**DRIVE HER by Bridget Midway**

“You’re not going out to the car.” Victoria shook her head while keeping her hand fisted on the towel around her body.

Like he hadn’t heard her, Russell said, “Thanks for the food and clothes.” He nodded to her. He held up her purse. “I don’t need you leaving me, so I’ll hold onto this in the bathroom along with the car keys. As soon as I close the door, I promise not to come out again until after my shower. You can get dressed.”

“Stop talking to me like I’m a child. I’m a woman. Right now, we don’t need to be at each other’s throats. We need to work together.” Victoria’s grip loosened on the towel but she didn’t let it go. “We’re not done talking about this.”

“Yes, we are.” Russell disappeared into the bathroom.

When the door clicked closed, Victoria stomped her bare feet on the carpeted floor. People had to stop treating her like she couldn’t make her own decisions.

It didn’t take long for the shower to start. At that moment, Victoria turned to her suitcase to put her previously worn clothes in it, and then pulled out another outfit. She dropped her towel, but stopped before slipping into her underwear. She had to stop doing what people expected her to do. She had a voice. She planned on using it now. Victoria also had needs.

Standing nude in the room, Victoria closed her suitcase and placed it on a luggage rack in the corner. Then she closed the curtain, cloaking the room in darkness despite it being two in the afternoon. To give the room some illumination, she turned on the TV but adjusted the volume down low, and she flicked the switch by the door to illuminate the part of the room. She needed to be heard more than anything.

She also wanted Russell to be on her side. She hadn’t planned on seducing the man, but he made it obvious that he could be easily swayed with a taste of her flesh. She didn’t mind this new change in her plans. Victoria had wanted Russell back then. Now, dealing with the man he had become, she wanted him even more.

Victoria needed one more thing, an item she had purchased while Russell rifled through the clothes. She pulled out a box of condoms from her purse. Unaware of what size to get the gruff man, she had gotten a variety pack. She placed it on the nightstand furthest away from the bathroom; that way Russell wouldn’t be able to see it when he emerged. At least, not right away.

By the time she finished getting the room set up, she heard the shower stop.

“Shit.” Victoria returned to her original spot and picked up the towel she had discarded.

She wrapped it around her body and stood stock still in her spot. Then she thought of something. Russell had taken clothes in with him when he took his shower. He would be getting dressed there. Not if Victoria had any say in the matter.

She stomped to the door and pounded on it so forcefully, she felt the stinging pains shooting through the back of her hand.

“Yeah!” Russell screamed back. “I’m almost finished.”

“I need you out here now.” She took a couple of steps back, anticipating Russell bursting through the door.

“I’ll come out as soon as I get dressed.”

She heard him knocking around in the bathroom more.

“Now!”

At her last forceful directive, the doorknob jiggled before it swung open. Russell, looking like a charging bull, complete with red eyes and flared nostrils, stomped out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist.

Although Victoria wanted to take stock of his body, she didn’t dare stop looking at him in his eyes. She took a couple of steps back, convinced she wanted him closer to the bed than being afraid of what he would do to her.

“What the hell?” Russell ran his hand down his face, still damp from the shower or steam from the bathroom. “You couldn’t wait until I got dressed? You have to go or something?”

Victoria took a deep breath. “Or something is right.” She moved in closer to him. “Drop your towel.”

Russell blinked before his eyebrows furrowed. “What?”

“You heard me. Drop your towel.” She kept her stare on him, determined not to blink.

“Did you get into the beer or something?” He leaned forward, close to her face, and took a sniff. “I don’t smell anything on you.” He glared at her. “Stop messing around and let me get dressed.” His gaze dropped briefly. “You need to get some clothes on, too.”

Russell started to turn but stopped when Victoria snagged his towel and tugged on it.

“I’m not going to repeat myself.” She released him. “Drop your fucking towel and stand right here.”