it. He was even turning down the company of hot babes. They paled in comparison to the woman he really wanted.

David was surprised when he strolled into the office a couple weeks later after a long lunch and found Pierre de Montagne waiting for him. "Pierre? What are doing here?" The two men shook hands. He wondered if Pierre had seen Maddie yet.

"I just was in town and decided to visit. Can we talk in your office maybe?"

David nodded. "Sure thing!"

The French man followed David into his office.

"I wanted to thank you for honoring my gallery. Your art work has brought me many new clients and attention."

David smiled. "Happy to be of service."

"I am so happy to be able to come here to give you this check. We sold all of your art pieces!"

David took the check from Pierre and when he saw the amount he whistled happily. "Whoa. Art sure is a lucrative business."

Pierre nodded. "We are eagerly awaiting your next works of art!"

David nodded. "Well yes isn't everyone. I'll see what I can do about that." He smiled. "How about if I take you out to lunch Pierre. Some place expensive of course. My treat buddy."

Pierre's smile left his face. "Oh I'm sorry. I thought Maddie might have told you. I am actually taking your lovely partner out to lunch." Pierre looked closely at David. "You do not mind do you? I mean Maddie told me in Paris you were not a couple anymore."

David's heart stopped. Wow, she is a cold bitch. "Oh no me mind? We broke up. I'm fine with her dating and all." David stammered. He felt like a fool again. Damn that woman!

Pierre left his office and David fell onto his sofa and covered his face with his hands. He really needed to think about getting away from *her*. She was slowly killing him.

When Pierre de Montagne had called Maddie from Paris and told her he would be in town and wanted to set up a lunch date she readily accepted. Why not? He was handsome and rich and she wasn't taken. She convinced herself that she was interested in the Frenchman. She was looking forward to their lunch date. Let David go whistle in the wind!

The following day when David overheard Agnes talking to Bert about Maddie accompanying Pierre to a dinner dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel he felt a red hot jealousy overtake him. This was the third date in two days. First lunch, then dinner last night and now a dinner dance! Without thinking he slammed his way into Maddie's office. She was coming out of the bathroom and looked stunned to see him in her office. David's eyes fell upon the short black cocktail dress she was wearing. She really looked amazing.

Maddie was shocked to see David in her office when she walked out of her bathroom. She had changed from her office attire to a slinky black cocktail dress for her date with Pierre. She and David had an important meeting that afternoon and she knew she wouldn't have the time to go home and change. On one hand she was hoping that David would leave before Pierre came to pick her up but on the other hand she wanted David to see her going out with Pierre dressed to the nines. He hadn't made any reference to their weekend in Paris or tried to be alone with her and that was driving her crazy. Damn David Addison!

"David is there something you need?" Maddie asked him calmly.

"Maybe. You tell me." David eyed her up and down. "Whoa! I never saw this dress before. Kinda reminds me of the time you bought a dinner dress to go out with the spaceman." He smirked at her.

"What's that supposed to mean?" She was getting annoyed. "What do you want Addison?"

"Nothing. Just stating an observation. I just wanted to visit my partner in her office. I didn't expect to find you in here looking so amazing. Wow!" David began to walk toward her. "So why do you think I want anything? Just wanted to catch up. So how were your dates with Pierre?" "His green eyes bore into her. "Anything you want to share with the class?"

Maddie was feeling uncomfortable with the look in David's eyes. She could get lost in those eyes. She ignored his questions. "Please leave David. I don't have time for your games now. I'm very busy." She waved him toward her door in dismissal.

The dismissive way Maddie waved him out of her office broke something inside of him. David grabbed Maddie and pulled her close to his body as he devoured her mouth with hot kisses. Maddie struggled against him. "Get off me Addison!" She moved her face from side to side in attempt to avoid his kisses.

"No, Maddie I want you so bad .You know you want me too. Bet you have been thinking of me the way I've been thinking of you for the past couple weeks. I know we said we were going to forget what happened in that hotel room in Paris but I can't. Lord knows I tried." David pushed her back on her desk as he pulled up her skirt. Maddie didn't put up much resistance as he toppled her over. He bent his head and kissed the tattoo on her thigh. "I branded you baby. What are you going

to tell your French boyfriend when he sees *my* name between your legs?" David pulled off her panties placing her legs around his neck. "But I know you baby you ain't gonna sleep with that stranger. That's not the type of woman you are." He smirked at her. "And baby me and you we *ain't* pals either."

