

PRT 388- "Playing with Darkness"

I was curled up on the sofa with my purple throw blanket watching old school music videos. At the moment one of Jon's videos was playing. As I watched it I fought back tears. I missed him so much, but Mia had made sure there was no way we could see each other now.

The video had just ended when my phone rang. I reached over for my cordless phone and answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hey there old pal." Mia's smug voice said.

I sighed, "Mia, what the hell do you want now?"

"To apologize."

I paused for a second before responding, "For what?"

"The whole Jon thing. If I had a guy that was that good in bed I wouldn't want to let him go either."

I raised an eyebrow, "And how do you know that Jon is good in bed."

"I fucked him."

I started laughing, "Yeah right! Jon wouldn't touch your skanky ass with a ten foot pole."

"I figured you'd be a non-believer...that's why I made sure I had proof. Check your email."

I got up and went over to my computer. I logged on to MySpace, where I now got my personal email (michellemorris11@myspace.com for the record). Sure enough there was a message from Mia with a video attachment.

"Yeah, this is probably a virus."

"Oh please, I'm more original than that. Run a virus scan then watch the damn video."

"Fine." I said as I downloaded the file. I did run a virus scan on it and it was clean so I opened up Windows Media Player and started the file. Sure enough it was a video file of Mia fucking Jon...and it was clearly them. "Oh my... god..." I said in disbelief.

"Let me tell ya, that man can fuck. I don't think I've ever screamed so loud. He is amazing. I totally get your interest in him now." Mia said.

"What the fuck did you do to him?!" I screamed.

"Oh come now Michelle, does it look like he's being forced?"

"You did something, he'd never fuck you unless you did something to make him. Stay the fuck away from him!"

"Don't worry. I'm done with Jonny Boy. I have bigger fish to fry."

"Mia, whatever you're doing, stop. Stay away from my friends and family."

"Then give me back Kaya!"

"No a chance in hell."

"Fine, then I will make your life a living hell until I get her back."

"Fuck you."

"Creative comeback. Now if you'll excuse me, my bigger fish just walked in. If you happen to talk to Jonny tell him I'm thinking of him." She said as she hung up.

I screamed as loud as I could...not any words or anything, I just screamed.

I didn't know what she did to Jon, but she did something. Jon would not just sleep with her.

Jon

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I was in my office working on lining up some interviews. With the release of my book next month I needed to get promotion ready. I was scanning my calendar to make sure everything was in order when Rich ran in.

"Where's the fire?" I asked.

"Right here." He said as he dropped a magazine on my desk. He had it opened to a new [article](#) about Mich and I.

"FUCK!" I screamed.

"Evidently your leak is back at it."

"She promised she'd leave it alone."

“You know who the leak is?”

“Yeah, I do...and I thought I handled it...clearly I didn’t.”

“Clearly. Who is it?”

“Not important. I do need to find out how the fuck this happened. I’ll call you later.” I said, indicating I needed some privacy.

“Ok, if you need anything let me know.”

“Yeah, thanks.” I said.

Once Rich was gone I picked up my cell phone and dialed Mia’s number.

“Well hello hottie.” Mia said in a sing-song voice, indicating she had looked at her caller ID.

“What the fuck is your problem?! I did what you wanted and more pictures ended up in the tabloids!” I cried.

“Oh, yeah, about that. I guess I forgot to mention that I didn’t actually have the pictures. I had already given them to Rini. I tried to stop her, honest...but by the time I tried to call her off she had already given them to the press.”

“Mia, I swear to God, you will pay for this.”

“And what are you going to do? Hello?! Super powered princess here. You can’t touch me and you know it. Michelle is also powerless to stop me...by the way, she was quite expressive when I showed her our video.”

“Video?”

“Well I had to have some proof that I fucked you. She never would have believed it otherwise.”

“You filmed it! Oh my god! You sicko!”

“Yeah, Michelle was quite impressed with the video quality.”

“You showed Michelle that video? Oh my god...she must be so hurt.”

“She’ll be fine...besides, that’s nothing compared to what I have in store for your little Twisted Angel.”

“Mia, leave Michelle alone.”

“Sorry, no can do Jonny Boy. She and her little goody-good friends have my best friend Kaya. I want Kaya back or I will make Michelle so miserable she’ll wish she were dead.”

“If you hurt Michelle I swear you’ll pay. There is no power in the world that will stop me.”

“I’d rethink that. I’d hate to have to kill you too. Now, I think you have bigger issues to worry about, like explaining your little beach trip to your wife. Happy explaining.” Mia said as she hung up.

I was furious, but I knew she was right. These pictures were MUCH clearer and would be harder to explain. I had no idea what I would say to Dot and the kids this time, but I needed to offer an explanation before they came looking for one. First I had to do something to make sure Michelle was ok. I couldn’t go over there, especially not now. I could call Mina, but I had a feeling Michelle needed more than a friend right now. I called the one person I always knew Michelle could rely on. I didn’t want to but I was desperate.

“Hello?” Zack answered.

“Zack, hi...it’s Jon...please don’t hang up.”

“What do you want?”

“Listen, I know you hate me but I have a favor.”

“Why on God’s green earth would I do a favor for you?”

“Because it’s not about me. It’s about Michelle.”

This got his attention. “What about Michelle?” he asked.

“Mia is out to get her and showed her a video that upset her.”

“What kind of video?”

“A video of us fucking.”

“You and Mia?”

“Yeah.”

“You fucked Mia? You ass!”

“It wasn’t my choice! She threatened me! She said she’d release more pictures to the press if I didn’t.”

“Ahh, so you sold Michelle out to save your sham of a marriage. Yeah, sounds like you.”

