

# Chapter 24

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I can't go to a Broadway show in jeans and a T-shirt—that's for sure. I checked online, and officially there's no dress code, but it just feels wrong. Anyway, Andrew said he was going to change, so I need to wear something nice.

The problem is, I don't own anything nice. Well, technically I do. I have that bag of clothing Nina gave me. I hung up the outfits so they wouldn't get damaged but I have yet to wear any of them. For the most part, they're all fancy dresses, and it's not like I've had many occasions to dress up while cleaning the Winchester house. I don't really want to put on a ballgown to do my vacuuming.

But tonight is an occasion to dress up for. Maybe the only such occasion I'll have for a long time.

The biggest problem is that all of the dresses are so blindingly white. Obviously, it's Nina's favorite color. White is not my favorite color. I don't even think I have a favorite color (anything but orange). But I never liked wearing white because it gets dirty so easily. I'll have to be especially careful tonight. And I won't be wearing all white, because I don't have any white shoes. All I've got are some black pumps, so that's what I'm wearing.

I look through the dresses, trying to figure out which one would be most appropriate for tonight. They're all beautiful, and also extremely sexy. I select a form-fitting cocktail dress that falls just above my knees with a lace halter neckline. I had assumed since Nina is quite a bit heavier than I am, it would be loose on me. But she must have purchased it many years ago—it fits me so perfectly, I couldn't have found something better if I'd bought it specifically for myself.

I take it easy with the makeup. Just a few dabs of lipstick, a tiny bit of eyeliner, and that's it. Whatever else happens tonight, I'm going to behave myself. The last thing I want is any trouble.

And I have no doubt that if Nina suspects a whiff of anything between me and her husband, she'll make it her mission to destroy me.

Andrew is already in the living room when I descend the stairs. He's wearing a gray suit jacket and a matching tie, and he's taken the time to shower and shave off that stubble on his chin. He looks... God, he looks incredible. Devastatingly handsome. So handsome, I want to grab him by the lapels. But the most amazing thing is the way his eyes fly open when he catches sight of me, and he inhales audibly.

And then for a few moments, the two of us are just staring at each other.

"Jesus, Millie." His hand is shaking a bit as he adjusts his tie. "You look..."

He doesn't complete his thought, which is probably a good thing. Because he's not looking at me in a way you're supposed to be looking at a woman who is not your wife.

I open my mouth, wondering if I should ask him if this is a bad idea. If maybe we should call off the whole thing. But I can't quite make myself say that.

Andrew manages to rip his eyes away from me and looks down at his watch. "We better get going. Parking can be a pain around Broadway."

"Yes, of course. Let's go."

There's no turning back now.

I feel almost like a celebrity when I'm sliding into the cool leather seat of Andrew's BMW. This car is nothing like my Nissan. Andrew climbs into the driver seat and that's when I notice my skirt is riding up my thighs. When I put on the dress, it came nearly down to my knees, but sitting down, it's somehow mid-thigh. I tug at it but the second I let go, it rides back up. Fortunately, Andrew's eyes are on the road as we exit the

gate surrounding the property. He is a good, faithful husband. Just because he looked like he was nearly going to pass out when he saw me in this dress, that doesn't mean he's not going to be able to control himself.

"I'm so excited about this," I comment as he makes his way to the Long Island Expressway. "I can't believe I'm going to see Showdown."

He nods. "I've heard it's incredible."