Maddie knew she was wrong to allow David to seduce her so easily but she missed him. He was right she couldn't get that weekend they spent in Paris out of her mind. She craved him. Whose idea was it to forget the weekend ever happened? She didn't want to admit to herself it was her once again throwing a wrench onto their relationship. But *he* was the one who had called them pals. Suddenly she felt David's tongue and lips on her most intimate place and began to lose herself in him. Her hands tangled in his hair as he pleased her. What hold did he have over her? She didn't even care that Pierre would be at the office to pick her up any minute. Nothing mattered when David loved her and that is what scared her to death! She loved how he made her feel. She had come alive again when they made love in Paris. She couldn't stop those feelings although she tried. According to him he seemed to feel the same way. But was it just a game to him? She wanted him to tell her he loved her. Did he believe she wanted him only as a friend? But wait didn't he just say they weren't pals? She was so confused!

Maddie was lost in the sensations David invoked in her. She was writhing on her desk calling out his name in passion. David loved the way Maddie was enjoying what he was doing to her but he wanted to be inside of her. He pulled her legs from off his neck and wrapped them around his waist as he thrust deeply into her; his lips covered her mouth with hot deep kisses. His tongue was mirroring the thrusts of his manhood. Maddie's hips pushed her body up to meet David's forceful thrusts. She began to make sounds deep in her throat as he pushed into her over and over her again.

"I want to make you sore Maddie." David whispered into her ear. "So when you are with *him* tonight you will be thinking of me." David didn't hold back. Maddie welcomed each hard thrust with a thrust of her hips.

Suddenly the phone started buzzing. They ignored it but the buzzing didn't stop.

"David... the phone..." Maddie panted. David ignored it.

"David" Maddie called his name again breathlessly.

"So what, you want me to stop baby?" He answered back just as breathlessly as he continued to thrust inside her.

"No!" She gasped. "Don't stop"

And David didn't. She felt her orgasm take over rocking her to the core. She felt David shudder immediately after. She held tightly to him. When David felt their heart beats slowing down to normal he pulled out of her. He climbed off her slowly. The phone continued to buzz followed by a loud knock on the office door.

"Miss Hayes is everything all right? I kept buzzing over and over. "Agnes called through the door.

"Yes Agnes everything is fine. I'm sorry. What is it?"

"Oh your date is here."

Damn Maddie thought. She forgot about Pierre she was so lost in David and what he was doing to her. Why was she even going out with that man?

"Agnes please apologize to Mr. de Montagne tell him I'll be out momentarily.

The whole time David just stood there and watched her. He was hoping Maddie would tell Agnes to tell Pierre she couldn't make the date. How could she go out with another man after what just happened between them?

Maddie walked past David and into her bathroom and slammed the door.

David stood there alone for a moment trying to gather his thoughts together. They hadn't said two words to each other about what happened in Paris since they got back home. It was just like it had never happened yet they both knew it did. David was right all along. Maddie would have never come back to LA happy and wanting to be in a relationship with him. Sometimes when he thought about her misgivings, ambivalence and pacts he felt like a piece of shit under her shoe. He was right to guard his broken heart. She wanted to be *friends* with him so what they just did here confused him even more. They had gone two years without each other but once they made love in Paris things changed; for him anyway. He dreamt of her every night again. He had allowed himself to tumble back into that pit of longing that he had tried so hard to climb out of. He should never have invited her to go to Paris with him. He was trying so hard since they came back to stay clear of her but

one look at her in her dress and he just couldn't take it anymore. He wanted her. And it seemed she still wanted him just as much. So what was the damn problem with that blonde? The sex was amazing as usual yet she was still going out with that Frenchy Pierre. Why? This started to get him angry. How could she go and primp herself for *him*, that stranger, after what they just did? She should want to stay with him. Well fine let her go and let her think of me while she's with him. He knew she would. Just then David noticed Maddie's black silky undies. She must have forgotten them when she ran into the bathroom to fix herself. He picked them up and put them in his pants pocket but kept half of the panties hanging out. He laughed. He deliberately didn't even bother to fix himself. He was going to go and say hello to her date with a just fucked look. He laughed again as he headed out of Maddie's office.

