



*Champagne
and Shoes*

*Written by
Jade Pastor*

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Dedication

For Suzette, We didn't mean to cause so much trouble. But it seems when we are together the spirits just carry us away...

Champagne and Shoes
Book 1 in the
Amelia Priestly
Series

By Jade Pastor

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Chapter 1

July 1990

“I just can’t understand why I can’t have those shoes Anthony. They are beautiful and they are on sale. Damn it.”

“I said no, you have over 60 pair of shoes in your closet as it is already. Let me ask you Amelia, how many heels do you have in your closet right now that you have never worn or even tried on at this very moment?” He crossed his arms and gave me that scowling look. Anthony stood 6 foot. He is the handsome dark haired Italian olive skinned beauty, but he had not a clue how gorgeous he was. His lifting of two hundred pounds all day for work, every day gave him that chiseled body that men only dreamed of in the gym. It was enough to make me cum by just touching his biceps. But then again I was easy enough to please.

Hell that pissed me off. He always makes me feel like a child instead of the mother of his children and his wife. Of course I stamped my feet and walked away just like a grown adult. Always the best way to start my day. I always showed my maturity when I didn’t get my own way.

Once Anthony left for work, I looked around at the kitchen dishes. I wandered into the hallway and opened the closet to give the vacuum a good stare down. I even was so bold as to caress the handle of the Electrolux with fleeting thoughts of using it to suck the carpet for an hour. I waved off that thought and walked over to the front door, pulling back the curtain to look out the window. I saw my mother-in-law’s Gold Cadillac in the driveway.

“Girls, your grandma is here,” I shouted up the stairs. The three girls came barreling down the stairs with backpacks in hand racing toward the front door. It was the Friday ritual. Grandma picks up the kids for the weekend. Normally it would be

after school. But being it is summer time, the earlier the better for Grandma. The three girls, Cassandra, in her tweens at the tender age of twelve. Veronica eleven months younger always trying to make Cassandra happy and the princess of the family Nelly who was eight. I kissed each one of them as they lined up and left out the front door to have their adventures with Grandma.

It was a beautiful day. Early enough to plan out something wonderful. Still pondering housework, still angered at the hubby for refusing to let me have those absolutely gorgeous shoes. What is a woman to do? The only answer to that question was the one thing to do to soothe my wounded heart at ten O'clock in the morning, Mimosas by the pool for a start.

I went upstairs to shower and change into my white one piece bathing suit. Opening my closet door I stood inside my walk-in and just admired my collection of beautiful shoes for an extended amount of time. It is one of my own private pleasures. Some men wait until the family leaves the house before they masturbate. I wait until the family leaves so I can just ogle my shoes and just enjoy them all lined up staring at me. Sometimes I go as far as taking the shoes that are locked up in the shoe boxes and spreading them out on the bedroom floor. I just took a look all those wonderful heels, pumps, sandals, pumps spread out. Oh blame Barbie. I don't really want to wear them. I just want to play with them. My entire body just tingles; it is one of my greatest joys in life. I always find my fingers wander up through my hair. I know it is terrible to have these indecent feelings just looking at my shoes. Standing 5'2 there with my fingers molesting my scalp, the feeling is always euphoric. Forget my blond hair, my twinkling blue eyes, my beautiful ass that men think it is okay to whistle at all the time, forget my big boobs I just think about my favorite shoes of all are my sparkling sandals.

Alas my thoughts broke, I snapped back to reality. Now time for getting my ass outside to tan. I gathered reading material for next to the pool. In the kitchen I planned out the day. I spied the bottle of champagne, orange juice, bagel, cream cheese, and lox. I thought what a perfect correction for hubby's cranky start of my weekend. I put everything on a tray in a decorative way complete with a cloth napkin and a single rose from the vase on the living room table bouquet. I went into the den and put some

classical music softly on the outside speakers. I grabbed the newspaper from the kitchen table to add to the paperback book. I made a few trips out to the pool. Mental check: House phone, pocketbook, and breakfast tray. Yes indeed everything I need to relax.

