

Rapture Ranch

By: Nicole Ashley

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Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

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Chapter 1: Dumped

It was going to be one of those days. I knew it the moment my eyes opened and I was nearly blinded by the sun shining through the open window. I rolled over to drape my arm over Rick's muscular chest, but my boyfriend was not there. That in and of itself was the third sign of the apocalypse. In five years that we've been dating he's never once gotten out of bed before me. Hell, he rarely made it out of bed before noon.

I dragged myself out of bed, mainly because I had to pee really bad, and because once my eyes were open there was no going back to sleep for me. I heard the click-clacking of claws on the hardwood floors before I saw the great behemoth they belonged to. That would be Midnight, my three year old black lab coming to tell me he need to pee as badly as I did. Rick may have been already out of bed, but he apparently forgot to put the dog out for his morning go.

I ran downstairs with Midnight hot on my heels. I opened the back door and he bolted for his favorite bush. I bolted back upstairs and to the bathroom just in the nick of time. Still there was no Rick. I know he was home when we went to bed together last night. *Maybe he finally got a job*, I thought. "Ha," I laughed "that'll be the day."

Rick Dunning hadn't held a job more than a week for as long as I've known him. He was a college dropout who would rather spend his time spending my money than actually working for his own. Pretty cushy gig...for him. Everyone warned me what a loser he was, but that only made me want him even more. What can I say? I was going through a bit of a rebellious phase. At twenty-nine you'd think I'd be passed all of that, but hey, it is what it is. And Rick was nothing if not a fantastic lover. We got by on the trust fund left to my when my favorite uncle died. And I know what you're thinking, but I swear to you he was my favorite long before he passed away.

I flushed the toilet, washed my hands and face, and straightened out my ratty old blue nightgown that I loved to wear. It was navy blue, or at least it was when I bought it six years ago, with lacy black trim and spaghetti straps that had been sown on more than one occasion just to keep it wearable. It was faded from a few too many washings, and there was a stray hole here and there, but the damn thing was comfortable. Rick threatened to toss it out on more than one occasion, but that would mean work and so my nightgown was safe.

Before taking my morning shower I decided to do a bit of cleaning around the house. No sense in getting all clean just to turn around and get all sweaty, right? I started downstairs and worked my way up. That way I would be closer to the bathroom and the shower I would definitely need once the cleaning was done.

I've been likened to a tornado when it comes to cleaning. I am fast and furious and don't stop until there isn't a speck of dust anywhere. I tried to get Rick to help, but after three sweepers and my favorite vase ended up broken I gave up on that. I knocked out the lower half of the house in no time. Really all there was to do was a bit of dusting and sweeping. I worked the vacuum up the stairs to the bedroom. Midnight barked loudly. I ran down to let him in just as he bolted off the porch to chase a squirrel. I shook my head and closed the door. He'd be busy with the squirrel for a while so no sense in standing there waiting for him to come inside. Besides, it was a nice morning and he needed the run.

I made the bed was sweeping under it when something caught in the vacuum. I pulled it out and shut it off, my left tennis shoe now firmly attached to it via the shoestring now wrapped several times around the brushes. I untangled the mess and threw the covers back so that I could

crawl under the bed. I didn't want another mishap like that happening. Four sweepers in a year was my limit.

So there I was with my head under the bed and my behind stuck up in the air, my faded blue nightgown riding halfway up my rear end when I heard footsteps behind me. I jumped, banging my head on the box springs. "Son of a bitch!" I yelped as I pushed myself out from under the bed. I turned to see Rick standing there looking at me.

He was wearing a blue suit. I have never seen him wear a suit, blue or otherwise. His hair was combed neatly, and he was clean-shaven. There was a look on his handsome face. He was looking at me, but not seeing me. It was as if he was in another universe. There was no smile on his thin lips, his eyes were blank and expressionless.

"I don't love you anymore," he said coldly.

"You...say what now?" I said in disbelief.