“That’s not exactly what happened nor is it the point. Michelle is very upset and I can’t go check on her or even call her because of the media attention. Please go make sure she’s ok.”

“Of course, but not for you. I’ll go because I actually love my sister and think it’s great you can’t contact her. You’re the worst thing to ever happen to her.”

“You’re an ass. Just make sure Mich is ok.”

“Of course I will.”

“Good. Now I have my own damage control. Bye.” I said hanging up. I hated Zack but I didn’t have any other choice.

Zachary

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After Jon’s call I decided to go over and check on Michelle was doing. Ever since she got involved with Jon again and pulled back into the Sunset scene I had become increasingly worried anyway. I saw what it did to her the first time and I didn’t want to lose my baby sister again. Jon always did this to her. It took every ounce of my self control to not beat the crap out of him. There was no one on Earth I hated as much as I hated that man.

I pulled into a parking place in front of Michelle’s apartment. Her car was there so she was home. I got out and knocked on her door. No answer. I knocked again. Still no answer. I tried calling her cell. I heard it ringing inside the apartment and it went to voicemail. Something wasn’t right. I didn’t really want to break into my sister’s apartment, but I was extremely concerned. The door was locked but I had picked locks before. I mean, come on. I’m Zack Morris. A lock wasn’t going to stop me.

I popped the lock open and went inside. I looked around but didn’t see Michelle at first. I looked towards the computer desk and there she was. She was passed out. It looked like she’d fallen out of the computer chair as she was on the floor next to it. I ran to her side.

“Michelle? Mich? Wake up.” I said as I cradled her in my arms. She wasn’t responding. I felt for a pulse. Her heart rate was very slow and she was completely out of it. I thought about calling 911, but if this was some how Sailor related it could blow her cover. I decided there was one option. I pulled out my cell and called Amy’s cell number.

“Amy here.” She answered.

“Amy, it’s Zack. Can you get to Michelle’s apartment? She’s passed out and her pulse is weak and she’s barely breathing.” I said.

“I’m on my way.”

A couple of minutes later Amy ran in the apartment. She must have teleported. She had a doctor’s bag in her hand. She saw Michelle on the floor.

“Oh god...help me get her on the sofa.” Amy said.

I nodded and picked up Michelle. I placed her on the sofa.

“Ok, I’m going to need some help. Can you call Darien? His number is in my phone.” She said as she handed me her phone.

I nodded and did as she said. I called Darien and explained the situation. A few minutes later he ran in.

“What’s going on?” Darien asked as he ran to Amy’s side to help.

“From what I can tell she ODed.” Amy said.

“ODed, on what?” I asked.

“Judging from that empty vodka bottle and the open Vicodin bottle, I’m thinking vodka and Vicodin. Darien, we have to pump her stomach. Can you help me?” Amy asked.

“Yeah, of course.” Darien replied.

“Hold her head back while I get this tube in.”

“Ok.” Darien said, doing as she asked.

Of all the things I’d seen in my life, nothing was more horrific than watching my sister have her stomach pumped. I was so scared that I’d lose her. What would make her do something so stupid as to mix alcohol and Vicodin?! Was a deliberate suicide attempt? That thought scared me even more.

The finally finished pumping her stomach and inserted an IV to get some fluids in her. If she had done this because of Jon I would kill him.

"Is she going to be ok?" I asked after it looked like Amy was done inserting the IV.

"I hope so. I think she will be, but we won't know until she wakes up and we can examine her." Amy said.

"Do you think this was a suicide attempt?" I asked.

"I honestly don't know. We'll have to ask her."

"If it was then it was a good one. She's lucky you found her when you did or she wouldn't have made it." Darien said. I couldn't believe this was happening. This was my baby sister and she obviously needed help but there was nothing I could do. I was scared to death I would lose her.

"How is she getting all this Vicodin?" Amy asked as she pulled several bottles of it from Michelle's desk drawer.

"I have no idea. I prescribed her Vicodin for her knee, but it was just 20 tablets and no refills." Darien said.

"As you should. Then who prescribed all these? Zack, do you have any idea?"

I shook my head, "No...but why would she need so much Vicodin. Is she in that much pain?"

"No, she's not. That's the worrisome part. I think she's addicted."

"I was worried that would happen. That's why I made a point of not letting her have refills." Darien sighed.

"It's not your fault Darien. You were taking care of your patient. She needed the pain relief at the time."

"So how do we get her off Vicodin?" I asked.

"Well I'm confiscating all these bottles but chances are there's more or she'll find a way to get more."

"I can't believe this. My sister is addicted to painkillers...how could this have happened?"

"Vicodin is extremely addictive." Darien said.

I sat down in a near by chair, "This is unreal."

About an hour later Michelle started to move.

"Mich? Are you awake?" I asked.

"Yeah...what happened?" she asked, weakly.

"You just about killed yourself. You had me so worried." I said as I walked over and hugged her.

"How? What happened?"

"Alcohol and Vicodin are not a good combo." Darien said.

"What are you doing with so much Vicodin anyway?" Amy asked.

"I just take them to relax." Michelle said.

"To relax? Michelle, these are extremely powerful painkillers. My god...you have to stop taking them." Darien said.

"I need them to relax."

"No, you don't. You're overdoing the painkillers and you're starting to drink too much again too. You're going to end up killing yourself and I can't lose you." I said.

"I'm fine. Really."

"Are you? I know what Mia did...the video and everything. Are you ok?"

Michelle shook her head and started crying, "No, I'm not."

"Oh sweetie..." I sat next to her and held her in my arms while she cried. Mia had succeeded in getting in her head. This was bad. I know how Mich got when she was hurt...and it was even worse when that bastard Jon was involved. I had a feeling this situation was about to get a whole hell of a lot worse.