The patio around the pool was still half shaded with the mid morning sun. I sat at the glass table to read the paper and enjoy breakfast. The blue starlings were squabbling about something. I am sure it was just too much fun the night before with someone else's female feathered friend. Anthony was great about putting up extra privacy bushes which were well grown in at this time. I could hear the trickle of the water fall from the fish pond and the slight smell of the morning chlorine of the pool. I felt secluded and totally alone and very bored. This is bullshit. I am sitting here in perfect paradise and all alone.

I reached for my purse and pulled out my wallet with all my plastic club cards. Flipping through my cards. Ah here is the one. "Hello, is this Sears Travel Club? Great, what do you have for somewhere warm for three children and two adults? November sounds nice." The woman on the phone was patient with me as I bounced from one country, one resort to another. She was pleasant and we agreed on a Nassau Bahamas vacation. I booked the trip for eight days and seven nights. One vacation for two adults and three children at the Windam Hotel was now put on the agenda.

I sat back with a huge smile. The day seemed so much better now. I was totally at ease and happy. I just spent a fortune on a wonderful vacation. I really did enjoy my lox and cream cheese on that bagel now. It even seemed like the blue starlings were getting along.

I had to keep my nerve before Anthony walked in the door. I reminded myself it would have been cheaper to let me buy the gorgeous heels. I wanted the shoes desperately. They were on sale with the black and midnight blue sparkles. I know what a bad girl I was with the constant affair of punishing my husband every time he told me no for anything. Inside I was dying and wanted to run and lock the door to the bedroom.

The evening came too quickly. Anthony came in the door all cheery. I let him come into the kitchen, sit down at the table and take off his boots. I had smiles for him.

“Well.” I gave him a kiss on the cheek. “What can I get you and how was your day Hon?”

I could taste the salt from his sweat on my lips. His weariness showed on his face. I knew I had to press on. I went into overdrive.

“What’s up? I know that look.” He studied my face looking for clues.

“Who me?”

“Yeah you, is there anyone else in this kitchen?” He leaned back and crossed his arms as if he was saying *‘I can wait all night until you tell me what is going on.’*

My attitude was arrogant. “Um, yeah, we are all going on a lovely vacation. We are going to have a summer together as a family. You know, you work so hard in the normal summer. The children never see you on their vacation. I thought it would be a great idea if we all spent some time together where it is warm. Sooo we are on our way to the Caribbean in November. Doesn’t that sound terrific?” I kept my cool as if nothing was wrong. I swayed back and forth while twirling my hair. I was freaking out inside.

“You what!?” Anthony shouted at me. “Are you out of your mind?” He paced the kitchen as his face was getting redder by the second; the veins in his neck were popping. I never know if it is my way of diffusing the situation. Watching the veins pop, it always amazed me. I would get stuck on watching the veins pop and totally forget about why he was mad at me which would make him more upset. Perhaps I should have told him I was watching his veins pop. Nah...

He was beyond angry at me. “How do you expect to pay for this tropical delight that you are taking the entire family on?”

“Oh I went to the bank and it is already paid for... and Anthony” I slowly brought my eyes up from the floor to meet his. This trip I bought...” I paused. He waited patiently for me to finish. “Um... It is non-refundable, so we have to go.”

“I suggest you find someone to buy this trip and you put the money back in the bank, NOW!”

I broke out in a laugh. “Sorry Hon there is no transferring the trip to another. It was bought through Sears Travel Club. You know it is only July; the trip is not until November.” My voice went high like a little angel so I thought in my mind. I thought his head was going to explode right off his shoulders.

He stormed out of the kitchen and out the back door to the fish pond without another word to me.

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Chapter 2

November 1990

Long Island weather was wet, the ground covered in brown leaves. The wind was constantly whipping through the trees at this time of year. Everything was bothering me. Seemed like I could hear every leaf hit the lawn. Ugh! I couldn't sleep through the night. I never can sleep the night before a flight. I read the entire federal income tax direction guide to try to put me to sleep.