"I don't love you anymore Abby. I haven't for a long time now."

"What in the hell, Rick!" I screamed. "How can you stand there and say that to me after everything we've been through together? You tell me you love me every night when we go to bed." I got up off of the floor, my nightgown snagged on something and tore along the back. "Look me in the eyes and tell me you don't love me!"

"I really, honestly don't love you anymore Abby," he said looking my square in the eyes. My heart sank in my chest and broke into a million pieces. His voice was so calm and emotionless. His eyes bored right through me.

"Get out," I fumed. "Get your sorry ass out of my house right this god damn minute. Your stuff will be coming out behind you!" I slapped him hard across the face. His head jerked to the side, but he didn't say anything. He just stood there staring at me as if he was possessed. I slapped him again, beating my fists against his chest. "I said get the hell out of my house you rotten bastard!"

"I'll be taking half of everything in the house," he said matter of fact. "I already talked to a lawyer about it."

"Aha ha," I laughed harshly. "Where'd you find him, on the back of a cereal box? You're a god damn idiot Rick. You're not taking anything out of this house, but the close on your back."

"Half of everything is mine."

"That's for married couples you moron. We're not married thankfully. You don't get shit! Now get out of my house before I call the police and have you arrested for trespassing."

"I'm not leaving until I've gotten everything that's mine," He sneered.

"You're wearing it asshole. Everything in this house was bought using my credit cards, my checkbook. I guess it was a good idea saving every little receipt. Everyone was right about you, you know. You're nothing but a loser."

His hand drew back as if he was going to strike me. I took a step back and put my hand on the bedside lamp. "Fuck you!" he spit at me. "You'll be hearing from my lawyer."

"Did he even go to law school, or is this one of your stupid friends claiming to be a lawyer?" I laughed at him. How dumb did he think I was? Remember my favorite uncle? The one that died and left me a nice hefty trust fund? He was a lawyer. And I learned a lot about the law from him. Whatever moron Rick was going on about probably couldn't even spell the word. I almost felt sad for the pathetic man standing a few feet in front of me. He thought he was going to march in, say he didn't love me, and walk away with half of everything I owned. Instead, he was walking away with nothing but the clothes on his back.

Rick walked out of the house huffing and mumbling under his breath. I could almost tell you what he was saying, but I'm sure you could figure that out on your own. He got into his car and started the engine. I called his cell phone. He picked up.

"What do you want?" he said angrily.

"Get out of my car," I told him. "It was bought with my money and is still in my name. You pull out of the driveway with it and I'll report it as stolen."

"You're a fucking bitch!" he screamed into the phone. He got out of the car and walked down the street. I slammed the front door shut and slumped to the floor and cried. I cried and I cried. I went over five years of relationship looking for something I did wrong. What could I have done better? Midnight barked at the back door, finally done chasing the squirrel around the yard. I wiped the tears from my eyes with the back of my hand and let him in.

They say animals can sense their owner's feelings and I believe that to be true. Midnight brushed up against my legs as if to tell me it was all going to be alright, that he was here for me if I needed a shoulder to cry on. And I did. I dropped to the cold tile of the kitchen floor and hugged the dog tight to me as I let it all out. When I had nothing left in me, Midnight licked the tears from my face and sat down in front of me with his left paw resting on my knee. I gave him a rub on his head as I got to me feet.

"Thanks boy," I said "I needed that. You're not going to leave me too, are you?"

"Woof." He barked in response.

I didn't bother with the rest of the cleaning that day. Or the next. Or for the week that followed. I used to cook every meal, but I couldn't even bring myself to do that anymore. I ate out morning, noon, and night, always making sure to bring home a little treat from wherever I went for Midnight. I piled all of Rick's clothes into the fire pit in the back yard and let them burn. I tossed in pictures, love letters, everything that would catch fire. I never did hear back from him about claiming half of my possessions and could only figure he talked to a real lawyer and found out how wrong he was. With every trace of him out of the house it was now time to move on with my life.