Maddie stood in front of the mirror. She was putting a brush through her hair and reapplying her lipstick. She put down her tube of lipstick and held onto the bathroom sink and took a deep breath. Her body still hadn't fully relaxed from her coupling with David. Every time with David it took a while for her to calm down because each time with him felt so intense. She wondered would it always be like this if they were a real couple. She pushed that thought out of her head. They hadn't mentioned anything about Paris to each other since they had been back. It was like it really never happened. But she thought of it every minute of every day. She would lie awake at night alone in her bed wishing he was beside her. When he came in to her office she didn't think they would end up having sex on her desk. He was right she wanted him bad. She let it happen and she had kept Pierre waiting for her. That wasn't like her to do that to gentleman taking her out. Damn David. How could he do this to me she thought. Well, I can't let this happen again. I need to make a *don't* say it Maddie don't say *Pact!* Oh she was so mad. She went to grab her undergarments and put them on. Damn where were her panties? She thought she carried them into the bathroom. Great now I have to go out there and get them in front of David. She hoped he was gone from her office.

"David listen please I don't want any drama" she looked around her office .Oh no he must be outside talking to Pierre, wonderful and where did her panties go?

David opened Maddie's office door and walked out. Pierre was surrounded by all the girls in the office. They all turned and looked his way when they heard the door to Maddie's office open. The snickering began as everyone took in David's disheveled appearance. It didn't take a neurosurgeon to see what he had been up to. The staff was expecting Maddie to come out her door looking drop dead gorgeous instead they got a rumpled David.

David's shirt was half unbuttoned and hung out of his pants. His tie was gone, his hair was tousled and he was badly wrinkled; hanging out of his pants' pocket were Maddie's black satin undies. All eyes were on him. He saw them looking at him; a huge smirk covered his face. Agnes was giggling like a school girl behind her desk. Pierre looked shocked.

"Well Pierre! Bonjour to you. Good to see you again my French buddy. Where are you taking my lovely partner and pal tonight?" He stuck his hand out to Pierre. Pierre shook it looking extremely confused and uncomfortable.

"Good day to you." Pierre told David as they shook hands. "I am escorting your lovely partner to a dinner party for a new artist at a colleague's gallery. It should be quite fun."

"Quite." David looked around. "I'm sorry Maddie is being so rude and making you wait. You see she's a real slave driver and well she makes me work really hard and we couldn't stop in the middle of the job we were doing in her office." David elbowed him. "You know how it is."

"Yes well" Pierre didn't know what else to say. He figured he was in the middle of something that may blow up in his face if he wasn't careful.

Maddie opened her office door. Her eyes sought out David's. She nearly fainted when she saw what was hanging out of his pocket as he joked and laughed with Pierre. She wanted to die or kill him; or maybe both... Oh no how could he do that to her? Why was he always trying to make a fool out of her?

She stood in the doorway of her office. She wouldn't come out without her panties. "Pierre I am so sorry about keeping you waiting. I promise it will only be for a few more minutes. David and I have to finish the case we were working on before you arrived." Maddie heard the snickers from the office staff and felt like dying. She threw each and every one of them her death glare. She gave a darker one to Agnes who was having a fit of giggles at her desk. This must be a conspiracy to ruin my life Maddie thought darkly. She turned back to Pierre. "Something just came up."

"Yeah something came up all right." David said under his breath.

Maddie wanted to strangle him.

"Maddie I understand. When will you be ready to leave?" Pierre made a point of looking at his watch.

"I just need one more minute of my partner's time. Mr. Addison can I see you in my office?" Maddie said through clenched teeth.

"See me what?" He joked. "Maddie, Maddie I was in the middle of a conversation here with your date. And you are keeping him waiting. Really not ladylike." David was enjoying this.

"David now!" She yelled a bit louder than she wanted too. She smiled sweetly at Pierre.