I curled my hair. Yes! Brilliant idea, sleep with curlers in my hair, make myself as uncomfortable as possible! I checked on the kids fifteen times. I tried to get tired every way I could think of. I was desperate. I heated up disgusting hot milk. The last time I looked at the clock it was 2AM before falling asleep. No wonder people are so crabby while traveling. After all, their bowels are in a panic; their bodies are so off schedule.

Hubby woke me up at 3AM. "Hey, rise and shine, you wanted this trip. Now you wanna stay in bed?" I didn't hear the alarm clock screaming at me.

I needed to take a shower. How fast can a person wrap up one's hair in plastic? My genius idea was to put the hair in curlers for the trip. How fast can a person dribble on the water and shave the legs? Why didn't I just do all this during my sleepless night? Oh Right because I am the brilliant one.

The family and luggage were all in the limo by 4AM for a 7AM flight out of LaGuardia Airport in New York City, which is actually located on Long Island.

It was my three daughters' first airplane trip. I was very excited for them. It was an easy trip to the airport. Easy enough after we arrived at the airport and got all the bags checked in. Our flight to Nassau, Bahamas was scheduled on time.

We boarded the plane and found our seats. Anthony and I made sure the kids were comfortable in their seats. I'd watching the sparkles in their eyes. Each and every one acted like a proper princess. Not one parent could ask for better children while traveling. We buckled up; the plane did the lift off. We settled in and lit up our cigarettes. I looked at Anthony. "Anthony, listen, why don't we let our hair down on this trip. Let's really have fun."

He gave me that questioning look. Just once I would love if he just understood what I wanted the first time around.

"We never just drink, get drunk, have fun and have a devil may care attitude when we are on vacation. Everything is on a schedule and so rigid. We don't have to drive anywhere; we are not working on this trip." I had that high pitched tone, almost whining.

Anthony nodded in agreement and went back and forth to looking at the girls and looking out the window.

The airline stewardess came strolling by with the cart. "May I please have a Bacardi and Coke?" The airline stewardess had her rhythm down pat. I had my drink in my hand in a flash.

"What are you doing?" Anthony, not exactly thrilled, asking me.

"Geez we just agreed we were going to start our vacation and have fun." I just played on my tray in front of me, mixing my rum into my cup with the ice. Popping the Coke can and pouring into my cheap cup, the only thing that was on my mind was the beginning of the vacation was now. I was trying hard to ignore being brow beating to being on vacation with Anthony. I wanted to have a great time.

Anthony rolled his eyes and settled back, taking a long drag from his Camel cigarette.

The girls were just giggling with delight with their tiny cans of soda and small bags of peanuts. They were having a ball playing with the tray in front of them. The three of them were taking turns at the window seat.

We arrived on Nassau Island in the Bahamas about noon. It was high noon for me I could hear the music from some old western it was so hot. Wrapped in my fuzzy angora winter sweater, not having enough sense to start stripping down, the heat was

getting the better of me. I kept my attention on where we were being guided through the airport by the men in short sleeved white shirts and hats as Cassandra my oldest daughter called them 'soup bowl hats'. We were herded like cattle. Along the wall were piles of luggage that we had to search through to find what belonged to each one of us.

The opposite end of this wide open room had linoleum tiled floor and ceiling fans; there was a folding table with a hand written sign that said 'CUSTOMS' hung with scotch tape. Once we gathered our luggage we were guided by the few very dark skinned officers donning their tan shorts over to the folding tables so that we could have our luggage opened and molested.

A few steps away were the open doors to the pickup passenger area. We were standing, awaiting the ride to the hotel when the heat started to hit me. Here I left New York at 17 degrees Fahrenheit, now standing in 86 degrees Fahrenheit sporting a pink angora sweater covering turtleneck, heavy jeans and heavy wool socks to really heat up the blood stream. My body was just a coffee pot brewing in the middle of the airport.

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About the Author

About the author: Jade Pastor currently resides on Orchid Island, in Vero Beach, Florida. Mother of three grown children and five grandchildren. Jade struggles finding her way to maturity each day, maybe one day she will grow up. She has traveled throughout United States and to some countries. Jade grew up on the bay in Sayville, Long Island, New York. You can follow Jade at WWW.Twitter.Com/LadyJadeDawn

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