David smiled at everyone and started to tuck in his shirt slowly with great effort. He walked past Maddie passing a hair's breadth away from her. David was still tucking in his shirt while he walked into Maddie's office, she stood by the door to let him pass; once he was inside she slammed the door shut. David jumped and turned to look at her. His face was covered with a huge smirk which only added fuel to her fire. David looked at her. Boy was she pissed off. And God was she beautiful when she was angry. "Yo Maddie be careful. All this screaming and slamming doors might scare your French boyfriend away." He laughed wickedly.

Maddie glared at him. "You are not funny and he is not my *boyfriend*. He's just a nice, handsome man who wants to take me out while he's in town on business. And I see no reason why I shouldn't be going out with him. Anyway, it's none of *your damn business*."

"Geez! Now, where have I heard that line before? Oh I know from you! Maddie can you maybe think of some new lines there to throw at me it's getting kinda boring."

Maddie ignored him and kept ranting on. "If you didn't act like such a jealous ass I wouldn't be yelling and slamming doors. How dare you take my panties and parade them out there for all to see."

"Your panties?" David seemed to be thinking. "Why would I take your panties Miss Hayes? I think you need to be more careful where you put them. I'm not the keeper of your panties. Though I wouldn't mind the job." He smirked at her.

"Enough David. Give them back now!"

"Oh wait what is this in my pocket?" David patted his pocket. "Wow how did they get in there?" He stuck his hand in his pocket but he didn't pull them out.

She held out her hand to him but didn't say anything.

"Hey honey you want them? Come and get them." He kept his hand in his pocket.

She looked at him. "Ok fine I will." She told him through gritted teeth. She walked over to him and slipped her hand in his pocket. His hand grabbed hers and held it tightly when she tried to pull her panties out. They stared at each other. He leaned down and brushed his lips lightly against her neck. She shivered. He wouldn't let go of her hand.

"David I need my panties."

"What do you need them for Maddie?" He murmured huskily as he continued kissing her neck.

"David I can't go out to dinner without them." She leaned her neck into him.

David kissed her ear whispering into it. "Baby if you were going out with me I would make you go out to dinner tonight with no panties on. That way I could slip my hands up here anytime I want. Then I could feel how hot you are all night long. Just like this." He slipped his hand up her dress. His hand found her most intimate spot he loved so much. He started to pet her slowly and very lightly; he was thrilled to discover how aroused she was *for him*. "Hmmm what do you know you're hot for me again." Maddie closed her eyes and was lost in the sensations of his fingers working their magic on her. Oh she loved how he was petting her; so lightly she could barely feel him. She was almost *there* again. Then he stopped. She opened her eyes. David was standing in front of her staring at her face which she could feel was bright red.

"But you aren't going out with me tonight are you?" He asked in a hushed tone.

"No I'm not." she said quietly.

David finally held the panties out in front of him and she ripped them from his hands. She then kicked him hard in the shins.

"Oww. That hurt!" He bent down to rub his legs but his eyes were on her. "You need any help putting them on?" He asked her.

"No I don't. Could you please turn around?" She motioned with her hand. He hated when she ordered him like that with her hands.

"Turn around your kidding right? After I was just up there. I've seen it, touched, kissed it, taste.....?"

"David please." She interrupted him.

He shook his head and turned around.

"Thank you David."

He turned back to her a few seconds later. Well it looks like Cinderella is all ready to go to her ball." She hated that he used the term Cinderella. It brought back memories of Paris.

They stared at each other. Each hoping the other will speak up and say what the other was dying to hear. *Please don't go. Please ask me to stay with you.*

Maddie grabbed her purse. She didn't look at David as she walked past him on her way to Pierre. She shut the door softly behind her. David opened the door and stood in the doorway. He felt sick as she watched Pierre put his arm around Maddie as he escorted her out of the office. David slammed shut her door and threw himself on the couch.

Maddie wished that she hadn't agreed to come out with Pierre tonight. She was very tired from the emotional upheaval of the past two weeks and she hated herself for succumbing to David's lovemaking in her office. Damn that man! He had told her she would spend the night thinking of him and he was right. The soreness between her legs was only one reason why her thoughts kept straying to David. Why did he make love to her before she left with Pierre? Was it a game to him? Was he jealous? Did he care?

Maddie fixed a smile to her face as Pierre's introduced her to his friends and colleagues. She tried to shake her thoughts of David out of her mind so she could enjoy the night. After all, this was the type of evening she had always loved: an up-

scale party on the arm of a successful man. But tonight she was not having a fun or a fine time.

Maddie just wanted to go home. She was tired of smiling at all these strangers. The artwork was magnificent and the dinner had been delicious but she wanted to crawl into her bed and sleep; she would be glad if she could sleep for a year or maybe the next fifty.

Maddie excused herself from Pierre and went to sit outside at a small table alone. She took a glass of wine from a passing waiter and sipped it slowly. She wanted to have a good time tonight. Pierre was extremely charming but he wasn't David. He was the type of man she had always wanted or so she thought. But here she was on her third date with Pierre and she still was thinking of David.

The feelings she had for him were as intense as they had been two years ago; maybe even stronger. She took another sip of wine. She had lived two years without David but was she really alive? She hated to admit it but she only felt truly alive when she was with him. She missed him so much. The thought flew through her mind she would rather be cuddled up on her couch watching a movie with David than be at this soiree. What had happened to her? This was the type of night she used to love. But cuddling up to David was a moot point. David hadn't said anything to her that she wanted to hear. He didn't even seem to care that she was going out with another man. No he screwed her then humiliated her in front of the office and her date; and she had allowed it. David made no indication he wanted her as more than anything but a sex toy. So here she was trying to live her life without him.

Maddie was so lost in thought she didn't notice Pierre sit down next to her.
"Maddie would you like me to call the limo?"

"No one glass of wine is really enough for me thank you. Oh wait limo? What did you say? "

"Maddie may I ask you something? Tonight when I picked you up at your office I got the feeling I interrupted you and your partner in the middle of something?"

Oh no she thought. "Middle of what Pierre? Oh you mean David? We were just finishing up a big case. I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Yes well umm I feel it was much more than that."

"Oh trust me David is very dramatic and loves to mess up my life. He lives for that. Please just ignore him."

"You know we all thought you and David were a couple in Paris. Everyone was talking about what a stunning couple you made." Pierre scrutinized her. "Were you not a couple?"

"It's a long story Pierre. Yes David and I was a couple but we aren't anymore. We've just decided to keep our relationship to friends and business partners. We are over and done. I can assure you of that. If I was still with David I wouldn't be here enjoying your company." She plastered on a smile.

"Well Maddie I am happy to hear that." Pierre wasn't one hundred percent she was telling the whole truth but he thought he would take a chance. "I enjoy your company very much. I think *we* could make a stunning couple." Pierre smiled at her. "I will be in town for another week. I would love to take you out and spoil you while I am here." He took her hand. "And maybe someday you will come to visit me in Paris."

Maddie would never go back to Paris unless it was with David. But deep down she knew that would never happen . Or would it? She was very confused. She looked at Pierre who was staring at her . Why was ignoring this handsome man who was treating her like a Princess? Because he wasn't her Prince Charming. She tried to give Pierre her attention. She would forget David Addison. She would not let him touch her again. She would get over him!

"I would love to be your date while you are in town." She smiled at him but the smile didn't reach her eyes.

The rest of the evening dragged by. Maddie kept sneaking peeks at her watch. She wished it was time to go home. As the night wore on her exhaustion grew and she was feeling a bit nauseous. When Pierre called to have the limo brought around Maddie was secretly elated.

The limo pulled up in front of Maddie's house. The chauffeur opened the door and helped Maddie out. Pierre followed her to the door.

"Thank you again for a lovely time Pierre. I look forward to tomorrow night."

"As always Maddie it's my pleasure." He took her hand and kissed the top of it and then turned it over and kissed her palm. Pierre smiled at her as he bent over and kissed Maddie on the lips. Maddie kissed him back. Pierre pulled her against him. They shared a few gentle kisses until Maddie pulled away .

She was nervous. Why had she allowed him to kiss her? Was she becoming a slut? "Thank you again for a lovely evening." Maddie opened her door.

Pierre nodded. "The pleasure was all mine. I will pick you up tomorrow at seven".

"Please pick me up here Pierre."

Pierre nodded. "I bid you adieu ."

Maddie walked into her house. She shut the door and locked it quickly. She was happy he hadn't asked to be invited in. Of course, she would have told him no. Maddie put her fingers to her lips; the lips that Pierre just kissed. She felt nothing. His kisses left her cold. Maddie felt the tears pooling in her eyes as she made her way upstairs to her lonely bed.

The last week had not been one of David Addison's best. As he stumbled his way down the corridor leading to Blue Moon he was thinking how much more he would have to drink to be eligible for a liver transplant. His bleary eyes were protected by his favorite Ray Bans but otherwise the previous night's overindulgence wasn't visible. David had a lot of practice hiding his wild ways for the past few years. His tired, alcohol infused brain could not wrap itself around the fact that Maddie was still going around town with that that French guy. After almost 6 years he should know what she wanted in a man ...and it sure wasn't him. He thought that when she had chosen him over the spaceman that she finally realized that she needed more in a man than a poster boy for the Ivy League crowd. But did she ever really choose him? She did maybe for a while .Yes he knew with a man's intuition that she craved him sexually but was that all she wanted from him? David felt as if he was starring in a Victorian play with him as the defiled and used maiden. He needed to grow a pair and keep miles away from Maddie Hayes. The thought had flitted across his brain once or twice that he should sell his half of the agency and use the money to open a bar with his brother Ritchie or just go live on a tropical island. But how could he bear to leave *her*? He couldn't. What a mess things were! David approached Blue Moon slowly trying to pull himself together and put on his Addison happy mask which was getting harder to wear every day. He had been hurt by women before but he had never felt this all-encompassing feeling of hope-

lessness, helplessness and gut wrenching sadness. For the past couple of years he had become very familiar with his cracked heart but now after that weekend in Paris it was exponentially worse. Inwardly he sighed as he plastered on the Addison grin and opened the door to Blue Moon. Maddie was at Agnes' desk going through the mail while talking to the quirky secretary.

Maddie heard David before she actually saw him entering Blue Moon. He was singing some song she wasn't familiar with. She glanced at him as he sang and danced his way into the agency. The sight of David looking so happy was like a knife to her heart. He didn't even seem to care that she was still dating Pierre. If only David would tell her not to date him; tell her he wanted her she would never go out with Pierre again. But David remained silent. She thought after that episode in her office last week that David would surely try to put the brakes on her relationship with the Frenchman but he hadn't. She was surprised and hurt the next morning when David had reverted back to the polite business partner; even inquiring about her date. The nerve of him to ask her how it went like they were school buddies swapping stories. All she told him was it went fine. Everything was fine! *Fine* was one of her favorite words.

She admitted that Pierre was the perfect date, taking her to fancy restaurants, the opera, and the symphony which were her favorite things to do on a date; or so she thought. Tonight he was taking her to the Royal Ballet which was only performing for one night in LA. He made a big show of how hard it was for him to obtain the tickets. She sincerely hoped he wasn't looking for her to show her gratitude in any carnal way because that sure was not going to happen. Pierre's touch, his kisses left her cold. Maddie sighed deeply. She finally realized too late that she would rather be in a dark sordid bar with David than a five star restaurant with any other man. Why didn't she realize that two years and God knew how many tears ago? She had been walking around for the last two years with a bone weary heartache but now, after the weekend in Paris, it felt a thousand times worse. Sometimes she wished she could sell her half the agency. But could she really do that? No she couldn't. How could he bear to leave *him*? What a mess things were.

Agnes was extremely upset with her two bosses. When she heard they were going to Paris together she was positive they would rekindle their relationship. When they came home further apart than ever she was shocked and upset. And now Miss Hayes was going out with that Frenchman every night while Mr. Addison made it clear he could care less. Something had to be done to reunite Miss Hayes and Mr. Addison before it was too late! But what could she do?

David strutted over to Agnes' desk. "Maddie."

"David. How are you? I haven't seen much of you in the last couple of days."

"Still working with Bert on the Anselmo case." He looked into her eyes. "Miss me?" The way he said those two words got to her.

Maddie looked back into his green eyes which were staring back into her blue ones. She did miss him. She was about to tell him but was saved from answering by a vision in red striding through the door like she owned the place.

David was surprised to see Maddie run over and hug the lady in red.

"Annie!"